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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

Volume XXV: October, 1906 — March, 1907.

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WHEN GOD STOOPS DOWN

By Frank M. Comrie

Out in the forest, 'neath the trees,
Where tall pines sway in whispering breeze;
Out where the oriole sings his song,
And sunshine streams the whole day long,
God stoops down and whispers.

Out in the open, 'neath the sky,
Where stars shine bright far up on high;
Out where the moonbeams gently fall,
And evening's hush is over all,
God stoops down and whispers.

Out on life's highway, drear and brown,
Where wearied men have fallen down;
Whene'er you utter words of cheer,
And help to make *one* life less drear,
God stoops down and whispers.

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

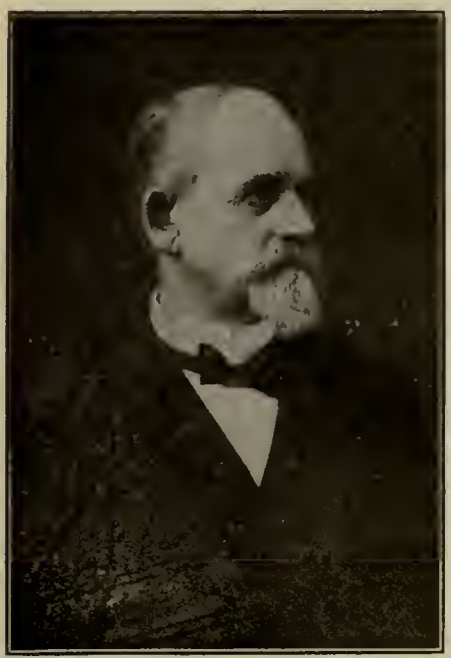
WITH the cool of autumn, the Washington contingent returns, tanned and "sea-sunned"; political skirmishes accelerate as the cold weather approaches. The winter months promise exciting times. The legislation of the last session has been "seasoning" in the public mind and the coming presidential election adds a fever of speculative interest. The chart of American politics seems to have changed within the last dec-

THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION" AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN RESTORED

ade, and precedent no longer counts in prophecy. With the established idealism of a united country, sectionalism, or rather "stateism," counts just as much as ever in the choice of "favored sons" as candidates for the presidency.

The Agricultural Department reports unparalleled bumper crops from all sections; the Department of Commerce and Labor records unusual industrial activities and 1906 is certainly chronicled as "a golden era of prosperity" in the history of the nation. As one grim philosopher remarked, standing before the mint.

"It will keep the darned old machine



CONGRESSMAN ELIAS S. HOLLIDAY

a-hummin' to just make money as fast as the farmers produce the valuers."

o o o

This wave of prosperity has much to do with a revolution in political campaign procedure, distinctly visible in the fall elections. Early in the campaign, Chairman James S. Sherman of the Republican National Committee, as well as Mr. J. M. Griggs of the Democratic National Committee, were concerned with the serious proposition of campaign funds; in view of the fact that it is tacitly illegal and unpopular for the corporations to contribute to campaign funds, some new way of solving the problem of campaign expenses was accentuated.

Early in the campaign Mr. Loudenslager of New Jersey, secretary of the Republican Committee, started his "Dollar Clubs." A simple idea, which soon became very popular, and not only served the purpose of securing contributions from the voters, but awakened an interest in candidates that otherwise might never have existed. After all, it is natural that the average individual should have a keener interest in matters in which his money is invested. As a result, the problem of expense has been shifted from the shoulders of the corporations and the sinews of war are furnished by the individual. The "Dollar Clubs" not only provided contributions, but created an effective organization. Each member is provided with a text-book, a souvenir at least of the campaign, and every individual becomes in fact a member of the Congressional Campaign Committee. It was surprising to see how enthusiastic the dollar supporters from some districts were, and in many places the subscribers of the dollars worked as a publisher would in building up a large subscription list.

The manner and methods of the congressional committees this year were strictly business-like.

o o o

Of course there was a pyrotechnic oratorical display here and there by the heavy artillery, but in the main the campaign was conducted on approved, modern business principles. The congressmen themselves were often surprised to see how many friends they had among the investors in the Dollar Club, for the loosening of the purse strings is usually a substantial evidence of friendship. While the total expenditure is rather meagre compared with that of previous campaigns, the work of the fall elections of 1906 is certainly creditable to Congressmen Sherman and Loudenslager of the Republican Committee and Chairman J. M. Griggs and his secretary, on the Democratic side.

I dropped in at the Republican headquarters in New York on one of those hot, muggy days, and found Congressman Loudenslager with his coat off, hard at work. The stream of visitors were greeted in a genial way, while

the battery of stenographers was busy on dollar letters. The secretary was looking sharp after the "circulation interests" of the Dollar Text Book. The splendid manner in which he conducted the congressional campaign confirmed the endorsement given him year after year in his own district; for if there ever was a genial, wholesome, pushing, aggressive member of congress, it is none other than the New Jersey congressman with the long German name.

The direct and candid manner in which the president gave his unstinted rewards of merit to congressmen whom he felt deserved them, had a great deal of influence in the past campaign, which old campaign methods could not overcome, even with the strong flame of local factions ablaze. It was a delight to look in upon the smiling face of Congressman Sherman and see the pleasant way in which he and Mr. Loudenslager surmounted many trying obstacles during the hot summer days. Chairman Griggs unleashed the energies and abilities for which he is admired by colleagues. In a short time they will all gather again in Washington and talk over the incidents of the campaign. The work has shown that the people are equal to furnishing contributions to support their convictions and to a large extent, relieve the corporations of that responsibility. The membership of the Dollar Club is evidence of general prosperity. Voters in all parts of the country, subscribing their mite toward the support of their principles, is a favorable indication of wholesome politics.

o o o

EVERY time I meet Congressman Holliday of Indiana in Washington, I feel as though I had seen an old friend. He has such a kindly, genial way about him that I do not wonder his constituents love him. Indiana born—he spent his early life on a farm, and passed through stirring scenes in a fighting Kansas regiment, during the times of the Civil war. He gives one an idea of that solidity and substantialness which befits an ideal congressman and inspires confidence. In fact, it seems as though almost every good type of American may be found in the halls of congress today.

If I ever wanted to go to anyone for business advice, Elias S. Holliday would be a man whom I should choose. While slow and deliberative in demeanor, one has an intuitive feeling that he is one of those men who always come to a wise decision, and who carry out firmly and deliberately-formed purposes. Mr. Holliday is a lawyer, and if he were to drop down anywhere and put out his shingle, he would soon attract a large number of clients, for he is one of those persons of whom you would choose to seek advice. He is one of those men who gain confidence and in whom it is well reposed and never betrayed.

CONGRESSMAN HALVOR STEENERSON

Mr. Holliday seems to fall naturally into the category of a gentleman of the old school, and in conversing with him one is charmed by the courtliness of his manner, and impressed by the fact that all he says is flavored with that judicial, candid fairness which should characterize an ideal judge. If the Hoosier litterateurs are in search of an attractive type for the "Gentleman from Indiana," they will find him in Elias Holliday. Indiana born—Indiana reared—he is a true representative of the Hoosier state in his intense love for everything that pertains to his home and home state.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN F. LACEY

CURIOUS how time brings its changes, and how, drifting here and there, we find old friends. Years ago, late on a Winter's afternoon among the snow-covered hills of the Gogebic range, while looking at the iron mines, I made the acquaintance of E. A. Hayes, then a pioneer in the development of that district. At that time, I was preparing an illustrated edition concerning that country, and the work then done led later to the growth of my ambition, magazine publication.

Years have elapsed since then, and a short time ago I saw this same genial, wholesouled, hearty friend, but this time we met in the halls of Congress, where he gives effective representation to far-off California. The delegation from the Golden State have a faculty of hanging close together for the interests of that imperial commonwealth, and Mr. Hayes is imbued with the same spirit. Without any specific ambition in that direction, he found himself elected to Congress for San Jose district, which includes picturesque Santo Mayo, Santa Clara and San Mateo, as well as a portion of San Francisco.

Everis Anson Hayes is a Wisconsin man by birth, and may well be termed "a good citizen" for he is deeply interested in the public welfare. He is a man of diverse experience—has been engaged in fruit raising as well as mining, and now, with his brother, publishes the San Jose Daily Mercury. A close student of men and affairs, Mr. Hayes has given much study to the emigration bill and is interested in naturalization.

I had a chat with him in his office in the Bliss Building, where he was transacting his congressional business with the same methodical and comprehensive appreciation of detail as when managing the Gogebic mine or running his fruit farm. His initial term in Congress has been one marked by success, and one of his notable efforts was his earnest plea for the postal clerks, made last Spring, which showed a great deal of research into his subject, and much careful consideration of the necessities of the clerks as well as of the rights of the public and the government.

Mr. Hayes is interested in many subjects. He delivered a speech on the exclusion of the Japanese from this country, which excited a great deal of comment. He was active in

CONGRESSMAN E. A. HAYES

helping to secure the $2,500,000 relief for San Francisco in the recent disaster, as well as other endowments for warehouses, offices and docks for the use of the army, and transportation service at Fort Mason, San Francisco, and he also took up the matter of giving California five per cent. on the sale of its public lands,

which is now law. It seems singular that California has not hitherto had this privilege, granted to the sister states throughout the union. Mr. Hayes has also done good work in the local ship-building interests, and as a member of the committee on Banking and Currency has aided in securing the passing of a bill allowing banks to lend ten per cent. of their surplus, as well as of their capital stock—a convenience to the banks as well as their customers. Few new members have been more active in important measures than the member from San Jose.

o o o

WANDERING about the deserted corridors of the Capitol in the summer time, one cannot but wonder what all the busy men are doing; and among these Major Lacey must certainly be classed, for the veteran of Iowa is a most industrious congressman.

CONGRESSMAN T. E. BURTON

CONGRESSMAN H. OLIN YOUNG

Major Lacey is a Virginian by birth, but enlisted in an Iowa regiment in '61, and served until September, '65, running up the line of promotion from private, to corporal, sergeant-major, first lieutenant, and assistant adjutant-general. He served as the adjutant-general of an independent army when, in 1865, it mustered forty thousand strong on the Rio Grande. His first staff duty was with Brigadier-General Samuel A. Rice. Later, after General Rice was killed, he served as adjutant-general for Major-General Frederick Steele.

After the war, Major Lacey began the practice of law, and has since had a wide experience in all kinds of legal work. As author of Lacey's Railway Digest he is well known. This work contains all the railway cases in the English language. As chairman of the committee which investigated the Clayton-Breckenridge case, he was present at the examination of thirteen hundred witnesses in Arkansas.

At the expiration of his present term, Major Lacey will have served sixteen years in congress, and few men have been occupied in so many branches of legislation He has been active in safeguarding the miners' interests, and secured the passage of a bill for their protection while working in coal mines in the territories. The Mine Workers of America honored Major Lacey with a vote of thanks for this legislation.

As chairman of the Lands Committee, Major Lacey has traveled far and wide over the country and effected important legislation, involving the setting apart of one hundred million acres of public lands for forest

reserves. Several bills for the protection of national parks, including the Yellowstone, were drawn up by Major Lacey, and his twelve years' chairmanship of the Public Lands Committee has been fruitful in securing legislation for the protection of all great natural objects of interest, such as the Yosemite, Crater Lake, Wind Cave, the Petrified Forest, Mesa Verde Cliff Dwellers Park, Mount Rainier, the Sequoia and General Grant Big Tree Park, whose loss might almost be classed as a national calamity.

eliminated the disastrous litigation incidental to land openings.

His bill for the allotment of Indian tribal funds among the intelligent and educated Indians, was heartily supported by President Roosevelt, Secretary Hitchcock and Commissioner Leupp, and is likely to become law. It has passed the house.

Major Lacey's work has been practical, and the archaeologists of the United States are generous in their appreciation of what he has done toward the preservation of abo-

THIS IS ALL GOLD—AND IT GLITTERS. $1,200,000, PART OF WINTER'S CLEAN-UP, BOUGHT BY THE MINERS AND MERCHANTS BANK OF NOME.—*See "Nine Years in Alaska"—Page 97*

At the request of Attorney-General Moody, and in aid of the Insular Committee, Major Lacey prepared the forestry, mineral and public land laws of the Philippine Islands. His work indicated careful study and consideration of the tastes of the people for whom the legislation was prepared, and was enacted into law in almost the exact form in which he arranged it. Major Lacey has also prepared bills for the opening of many Indian reservations, which became law, and his provision as to land drawings has largely

riginal antiquities in various sections. His service on the Pension Committee was also a marked success, and his wide acquaintance with old soldiers all over the United States has been invaluable in settling over 10,000 claims which came to his attention. Not the least of Major Lacey's achievements, is that championship of Alaska which has greatly aided in securing for her the right to have a delegate in congress.

With a career of such widely varied and successful achievements, it is not to be won-

lered at that his speeches have been of deep interest and are widely distributed over the country. In the coming months, many of them will go abroad as campaign documents, supporting the protective policy.

President Roosevelt's appreciation of Major Lacey is evidenced by the following letter:

"OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 16, 1906.
"My dear Mr. Lacey:

"Certain gentlemen interested in the preservation of the forests of this country, and also interested, though to a less degree, in the preservation of the wild life of the country, and the objects of natural and historic interest which should be kept unharmed for the sake of those who come after us, have written to me expressing their deep sense of obligation to you for all that you have done in congress to further these matters. They have spoken to me of presenting some memorial to you, so that their sense of appreciation may be put in permanent form. I do not know whether this will be done, but I sympathize so cordially with their feelings that I desire to take advantage of this occasion to write you and say how much it means to any man who believes in hard, intelligent and disinterested public service to see such a career as yours has been in congress. It has been my privilege to be closely associated with you and to watch the many different ways in which, without any hope or expectation of personal reward, you have rendered efficient public service. I give utterance to the feelings of very many men when I express to you my cordial thanks and extend to you my earnest good wishes. Sincerely yours,

"Theodore Roosevelt.

"HON. JOHN F. LACEY, M. C.,
Oskaloosa, Iowa."

RAILWAY BUILDING IN THE ARCTIC. TERMINUS OF THE NOME ARCTIC RAILWAY, EXTENDING ONE HUNDRED MILES INTO THE INTERIOR—*See "Nine Years in Alaska"—Page 97*

EVERY time a school boy is interrogated as to the source of the Mississippi river, he promptly responds—despite the opinion of some explorers—"Lake Itasca." This lake is in the Ninth congressional district of Minnesota, but the fact that it contains the source of the Father of Waters is not its only geographical distinction. It embraces the Red Lake, the largest body of inland water in the United States, and the American part of the Lake of the Woods, to the so-called Northwest Angle, extending nearly forty miles into Canada. This lake is said to be the most picturesque on the continent

containing no less than fourteen thousand islands. The Red river of the North constitutes the western boundary, and the "Valley" of this river embraces one-half of the area of the district. This "valley" is, however, so level that, to the observer, it appears almost entirely flat. The soil is alluvial and of the very richest character, but on account of the level character and the scarcity of natural drainage outlets, is often subject to overflow. The question of drainage has therefore become one of great importance in this region, and millions of dollars have been spent under municipal and state authority in providing drainage ditches and canals for drainage outlets. Mr. Steenerson, who represents this district in congress, has introduced a bill appropriating the proceeds from the sale of public lands in the non-irrigation states to form a drainage fund; to be used as a revolving fund in aiding reclamation of swamp and overflowed lands. It will be remembered that by the so-called reclamation act, all the proceeds of the public lands in the arid or semi-arid states were appropriated to irrigation, and the position of Mr. Steenerson was that, as reclamation by drainage was economically at least as feasable as by irrigation, there could be no reason for not giving this government aid. The bill was amended in committee so as to apply to Minnesota alone, where the government is directly interested as trustee of ceded Indian lands. These lands, which are of the richest soil, have hitherto remained unoccupied and useless. How to turn them into fertile farms and homes for a prosperous people has been the great question to be solved. It looks as though a solution of the riddle has been discovered by Mr. Steenerson, who has done good work for his constituents—a fact which probably accounts for his having been re-elected without opposition to the Fifty-Ninth Congress.

I first met Mr. Halvor Steenerson at the banquet of the Periodical Publishers' Association in Atlantic City, and it was delightful to converse with a man so thoroughly well informed on the subject recently under consideration, and in the management of which he has made a pronounced success. It is believed that Mr. Steenerson's drainage proposition will open up almost as large an area of valuable farm lands as has been secured in other districts by irrigation.

The Minnesota congressman from the Ninth district also actively interested himself in the immigration and naturalization bills which attracted so much attention through the closing days of the last session, and it was on his motion that the house refused to increase the head tax from two dollars to five dollars, and considerably liberalized the proposed provisions as to naturalization, in which matters a great and growing state like Minnesota is naturally deeply interested.

o o o

THE Census Bureau in Washington is a perpetual fountain of information, and the curious thing about it is that the information obtained there is constantly increasing in interest. Whereas, heretofore, the census was only taken once in ten years, and the office then abandoned, it is now a very important office, under the able management of S. N. D. North, who has no peer in this specialized profession.

I was much interested in looking over documents regarding cities having a population of from six to twenty-five thousand. I noticed several details concerning them; in 117 there were no liquor sellers; in fifty-six of these cities the license amounted to $1,000 or more, and in Carthage, Missouri, the yearly liquor licenses came to $2,400.

Looking at another part of the report, I discovered that Northampton, Massachusetts, has the largest number of books in its public library—over 138,000 volumes. Brookline, Mass., stands second, and Bangor, Maine, third. Five cities—all but one of them in New England—reported libraries of over 40,000 volumes. The largest number of readers, according to statistics, is to be found in Braddock, Pennsylvania, where the circulation for the year was over 187,000. In Northampton the circulation was 169,000 per annum, and Elgin, Illinois, comes next with 155,000.

There is a striking difference in the character of the general expenditure in the smaller and larger cities. In those cities whose population numbers almost 24,000, the expense of policing is in excess of the cost for fire protection; while in the smaller cities the protection from fire costs one-third more than police protection — so that whatever way you put it, police and fire are pretty evenly balanced, on the whole.

ANOTHER singular fact which census reports emphasize, is the difference in the expenditure for schools now and in the last century. In 1804, the sum assigned for the education of the poor of the city of Washington was not to exceed $1,500 per year, while in 1880 the school fund amounted to $80,000. Improvement in the schools of Washington has been marked since 1874, when the government of the city was vested in congress—only four years after that date

LOADING PASSENGERS AT NOME, ALASKA.—*See "Nine Years in Alaska"—Page 97.*

specific appropriations were made. It is notable that for many years the free schools were not a success, probably because only the children of the very poor were allowed to attend free, those who could do so paying five dollars per quarter. No taxes on property were then levied for school purposes, and, until 1862, negroes were excluded from Washington schools.

Despite the limitation as to funds, and the humble character of the school buildings in those early days in Washington, circular letters were sent out soliciting subscriptions for the educational work and suggesting the advisability of having children taught at the capital. These letters give a refreshing picture of the character and temperament of early congressmen:

"The parent who sends his son to Washington, will find for him, in the person of his representative in congress, a guardian and friend, who, during a large portion of the year will be his associate, will observe his progress in his studies, superintend his morals and perceive the real condition and character in the seminary of this pupil, and, from time to time, satisfy parental solicitude."

In 1865, when the veteran armies of Virginia under Grant, and of the West under Sherman, were reviewed on Pennsylvania Avenue by President Johnson, the secretary of war and other dignitaries, the scholars of the Washington schools must have made a pretty picture, as they stood by thousands on the north side of the Capitol and in the park,

giving wreaths and flowers to the soldiers as they marched by.

It is probable that an American citizen of even that comparatively recent date, would be surprised to learn that the per capita debt of these modern cities of under 25,000 inhabitants is $27.79, the total amount being $155,000,000, or about one-fifth of what it costs to run New York City, with its population of 3,700,000; proving conclusively that the larger the city, the greater the increase pro rata in its expense.

Mount Vernon, New York, stands out in

CONGRESSMAN GEORGE EDMUND FOSS OF CHICAGO

this list of cities as having the largest debt per capita, $107.15, but even this high ratio is nothing compared with that of Boston, $148.45, and of New York, $143.42. In all that list of cities, I was interested to notice that but one was free from debt, and that was Morristown, New Jersey, the home of Mr. McCall, of Mutual Insurance fame.

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IT was a remarkable scene enacted in connection with committee work when George E. Foss, chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, rose in his seat — when the Naval Appropriation Bill was almost ready for submission to the House and said:

"There is one more item which we should insert."

"What is it?" inquired his colleagues.

"An appropriation of $100,000 to restore 'Old Ironsides'."

The chairman went on to explain how it had been advocated that the Constitution, lying in Boston harbor, be taken out and used as a target for modern battle ships, the committeemen apparently not considering that it would be worth while to preserve such an object lesson for future generations, even at the cost of a small expenditure necessary. Admiral Dewey, however, vigorously objected to this treatment of the old battleship, suggesting that it be repaired and refitted, citing as authority for such a suggestion the manner in which the British government had preserved the Victory, a century after Nelson died in her cockpit. The admiral told how he had seen that old vessel moored at Portsmouth, England, with every spar and mast in position—a continual reminder of the battle of Trafalgar.

As Mr. Foss continued to speak, it was evident that the hero of Manilla had at least one earnest advocate, who afterwards took pains to find out what it would cost to fit "Old Ironsides" for exhibition purposes. Mr. Foss, told the committee that he had learned that $100,000 would be sufficient to restore the Constitution, so that it would look almost as it did when Commodore Hull was its commander in 1812.

It must indeed have been gratifying to the chairman, at the conclusion of his plea for the old ship, to have his suggestion embodied in a unanimous vote, and it was thus that "Old Ironsides" was saved to be an object lesson in patriotism to thousands of young Americans for many years to come.

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WHEN the word is passed around the corridors or galleries, or it is known in the cloak room, that Burton of Ohio is speaking, a large audience will soon gather about the seat of that distinguished congressman, whose ability has been recognized from the time he first entered Congress.

Mr. Burton's service on the Rivers and Harbors Committee brings him into prominence when the "pork barrel" is being rolled.

A man of unimpeachable integrity, he shows a wonderful comprehension of all the details of canal construction, and when he delivered, during the last session, his famous speech on the Panama Canal, he brought to light the mass of information which he had collected in his work as chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee.

A little brusque in manner, a little blunt in speech, his conversation is as direct and concise as his public speeches, and his idea is evidently to convey information rather than to indulge in flights of rhetoric or flowery platitudes.

During the recent session Mr. Burton's work has so broadened as to become of international importance, and the Buck-eye State may well be proud of the career of the stalwart representative from Cleveland, who never fails to awaken interest in any subject which he takes up.

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IT may not be highly original, but I find a great deal of pleasure in the summer months in looking up the various speeches made during the previous session. As I read them over, scenes and incidents of the days when they were delivered come back, and it seems easier to get at the real meat of the matter—the carefully prepared information which various congressmen have compressed into speeches that now form part of the great mass of public documents.

Americans always admire a man who has the courage of his convictions, and H. O. Young of Michigan is certainly a man of that type. His striking personality, dark complexion, earnestness and energy, aptly symbolize the upper peninsular district which he represents, and he seemed especially fitted to carry on the gallant fight against the wave of legislation which swept "free alcohol" into a foremost place in the deliberations of congress and made it law.

This was a serious matter for Mr. Young's district, where over 15,000 people were then supported by the wood alcohol and allied industries in which $20,000,000 of capital was invested. This by-product has added much to the wealth of the country during recent years.

The section of Michigan represented by Congressman Young includes large areas of timbered land, much of which is fit for lumber, but the cost of lumbering and then getting the product to the market could not be borne unless aided by some other manufacture. As the congressman said,

"*The present age prospers on what the last age wasted.* So the owners of these lands cut them clean. The pine and hemlock and maple timber that is fit to manufacture into lumber is so manufactured. The cedar is made into railroad ties and telegraph poles and fence posts, and the waste timber, the partly decayed, the tops, the crooked pieces, and all it will not pay to make into

GOVERNOR-ELECT FLETCHER D. PROCTOR OF VERMONT

lumber, is cut into cordwood, and at the kilns converted into wood alcohol, charcoal and acetate of lime, and then the charcoal is used at the furnace near the land from which it was produced, with which to smelt iron ore into pig iron, and all these varied forms of industry are carried on together as one business. Each branch of this industry is necessary to the success of the whole."

The speaker pointed out that it would be impossible for either of these industries to be carried on alone with profit, though now a large number of men earn a livelihood in

these various ways. Mr. Young adds, "This is the business that this House proposes to wipe off the industrial map in the chimerical hope of making alcohol from potato peelings and cornstalks and any old thing that contains starch or sugar, at a price which will permit its use for light and fuel and power."

Mr. Young contended that it was impossible to manufacture alcohol at such a price that it could compete successfully with gasoline and other coal oil products for light, heat and power. So the general public and the farmer would not be benefitted one iota. Yet it would destroy the wood alcohol business of Pennsylvania, New York and Michigan; as grain alcohol is suited for all purposes for which wood alcohol can be used, and can

HOME OF GOVERNOR-ELECT PROCTOR OF VERMONT

be produced and sold cheaper—if the tax is deducted — it must drive out wood alcohol.

"To give a bounty of five cents a gallon on denatured grain alcohol, so that it may be sold at a price to compete with petroleum products" means—as any ordinary observer may see — to destroy an existing industry in order that the bounty of the government may build another upon its ruins. Mr. Young declared his belief that farmers will continue to turn corn into hogs and beef, rather than into alcohol, and made an earnest plea for the protection of wood alcohol, which, after all, is a perfect substitute for grain alcohol for all uses except drinking, and has this merit that it cannot be used as a basis for whiskey making.

Mr. Young's speech on the Philippine tariff also bore upon the same subject, though from another point of view. It was in the interest of the protection of home industries, and aroused a great deal of comment. The representative from Michigan has always been insistent in looking after the local interests of his district and state, claiming that this is what he is in congress for. He maintains this view, irrespective of the popular tide of prejudice which often covers the real wishes of the people in regard to legislation affecting commercial interests, and probably few congressmen stand for more diversified interests than Mr. Young, representing, as he does, the picturesque Soo, the shores of Lake Superior and the great iron and copper mining industries—with all of which he appears to be personally and convincingly familiar.

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NEARLY every congressman has a pet project, which blossoms early in his political career. John W. Gaines of Tennessee is a type of Southern congressman who, by his own efforts, in teaching and doing farm work, has made his way to the front. He graduated in medicine in 1882, but never practiced. The next day after his graduation he *resumed* the study of law, and began to practice that profession in Nashville in 1885. He was elected to congress in 1896, is now serving his fifth consecutive term, and was, without opposition, recently nominated for the sixth. He has had opposition for the democratic nomination but once since 1896.

He began and led the fight, now on, against the tobacco trust, and the "free pass abuse," just successfully concluded.

A few years ago Mr. Gaines commenced a crusade against "filthy money," called by some "tainted money." His bill provides that all the paper money, (issued by the Federal government) which is ragged, filthy, possibly infected with disease, or otherwise unfit for circulation, shall be replaced by new bills, the government to pay the transportation, by mail or otherwise, both ways, and the very small cost of reissue. Under the present law, the holder of this money must pay all transportation charges, which are so high as to be, in fact, prohibitory. Inland sections of the country suffer much for want of clean money. Cities near the treasury or sub-treasuries do not. The national banks are now required to maintain their bank issues in proper condition, at

their own expense. The government, for itself and the people, should keep all Federal issues reasonably clean and in proper material condition. Appropriations for this were made by congress along in the seventies and eighties. It has been shown to the house committee that paper money carries disease germs. It is stated that money is often taken from the bodies of dead people, is found hidden or is carried in places calculated to make it filthy, and then used again. Several recent cases of violent disease of the face, eyes and hands have been traced to counting tainted money. But whether it carries disease or not, the government should give the people clean money. Our money is used in the Philippines, a hotbed of contagious diseases of the worst type. It is left in the filthiest dives abroad, where our people and others buy relics and curios, and of course this money returns to the country again. The cost of this reform would be comparatively small, especially after the first stock of filthy money was called in and reissued.

Mr. Gaines has worked up great interest amongst the bankers and people throughout the land, and the proposition is most favorably considered by the committee and congress, and may find its way to the calendar by next March.

Mr. Gaines, the representative of the Nashville district, the home of Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk, is a genial Southern gentleman and has been prominent in the councils of the Democratic party, state and national.

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IT WAS on a beautiful summer day that I found myself within an hour and a half ride of Highland Mills, in Orange County, New York, and made up my mind to call on Senator Platt. Passing by delightful scenes, as we dashed through picturesque hills, past famed Tuxedo, I found myself at Highland Mills. Here I soon made the acquaintance of "Uncle Billy," who drove me over to the hotel, and during the ride gave me a history of Highland Mills, from Revolutionary times to the present day. Uncle Billy is an ardent admirer of Senator Platt, the man whose genius for organization has been so often and so successfully demonstrated. Go where you will, in New York, you will never travel far without finding some of his loyal and enthusiastic supporters.

Uncle Billy confidentially pointed out to me a short cut to the house, and planned for my return on the milk train, if I did not linger too long talking with the senator.

"You will have to climb that fence and hedge," he said.

"Well, the fences and hedges are not so formidable," I remarked, and listened carefully to his further directions for my "cross-lots" return. On reaching the hotel, Uncle Billy pointed very proudly to the Stars and Stripes in front of a distant mansion on the hilltop, informing me:

CONGRESSMAN JOHN W. GAINES. NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

"That's where you will find the senator, and a mighty good man he is, too."

I was left to pursue my way further over fence and hedge, and follow a gravel path. Upon an eminence overlooking the hills and valleys of Orange County, I found the home of the senior New York senator. Two great Newfoundland dogs greeted me in a rather effusive manner, and a little French bulldog eyed me suspiciously. However, these demonstrations appeared to be all made in

a friendly way, and I went on in peace.

Senator and Mrs. Platt were at home alone, enjoying to the full the rest of the summer days. Flowers abounded in all the rooms; even the simple, ox-eyed daisies of the fields found a place, and everything was suggestive of comfort and repose. On a broad veranda overlooking the great panorama, typical of the Empire State, Senator Platt spends many of his vacation hours. Not far from his home is Newburg, where Governor Odell is located. When the senator remarked that in the interests of harmony

MRS. THOMAS C. PLATT, WIFE OF SENATOR PLATT

he and his old-time opponent, Governor Odell, had "made up," it seemed like an earnest of his sincere interest in the future success of his party.

That night we took a delightful drive to Turner's, over picturesque country roads, past the place where President Palma of Cuba lived for many years, and established his school for boys. Here, in fact, one might say that the Cuban republic drew its first breath, and the residents of this part of the state pleasantly remember the kindly, genial man who lived among them for so many years as a pedagogue. He laid down the pointer and ruler to take up his work as president of the Cuban republic, of which he had dreamed so long amid the beautiful hills and valleys of Orange County.

Senator Platt keeps in close touch with the political situation in the state, and with the general trend of national events. In the many years that I have known him, my personal admiration has constantly increased as I became better acquainted with the man who has made himself a power in the political councils of the nation.

Mrs. Platt is a charming hostess, and it is likely that, even during the restful days of summer, and despite the fact that it is a ride of an hour and a half from the city, the home of Senator Platt will be the scene of many an important conference, which will mold the political strategy of the campaign of 1908.

As I sat talking of days gone by with Senator Platt, it was difficult for me to realize that he was the sturdy and loyal colleague of Roscoe Conkling, who resigned his seat in the senate rather than be disloyal to a friend, and whose battles-royal will always remain an interesting chapter in the political history of New York. Roscoe Conkling's invulnerable courage and fearless fighting qualities arrayed against him some formidable enemies, but the attributes which won his battles are in themselves commendable—the foresight which led him to bide his time, to bring into action terrible invective, scathing sarcasm, and the other resources of his remarkable personality.

And here I was, talking with the colleague of this famous character in history, the man who served with him through many a hard-fought fight, fearlessly meeting the tide of opposition rather than be unfaithful to his friend. The one great quality which impressed me in Senator Platt was his patience —always ready to wait coolly and quietly, abiding his time, and never forgetting a face or a favor. Those who have ever had correspondence with the senator will remember another characteristic—his delightful letters, and the kindly words which he has indited from time to time, during the heat of political battle are highly prized by his friends.

In our drive along the rural roads, with views of beautiful and historic scenes everywhere before us, and the scent of new-mown

hay heavy in the ambient air, it was fascinating to talk with such a man—a very veteran in the great affairs and chief conflicts of American politics, whose every word and phrase suggested new view points—new angles—ever invaluable to the young man who has his way to make in the world. Senator Platt's opinions are interesting; among other things, he says that he would advise young men to keep out of politics—a suggestion which ought to have some weight, for if there ever was a man who knew every move in the modern political game, it is the senior senator from New York.

Whatever may be determined as to Senator Platt's politics and policy, I must say that I have found him one of the most interesting personalities in public life. His half century of experience in the affairs of the nation, and his personal acquaintance with many prominent men, have given him opportunities for a wise discrimination and a catholic viewpoint such as have fallen to few other American politicians.

VIEWS OF SENATOR PLATT'S HOME IN HIGHLAND MILLS, NEW YORK

CONVENIENTLY located on the floor of the House is the committee room on military affairs, where for ten years past Major John A. T. Hull, of Iowa, has presided over and directed the deliberations of one of the most important committees of the house. During the Spanish-American war there were busy times in this room. The major is a man who is thoroughly posted on the Philippine situation and armed with information obtained by personal investigation. Since his installation as chairman, many effective changes have been made in the management of the military affairs of the nation.

The improvement in the organization of the artillery corps is of special importance, and the great difficulty has been in securing competent men. Recruits for the coast fortifications and artillery corps must possess the highest grade of intelligence. It is now claimed that the artillery is practically on the same basis as the navy, for the guarding of the coast is as important as the protection of the high seas by our ships of war—yet the pay in the navy department is much higher than that in the artil-

lery corps, which partly accounts for the difficulty in securing men. Hearings during the last congress revealed the necessity for reorganizing the artillery corps.

During the Civil War, with the old smoothbore guns in use, the same amount of skill was not needed as is now required in the complicated modern machines. I was surprised to learn that there are not enough men to protect the coast, detailing one relief to each gun now mounted. To do this would call for a force of 41,000 men and 1,700 officers, while, as a matter of fact, there are but 14,000 men and 651 officers, including the field artillery.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN A. T. HULL OF IOWA

Eighteen thousand enlisted men are authorized by law but with present pay cannot be enlisted. The fact is that the country has been going ahead at a rapid rate on coast defences, without making suitable provision for manning them. As Colonel Harrison, of the artillery corps, has remarked: "An artilleryman cannot be improvised, and when he is needed he is required instantly. He is not a commercial article and cannot be bought 'ready made'."

The matter of advance in military organization may be judged by the appropriations for it, which show an increase of from ten to forty millions since Major Hull assumed the chairmanship of the committee. In connection with this work, Major Hull has made a thorough and systematic study of every phase of the military situation of the nation. Our experience of the sudden demand which arose at the time of the Spanish-American war, shows the desirability of being prepared beforehand, and the word adopted by President Roosevelt, "preparedness," is one which is kept constantly in mind in the work of the military committee.

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WELL do I remember the first time I met Congressman Brick of Indiana. It was at midday, in that alcove, where the Indiana delegation gathers to discuss matters during the lunch hour in the house restaurant.

Congressman Brick enjoys a good forename, and when the announcement is made in his district that the Honorable Abraham Lincoln Brick is to appear there is always a keen interest in the event, for as one of his constituents has facetiously said:

"Congressman Brick is a brick all the way through, and he has the real 'Abe' ways."

He hails from South Bend, Indiana, famous for Oliver plows, Studebaker wagons and automobiles. Mr. Brick is a worthy successor to Schuyler Colfax, who at one time represented this district, and later served as vice president. While Abraham Lincoln Brick is not one of the pyrotechnic orators, he is a worker, and is depended on when something is to be *done*. As a member of the appropriations committee and other important committees of the house, he is making a name for himself as a man of achievement and forceful influence.

One of the most gratifying batches of correspondence I receive, are the numerous letters which come from our readers suggesting that I become acquainted with "our senator" or "our congressman." "We want you to know him," they say, "because he is a man whom we love and admire for his achievements and sterling qualities. He is truly representative."

This certainly applies to the representative from Indiana, who in the immortal phrase of Abraham Lincoln, for whom Mr. Brick is named, is giving earnest and effective support to "the government of the people, by the people and for the people."

THE KING OF TIGRE

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.

CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

IT IS a fine and wonderful romance, this *Shadows of Shasta* Over in England they call it *Life Among the Modocs*, for there they are a rather literal people, and the reading public—chiefly subscribers to the great Mudie Circulating Libraries,—might easily mistake *Shadows of Shasta* for the title of an epic poem and leave it quite alone.

To tell the truth, it is a kind of epic in prose, and such prose as is more poetical than many bits of verse that are advertised as poems. Mount Shasta is, in a certain large sense, the real hero of the romance, and in the first line of the first chapter of this *Unwritten History*, as it is called on the title page, the marvelous mountain towers before us "lonely as God, and white as the winter moon!" All that is told of in these glowing pages takes place among the mingled shadows and sunshine that equally glorify the slopes of the unrivaled mountain.

The American edition of the *Shadows of Shasta* is illustrated; there are numerous full-page wood-cuts that would make admirable posters for almost any wild west show, and these harmonize with the text, which is written up to concert pitch. But if you have the sedate, pictureless English edition and will turn to page fifty-four, you may read in its large and handsome type as follows:— "I rode down the bank of the beautiful, arrowy Klamat, (misspelled Klamath), with about a thousand peaceful Indians in sight." It is the Poet of the Sierras who is writing and telling the story of his own adventurous boyhood. He adds: "As I rode, I saw a tall, strong and elegant-looking gentleman in top boots and red sash. Up to this moment it seemed to me that I had never seen a perfect man, and I thought, from the dark and classic face, that he was neither an American, German nor Irishman; and vaguely I associated him with Italian princes dethroned, or even a king of France in exile. He was surely splendid, superb, standing there in the morning sun, in his gay attire, by the swift and shining river; smiling, tapping the sand in an absent sort of way, with his boot. A prince—truly nothing else than a prince! The man turned and smiled good-naturedly as I dismounted, tapping the sand with his top-boot, gently whistling the old air of "'49," but did not speak."

You will read anon of the poet-boy, the waif who was destined to achieve a world-wide fame in this wide, wide world, though at that time, he did little else than flaunt his long, flaxen curls in the wind on a thousand hilltops, and kiss his hand to the sun at frequent intervals. He approached the arrowy Klamat where he found a rude ferry and a ruder ferryman. The prince and the poet crossed the stream together and reached the other shore, penniless; they were both the most picturesque of paupers.

"Chalk that!" said the prince, with a superb gesture that irritated the provincial boatman; he protested; a row ensued. The prince, who had recently crossed at this very ferry when he was flushed with affluence, clutched the beligerant barger and demanded a return of the gold which he had so lately scattered with a lavish hand, permitting the ungrateful fellow to retain only his legitimate fee. Verily, virtue is its own reward, and it is better to chalk than be churlish.

The prince and the poet went their way rejoicing; the prince in top-boots, the lad on his wiry mustang. At the summit of the hill they were slowly ascending, another prince appeared. How well the historian recalls him:— "A costly cloak on his shoulders, yellow buckskin gauntlets, a rich, red sash about his waist, where swung a pair of Colt's revolvers, new patent; a great

gold chain—made up by linking specimens of nature's gold together—completed this man's attire. His great hat sheltered him like a palm."

On the instant the new prince rose in his wooden stirrups, jingled the bells of steel on his huge Spanish spurs, and said with unfeigned surprise, "Money, mule, and watch, all gone, and you on foot and alone—Prince Hal! the man of all others!" etc. It was too true. Prince Hal, on the turn of a card at the last camp, had lost everything but hope—and his unrivalled personal appearance. "Ah!" moralizes the poet at this stage of the narrative, "the grand old days are gone; the gay gamblers with their open pockets and ideas of honor!" It is barely possible that they are gone, along with many a Californian custom that is no longer featured in that much-advertised land.

Why need I add what must be evident to all? Prince Hal fathered that golden-haired boy and saw him through a thousand battles with the world; nursed him in sickness, worried him in health—for the indescribable charm of the man of mystery drew the poet by a single hair through fire and water, by night, by day, in season and out of season. And then the prince vanished into space, but reappeared again at intervals, lonely and afar off, like a wandering comet. He was a brilliant, erratic, fascinating adventurer who returns in the final pages of the *Unwritten History*, when the Modoc has ceased from troubling, and the poet and the prince lie down together, and leave nothing to be desired but an extensive sale of this romance of their youth. The poet writes:

"The prince and I have at last pitched our tent for good together. I had told him of my ten-years' battle, just past, and he had recounted his. He had crossed and re-crossed the Cordilleras and the Andes, sailed up and down the Amazon, fought in Nicaragua, and at last raised an old Spanish galleon from Fonesca filled with doubloons and Mexican dollars that had gone down in the sea half a century before." What more can be added, save this last word?—"There is a tinge of gray in his hair and a touch of sadness in his face!"

So much for the revelations of the poet, all of which I have borrowed without leave and in defiance of the international copyright. Time passed on. Surely it could not be expected that these rovers were to cease at once and forever to sail the seas over. Voices cried to them from the four quarters of the globe, "Come away! Come away!" Invisible hands beckoned them from the dim distance to follow after. Their hearts would not sit still. Finally, they struck tents and were anon lost to one another. At long intervals these ever-restless souls met in their orbits and held communion for a little space. Again they buried themselves in remote seas and trackless deserts, until at last the prince, who, having come into his own, was now a king, made his bed in the best chamber of the Langham hotel, Portland Place, London, W. C.

Now, it so happened that I was at the Langham, and it happened in this wise. Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner had finished their collaborated novel, *The Gilded Age*. Mark, who chanced to be in London when the English edition of the story made its appearance, was urged by George Dolby to give a brief course of lectures at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, and thus attract the attention of the public and incidentally advertise the novel.

Dolby was the delightful impresario, with the ornamental impediment in his speech, who twice piloted his intimate friend, Charles Dickens, through the tumultuous audiences that stormed the rostrums of the United States so long as *Boz* read from his own immortal pages. Mark, certainly at that time, in the early seventies, disliked society, yet hated to be alone. He was beautifully alone in his fine apartment in the Langham, though the house was swarming with American tourists who would have passed their lives with him had he only breathed the wish.

We met; I fresh from California, and commissioned to write a weekly letter for the San Francisco Chronicle from wherever I chanced to be. Mark proposed that I join him at the Langham and share his joys and sorrows during the lecture season of eight weeks, and that is exactly what I did. The story of our inner lives has not been told, but it is worth the telling. Ouida was stopping at the hotel just then, it was before she had forsworn England and dedicated herself to the Flower City, the Lily of the Arno. Captain Mayne Reade used to hover about the

place, for there were those within, who had brought with them from the prairies of the West, something of the wild, free charm that fascinated him in his youth, and through the witchery of his pen had in turn thrilled the hearts and the imaginations of Young America and the lads of every land under the sun. There were others, many others, in and out of the Langham at all hours of the day and night—but the greatest of these was the King of Tigre.

One day a page, ablaze with buttons of brass, presented an envelope on a silver salver; it was addressed to me; I hastily broke seal and read:—The King of Tigre begged that I would give him the pleasure of my presence at dinner that evening. What more natural than that I should? The Poet of the Sierras and I had long been friends. The King of Tigre was the patron and the pride of the Poet of the Sierras. Surely we should meet and know one another—we did. It was Sunday; there was no lecture that evening, so Mark and I did not march solemnly down to Hanover Square together and return two hours later to sit up over a sea-coal fire and talk of the old days in San Francisco until the hours were wee and small.

As for that dinner, without more ado, let me confess that there *was* a tinge of gray in his hair, a touch of sadness in his face, and a subtle intoxication in his atmosphere that well became a king—a King of Tigre. His eye was kindly and fond; his massive well-proportioned frame commanded admiration. His low, rich voice beguiled me, and his conversation which was more like a monologue than dialogue, captured the imagination of the listener and led him on from height to height, until the spirit scorned all obstacles and sat perched on the pinnacle of ambition, defying fate.

Does this sound rhapsodical? You would not think so, had you ever come under the influence of the spell-binder. In justice to both parties, let me state that this psychological phenomenon took place before dinner, and was repeated on several occasions when we were both in reasonable and sober mood. To him—the King of Tigre—all things seemed possible. I think, at that time, I must, even against my will, have followed whither he chose to lead me, had it been his pleasure to take me captive. I believe that his apostles of those days—and they were scores—hung breathless upon his words; that his tribe was swayed by one impulse, like corn in the wind; that at his call his legions would have gathered like storm-clouds; that before his wrath they would have perished willingly for at his command they were prepared to fall upon the land, like locusts, and lay waste cities and overthrow governments and establish new peoples, new customs and new religions.

All this I gathered, and so would any listener have gathered, from the tranquil soliloquy that flowed on and on like a Persian poem, embroidered with metaphor, sparkling with wit, radiant with color and with a music of its own, at once beguiling and convincing. He never boasted of influence or advantage; he never railed at men and things, loading the air with vulgar threats and still more vulgar vituperation. He betrayed no prejudices. He was the personification of power in repose.

During the relation of his romantic experiences—they were as delightful as an Eastern tale—and of the story of his dreams, his hopes, his philosophy of life, it dawned upon me that here was a man capable of doing great deeds, but who was patiently awaiting the hour when he should strike; that it was his supreme wisdom, or possibly his prophetic knowledge of things to come that bade him wait a little, and a little longer, and yet a little longer still.

When we parted in London, though he had, as it were, grappled me to his soul with hooks of steel, there was no chance for an emotional farewell. With a light and graceful wave of the hand, and a smile that was manful and winning, he was up and away in a moment. He had talked of the West Indies and of Mexico as fields of promising fertility; of the wealth that lies untouched about the sources of the Amazon; and of the sea-islands of the South, with their unspoiled, uncivilized races; the races that especially appealed to the sentiment he betrayed at times, and such as he shared in common with every big-hearted, full-blooded, generous soul. I heard of him, and sometimes from him; he was here, there, everywhere; he flitted hither and yon; he was quietly, silently recruiting and strengthening the ranks and the confidence of his cohorts. He was speculating, recklessly it

seemed to me; fortunes were staked on the fluctuations in the market; it was as risky as the turn of a card, and if he lost, he lost all at one fell swoop. This mattered little or nothing to him; the aspect of the man remained unchanged, whether penniless or backed by millions.

I heard he was within reach, later on, in New York City; he was disabled, a prisoner in his chamber in a down-town hotel. When I presented myself at the office of the hotel I was at once shown to his apartment. He was evidently receiving all who called. He was propped up in his bed, a pyramid of pillows behind his back. There he had been lying day after day, reading, dreaming, planning—not only for himself, but for the band of adventurous souls nourished by his inexhaustible enthusiasm, and without which it would cease to be.

I found him the victim of old wounds that from time to time broke forth afresh and compelled him to repose for weeks together. His cigars were delicious. His talk as inspiring as ever. Indeed, I am not sure that he was not more fascinating chained to Caucasus, as it were, with the vultures praying upon his vitals, than when in robust health he went about a strong man among men of strength. Now he was a kind of Prometheus bound; but the spirit was as soaring as ever, as free as when he stood with one foot in sea and one on shore, seeking new worlds to conquer.

Of course he recovered; he will probably continue to recover after a succession of sieges that might lay low his betters, have spent their fury; and he will still wear the bloom of youth when I, perchance, shall have withered and blown away. Later he called upon me at my rooms and fell in love with them. It was the only visible sign of human weakness he ever betrayed in my presence. To be sure, the rooms were dainty rooms; they had been vacated for a vacation season by a pair of self-supporting sisters who had given me leave to rest there until their return to the counting-room. Everywhere in those dainty rooms one noted the feminine touch—so dainty, so exquisite and so impossible to imitate—"the refining influence," I think you call it; it must be real, or it is of no avail. Each nook and corner was like a little shrine; sentiment breathed from the innumerable brackets on the wall; it breathed with a breath of lavender, from the tidies that bedecked each article of furniture in the place, and from the lace coverings of the bed and from the books and the bodkins and the forgotten sheaf of hairpins that lay under the mirror of the dressing-table.

The King of Tigre came, saw, and collapsed in beauty's bower. One touch of nature, entirely human and feminine to a degree, had conquered him. I believe he would have married on the spot, at the shortest possible notice and on the most reasonable terms. What were kingdoms, principalities, powers, to him, then? Nothing whatever; not even so much as the Havanas we were then lighting at the written request of the young ladies, posted over the mantel and stating that they liked smoke. Kings are but human, after all. We talked of marriage and of monasteries, as bachelors are apt to do. It was a question whether his majesty of Tigre espoused the absent sisters immediately upon their return to business, disbanded his legions, and reigned over a fireside, first floor front—only one block from Madison Square—or gathered me to his bosom and strode into some monastery at the Antipodes, where the gates that clanged after us would waken no echo and imprison no regret.

The question was laid on the table for the moment, the precious moment on which hung the fate of possible princes or padres, someone entered and fell an instant victim of the ravishing recitals of Tigre's king. What was the result? Just what might have been expected. I returned to the family circle with the usual souvenir—a flattering photograph of his majesty, properly endorsed. He and his latest knight went off on a royal skirmish, and to this hour, the day of their return is unannounced, though it may be close at hand.

Why do I betray these confidences? It is not with a desire of gain, nor in the hope of losing reputation. Neither the one nor the other can influence the facts in the case. All that I have said I have said truly, and for the love of the saying of just such things as this. I have been turning the leaves of the fair-haired poet's *Songs of the Sunlands*. Much has it sung to me, and much suggested that he has still left unsung. I find here a leaf that has been diligently thumbed.

On it is my pet poem—one of the several, it may be added, underscored and followed across the goodly margin by a procession of admiration marks. Do you know this poem, I wonder? Let me read it to you—it won't take long:—

KING OF TIGRE

King of Tigre, comrade true!
  Where in all thine isles art thou?
Sailing on Fonesca blue?
  Wearing Amapala now?
King of Tigre, where art thou?

Battling for Antilles' queen?
  Sabre hilt or olive bough?
Crown of dust, or laurel green?
  Roving love or marriage vow?
King and comrade, where art thou?

Sailing on Pacific seas?
  Pitching tent in Pima now?
Underneath magnolia trees?
  Thatch of palm or cedar bough?
Soldier, singer, where art thou?

Coasting on the Oregon?
  Saddle bow or birchen prow?
Round the isles of Amazon?
  Pampas plain, or mountain brow?
Prince of rovers, where art thou?

Answer me from out the West!
  I am weary, stricken now;
Thou art strong, and I would rest;
  Reach a hand with lifted brow,
King of Tigre, where art thou?

Where indeed, O! mysterious monarch? Echo answers by picture-postcard: Under the palms, beside tropic seas, lighting the slow-match that shall eventually blow Honduras to Halifax. What though your postmark is cunningly obscured? What though your lines reach me through the cross-scent of several legations? I know your touch and respond to it with the selfsame thrill as of yore.

To you and to yours, greeting! When you pass my way, restless and resistless rover, pause for a moment while I dip my colors; for you are of those who breed romances and without these life were in sooth a howling wilderness!

Someone at my elbow has just whispered in my ear:— "I don't believe the half of this!" Believe it, my sweet child. Believe everything; for only thus do you avoid the risk of some day spurning a gospel truth.

FROM HIM WHO HATH NOT

By Maurice Smiley

"IS this the end, Harry?"

The man's hand was already on the doorknob. There were tears on the woman's face. Her hands were resting on the sunny head of the child who was looking from one to the other with wide eyes of troubled wonder. Papa had gone away before on journeys, but mamma had not cried like this, and he had always come back. What did it mean?

The man's hand half turned the knob in a restless, almost furtive way.

"I think it is just the beginning, Della," he replied slowly. "That is the way I honestly feel about it. Surely you can see it is best that we should live our lives apart. We do not live them together. We are not really married. We have stood before a minister, but we are only bound. It is best for us all; best for you, best for me, best for—the—little one"—his voice faltered at last.

"I shall always provide for you. I have tried to do my duty by you in that respect at least. You have been content with that in the past. You will not want any more in the future. Why should we both be miserable trying to keep up the farce?"

"Why should we both be miserable?" repeated the woman. "You forget there are three of us. Why should this bright little life be shadowed too? She has done nothing to deserve the stigma you are placing on me.

For an instant the man wavered.

"It is infinitely better," he said, "that she should grow up without the daily reminder of a shadow between her mother and father. It would embitter her more for us to be to-

gether than apart. You will have your home and your child. What more do you want?"

"What more?" she repeated, bitterly. "I want a great deal more. I want my husband"—her voice took on an intensity that was new to Harold Vane. He had not thought she could feel so strongly. "I married you because I loved you. I—love—you—still"—her voice was very low now. Was Harold Vane learning to know his wife too late?

"I have tried to make you a good wife," she went on, "to the best of my ability. You knew what my capacity was when you married me. Perhaps our marriage was a mistake. Perhaps I made a mistake in believing that mere love was what a husband wanted and would be enough for him. I am willing to admit that perhaps I have not tried as hard as I might to share your inner life with you, but you have never invited me. It has been like an inner room from which I have been shut out. All our married life you have kept me at arm's length, so far as everything but material affairs was concerned. But I am not so deficient as you may think. Give me another chance, Harold, for—the—child's sake."

He was not needlessly cruel. He did not love to wound. Even he, taking himself as seriously as he did, and thinking as he did then that mere love was so very little when it was not added to a spiritual affinity, an intellectual comradeship which he craved in a wife; even he could not tell her the truth. She was his wife in the sight of God and man. She was the mother of his child. To that child he had given all the great father-love of his nature, supplemented by the love which had never really been given to his wife. Her fingers were even then stroking the child's sunny curls. He could not look into her eyes and tell her that he had never really loved her as a wife should have been loved; that another love had come into his life, a love to which he did not dare to surrender himself in thought now, but which had brought about the revolution in his nature. With love, undefined but tangible, in his heart, illuminating as by a lightning flash, the vast gulf which separated him from his wife, and his wife from Helen Morrow, he could see nothing but the travesty of continuing a loveless marriage relation. His wife breathed the valley air, and it suffocated him. He and Helen Morrow lived upon the heights of life. They breathed an intellectual and spiritual ozone. On the heights sat peace, and like Parsifal, he was setting his face toward peace, where all that was worth while in him might grow unbound, and blossom and bear fruit unblighted, unstarved, unsuppressed.

He could not tell her this. The sunshine on the child's hair got into his eyes.

"What's the use of going over it all again?" he said wearily. Then he snatched up the child in his arms for a moment. Something like rain fell upon the sunny curls, and then the door closed behind him. A woman was trying to comfort a weeping child, a child weeping because papa had gone away, and in her troubled little soul a knife-like intuition told her that he would not come back.

II

A strange desolation possessed him as he took his seat in the car. He thought he could lightly put aside the legal fetters that bound him. His new freedom had not the sweetness which he had thought it would have. Something of the solemnity of the marriage service shadowed his perceptions. "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder," the man of God had said. His sophistry had supplied many arguments that convinced him that he was doing the only thing that was best for all concerned. But somehow these arguments were of a feather's weight, now that the great step had been taken.

He was setting his face toward a new life. He would live on the heights, where Helen Morrow lived. Helen Morrow! Down at the bottom of his dreams slept a thought which he dared not think as yet—divorce—freedom-wasted years reclaimed—happiness long delayed won at last by waiting and suffering. Well, he knew what would be the answer of Helen Morrow to such a suggestion, but he put it from him. Not now; not this year, not next year. A great void separated him from Helen Morrow. One look into her calm, gray eyes would abash the suggestion, that raised itself never so slightly from the floor of his inmost heart.

But today was for suffering. The future would take care of itself. What could he not have accomplished if Helen had been his wife. What children born of love and con-

secration might she not have borne him. He looked back over the wasted years, and his heart grew rebellious at the wanton wreck of happiness.

Lois Hunt was to blame. It was Lois who had compelled him to marry, and it had happened that Della Martin was the woman. Why had he married her? Often and often he had asked himself the question, and he asked it again as the train swept on into the twilight.

Down in his inmost heart, he knew that it was because when he had married her he had known Lois Hunt and had *not* known Helen Morrow. Three women had comprised the tragic trilogy of his life. To Lois Hunt he had given the first love of a youthful genius. To Helen Morrow he had given, secretly, the real, passionate love of his ripened manhood, a love that, next to that for himself, was the most earnest and tenacious of his life. Della Martin he had married. She was a mere incident which chronologically connected the other two events of his life.

Lois belonged to the old days. She had come into his life when his ideals were hardly past the formative stage. It was a time of intellectual excitation which was almost a spiritual ecstacy. He had always sought the highest and best in life, and she was the highest and best that had come into his life up to that time. He was so young then. He smiled as the train thundered on, to think that he could ever have been so very, very young. He did not apologize for having loved Lois Hunt. No man need to do that. But he smiled to think how he had grown away and above the standards of those days, and how small in stature was the pedestal upon which he had placed her. Compared with the intellectual and spiritual eminence of Helen Morrow, it was as a steeple to a star.

But Lois Hunt had spoken the words that had closed suddenly and forever the beautiful door that had opened up to him, through which he had seen the paradise of her soul.

"Another woman must keep 'firm and even step beside your own,'" she had said, referring to a favorite poem. "Do not mar your career by any mistake."

He groaned even now to think of the bitter irony of what she had meant so seriously. He lived on a vastly higher plane now, but if she had married him, he would have escaped such a marriage as he had made. His refusal left his heart sore as from a physical blow and his soul weary, wanting only rest. He was like a wounded soldier who longs for only life, resigning himself to the thought of never seeing the old home again, if only he may live, maimed and racked—just live, to see the shine of the sun and smell the flowers. He wanted a nurse. He was lonely. He wanted some friendly hand in his, some kindly voice in his ear. Of course there was never such another woman as Lois Hunt, and there never could be. Why live the dreary stretch of years alone waiting, like She for Kallikrates, for another?

So he married Della Martin. That was the whole and brutal truth of it. He had not loved her. He was not disloyal to the old love, for he gave her nothing which belonged to that other love. His sophistry went to the mad length of saying, that even this new and greater love that had come into his life was not disloyalty to the woman to whom he had given his name, since he had robbed her of nothing which he would otherwise give to her. Helen Morrow had come into his life at a time when he had learned to the dregs, the bitterness of knowing that "man does not live by bread alone," and that a wife must be more than seamstress, nurse and housekeeper. These can be hired. A literary correspondence had brought them together in a social way, and their intercourse had been confined to such an association. Scrupulously regardful for the amenities, he had never forgotten his outward obligations for a moment, and Helen Morrow would have been more surprised than his wife if she had known the state of Vane's feelings for her.

In Helen Morrow's presence, Harold Vane seemed to breathe an intellectual ozone which was indescribably exhilarating. She stood for all the ideals which he had never realized, all the needs he had ever felt. She spoke to all that was highest and best in him, all that made him long, regret, suffer.

If he had married a submissive, self-effacing woman, he could have domineered over her and his vanity would have been fed at least, even if he derived no benefit from the association. If he had married a vixen, or a flirt or a society butterfly, the very attrition of such a marriage would have struck fire, if nothing more. It was the dull and

deadly level of mediocrity, the dreariness of monotone, that dissatisfied him more than anything else. A certain smug satisfaction in her own sufficiency on the part of his wife aroused a sort of resentment on her husband's part. She would not be domineered over, and she was not extravagant, flirtatious, socially ambitious or provocative in any other sense. But she seemed to regard herself as an ample quid pro quo for the honor of her husband's name and station in life.

Possibly she was more intuitional than he thought, and while not taking him at his own valuation, she had a high if secret respect for his talents. If she had been less secretive in this respect, things might have been better. But he was more to blame for this than she. He had never regarded her as capable of sharing his inner life, and he had never invited her to do so, as she had said. He, on the other hand, was naturally considerate, and he concealed his disappointment for years. She thought he was satisfied, even happy, and her own complacency was fed by his desire to spare her pain.

This was what made Helen Morrow all the more dangerous to them both. As Harold Vane sped toward the metropolis, he told himself that he was going to carve out a name and a place and a life for himself. But down in his inmost heart he knew that he was going to—Helen Morrow.

III

"How does it seem to be a lion, old man?" asked Worthington, cordially, as they shook hands in a lull of the reception. Incidentally the reception was in honor of Harold Vane.

No gathering of the intellectual elite was complete without the new literary star whose latest novel, "The Other Woman," was having a tremendous vogue. In a few short months he had achieved a success, for which others had struggled for as many years.

They had been busy months, however, filled with the toil of the treadmill, the drudgery of the devotee; months full of heart-emptiness, if the truth must be told.

"How does it feel to be a lion?" he repeated. "I feel like a very small lion, to tell you the truth, Worthy. I could roar you as gently as any sucking dove."

There was a weariness, even a despondency in his voice which struck his friend. There were lines on his face which told something—but not all—of the price he had paid for his success.

"You have been working too hard, old fellow," replied Worthington with the familiarity of both friend and host. "Here's somebody who will cheer you up a bit. Miss Morrow " he called to a passing lady. "You know Mr. Vane, of course. The laurels on the lion's brow are turning to weeds. That's rather a mixed figure, isn't it? Well, leaving the Parnassian heights for the safer if lower plane of the practical, Vane's tired. Perhaps there is so much room at the top that he's lonely. I tell him he would better knock off and turn golfer or chauffeur for a spell. What would you prescribe?"

Then he hurried away at the call of his wife, and Harold Vane turned to Helen Morrow.

"Let *me* prescribe for my own ailment," he said eagerly. "Give me half an hour in a nice, secluded spot."

As they snuggled into a cosy corner, neither dreamed of the turn their conversation would take. In the course of their literary association they had met frequently, of course. At first Vane had dreaded it—and longed for it. He told himself he was fighting against it, but he was really fighting for it, and now he longed for it without dreading.

In a way that would have frightened him, possibly lowered his self-respect, this woman had been the inspiration of all his efforts, the indefinable goal of all his drudgery. He could not see how it was to come about, but he had a blind faith—and it was strong upon him now, that in some way, in some day, he should have his reward. Something of the faith, or of the fierce hunger in his eyes, startled her, and there was a note of constraint in her voice as she said otherwise quietly:

"Accept my heartiest congratulations, Mr. Vane, on the success of 'The Other Woman.' It is the best thing you have done. May I ask you how long it took you to write it?"

"How long?" he repeated musingly. How long, indeed. All his life he had been living and longing and suffering, and writing that book.

"About thirty-nine years." he replied, almost brusquely, to hide the pain of the recollection.

"You mean?" she said quickly.

"Did you not guess?" he queried, in a low voice. "Didn't you know it is my own story?"

One sudden glance into his face, and then her eyes fell. A new understanding came upon her. Many dark things were illuminated as by a flash. She half rose as though to leave, and the flower she held in her hand was crushed as she sank back into her seat. The flower was slowly pulled to pieces, petal by petal, in the silence that fell between them. It seemed an hour before she again looked at him, and there was something in her eyes that made his heart leap wildly, and then sink with the leaden despair of the—not to be.

"Poor fellow." she said softly, at last.

"Don't pity me," he cried almost fiercely "I could stand anything but that. I don't want your pity. I want your—"

But a wild appeal in her eyes stayed the word on his lips.

"What character in the book do you like best?" he asked suddenly, almost sullenly. The question took her by surprise and confused her for a moment.

"The best character in the book," she said evasively, "is Vinton He made the greatest mistakes, but they open the way for the most heroic atonement."

"Yes, Vinton made some sad mistakes," said Vane, bitterly. "The greatest of all was when he—"

"Came here," she interrupted. "That was the saddest and the weakest of all."

"Weak?" he echoed. "Do you mean he should have stayed? Does it not require strength and moral courage to tear one's life up by the roots and begin all over again? Does it not require strength to go on day after day and month after month, loving an ideal which has suddenly materialized in the flesh and not dare to tell her of his love, not dare to dream of what the future has in store? Does it not require strength to walk side by side with this woman he loves and feel the fetters that bind him eat into his heart and never cry out? I tell you, Helen"—she did not notice that it was the first time he had ever called her by her Christian name—"I put all my longings, my aspirations, my heart and life and soul, into Vinton and you call him weak!"

The girl was silent for a moment under the outburst. Then she said in a calm and earnest voice:

"But you have cried out. You cried out in the book. Whoever 'the other woman' was—" it was a weak evasion and both felt it—

"You know who 'the other woman' is," said the man almost sternly. "You preach sincerity and strength. Why not face facts?"

It was not a kindly speech, and he regretted it as he heard the tremor in her voice as she tried to make it steady. She half raised her hand, as though to forbid him being more explicit.

"I did not know," she said, earnestly and with a sweet sympathy vibrating in her tones, "that matters were as they are," she began. "I pity Vinton from the bottom of my heart, but more I pity Dolly. An unloved wife is the most pitiable woman in all the world."

"But Miriam, the woman Vinton loves—the 'other woman'—what of her?" pursued Vane relentlessly.

"Do not make it harder," she said, half pleadingly. "I pity her most of all."

The words were so low he had to lean over to catch them. His heart gave a fierce bound. Did she care? He looked into the future for one, mad, sweet moment. He saw his dream realized. He and Helen Morrow were walking side by side down the years, two united hearts wedded in the indissoluble wedlock of a perfect love. But even as the vision flamed, it faded. Helen Morrow's calm, serene gray eyes were looking into his own. There was no weakness there now, only strength, the strength of an unspoken sacrifice.

"Shall I write a sequel, Helen?" he said tenderly.

"No, you must revise the story," she said. "You will make it a great book, full of the eternal verities of life. Its keynote will be the generous thing, and its motif the magnificence of Duty." Her voice thrilled him. "Vinton must see that fame is but a bauble when bought at the price of a duty shirked. You are not happy," she broke off, abruptly.

The words cut him like a knife. How empty indeed were all his honors None but his hungry heart knew how empty. He would have gladly exchanged them all for one touch of that little golden head. But a thousand things held him back: pride—his career—his hopes—his dream.

"No, Vinton was not happy," he repeated. "God knows he was not. But he could not have been happy with Dolly"—He could not bring himself to use the first person—"She could not live his life."

"Did he ever try to admit her into his inner life?"

Vane thought of the almost supercilious indifference with which he had treated his wife in all but material things.

"It would have been useless." he said sullenly.

"She loved him, did she not?" The girl's voice trembled in spite of her.

"Yes, in her way." he replied dully.

"She was his wife, was she not; the mother of his child? She had never violated her marriage vows. Vinton married her of his own free will?" she went on, remorselessly.

"Of course," replied Vane, surlily.

"Then," cried Helen Morrow, "by what self-sufficient sacrilege do you play fast and loose with these sacred things? What is more binding than an unviolated marriage vow? What is more sacred than fatherhood? What right have you to cloud that little life that God has given you?"

Almost unconsciously Vane drew from his pocket a tiny handkerchief worked, crudely and lovingly, by the fingers of his little one. A lock of golden hair was enclosed in a tiny scrawl which read: "Papa's Christmas from Vivian."

Helen Morrow leaned over and touched it reverently.

"Vinton must see this." she said softly. "What matters the prating about ideals and aspirations and dreams in the face of—this? What ideal is higher, what dream sweeter, than the call of a duty, even a hard and bitter duty, bravely and generously obeyed?"

"But—the 'other woman'?" asked Vane, brokenly. "Vinton's life is so empty and barren. He could do so much if Miriam's hand was in his and Miriam walked beside him. He sees life's riches added to them that have. From him that hath not, must even that which he hath be taken away?"

"Hope, courage and duty," she replied gravely, as she arose and held out her hand, "these three. But the greatest of these is duty. Between Vinton and 'the other woman' there is a great gulf fixed. But between Vinton and Dolly there is only a little chasm which Vinton himself has helped to widen and has very largely himself created. It can—it will—it must," she cried, with a fierce eagerness as she withdrew her hand from his and turned away with a sob—"it must be bridged with that."

She pointed to the lock of golden hair and was gone.

It was that moment that Harold Vane took up his burden. It looked like an insupportable cross, but as he packed into his trunk the presents he had intended to send by express, he caught the smell of flowers, and as he lifted the latch of his gate on Christmas eve, he looked at his cross again and behold, it was covered with flowers—the flowers that Helen Morrow had dropped as she turned away.

The door of the little cottage opened and a man snatched up a little golden-haired girl to his heart again. Something like rain fell upon the sunny curls.

Then the door closed behind him.

IN AUTUMN'S HUSH

NOW like a Grecian torch the goldenrod
Lights with its flame of splendor all the air;
And haze of autumn clothes the sky and sod
In robe of beauty fair.

The sunlit swallow circling overhead
The radiant ether ripples with bright wing;
And bees on orchard lips of smiling red
Like murmuring lovers cling.

Calm autumn's solemn hush claims everything;
Only the brooklet flowing deep and wide,
Babbles like nature's dying soul of spring,
And of the Apriltide!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason*

THE SACRIFICE

By Caroline Brett McLean

"COME, darlin', come," urged the mother. Danny's brow puckered up into a puzzled little frown, as he looked across at her. To him the few spaces that divided them was measureless; he could not understand why Mammy persisted in asking him to do the impossible. Grasping the chair-leg more firmly, he waited resignedly for what he knew was to follow—the abandonment, after a few moments, of the attempt to make him walk, and then his mother's lap for a delicious ten minutes before she again took up her work.

Danny was six years old, and, save that he was smaller, in nowise different from the average boy of that age, but he had never learned to walk. Physicians had declared that there was nothing organically wrong with him. His failure to walk, they could only explain by lack of will to do it. Surgery could do nothing; suasion might do much. So every day in the enforced pause in her work, between the fading of daylight and the lighting of the lamp, his mother would lift him down from his chair, and kneeling at a little distance, with all the endearing words in her vocabulary, coax him to walk to her. But Danny never let go his anchorage on the chair-leg, and his big eyes would be so pathetic as he looked at her, that she could never find it in her heart to chide him, however gently, for his failure to try. In the end she always took him upon her lap and held him close, so that the twilight hour, despite her oft-recurring disappointment, was the happiest in her day.

She had just set him down again and lighted the lamp, when a clattering noise was heard outside, and in rushed a little, old man, apparently in a desperate hurry. Peter always bounced in in that fashion when he came to see Danny, to the latter's unfailing amusement. He did not laugh today, however. Peter had left off in the middle of a most fascinating story yesterday, and Danny was anxious to hear the conclusion. Before Peter had time to take his breath, he shouted:

"What did you do when the bear climbed the tree after you?"

"You know what you were to do before I told you," said Peter. "Did he walk today, Mammy?"

The mother shook her head and Danny hung his for a moment, then he said insinuatingly:

"Aw, just tell me if the bear got you, Peter, that's all I want to know?"

"No, the bear didn't get me, 'cause I walked away too fast. But if I'd never learned to walk," said Peter impressively, "where'd I be today? That's what I'd like to know," and he gazed at Danny with quite appalling solemnity.

But Danny did not take the moral home. He immediately began to clamor for another story.

On Peter's entrance, the mother had withdrawn to her seat, and resumed her work—the "finishing" of cheap, ready-made garments, leaving the two to their story-telling. Peter's supply of stories was exhaustless, and their subject matter wonderful. He had been a sailor, and pirates and wild beasts seemed to have beset his steps. The wild beasts and the pirates apparently did battle on the same ground, but Danny was not critical. Today, Peter excelled himself. Danny leaned forward in his chair, his eyes shining, while, with a wealth of gesture and illustration, Peter related some peculiarly hair-raising narrative. Just when the interest had reached its height, he stopped suddenly with the announcement:

"I'll tell you the rest tomorrow, if Mammy tells me that you tried to walk."

Danny's face fell woefully. He never seemed to remember from day to day, this habit of Peter's, which was his method of inducing Danny to walk. Nor did any remembrance of former obduracy ever prevent him from pleading to be allowed to know

what had befallen the hero. He pleaded now, but with no effect. Peter, buttoning his coat preparatory to departure, said that he should be told tomorrow if he did as Mammy asked him, and went away. When the door had closed behind him, Danny said to his mother,

"I wish I knew what happened to the little boy what Peter was telling me about, no bigger'n me, Mammy, and a croc'dile had hold o' his leg, ready to eat him up. Oh, Mammy, do you think he got away all right?"

His voice trembled on the verge of tears.

"Course he did, darlin'," said the mother eagerly. She did not forget Peter's habit, if Danny did, and the thin little voice pleading to be allowed to know what happened, always pierced her heart.

"How do you know?" persisted Danny.

"Know—why I—I was there," She had not Peter's power of invention, and she looked a little alarmed at this statement, but finding it pass unchallanged, and with some vague memory of the ending of childhood's stories, she said quickly, with more assurance, "An' he married the beautiful princess and lived happy all the days of his life."

That Danny was a little bewildered at this rapidity of action, his face showed, but he said nothing. He perfectly understood the significance of his mother's flying needle, and knew that he must not hinder her by asking questions.

On his way to his room at the top of the house after "fixing" his furnaces for the night, Peter always looked in to say "good-night" to Danny's mother. To-night she looked for his coming with unwonted eagerness. Something he had talked about the other night, had, after much thinking, awakened a great hope in her heart.

She heard his footstep on the stairs presently, and the next moment he came quietly into the room. Not more marked was the difference in his ordinary demeanor when with Danny than in his conversation. The luridly imaginative qualities displayed in his tale to the little lad, had no place in his talk to the mother of what he had seen in the foreign lands he had visited.

"He makes no offer to walk?" he remarked after a little silence.

The mother shook her head. "It seems a shame to tease him," she said. After a pause, she added, looking at Peter deprecatingly, "He was so set on knowin' what happened to some little boy you was tellin' him about, that I had to make up some sort of a tale to pacify him."

Peter tried to look severe, but failed signally.

"It's oncomprehensible. You'd think he'd make some sort of an attempt," he said unreflectingly. Then at sight of the cloud that came upon her face at his words, he added cheerfully, "but he'll be runnin' round one o' these days with the best of 'em, never fear.

She looked at him eagerly, her needle suspended.

"I was thinkin' a deal o' what you was telling me t'other day—about them pilgrim-places where they cure all manner o' folks." A red spot came out on either cheek, as she gazed at Peter.

"Nonsense," he said almost roughly. In her eager eyes, he read the hope which his unthinking description of a certain old-world shrine had caused to spring up in her heart, as plainly as if she had laid it before him.

"I have twenty dollars in the savin's bank, and if I was to work an extra couple o' hours a day, I might soon have enough," persisted she. 'Twouldn't take very much?"

"More'n you or me is ever likely to have no matter how hard we was to work," Peter said. "'Sides that talk o' cures at them places is all nonsense, anyway."

"You said t' other day that folks got cured there," she said piteously.

"They think they does,—and p'raps they does," said he brightening up with a sudden new idea, "but if they gets cured, it's not the places but the prayin' that cures 'em."

It would have greatly surprised some of Peter's cronies to have heard him thus advocate prayer as a means of cure. But the mother's face was so piteous at this sudden dashing of her hope, that he thought only of comforting her.

"Now doesn't it stand to reason, that if prayers is heard from one place, they'll be heard from everywheres?" he said persuasively. "Course it does," he went on answering his own question, "and them pilgrims could save theirselves a lot o' money and get as much good, if they was to pray just as hard at home."

The eagerness that had left her face crept back again. She had at all times a great faith in Peter's wisdom, and the confidence in his voice carried conviction to her now. When

he had gone, she went into her bedroom, and holding the lamp aloft, looked long at a print of the Mother and Child which hung over her bed. She had cut it from a Christmas supplement, more for purposes of decoration than for any meaning the picture had for her. Now as she looked at them, the figures took on a new significance. In the round, dimpled limbs of the infant, she traced a resemblance to Danny asleep directly beneath, arms and legs thrown out in all the abandon of sleeping childhood. The mother bent low over him; and the face of the Madonna was no holier with love and tenderness than hers. Oh, if praying could cure him, she would pray, and pray and pray.

And presently, mingling with this pure maternal solicitude, a more complex feeling began to creep in. Danny, child of a father who had deserted his wife after less than a year of married life, was looked upon by a tribe of relatives of varying degrees of nearness, as an exemplification of his mother's folly in marrying late in life, "a fellow who cared only for the bit o' money she had saved." Their half contemptuous pity for Danny as a weak ling filled the mother's heart with a speechless indignation. She had closed her door on her nearest relative because, once when Danny was passing through a severe illness, she had overheard her say, "It 'ud be a God's-mercy if he was taken, for he'll never put a fut under him." Now, as she bent over him, lamp in hand, a vision of him running about, active, lithe, no longer to be compared to his disadvantage with sundry supple-limbed, brazen-lunged cousins, came to her, and her eyes went swiftly upward to the face of that other mother in an unconscious appeal for comprehension. The pictured eyes seemed to look back at her pityingly, invitingly, as if in corroboration of what Peter had said. A sense of exultation came over her. She could not take Danny to any of the pilgrim places of which Peter had told her, but this pitying mother would understand her inability and cure him all the same.

The next day, when Peter came in for his half hour of story telling, she asked him in a voice she tried hard to make casual, to mind Danny for a little while, as she had to go out. The little Italian church around the corner was open at this hour, she knew. Often she had idly noticed the shawled Italian women pass and re-pass her window on their way to and from their orisons. A typical trio were on their way when she reached the street, two of the women old and bent, the third approaching middle-age. Hastening her steps, Danny's mother followed into the church. A dimly burning gas-jet only served to deepen the shadows, but from a recess at the farther end streamed a bright light, and around this recess the worshippers were gathered. A thrill of indescribable exaltation, that seemed to carry her spirit upwards, swept over Danny's mother, as she advanced towards the recess, and the next moment she was among the worshippers, kneeling in adoration.

She came every day for nearly two weeks. With some dim perception of the necessity for "wrestling" and long continued supplication, she daily lengthened the period of her prayers from the few moments which she had been wont to devote to Danny, to the very limit of Peter's leisure. The wave of faith, which had borne her upwards on that first day, sent her home for many days trembling, with a great hope and a great awe, as of one about to see a manifestation of the glory of God. But always Danny would smile at her from his chair, and Peter, rising and stretching himself, would remark, "Well, I must be gettin' along," telling her that her petition had yet failed to reach the throne.

But if her faith was tried, it did not weaken. Her belief in the power of the Blessed Mother to grant her her desire, knew no wavering. The fault was in herself; she did not know how to ask. While she knelt, she could not keep her thoughts or her eyes from wandering. She wondered if any of the women about her were praying for their children, as she was praying for Danny; and she would look enviously at the incessantly moving lips, and the continued murmured undertone of prayer made her feel how poor and ineffective was her one unvarying cry, "Oh, make Danny walk." Amid the many properly clothed ascending petitions, that faltering cry might well be lost. But it was all she knew how to say.

One day, a woman who knelt a little in front of her particularly drew her attention. Her face was not visible, for her shawl was drawn far over her head, but she seemed to be looking at something she held in her hand, and once or twice Danny's mother heard a stifled sob. The woman rose presently, in a quiet, furtive fashion, as if fearful of attracting

attention, and Danny's mother saw what she had in her hand, a wreath of artificial flowers, crushed and faded looking. For a moment she stood undecidedly looking at the flowers, her face working, her eyes full of tears, then she darted into the recess, and when she came out her hands were empty. That crushed and faded wreath was evidently a cherished thing, and she had paid tribute with it.

Danny's mother had watched her intently, and when she saw the empty hands, the meaning of it all came to her in a sudden, illuminating flash. With a quickening of the breath, the thought of her own treasure,—a string of amber-colored beads, which at night when the whole house was quiet, she would take from its hiding-place, looking at it as a devout Christian looks at a peculiarly sacred relic. The string of beads was her sign and symbol of a belief as vital to her as religion to the devotee. When her husband left her, her indignant relatives would have had her believe that he had grown tired of her, that he had never loved her. But in the months they had lived together, he had amply satisfied her hitherto unslaked craving for love. Nearly a year after the wedding day, he had brought home the necklace and as he clasped it about her neck, he had kissed her and told her how pretty it made her look. Less than a week afterwards, he had left her forever.

But the necklace remained, and the remembrance of his caress, of his uniform kindness. These, to her simple mind, more than offset the fact of his desertion, as an evidence that he had loved her. Thenceforth, the necklace became for her a visible embodiment of a happiness, a few months of which had been sufficient to redeem her whole life. Its cessation had not left her desolate. She had Danny and memory.

But now if she had to give up his gift, it seemed to her that the belief which made her happiness would vanish. And that she would have to give it up was the meaning she read in the Italian woman's sobs, her lingering glances, her final rush into the recess, as if to get the wrench over. Watching her, Danny's mother remembered how Peter had told her about the images of the Virgin he had seen in foreign lands, being decked with the richest and rarest jewels. Now she knew the reason of this lavish adornment,—they were placed there in the spirit of sacrifice, a spirit that was demanded of every petitioner without distinction as to whether his tribute was intrinsically worthless or beyond price, only so that it was his dearest possession.

That night she took the beads from their hiding place and held them in her hand. And something of the agony which a more complex nature would have felt at the desertion of her husband appeared in her face at thought of parting with them. After a few minutes, she put them back again hastily, determinedly. In the vivifying rush of memory which contemplation of the bauble evoked, even Danny's welfare seemed to sink into insignificance.

The next day the Italian woman knelt in the same place, but the shawl no longer shrouded her face. Yesterday, she had been a suppliant, bowed, humble. Now in the lifted, relaxed face and brighter eyes, Danny's mother, watching her dully, seemed to see praise rather than prayer. She could not give voice even to her usual form of petition today. Before the conviction that, until she was ready to offer up her most cherished possession in sacrifice, her prayers were vain, she was dumb.

When she returned home, she hardly glanced towards the window where Danny sat. She no longer expected anything and hour after hour, as she sat over her work, a struggle, such as nothing in her experience had prepared her for, raged in her heart. When at length, very late, she went to her bedroom, she held the lamp up before the picture of the Madonna in a despairing, unspoken appeal for pity. But the eyes that once had seemed to look at her compassionately, now to her quickened imagination seemed hard and cold. Setting the lamp down, she fell on her knees by the bedside and burst into a passion of tears. She had a sense of being hardly dealt with, despoiled; and she sobbed on for a long while aggrievedly, childishly. And then Danny, in his sleep, threw his arms abroad, and one fell on her bowed neck and rested there. She remained kneeling, motionless. The next day, when she entered the church, she carried the beads in her breast.

Peter had not been asked to "mind" Danny more than two or three times, before he divined the errand that took the mother abroad. The feeling of dismay which came to him with the first knowledge, soon deepened into a sense of responsibility, for had he not put the idea into her head. His stories

became more lurid than ever; he coaxed, cajoled, used all his wiles, but Danny would not walk.

One day, at the cost of not a little self-denial, he purchased a sailor's full uniform, in size to fit a small boy, and brought it home. Danny's highest ambition was to be a sailor and emulate the deeds of daring, which Peter had taught him, all sailors delighted in. As soon as the mother had left the room, Peter opened the box containing the uniform, which he had brought in with him, with the remark.

"You remember 'bout that boy that killed the twelve pirates with one blow of his sword?"

Danny remembered. Killing pirates was a favorite diversion with Peter's heroes.

"Well, he wore clothes just like these," Peter held up the garments dramatically, "an' any boy that wears 'em can kill pirates just as easy as wink. What little boy do you s'ppose them's for?"

"For me," Danny said with shining eyes.

"Jus' so," Peter paused. Danny was wriggling delightedly in his chair, "Jus' as soon as ever you walk, I'll put 'em on you."

But Danny's face had fallen. He turned his eyes relunctantly from contemplation of the garments which Peter had spread out before him.

"Try," said Peter lifting him down from his chair. "You can do it, if you'll only try. Just a step, just a little, little step; then I'll put 'em on you, and you'll be a sailor."

Danny stood immovable, grasping the chair-leg.

"Try," urged Peter again, and then suddenly abandoning bribery, "Don't you want to make Mammy happy? Mammy 'ud be the the happiest woman in the world, if you'd only walk."

But there was no movement of the tiny figure, and the little lips closed with a tightness that suggested obstinacy. Concerning his failure to attempt to walk, Danny could never be got to say a word. Steeling himself against the disappointment that stole over the small face, Peter refolded the garments and replaced them in the box one by one. He was baffled.

But that night a great idea came to him. Among his acquaintances was a onetime showman, who still retained some of the properties of his profession. Peter chuckled over his great idea. He wondered it had not occurred to him before.

The next day when he entered the room, he carried a bulky parcel under his arm. As soon as he and Danny were alone, he undid the parcel, and, while Danny watched in wonder, proceeded to set up its contents, two battered-looking puppets of different sizes in male costume. When under Peter's manipulation, the puppets began to dance, advancing, retreating, bowing, with movements grotesquely jerky and wooden, Danny leaned forward in his seat, breathless with wonder and interest. To him they were alive, breathing.

And then all at once, they began to fight. At first Danny thought this was part of the play and laughed irrepressibly, but when the smaller was knocked down several times, and finally remained down, under a vigorous pounding, the laugh changed to a cry, and finally to a scream, "Peter! Peter! come quick! he's killin' the little fella."

Peter, who unseen by Danny had slipped behind a chair, pulled the strings madly, and the pounding went on more vigorously.

"Peter," screamed Danny again, "Pe-t—!" the cry ended in a rush. When a second later, Peter appeared, Danny was standing in the middle of the floor, the belligerent puppet limp in his hand, and a look of wonder on his face, the wonder being for the limpness.

"I thought they was alive, and that he was killin' him," he explained blankly.

"But how did you get here?" asked Peter.

Danny's eyes grew big. He looked at his empty chair over against the window, and then at Peter.

"I—I guess I must ha' walked," he said in a whisper.

"Course you walked," cried Peter heartily, and slapped him on the shoulder in true comradely fashion, "a fine, smart fella like you. Now we'll make you into a sailor. Oh, won't Mammy be glad. Let me see you walk again."

He tottered and nearly fell this time, but he did it, over to his chair and back again. Then Peter ran up to his room to fetch the uniform. Oh, but there were fine times in store for the pair, and "Oh, won't Mammy be the glad woman this day?" he exclaimed over and over again, as hurriedly, but with a sailor's deftness, he proceeded to array Danny in the jaunty garb.

She was returning home at that moment, bowed, broken. When with trembling hands,

she had clasped the necklace about the neck of the Virgin, on whose brow still rested the wreath of flowers, and turned hastily away, it seemed as if she had left some part of herself behind. The confidently expected fruit of her sacrifice was forgotten, as she crept home through the darkening streets. Parting with what had been to her a tangible evidence of her husband's love, seemed in some indefinable way to have destroyed her belief in that love.

But when she opened the door and saw the little figure, brave in its sailor's garb, standing alone and unsupported, her heart gave a great leap. Perhaps, she had not expected such an instantaneous response. For a moment the room seemed to waver, and when, as impelled by Peter's hand, Danny, tottering like a baby beginning to walk, and pausing often, started toward her, everything else in the world faded into insignificance. A wave of joy, sweet beyond anything she had ever conceived, swept over her. With outstretched arms, she ran to him, her face transfigured.

OCTOBER MARSHES

By Ernest McGaffey

TALL heights that swim in misty haze
A languor keen that haunts and thrills,
And maples with their sunset blaze
Set beacon-like along the hills.

Bronze-red, the oaks in silence wait
By amber waters still and cold,
Where autumn gusts annihilate
The hickories' trembling crowns of gold.

Deep down in marshy wilds remote
The rusting cat-tails serried stand,
Where ruined lilies idly float
And summer waves a parting hand.

Round blackened trunks that tower high,
The withering grape-vine crawls and clings,
And crisply swishes through the sky
The hiss of hurrying wild-fowl wings.

So dim, the eye can scarcely trace;
Like some cloud-fragment of the gales—
Across a void of stormy space
A lone blue heron westward sails.

And now, as dusk the marsh-land hides,
While night's starred bosom throbs and heaves,
Comes, borne far in on windy tides
The slow susurrus of the leaves.

GIFT OF THE GODS

By Ruth Merwyn

ISN'T it strange, Miss Bostwick," asked John Eliot, leaning back in the comfortable veranda chair, "that I never met you in New York while you were at school there; but that I had to come down here to Texas to see you?"

"Yes, it is strange," answered the girl, "and especially as there was no other man in New York that I wanted to see so much."

John Eliot made a low bow. "I feel highly complimented," he said.

"You needn't," retorted Dorothy. "Nor does my remark call for such an elaborate salaam. I was anxious not because you were *you*, but solely on Margaret's account. I wanted to see whether I approved of her marrying you."

A look of mock humility came over the man's face. "Do pardon me, Miss Bostwick, for appropriating a compliment that didn't belong to me. Now, that you have taken the conceit out of me, will you please tell me your verdict? Don't be afraid of hurting my pride, for I haven't an atom left. I *know* I'm not good enough for Margaret—I never pretended to be, but I would like to hear your opinion of our engagement."

"Do you know how I love her?" asked the girl.

"Why, I know you were chums at school; and I suppose, like all school girls, you've sworn cast-iron oaths of eternal friendship."

Dorothy flashed an indignant glance at him. "You are entirely mistaken if you think our friendship is like that of 'all school girls.' It isn't. I can't tell you how I feel toward Margaret, and even if I could there'd be no use. You're a man, so you couldn't understand. But I do want to tell you something about it. You see after Mamma's death, my father and I lived here together in the wilds of Texas, until four years ago. Then Papa decided to send me to New York, to Madame N——'s school to be civilized. You can't imagine, Mr. Eliot, how green and awkward and back-woodsy I was when I went there."

"Indeed I can't," murmured John, "for there's a *limit* to my imagination."

Dorothy flushed an exquisite color under the intent gaze of the man, and putting up one hand smoothed back a refractory tendril of her dark hair which the wind was blowing in charming ripples of disorder.

"It makes me blush even now," she adroitly explained, "to think of my verdancy. And Madame N—— gave me Margaret for a room-mate. It was perfect sacrilege. I don't see why Margaret didn't turn me out." Dorothy's dark eyes grew tenderly reminiscent. "Instead, she took me under her wing, covered up all my stupid blunders, and made life endurable in those first homesick, awful days at school. Why, Mr. Eliot, Margaret is my *ideal*, and I simply adore her."

"She is ideal," assented the man, "and adoration is just the word to use. I always realize my unworthiness when I am with her, and I can't understand how she ever came to accept me. The affair began years ago, though, when Margaret wore her hair in long, flaxen pigtails and we made mud pies together; so, perhaps that explains it. But remember, most worthy judge, you were to tell me whether you approve of our engagement. I await your verdict with fear and trembling, for honestly, there is no one whose good opinion I value more."

"You mustn't flatter a judge." Dorothy tried to look severe. "Besides, you are wasting your breath, for I'm not going to allow anything to bias my decision. Let me see, do I think you worthy of Margaret?" She tried to look critically at him, but the admiring look in his honest blue eyes forced her to turn quickly away.

"Well," she said hurriedly, "I suppose I'll have to approve of the engagement, for I don't know a better man to put in your place."

"May I appropriate all of that?" asked John cautiously.

"Oh, I forgot to consider you financially. Strange a woman should forget *that*, isn't it? I wish you had a million of money, for Margaret has had to economize all of her life. So I hope you'll make a million or two in this oil syndicate. By the way, I had a letter from Laurence this morning, and he said the stockholders in New York were perfectly satisfied with the way you were managing things: that they wanted you to stay here indefinitely. He told me I must keep you from getting homesick."

"Homesick! as if there were any danger of that. I hope Richards is not judging *my* feelings by his own."

"No, he's not; he wrote very enthusiastically of New York. He is having *such* a good time there. He's called on Margaret several times, and he wrote that he didn't wonder at my great love for her, now that he'd seen her. Has Margaret told you, Mr. Eliot, that I'm to marry Laurence Richards some day?" Dorothy spoke in the tone of voice she would have used to announce her intention of going into the house.

An almost imperceptible shadow passed over the man's face. "No, Margaret has not told me. I wish you all possible joy, Miss Bostwick."

"Thank you. I suppose I ought to blush at your remark, but I've been engaged to Laurence so long, that *really* I've forgotten how. I think his father and Papa made the match when I was asleep in my cradle. They are such friends, you know. As I was the only girl in this region, poor Laurence *had* to acquiesce. It was a case of Hobsons' choice, you see."

"Richards must be a man the gods love." John rose reluctantly. "I must go now, Miss Bostwick. Don't forget our horseback ride tomorrow. Remember, it's your duty to keep me from getting homesick. Richards said so, and you must entertain me for his sake."

"And for Margaret's sake," supplemented Dorothy.

As the days drifted by, John Eliot came often to the Bostwick house. Mr. Bostwick was a large stockholder in the oil syndicate of which John was manager, which fact served at first, as pretext for his numerous calls. Later he stopped pretending even to *himself* that his visits were business ones. Quick, impetuous, loving-hearted Dorothy opened up a new type of femininity to John. Her seemingly marvelous intuition, her subtle responsiveness, and her sympathetic interpretation of all his moods soon grew perilously sweet to him, and he gradually and unconsciously began to reveal to her experiences, hopes and ideals he had never been able to tell calm, conservative, self-centered Margaret.

The story of John's life, as little by little he revealed it, was of absorbing interest to Dorothy.

"Talk of the knights of old," she soliloquized. "Why, their bravery was nothing compared with that of Mr. Eliot. If, instead of having all the money he could possibly spend given him by his father, Laurence Richards had had to make his own way in the world like that, I'd feel as if I never could love him enough to make up for it all. I should think Margaret would just *adore* Mr. Eliot. He's the most heroic man I ever met."

So the friendship which at first John Eliot and Dorothy Bostwick had begun for "Margaret's sake," continued until at last, each began to feel in a vague, indefinable way, that the best gift of the gods was not love, but a companionship like theirs,—strange, bewildering, pulse-stirring.

One morning, several months after their first meeting, Mary, the house maid, rushed into the room where Dorothy sat reading. "Oh, Miss Dorothy," she exclaimed, "there's been a terrible accident at the oil wells. I guess Mr. Eliot is dead, for William saw them carry him into his office on a stretcher."

Dorothy's face went white. Snatching a hat from the rack as she passed through the hall, she rushed from the house.

"I must save him for Margaret. I must save him for Margaret." The words beat time with monotonous regularity to her footsteps, as oblivious of all physical sensation, she hurried along.

When she entered the office, Mr. Eliot was sitting at his desk. "Miss Bostwick," he exclaimed in surprise, "this is a most unexpected pleasure—" Then, catching sight of her face, he threw down his pen in alarm and started toward her. "What is the matter? Something dreadful has happened."

Dorothy sank, white and breathless, in the chair he placed for her. "Are you badly hurt?" she asked.

"*Hurt?* Of course not. What made you think I was?"

"Mary said you were—that William saw them bring you here on a stretcher."

"Oh," exclaimed John, the puzzled look on his face clearing. "I see now. There was a man brought here a little while ago from the oil wells, and William must have thought it was I. It proved to be nothing serious, however, so the fellow went away just before you came."

"Oh, I'm so glad it was all a mistake; so *glad* it was not you," said Dorothy.

A peculiar expression came over the man's face. "Miss Bostwick," he asked, "did you walk all this distance in the burning sun, just because you thought *I* was hurt?"

"Yes, I hoped there'd be something I could do for you "

John Eliot stepped impetuously toward the girl.

"It would have killed Margaret if anything had happened to you," continued Dorothy.

The man drew back. "Must you go now?" he asked, as Dorothy arose to go. "I'm sorry I can't take you home myself, as I have an important business engagement here in a few minutes, but my man has the carriage at the door. May I come up tonight, and try and thank you for this?" He raised Dorothy's hand to his lips.

Dorothy quickly withdrew her hand. "I'll be glad to have you come; but don't try to thank me, please. I haven't done anything to deserve thanks."

When John Eliot reached the Bostwick house that evening, he found Dorothy on the veranda. As she greeted him, she intuitively felt that a change had come over him. Their old, frank friendship seemed in some unaccountable way disturbed. Woman-like, she tried hard to regain the familiar footing, but the strange, suppressed look of the man bewildered her. The conversation grew desultory, awkward; unprecedented pauses occurring frequently.

At last, in desperation, Dorothy suggested their going into the house for some music.

"Don't let's go in," urged John. "I have something to tell you, and I can do it better out here."

"Is it good news or bad?"

"That depends upon your view-point. I don't regard it as good, for it is the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life. I must go back to New York."

"How long are you going to be gone?"

"Forever, I suppose. I must give up my position here."

Dorothy's heart stood still, then began to beat so loudly she was afraid her companion would hear.

"Isn't this a sudden move?" Her voice sounded strangely—even to herself.

"Yes, I decided to go this morning."

A tense silence fell upon the two.

"You know why I am going, do you not?" John Eliot broke out at last.

"I suppose it is because you are tired of Texas and—of—us." Dorothy tried to speak lightly.

"I am tired—that *is* the reason I'm going—tried of struggling against my love for you."

"Don't," breathed Dorothy. "There is Margaret."

"I know it," declared John doggedly. "There is Margaret and there is Laurence Richards, but in spite of them *both*, I love you. I didn't intend to say this when I came here tonight—please do me the justice to remember that—but it's too late now. Why, Dorothy, it seems to me that I've loved you always."

"Mr. Eliot, you must not say such things. For Margaret's sake, we must conquer our feelings."

The admission of the pronoun was too much for the man.

"John," panted Dorothy, "let me go this minute, or I'll *hate* you."

He instantly released her. "Don't think I don't hate myself, Dorothy, for I *do*. I have tried *hard* to be true to Margaret; I've fought against my love for you ever since I first met you, but this morning I found out that I was fighting a losing battle. So I decided to run away. But, Dorothy, isn't there some way out of this confounded muddle without sacrificing *both* our lives?"

"There is no way out." Dorothy's tone was final. "I'd *die* before I would be false to Margaret. "

"But—" began John.

"Please don't say anything more," pleaded the girl. "I can't stand it."

The man was silent, his eyes fixed upon the girl's face. The bewildering sheen of

the moonlight shone on the fleecy white of her dress, upon the cameo-like beauty of her face, the dark eyes now soft and luminous with intense feeling.

"I suppose I must go?" John compelled himself at last to say.

"Yes, it's all that is left." The girl arose. "Goodbye, Mr. Eliot."

"Aren't you going to shake hands with me? Remember, Dorothy, this is our *last* goodbye."

The girl leaned against a pillar as she put her hand in the outstretched palm of the man. Then she withdrew it quickly and went into the house.

As John Eliot went slowly away from the house, he met Dorothy's father coming up the walk.

"Hello, Eliot," Mr. Bostwick called out, "going away so early? Here's a letter for Dorothy from New York that I think you'll be interested in. It was brought to my office by mistake this afternoon. Come on back into the house, and wait until Dorothy reads it." He seized John's arm, and without paying any attention to the young man's remonstrances, hurried him into the house.

"Dorothy," he said to his daughter. who was sitting in a chair in the hall, "I have a letter to you from Margaret, so I brought Mr. Eliot back to see if it contained any message for him. Why, girlie, are you sick? You look as white as a ghost," he exclaimed, as he handed her the letter.

"No, Papa, I'm only tired," said Dorothy,

With trembling fingers, she broke the seal. As she read the letter, John, who was watching her, was startled at the exquisite flood of color that illuminated her face.

"Excuse me for a minute, Eliot," said Dorothy's father, rising hastily, "I must go and give some orders to William before he goes to bed."

"What is it, Dorothy?" John asked, as soon as Mr. Bostwick had left the room. "What has happened?"

"Margaret and Laurence—have done—as —*we* have," said the girl, "and—"

John Eliot gave her no time for further explanation.

"Dorothy," he exclaimed, "do you realize what that means for us? It means that we are *free.* Oh, sweetheart, isn't it *glorious?*"

STATUES AND HEARTS

By Harriett Gilmore Thames

RUDOLPH woke from his reverie with a sudden start.

The shrill, sweet sound of a bugle echoed through the narrow streets, and floated high over the many-gated, encompassing wall of old Nuremburg to the green-crested hills outside. Swift, on its heels, rose a lively bustle and noisy murmur. The hitherto quiet town was filled with sudden life.

Idle pedestrians ceased their loitering and eagerly pushed their way through the rapidly gathering crowd to points of vantage; doors which had been empty and yawning with long narrow mouths, were now packed with onlookers; while overhead the low, hanging gable windows flew open, revealing the whitest of caps and the brightest of eyes.

The crowd now became a thick, imperious hedge, and rising from his seat on the step, Rudolph lightly sprang on the back of the massive iron lion that crouched at the side of the door.

"There they are," he murmured. Almost instantly, a shout of welcome rose from the eager crowd. "Ha! Ha! 'Tis the brave boys! Look, yonder they come! Good cheer, good cheer, my sons!" and the fat burgher across the street slapped himself in rollicking mirth.

On they came, a gay procession in scarlet and gold, laughing, jesting, with trumpets blaring and music pealing, while in the center, with measured step, walked the favored twelve, proudly bearing the lighted candles.

The crowded street re-echoed with jest and laughter, for was it not the day of the blessed vernal equinox, the day of feasting and of mirth? Ay, the shop now must close doors at dusk, leaving gay hours for frolic, love and idleness.

So shout, lads; shout!

As they drew near Rudolph, however, they paused with loud cries of recognition.

"Oh, there he is," pointed the bravely attired leader. "Ah, you laggard, where hast thou been? Come on, lad; come on and help give the candles their icy douche in old Peignitz. 'Twill be your last chance; another year and you will have left us."

Rudolph shook his head. "Nay, nay. Urge me not, Berne."

"Out on him," said a laughing, fair-haired youth. "Canst thou not leave sweet Gretel's blue eyes long enough for that?"

A quick flush ran over Rudolph's face, but he was saved from replying by a sudden surge of the fickle train toward a brightly-scarved oriel window a few steps beyond.

His eyes followed them a little wistfully. How joyous they were. For a moment he had a half desire to join them, but—what for? To be black-browed and a spoil-mirth? Not he.

Quickly he turned and entered the open door. The stillness of the house and the cool, dark-wooded room was most refreshing after the dust and clamor outside. With a sigh, he flung himself down on the huge, carved settle. 'Twas good to be alone. The Master, Greta, Adam, Simeon, Ludwig and all the other lads were at the water's edge awaiting the dipping of the candles.

They thought him there, but ah! he had no heart. How could he laugh and jest, with such a weight of foreboding?

"Let's see, 'tis just one week more," he thought, "seven days of worry, and fret, and then it will be over.

"Oh, if I only could win," he murmured half aloud. "How the Master's stern face would soften, and then, Greta—"

Laughing, blue-eyed, he saw her before him; saw the smooth cheek's rosy bloom, the distracting dimple on the dainty chin. Little coquette, how she had haunted him during the long two years in that hated foreign land, and he had returned to find her still baffling, irresistible. If he only could! He had toiled and labored upon the statue in his chamber above him; but he thought of it now in deep despair.

What chance had he against Ludwig's matchless cunning? He, who had the master's own hand, he thought bitterly. How many times had he seen him with a few careless strokes produce the end for which he had struggled in vain.

'Twas useless to fight against one who had the favor of the gods. But for such a stake!

Again he heard old Simeon say:

"Let the matter rest here between you lads, without more contention. The one of you that shall fashion the noblest statue, when you make your masterpieces for your admittance as master workmen, shall have Greta, if she be willing."

And his word was as good as his bond. Stern and just was old Simeon, keeping his apprentices under lock and key as the law demanded, but he had taught them every trick and turn of his trade, and now, waited for the oncoming test with almost a father's anxiety.

Well, he had done his best. He knew his statue would win him the rank of a master of his craft, even praise, at the burghers' council; but against Ludwig's?

He sighed, and, rising, began aimlessly to ascend the tortuous, crooked stairs.

As he paused for breath on the landing, he started in sudden surprise. For he fancied Ludwig's door stood slightly open.

Impossible; 'twas always closely barred, ever since the preparation for the contest had begun. He took a step nearer. Yes, 'twas ajar.

His hand touched the latch and suddenly he was seized with a powerful, overmastering desire. A moment later—he had quickly stepped inside.

II

Across the threshold, he paused a moment in nervous fright, but no sound broke the stillness. The plain, bare room with its neatly-sanded floor, low settle and a few stools lay before him. Outside, through the open window, he saw the gabled, overhanging roof, deep red in color, of the house.

next door. Beneath, stretched the gray pavement of the narrow court, while circling and wheeling in the sunshine were the glossy, white doves.

Impatiently he turned. He was seeking something. Ah it must be there and he strode quickly to a curtain which roughly screened the corner behind the door.

He pushed it almost fiercely aside, then stood in speechless silence, for before him on the rough block was a masterpiece in marble. Majestic in its cold beauty, the faultless features struck a chill to his very heart.

"Great God," he moaned, and closed his eyes in overwhelming pain. He was lost; unerringly he recognized the truth. Breathing heavily, he saw his dreams, hopes and heart's desire crumble and vanish like a mist before the sun.

And then, a sudden surge of anger swept over him. "Why, why," he groaned, "must one have all? Genius, love, fortune, ah Fate! thou art cruel, unjust!"

And quick on the heels of his fury, rose a sudden hatred of this thing so transcendantly beautiful; this dumb, inanimate stone which would rob him of more than life itself.

His form shook convulsively. He hated it; he panted to mar that faultless face; yes, to see it in atoms at his feet.

He advanced a step and his foot stumbled against something on the floor. 'Twas Ludwig's hammer. Quickly he stooped, and, grasping it, raised it high over the head of the offending marble. A thousand thoughts surged over him. The desire to destroy, to annihilate, rose within him, yet the beauty of the image began to plead with his passion-tossed soul. The love of the artist for the beautiful battled hard and well against the baffled hopes and ambitions of the man.

Now, with face working convulsively, he dropped his hand, a moment, and with eyes fiercely gleaming, again he raised it armed with the weapon of destruction, but he paused—shivered and hesitated. Back and forth he rocked, in mighty conflict, till at last, with an inarticulate cry, he flung it down, and, reeling like a drunken man, turned to leave the room.

A half-smothered sob from the doorway caused him to look up with a sudden start.

"Greta!" he excliamed with horror.

"Rudolph!" she cried, and, sobbing, flung herself into his arms.

"You saw?" he asked breathlessly.

"Ay, I saw, dear heart; and, oh you did not, you did not!"

"How came you here?" and white with shame, he buried his face in the flaxen braids.

"I tore my bodice," she explained, with a little catch in her voice, "and when I came home for another, and ran up the stair to get it, I saw you here. Ah dear, I was sick with fear. What madness possessed you?"

"But you know?"

"Ay, I know," with a little laugh. "But statues do not win hearts. Foolish, dost not know that mine was won long ago, although you came near losing it a few moments past, sir?"

"Greta!" Slowly his lips met hers, and outside the window the white doves cooed and cooed.

SUMMER DYING

THE summer like a lovely warrior maid
Leading the hosts of morning and of noon
In garb of light and shadow soft arrayed,
With roses stormed the June.

She led the roaring tempest through blue space;
And when triumphant peace shone in the air,
She bent her sword of lightning with quick grace
And formed the rainbow fair.

But now like one bowed at the stake of shame
With all her verdant banners drooped and furled
The summer dies, yet through the autumn's flame
Her beauty awes the world!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason*

THE MIDNIGHT CARGO

By George William Gunn

AT MIDNIGHT the Typhoon broke out her anchor from the mud of Halifax harbor and moved swiftly out to sea. She had been waiting only for her owner, Donald Gates, and his son Robert to come aboard. Robert, who was barely twenty, was taking his first cruise with his father on the big schooner yacht that had once been the pride of Narragansett Bay. Since she had passed into the hands of Donald Gates, however, she had descended from her pristine glory, and with the installation of an engine, joined the ranks of the despised auxiliaries—half power, half sailing yachts that have of late years depleted the ranks of the larger vessels.

Gates was a well-known commission broker of Providence, reputed to be wealthy, an owner of fast horses and of yachts. His son, in his sophomore year at Harvard, was just finding his feet at college and, for the first time in several years, had time to spend his summer vacation at home instead of cramming at school. The elder Gates took him as his only guest on the cruise to Halifax. Two of these cruises, as Robert knew, his father made every year. He always went alone, his captain, mate and crew of eight men being his companions. No friend was ever invited, and although many had often hinted at an invitation, it soon came to be known in the yacht clubs in which Mr. Gates retained a membership that he desired to take this trip absolutely alone, for the sole purpose of rest and quiet.

Robert, broad-shouldered, broad-minded, a man in brain and stature if not in age, found the trip the greatest tonic he had ever had. From the hard grind of books he emerged to a strong, whirlwind life on the open sea, and he enjoyed the voyage, its sunshines and its bad blows and its calms, as he had never enjoyed anything since he was a child. The trip up the coast from Rhode Island had been a pleasant one, and Robert did not regret that they were to delay but four days on Nova Scotia soil.

The night of the sailing he was wide awake and interested. It was a novelty to him to stand on the deck and watch the red and the green and the white lights of boats passing, and the twinkling of the smaller glimmerings far ashore. The Typhoon went out under bare poles, her sixty horse-power gasoline engine driving her along at a good eight knots an hour. She was a big hulk of a schooner yacht, with a clipper bow and a long counter stern—the type for so many years popular, now passing in favor of the modern overhangs.

His father busy aft with Captain Kingston at the wheel, gave Robert a chance to be alone forward. He sat to starboard on the coil of the still wet anchor warp and watched the reflection of the starboard light glinting red in the smooth water. Scarcely before he realized it, other lights were left behind, and, looking aft, the black line of the harbor was hardly distinguishable. Soon they were in the open sea. He liked the motion of the yacht, as the swell would pick her up and lift her bow well out of the water, the next moment dropping her gently again, she cutting through it till she rose on top of the next wave. It was all new to the boy, and he was just beginning to appreciate how great and solemn and serious is the sea at night.

When one of the crew came forward and snuffed out the port and starboard lights, Robert wondered a little. He was not much of a sailor, but he knew that a vessel of whatever character, must have her red and green lights showing every moment while under way at night. He had read that many times in the rules of the road at sea, and he had a vague recollection of other lights, too, that should be kept lighted. While pondering over this, he suddenly became aware that not a light was showing on the Typhoon. Away aft he could see the faintest glimmer from behind the low house of the after cabin. He knew that must be over the binnacle just forward of the steering gear. He sat, per-

haps half an hour, forgetting the lights in contemplation of the more interesting lights of the blue sky. It was not a dark night, yet no moon was shining. He picked out the big and the little dippers, and thought he had located the north star, when suddenly his ear caught a new sound. It was not the lapping of the waves under the bow. It was the gentle chug-chug of an engine from somewhere off the bow. Almost before he knew it, something big and bulkish and black loomed out of the darkness to port, and right on top of the Typhoon. He had read of collisions at sea and his heart jumped into his mouth, for he instantly saw that the black hulk wasn't carrying a light.

He was about to utter a warning shout, when from aft came to his ears a distinct but moderate-voiced command from Captain Kingston:

"Stand by to heave her a line."

He immediately perceived that the appearance of the black shape had not been unexpected on board the Typhoon. The chug-chug of the engine on the vessel ahead stopped and the Typhoon slowed down to barely headway, as she moved up to the mysterious newcomer. Robert made out that she was a big tug, built like the ocean-going tugs he had seen in Providence and Boston harbors. The black tug was turning slowly now, heading the way the Typhoon was going, the chug-chug once more making soft music to the boy's ears. To watch the two boats work together was an interesting one, and soon, when, without a false move, they were almost touching, he marveled at the skill of Captain Kingston and the man on the other boat for such an operation without a light, in a long swell. He watched with growing interest and some apprehension the casting of the lines back and forth, making fast the two rolling vessels. Soon they were right together, the fenders touching and scraping at times, and both engines were chugging slowly away, the exhaust of the Typhoon's gasoline outfit making considerable noise.

Few orders were given on either side, and there was no shouting, as Robert had noticed when the Typhoon was making a dock at Halifax or at home. Everything was subdued, but none the less business-like, and he wondered at this as the strangest part of it. He thought it necessary from what he had seen, to make as much noise as a man-of-war firing a salute when having anything to do with a wharf or another vessel. He had never seen two vessels lash together in the dark.

Soon he began to notice an unusual activity on the tug. Men were running back and forth along the starboard deck, and the sailors on the Typhoon, too, were unusually busy amid ships. Suddenly, Robert saw something glint in the air, as if an object had been thrown from the tug to the Typhoon. A sailor caught it, and he bent forward in attention, as the object was passed along a line of three men till it disappeared down the companion-way of the middle cabin into the hands of one he could not see. The ship's cook, Weir, a Frenchman, stood by the companionway and he heard him say distinctly: "One."

Then came another glint through the air, a slap as the deck-hand caught the object, a rustle as it was passed along the line to the companionway, and "Two" from the ship's cook, as it disappeared below.

Robert counted with him ever so many of these, without moving or without having the least desire to know what was happening. The strangeness of the situation dulled him for a time.

But soon a natural perspicacity began to awaken in him a suspicion that all was not right. Yet his father could be engaged in no dealing that was not honorable. He told himself that over and over again. Still a driving curiosity consumed him, and he slowly stretched himself from the anchor warp and ambled aft behind the row of men passing the objects that were being thrown from the tug. He stood for a time behind Weir, the French steward, making out in the darkness that the packages were not more than ten or twelve inches square and seemed to be tin or of some metallic substance. He could tell this from the sound as they slapped the hands of the deck-hands in catching them. The Frenchman was counting the one hundredth package, when Robert touched his elbow.

"What's in 'em?" he asked simply.

The Frenchman looked hard at him for a second or two, and then replied:

"Search me; I never was cur'us enough to ask."

This struck Robert as an odd answer:

unless the cook meant to insult him--the son of the owner. He did not speak for a minute, and in that minute he boiled. The Frenchman went on counting.

"Did you mean to tell me that it was none of my business?" asked Robert finally, rapping the Frenchman in the elbow with his knuckles. The Frenchman turned on him rather fiercely.

"I ain't bein' paid to answer your questions," he said, exasperated. "If you want to know anything ask your ole man."

Robert had never known the steward to be so surly. He had been pleasant and affable on the trip up to Halifax, and the boy rather liked him. Now he disliked him sincerely. He had no intention of reporting him to his father, however. Instead, he thought he would take the Frenchman's advice.

Walking angrily aft, he saw his father in earnest conversation with Captain Kingston. His father was speaking, and he caught only the word "ounce" on his lips. As soon as the elder Gates saw him he said:

"Robert, I thought you had gone below long ago. You had better crawl into your bunk."

Mr. Gates was a positive man, although not stern, and Robert, somewhat chagrined, went obediently below. For a long time he could hear the scuffle of feet on deck as he lay in his berth, his mind alert and his ears keen for every sound. After what seemed to him an hour, the steady scuffle ceased, and he knew that the two vessels were casting off. Then the freedom of motion of the Typhoon told him that she was free, and he listened intently to the creaking of blocks and rasping of sail-hoops as the big schooner yacht made canvas. They must have a free wind, Robert thought, for they were using the auxiliary engine too, and the Typhoon was on an even keel. He heard his father come in presently and go to bed on the starboard side of the big stateroom, but he gave no sign that he was still awake.

In the morning he was on deck before daylight, and seeing the middle-aged, good-natured mate, Sandy Silverwood, at the wheel, he approached him and sat down. It was an exhilarating morning, the clearness of the air and lightness of the breeze giving promise of a bright day when the sun came up. The Typhoon was bowling along wing and wing, the mainboom to starboard and the main-working-topsail and big jibtopsail set.

"The engine is not going now?" suggested Robert to old Sandy.

"Nary," answered the old fellow. "We shut her off an hour or two ago."

"What were they taking aboard last night, Mr. Silverwood?" asked Robert abruptly.

The mate looked at him in surprise, shifted his chew, looked over to the steward, and spat behind him into the sea.

"You don't know?" he asked quietly.

Robert shook his head. "I asked Mr. Wier last night when they were taking it aboard, and he practically told me to mind my own business. I thought maybe you'd be more civil."

"Hain't your pop told you nothin', son?" the mate questioned.

"Father hasn't spoken about it one way or the other."

Sandy Silverwood was silent a moment. Then he said, more to himself than to the boy:

"It's a damned shame to a-brung you along sonny—a damn shame."

Robert looked at the old salt thoughtfully for a time. "If there's anything wrong here, Mr. Silverwood, you'd tell me, wouldn't you?"

The mate considered carefully, taking a look over the vast stretch of canvas before he answered:

"If there was anythin' wrong here—an' I knew it, son—I'd tell ye,—sure!"

"And you knew it?" questioned Robert.

"An' I knew it." Repeated the mate.

"Well, don't you know everything that's going on around here? You—the mate of this yacht?"

"I reckon," said Sandy Silverwood, "there is some things it don't do the mate of no vessel no good to know."

"Which means—what?" asked Robert, keenly following his advantage .

"Which means just an ordinary symposhum of what Wier told you last night—it ain't any o' *my* bizz what them there tin cans was full of."

Robert was now aroused.

"Mr. Silverwood," he said, in a hurt tone, "you're not telling me the truth, are you?"

"I'm a-tellin' ye the God's truth, son," answered the old man.

"There's some mystery in all this business," commented Robert, after a long silence. And then, with unusual vehemence, he added: "And I'm damned if I don't find out what it is."

"How ye do swear for a young 'un," snickered the mate.

"I thought you were laughing at me all along," snapped back Robert, and he got up and started to walk away in anger.

The old mate called him back.

"Sit down sonny," he said, "an' don't talk. You're a wise kid, an' I like ye better'n any youngster I ever seen. An' you got the grit too, which I admires in any human bein's. You scented sunthin' that don't smell right to ye in this midnight cargo bizz, an' ye can't be blamed. You'd be a durn fool if ye didn't cotton to sunthin,' an' I got my opinion of them that takes ye—but never mind that—that ain't none o' my bizz neither. But my side of the thing is this: I works for Cap'n Kingston becauz I kin make more money than under any other master; and Cap'n Kingston works for your father becauz he kin make more money than under any other owner. Now Cap'n Kingston is the master o' this yere yacht, an' what goes on aboard her is bizzniss o' his'n, an' not o' mine, nor nobody else's. An' I don't take it on myself t'ask any questions nor solicit information, and Cap'n Kingston and your father don't never overcargo me with their confidences. Consummately, I don't know no more'n you do this minit. I got my suspishuns—that's all."

Robert listened to this long speech with interest that was fast growing into excitement.

"You told me not to talk, and I'm not going to," he said. "But I'm going to ask you just one more question. What do you suspect is in those tin cans?"

Again Sandy Silverwood cast his eyes aloft and looked the Typhoon over from truck to deck. Her canvas was bellying to the breeze and she was kicking up an audible fuss forward as she jumped swiftly through the sea. The morning was lightening suddenly. He turned to Robert after his usual expectoration.

"Son," he remarked. "There is some articles o' merchandise that can be bought in Canady, a damn sight cheaper than they kin in the States. But when ye come to buy them selfsame articles in Canady, and pay dooty on 'em, in the States, the difference ain't so much. F'r-instance, there is some kinds o' drugs — I'm jest f'rinstancin' now — that can be mannerfactered in Canady and sold with profit f' twenty cents an ounce. Them same is sold in the States for a dollar 'r more an ounce, which leaves a profit large and elaborate for someone. Further then that, I don't suspishun."

"Great God " excialmed Robert. "You mean my father—"

"Son," interrupted the old mate, bending forward over the steering box, "I don't mean nuthin' about nobody. Ferget it."

Over in the east the sun was peeping up above the horizon. Robert watched it, but his heart was not in it as it had been other mornings. The beauty of the sunrise at sea was lost to him, for his heart was swelling and his mind was in a tangle with conflicting thoughts and cross purposes.

Mechanically he rose and came closer to Sandy Silverwood.

"Where would I be most likely to find one of those tin cans?" he asked.

"There's a lot of 'em in the lazarette." said Sandy. "There's more of 'em under the cabin floors and behind the ceiling amidships; and there's still more of 'em in the blind hold, for'ard of the galley."

Immediately the boy decided upon the lazarette, because it was the most easy of access. He left the mate without further word and went to the companionway of the after cabin. It appeared deserted. He didn't know whether the engineer was below with the engine, but he went boldly down the steps. The cabin was empty. He pulled away the door leading into the little hole in which was the engine, and getting down on his knees, he crawled back over the engine base to the lazarette bulkhead. He wasn't sure whether he could get in by this way, but it suggested itself to him at once, and he surely couldn't go down through the hatch in the after deck. There was a strap on the bulkhead, and a slight pull dislodged it. He found himself stumbling over balls of canvas rolled up and short spars carried in case of emergency, and crawling over these, his hand touched a big bulk of tin cans. It was so dark he couldn't see, but fortunately he had matches in his case, and he struck one cautiously.

His excitement had by this time worked down to a nervous and determined calm, and letting the match go out, he took up one of the square tins. The tin was very thin. He could feel this from the way it warped in his hand. The edges were rough and knobby, as if sealed with solder.

On the end of his combination jacknife and corkscrew was a champagne bottle opener. He called this quickly into use and jabbed a good sized hole in the top of the can. Working the prod about, he enlarged the hole. Then he struck another match and by its light shook the can to empty some of the contents on his trousers' leg. A fine, white powder poured from the hole and formed a little mound on his leg. A close inspection revealed nothing to him. It couldn't be salt, and it couldn't be flour, he told himself hurriedly. It was too white and coarse for flour, and too fine for salt. He wetted his finger, dipped it in the powder, and put it to his tongue. There was a slightly stinging sensation; the taste seemed familiar to him. He immediately thought of what the mate had told him of drugs, and decided that it was some costly chemical product. For several minutes he tried his memory to place the taste or the sensation—to connect it with something that seemed to be crowding him with a vague recollection of former contact.

It occurred to him, however, that nothing more could be gained in the lazarette of the schooner, and that delay might mean discovery. Replacing the can, he crawled swiftly back over the sails and out past the engine into the cabin, being careful to leave everything just as he had found it.

It was a hard, bitter day for Robert Gates. The battle that he fought in his mind was a conflict he had never before experienced. The problem he solved readily enough. The hard part was the shattering of the faith of a lifetime. At breakfast and luncheon he met his father as unconcernedly as though he was not being torn with griefs and hopes. Many boys of his age could not have done it. But he felt all in a moment, that he had become a man, and the conviction grew as the hours passed that on him now devolved a man's responsibility.

The danger of it appealed to him strongly. He could not keep the thought of customs officers from his mind, and the terrible consequences to his father if exposure should come. Prisons and dark cells loomed up forbiddingly to tantalize him, and by the middle of the afternoon his brooding had wrought him into a cool frenzy. His unschooled nerves were at high tension. He tried to form some plan in his mind for action, if action was necessary, but his ideas were disjointed and he couldn't piece them together logically. It was well on toward evening when he again had a chance to see Sandy Silverwood.

It had been a beautiful day running down the coast. The wind was a good twelve knots an hour, and the sea was remarkably smooth. The breeze shifted a little in the morning, veering around to the eastward. But then it freshened a little in the afternoon and held steady, giving the racey schooner started sheets home.

Captain Kingston and one of the hands, Wietof, a Norwegian, had shared their trick at the wheel in the daylight watch, but toward evening the mate came up from below, where he had been sleeping, and took the helm. Robert quickly found his way aft to sit with him and get advice.

"How many men aboard know just what's in those cans?" asked Robert in a low tone.

"Jest three, far as I know," answered Sandy. "Your pop, Cap'n Kingston, and Weir, the Frenchman."

"But they all know it's smuggled goods?"

"They're all intelligent 'nough pups," growled the mate.

"Look here," said Robert. "Aren't we liable to pursuit from a revenue cutter or something of that kind?"

"Jest's liable as not."

"And supposing we should be pursued, what—"

"Don't you supposin' anythin' so damn foolish, son."

That ended the conversation for a while, but Robert was persistent. Finally he ventured to speak, but, eliciting scant reply from the old mate, he left him and went below. He came up soon with the long distance glasses, and spent the remaining time before darkness in scanning the horizon.

Just as dusk was settling, Robert thought he made out a thin line of smoke to the northward, over the starboard quarter of the Typhoon. He studied it for some time, and then went aft to Sandy Silverwood.

"It's sure a steamer," said Sandy, after a close scrutiny tbrough the glasses.

The boy was silent for a time thinking, and then he asked:

"It isn't possible that that could be a revenue fellow?"

"Say, you," said Sandy, exasperated, "if you don't stop talkin' that away, I'll feed ye to the sharks. Ye make me nervous."

"Well, wouldn't you feel safer if the stuff was off the ship?"

"No, you blitherin' young scallywag,"

"Well, wouldn't you *be* safer, you damned old fool, you?" cried Robert in anger.

Sandy looked at the boy sufficiently to gather in his words. He saw that the child aroused was no child at all, but a man—bigger and stronger than himself.

"I calculate I can't argyfy when ye put it that away," he said.

"Well," continued the boy. "You see that line of smoke astern there? If I decide not to take any chances witb tbat—are you with me or against me?"

"Son," said the old salt, his eyes dancing admiration, "I reckon th' gillie as ain't with ye, ain't witb th' main show."

"Tbanks," said Robert Gates simply, and walked quickly forward. His face was set and determined, but he showed no emotion He went below to his stateroom and going to tbe transom under his berth he pulled out a buckled leatber holster. Tbe revolver he put in his hip pocket, throwing the holster back into the transom.

He found his father and Captain Kingston talking in the main cabin. He wasted no time in preliminaries.

"Father," he said, choking down the lump that came up at the sight of his complacent parent, "there isn't any time to waste in explanation. A steam vessel of some kind is bearing down on us fast from astern. She's a good ten miles away, but she's right in our wake. Don't you think we'd be safer with that devilish stuff in the sea?"

The elder Gates and Captain Kingston jumped to their feet. Gates' face went chalk and for a moment his anger seemed uncontrollable. After a struggle, however, he gasped out:

"Robert, you go to your cabin at once, and don't you leave it again until we make port—you understand! "

The boy never spoke, but turning from them went swiftly up the companionway and looked astern. The smoke was now a well-defined zig-zag to the naked eye. Three of the crew were on deck beside Sandy Silverwood at the helm. He saw Wietof, the Norwegian, leaning against the foremast. He beckoned to him. Wietof came to him, and he led him aft to the wheel.

"From now on, Mr. Wietof," he said, calmly, "you're to take orders from Mr. Silverwood, and only from him. For the present, Mr. Silverwood wants you to take the wheel."

Sandy Silverwood looked at him blankly, but relinquished the wheel to the Norwegian without a word. He followed Robert forward silently. The rest of the sailors coming up the forecastle hatch just then were surprised at the business-like mien of the boy as he strode toward them.

"Boys," he said, "Mr. Silverwood has been promoted captain. Hereafter you take orders from him, and not another soul on this boat."

"Barrin' bisself," supplemented the new master.

"The first thing Mr. Silverwood wants you to do is to dump overboard everyone of those cans we took aboard last night—everyone of 'em. You understand? Mr. Silverwood will stand amidships with a marling-spike. Every can that passes him will be punctured before it goes overboard. That's all."

Sandy Silverwood tried hard not to show his excitement. His time-seared face wrinkled and worked visibly for the composure that he was trying hard to accomplish. For a brief space there was silence. Then Sandy said:

"Boys, git bizzy."

"Mr. Davies," said Robert to the engineer, "you go aft and start that gas engine and make ber go for all she's worth. The rest of the boys will tend to the unloading."

The sailors marveled at the sudden turn. But they had no time to talk. They could only speculate and whisper occasionally as they got to work. There was no alternative but to obey. The owner's son and the officer of the deck were bossing the job. They had nothing to do with it. The usual line was formed, and quickly the little square tin cans began to fly up from the forward hatch. Sandy spiked them as they reached

him, and Robert Gates himself threw them into the sea. The Typhoon suddenly gathered speed as her baby propellers started, and she throbbed ahead at a good rate with her auxiliary power and her canvas drawing full in the fine reaching breeze. The increasing speed gave the Typhoon more of a heel, and while she sunk her port propeller deep she kept the starboard twin still kicking the water. Meanwhile the work of dumping overboard the cans went on. Sandy Silverwood called for speed and he got it. Perhaps fifty had been spiked and thrown into the sea before anything happened.

The sudden increased speed of the Typhoon aroused the elder Gates and Captain Kingston. Consternation at the sudden demand of Robert had kept them below talking.

"I told you it was foolish to bring the boy along," said the captain. "No good could come of it, even if there wasn't any harm."

But the elder Gates was trying hard to cool his anger. He had sent his son to his cabin. The father was trying only to calm himself, so that he could refrain from speaking of it the next time he saw the boy.

Suddenly, however, the Typhoon began to gather speed and she heeled to port slightly. The faint little throb of the engine reached them and they rushed on deck to take a look at the situation. Captain Kingston poked his head out of the companionway first.

"Hell!" he cried. "Come on!" and scrambled up, followed by Mr. Gates.

Robert Gates saw them before they were out.

"Mr. Kingston," he shouted before the captain had a chance to speak, "you're no longer master of this yacht. You're taking orders from Mr. Silverwood. If you don't believe it you ask me."

Captain Kingston couldn't help seeing what was in his right hand, although Robert didn't raise it. He kept it threateningly at his side. His father choked with rage, tried to speak but failed, and gathered himself to rush at his son.

"Father," said the boy quietly, "don't you move from where you stand. I mean it. Sandy, you keep dumping those things over."

"Men," cried Captain Kingston red with rage. "Don't you know this is mutiny. Are you going to stand there and do that work against my orders. I command you to stop."

"The men," said Robert smoothly, holding up his revolver so all could see it, "have no alternative. Mr. Silverwood is captain of the Typhoon."

"Some," said Sandy philosophically, "in the words o' th' great pote, is born to greatness, others asheeves the same; but I reckon I'm one o' them as had it thrust upon 'em."

Darkness settled down over the big schooner-yacht. As long as he could see, unruffled amid the storms and curses of his father and Captain Kingston, Robert kept his eye astern watching the thin line of smoke growing bigger — until suddenly, the dusk settling over the sea like a mist, shut it out gradually, and darkness hid it entirely from view. Robert ordered the lights shown as usual, although Sandy advised against it.

Straining his eyes through the night glasses Robert watched astern, while Sandy kept the tin cans going overboard at the rate of a dozen a minute. The stars came out brightening the long stretches of sea as the Typhoon rose and fell, ploughing her way through it at a good thirteen knots an hour.

The work did not stop for mess. From the forward hold the sailors went amidships, and after many weary minutes the compartments there were emptied of their load. Then aft to the lazarette they went, and up tumbled the tins and into the sea, with many splashes that were to Robert's ears the sweetest music.

"Here's one that's already spiked," said Sandy passing Robert a can. The boy smiled and tossed it into the water. It was nearly the last one. Ten minutes later the job was completed. It had taken them a good two hours, but when he threw the last tin into the sea he felt the greatest relief of his life.

Now that it was over, however, he felt weak. He hated to meet his father, for he knew the interview would be stormy if not violent. He preferred to stay on deck awhile and smoke to get back his nerve. He lighted his sweetbriar that had done him such service at college, and stood forward against the ratlines, smelling hungrily the fumes of ham and eggs that came from the galley where the crew were now cooking supper. Sandy Silverwood stood beside him, but neither cared to talk. The Norwegian still had the wheel. Gates and Captain Kingston were below.

Suddenly they heard the Norwegian's voice and hurried aft to him.

"The people astern," said the Norwegian, "ain't got no lights."

They looked and listened intently and the

faint chug of an engine came plainly to them now. But as the Typhoon rose and dropped, and rose and dropped again, there wasn't a light visible on the surface of the ocean.

"Stop the engine," said Robert, and Wietof gave the signal to the engineer. The Typhoon slowed as the throbbing of the deck stopped, and Robert bracing himself with his foot on the taffrail and his arm around the main shrouds, watched steadily astern with the glasses.

"I see her," he said after a long time, "and she's not very far from us. She'll gain rapidly now our engine is stopped.

The three waited what seemed to them an hour. It was, however, but a comparatively few minutes and then the black thing astern took shape. Suddenly her port and starboard lights were shown, and then flashed upon the deck of the Typhoon the dazzling glare of an electric searchlight.

The big hulk kept this searchlight trained on the after deck of the sailing yacht, where the three men were standing, as she bore down. The men on the schooner waited anxiously for what was to come. Soon as the boat astern swung wide to run down alongside, they saw that she was a big, black, yachty-looking craft. They almost held their breath as she came down on their windward quarter and poked her fine-looking nose past them. They were not one hundred yards away.

Then came over the water from the black yacht: "Ahoy! What yacht is that?"

"Answer 'em," said Robert to Sandy Silverwood passing him the megaphone. "I can't."

"The Typhoon, Donald Gates owner, of Providence, Rhode Island," shouted Sandy. "What yacht is that?"

"The Hawk of Boston," came back plainly. And then after a pause: "Acting for the revenue cutter Seneca of the United States Customs service."

Robert grasped the megaphone from Sandy Silverwood.

What's the matter with the Seneca?" he yelled, almost crying with delight.

"She's cruising off Boston Bay I expect," was the answer.

Robert looked around and saw his father's white face beside him. Captain Kingston was close behind.

"Well," shouted Robert through the cone, knowing that he was for all time master of the situation, "can we do anything for you?"

"Yes," came back to the anxious men on the deck of the Typhoon. "You can lay to, before we put a shot across you. We've got a feller over here with a hell of a headache. We want to borrow a little of that phenacetin!"

* * *

There are records that show that the United States government, through its customs officials at Providence, apologized to one Donald Gates, owner of the auxiliary schooner yacht Typhoon, of Providence, Rhode Island, for the arrest on the high seas and unwarranted detention of his vessel.

THE RUSTIC'S HYMN

LORD GOD of Nature I give thanks to Thee,
For all the boundless heavens stretching far;
And for the earth that Thou hast given me,
To shapen like a star.

I thank Thee for the daybreak and the dark;
I thank Thee for the green and spreading bough;
And for the four great winds, and for the lark
Who guides with song my plough.

I thank Thee for the storm and cloud of white;
I thank Thee for the field's exhaustless wealth;
But most I thank Thee for the common light,
Thy robe whose touch gives health!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

By John McGovern

TO TREAT, in one article, of the most distinguished family that the history and institutions of the United States have called into public life, requires the briefest mention of certain facts and episodes which have become classic. To leave out those matters would insult the glorious record; to enter them at all, must overcrowd the pages accorded to my pen.

In the first place, it seems useful and patriotic to say that Graft never touched them. From Samuel Adams the first—(there were three Samuels)—to Charles Francis Adams the second, (president of the Union Pacific) I cannot remember a single instance of that overreaching or rake-off, which for forty years after 1865 was baptized both by religion and politics as "financial genius."

I do not think it unfair or uncivil, to say that a strain of great eccentricity ran down the long line of the Adamses. Three of them (John, John Quincy, and Charles Francis the first,) were certainly charged with serious unbalance of the mind, and were as often excused on this account.

They were nearly all of them first-class toreadors, trouble-baiters; and considering the uncommon rows they kicked up, it is remarkable that so many of them kept off the actual battlefield. Probably John Quincy Adams' luck saved him from the cruel fate that befell Charles Sumner.

SAMUEL ADAMS

"The *great* Mr. Adams" was the *second* Samuel. He precipitated the American Revolution. He was deeply religious, despised Tom Paine, and was shocked that Ben Franklin should have copied the Buddhistic method and begged his father to ask a blessing, once for all, over the barrel of beef in the cellar, thus saving time for a hungry boy at the dinner table. John, Samuel's second cousin, and John Quincy, John's son, were also religious (Unitarians). It is strange that the three, through long lives, conscientiously amalgamated so much vituperation and religion.

Samuel Adams, living and dying nearly penniless, instituted a rebellion on account of property-taxes. He would have been

forced to pay as little tax as anybody in Boston. He always wanted a small public job, but only for the purpose of staying poor and serving the people. He worshipped at the altar of Mammon, (carried water to John Hancock) but only in order to melt up some of the golden vessels and carry on the sedition he was increasing.

"Who *is* this Master Adams — what, what?" quoth King George. "Why hath he not been given a preferment?—what, what?" "Such is the obstinate nature of the man, he hath refused all preferment whatsoever," answered the perplexed minister.

This seems fairly well ascertained—viz., that for years, while Franklin, John Adams, Washington, and the other Fathers deemed an accommodation with England possible and desirable; Samuel Adams, veiling his sedition, had determined and continued to determine to separate America from Great Britain, if he had wit and influence enough to bring that separation about.

Eleven years before Jefferson set to work on the Declaration of Independence, Samuel Adams, easily detected by Governor Bernard to be "the chief incendiary," had influenced all the town meetings in his colony to boycott superfluities. When he wanted anything "red-hot," he had a way of having Josiah Quincy, his foster-son, or Joseph Warren, another protége, get it into circulation, while he himself was always on hand with a milder form of sedition that was adopted as a compromise.

Sam Adams' daughter saw him at work on "an humble petition" to old King Whatwhat. "My! to think the royal hand will touch that paper!" "Humph!" said our humble petitioner, "More likely, the royal foot!" In a word, he was a rebel like John Brown—not quite so religious, not quite such clear timber, not so hard, and therefore never was hanged.

Samuel Adams was a labor agitator—only Labor was not then agitated; tax-payers were agitated and laborers were weeping in sympathy; he was the walking delegate and "organizer" of the shipyards. His poverty, coarse clothes, and democratic-republican ways were so much political capital. "The boys" saw a light at his window. "Sam's writing ag'in' the Tories," they said, and slept well.

Late in the year 1768, when the danger of hanging was not so great (at least at the hands of his own neighbors) we hear him scolding the Hundred Towns: "I am *in* fashion, and *out* of fashion, as the whim goes. I will stand alone. I will oppose this tyranny at the threshold, though the fabric of liberty fall, and I perish in its ruins." Here is an opportunity for believers in reincarnation to hear Sam Adams talking when John Quincy Adams was in the national house of representatives, long years afterward.

Samuel Adams and Governor Hutchinson hated each other in good ancestral style—pretty much as John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson hated each other later. Many, many a man has been murdered, where the bitterness was less unceasing.

The world, of course, believes that Sam Adams persuaded "the Mohawks" to pour the tea into the waters of the harbor. It must have been a great sight to see that shore the day afterward.

Now we are up to Lexington and the congress at Philadelphia, where Sam Adams scolded the peaceful Quakers. "'But,' say the puling, pusillanimous cowards, 'we shall be subject to a long and bloody war if we declare independence On the contrary, etc., Grant, Almighty God, that I may be numbered with the dead before that sable day dawns on North America." But he did not want to die that bad; no Adams did.

"Damn that Adams," said Bernard, "every dip of his pen stings like a horned snake."

"I always considered him," said Jefferson, "more than any other member (Continental Congress at Philadelphia) the fountain of our more important measures."

Those who knew him well, said Sam Adams would have organized the Federation on this plan: Massachusetts to govern the Union; Boston to govern Massachusetts; the town meeting to govern Boston, and Sam Adams, as clerk, to run the town meeting.

Like Patrick Henry, but not so impetuously, Sam Adams regretted the present Constitution of the United States, and the first twelve amendments are unwilling, conciliatory additions by the Hamiltonian states and congressmen. Sam Adams was really a communist of the order of the Internationale of 1870, at Paris and Lyons. George Washington, through those dubious, log-rolling years of 1786-87, was as much worried

over Sam Adams as over Patrick Henry. But Sam Adams came under—though sadly.

It is odd that Boston should have turned out to be such a nest of reaction. Yet Sam Adams maintained a sort of dignity, even among Federalists. He lived six years after laying down the governorship of Massachusetts. He and Ben Franklin were the two eldest of the Fathers. But for their old age, it seems to all of us, I guess, that each must have been president of the United States.

He was the most successful seditionary and rebel who never fought. In the northeastern part of the nation, he is frequently called the Father of America. His proper title would be one connected with the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was local. He, like Patrick Henry, did not have the brooding, outstretching, national characteristics of Ben Franklin, of Thomas Jefferson, or of the real Father of his Country, George Washington.

He lived and died incorruptible, poor, humble, contented with the lot of average man. He was very great, by example, in usefulness to his fellow-man—withal very praisable—very problematical, too, because my heart tugs hard to set him above nearly all Americans.

JOHN ADAMS

Of the numerous and honorable John Adams tribe, it may be said they held Bloody Assizes in their diaries, and woe to the fame of the man who displeased them. Three distinguished authors of a high class, sons of Charles Francis Adams (son of John Quincy Adams), are now living, each capable of wielding a pen that should cause controversialists to hunt elsewhere — and perhaps running a diary that metes out Adamistic justice to all offenders. But one must marvel over the colossal work done for Liberty and Justice by the entire Adams tribe.

The bitter sayings of the two presidents cost each of them a term of four years instead of eight. Each charged up a great many pages of further invective on account of these popular slights.

The family was distinctly literary. I guess there is nothing else literary like it in history— generation on generation. The real literary man is too proud to be an able politician. John Adams also married a woman who could annex a good deal of Greek history to all she wrote about town meetings.

One other thing should be said of the John Adams tribe. All of them had, or have had, experience at foreign courts. They were, or are all diplomats as well as literary men. But probably not one of them was ever literally diplomatic.

John Adams, a great Father of the Republic, was pompous. He was jealous of George Washington. Washington was a Hamiltonian, but he could hate a political ally as readily as he could excoriate a political foe.

He was more of a hindrance than a help to Ben Franklin abroad, because there was so little of *savoir faire* in him. Probably, the principal divergence between the twain was a religious one. Anyway, they got on badly together at Paris, and America had just enough sense to trust Franklin.

One very great thing John Adams did. He so wrought upon Holland that, in 1782, that nation acknowledged American independence. "I have planted the American standard at The Hague . . I shall look down at the flagstaff with pleasure from the other world." Remember always that one life was too short for an Adams to gloat in, or to hate in—hence the diaries.

There was this strictly Hamiltonian thing in John Adams: He had been an English colonist—he could get along better with cruel John Bull than with generous Jean Crapaud. He was an unlovely man to the Frenchmen. He did not have good sense or logic, as they were exemplified in Ben Franklin. About the time John Adams signed the treaty acknowledging the independence of America, his diary contains specimens of his bitterest complaints: "Blush! Blush! ye guilty records! Blush and perish . . . My country has basely prostituted its own honor by sacrificing mine."

John Adams was our first Minister to England, and it is a remarkable history that his son, and his grandson also, filled the same post—always the most distinguished in American diplomacy. Old King What-what! snubbed John Adams, and that gave the cue to every other English snob to do the same thing. But John Adams was not an easy mark, and, beside that, could take another fall out of such people in his lucubrations. His services at London

affectionately commend him to his fellow-countrymen—though to him the experience was a cruel one. The English took their defeat hard.

It speaks well for the American fathers that they made John Adams the first vice president. The row that was raised because he did not equal the vote of George Washington was ridiculous, and Hamilton must have been trifling with the vanity of the New Englanders.

As president of the United States senate, Adams was empowered to vote over twenty times, and was a staunch Federalist—that is, a proponent of the new Constitution which had cost George Washington so much worry

John Adams

to get adopted. One of John Adams' tie votes gave the president power to remove his cabinet officers without consent of the senate. John Adams was much more of a king theoretically than George Washington, and probably advised the state, or at least dignity, with which Washington started the presidency going. The vice presidency set him writing: "My country has, in its wisdom, contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."

As president, John Adams rode steadily for a fall. He was too obstinate and old to see that Jefferson and all the democratic-republicans were bound to have a freer government, notwithstanding the chains in which the Constitution, if so construed, would bind Americans. In spite of his noble peace with France, he went out of office in one term, contemned by a great number of voters of all parties. Before he went, he appointed a semi-monarchist as chief justice to construe the Constitution, and the effects of his administration extended balefully over many years, and are seen today in the arrogations of authority by the courts and the chief executive power.

John Adams went back to Boston crying out against all things—poverty, loneliness—particularly the popularity of Washington and Franklin. Finally he cooled off some, made friends with Jefferson, and, on the Fourth of July, 1826, both he and Jefferson departed into immortality.

Personally, I am glad that he lived to see his son president; nor did he survive to behold that son's hereditary disappointments.

Looking largely at the progress or history of Americans, I think we may say that the theory of free government is much better founded today than in honest, old John Adam's time.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

"The old man eloquent" is the most spectacular of American statesmen. He was the chief Abolitionist. He was for sixteen years (after he had been president) the tribune of the slaves in the house of representatives. He has a high-water record for moral courage and self-abnegation. He fell dead at his post—died on the sentry line of human emancipation.

When the colored race shall become still more populous, and shall have accumulated wealth enough to arouse the courtesy of white men, then, it seems to me, John Quincy Adams must outrank even John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, as the chief saint in the calendar of human liberty. He annoyed, stirred up, finally frenzied the owners of slaves. Peace with Black Abolitionists became impossible, inhuman—because humanity was clearly property. The God of Hosts had said so, and hosts should march triumphant to spread the religious dogma

of gyves and chains. But old John Quincy Adams, representative from Massachusetts, only wrinkled his face with more cynical scorn, and handed in another huge bundle of petitions for human liberty.

I do not believe I am using hyperbole in stating that *two* of the Adamses precipitated tremendous, governmental revolutions.

John Quincy Adams called Northern men of Southern principles "political sopranos." "Slave-drivers" was a favorite epithet with him—"the flagrant image of human inconsistency"—"the Declaration of Independence on their lips and the merciless scourge of slavery in their hands." "Oh, if but one man could arise with a genius capable of comprehending, and an utterance capable of communicating . . . now is the time, and this is the occasion, upon which such a man would perform the duties of an angel on earth."

No, no. To anyone who half-way acknowledges the march of destiny, it was far more effective for Human Liberty to have there a toreador—a hereditary bull-baiter—with Macchiavellian joy—to ceaselessly, unerringly annoy. So, on January 21, 1842, the house felt it might expel this war-maker. He was impossible. Wise had spoken—(the same old "Governor Wise who took the spectacles off his eyes, and landed him—John Brown—on the other side of Jordan.") John Quincy Adams had "determined not to interrupt him till he had discharged his whole cargo of filthy invective." Then John Quincy Adams objected to his trial by at least one hundred members who were prejudiced, for the question was one in "which their personal, pecuniary and most sordid interests were at stake." Here Wise interrupted to state that he would be influenced only by the "personal loathing, dread, and contempt I feel for the man." Thereupon the toreador brought to Wise's attention a duelling affair, and taunted Wise into crying out that it was "as black a lie as the traitor was black and bare who uttered it."

At last, nearly a week later, the Slavery bill having pawed itself to a stand-still, refused to expel John Quincy Adams on any pretext thus far offered—(by a vote of 166 to 40)—and therefore, to show what a good peacemaker he was, he arose and presented petitions till the house adjourned—some two hundred petitions!

About a week later, after twelve years of bitter experience, the house of representatives stood without hitching, and let the train of progress thunder by. Petitions were received, inspected, and acted upon.

It does seem as if one bully, like Butler, could have saved the Calhoun dogma at any time for fourteen years; but when it came to assaulting Sumner, it was too late.

Constitutionally, Wise was correct in calling John Quincy Adams a traitor. He was. But fortunately he was not the first "traitor" in the Adams family. Wise afterward had the melancholy fate of hanging the "traitor" John Brown. And after the negroes were confiscated (stolen), and freed, and set voting, was the nation any better off? Yes, because, bad as it all is, even Calhoun acknowledged that slavery must spread or perish—such was its genius, as he, the greatest of all our logicians, candidly espied it.

John Quincy Adams

I am personally sorry that white folks in cold countries pretend to like negroes so well, and make it so hard for white folks in hot climates who really do like negroes; but I'm sorry I catch cold, or that we got the Philippines, or that the sailor gets the yellow fever. I do not believe a Northern white man ought ever to aver that he is as consistently kind to a black man as is a Southern

white man. Yankee pirates, too, had helped to fasten the slave trade on the South.

But John Quincy Adams did not know anything about this, and didn't care anything about it. He was a scourge of destiny.

Black men should look him up. He fell dead in the house, probably with some new scheme in his head to set the dragon breathing fire, and was seriously missed by the newspaper reporters. The Southerners, to their credit, were tender with his ashes. Just before he died, on his own part, too, he was thought to have muttered: "Thank the officers of the house." "This is the last of earth," he said. "I am content."—and died.

During the war, Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy, filled a large place in the public eye. He was the beneficiary of the great things his father and grandfather had done. The son-of-his-father idea was about to shoot into active being, and the *Atlantic Monthly* coterie of literary men had full empire over all the Northern thought that had not been pre-empted by Horace Greeley. Charles Francis Adams was always pictured, to the West, at least, as the pink of politeness and diplomacy—which maybe he was. As minister to England, he ate the humble pie ordered by Seward in the case of Mason and Slidell, and otherwise comported himself as obsequiously as all our other ambassadors or ministers have done since old John Adams stood up for us. Charles Francis was stupendously praised for everything he did, until at last he went to Geneva, Switzerland, after the war, and aided in "soaking" England for $15,000,000 — thus really accomplishing something worth talking about. But Charles Francis set the pace for United States ministers to go to London and come back with far too much English on them.

In the old age of Charles Francis Adams, his health and soundness of mind failed. All said and done, however, he was an eminent American.

His eldest son, Charles Francis Adams, the second, has the fine record of having served through the Civil war which his firebrand grandfather had done so much to foment, and he was mustered out a brigadier general in 1865. In 1884 he was president of the Union Pacific railway. It is vastly to his credit that he was an untiring foe of Jay Gould, who nevertheless died triumphant.

Brooks Adams, another son, was at Geneva with his father. He is the author of learned and useful works.

The two brothers above-named live in Boston.

Henry Adams, another son of Charles Francis the first, was private secretary to his father at London. He has written a nine volume history of the United States, and is otherwise a voluminous author. He lives at Washington, D. C.

Genealogy would count for something, and the political son-of-his-father idea would not incense patriots, if all tribes, generation after generation, turned out men so clearly exemplary (all in all) as the Adamses. I wonder (Rome included) if there be any other thing really like it in history.

AT THE EQUINOX

THREE days and nights, unceasingly,
A dreary autumn rain
Has drenched the leveled stooks of corn,
And lashed my window pane.

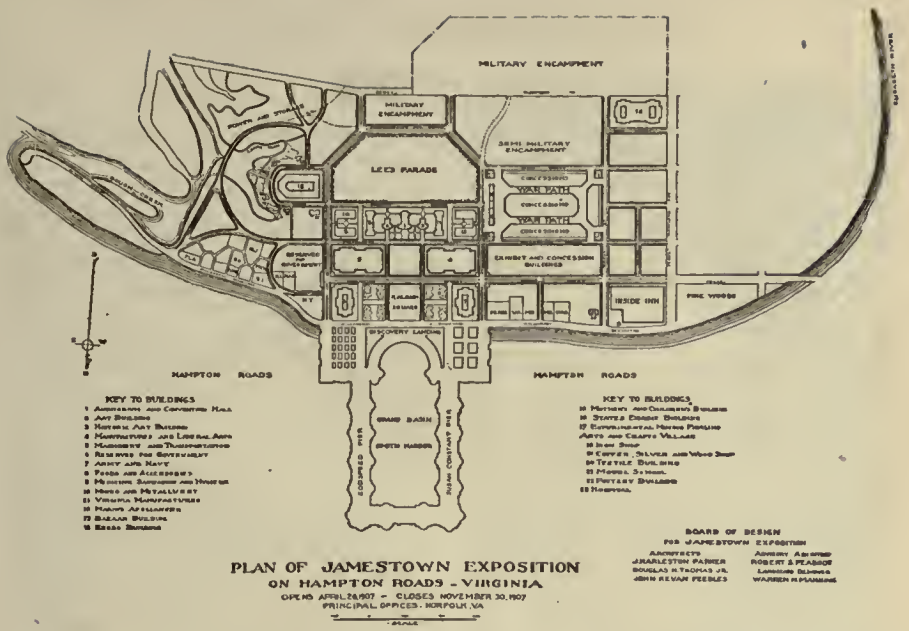
Wild winds shriek through the orchard trees—
A dismal, boding sound;
And apples, shaken from the boughs,
Lie scattered on the ground.

The swollen pasture brook spreads far
Above the neighboring land;
And willow trees on either bank,
Deep in the water stand.

But ever in the gloomy time
Of equinoctial days,
We know that soon the changeful year
Will turn to fairer ways;

That soon October frost will tinge
The woods with scarlet dyes,
And Earth rest calmly in the smile
Of Indian Summer skies.

—*Eugene C. Dolson*



THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

THERE is no date between the leaves of the old school geography which remains so firmly fixed in memory as 1607. No question appears and reappears in the examination queries so certainly as:

"*Q. What was the first English settlement in America?*

"*A. Jamestown, in* 1607."

There is no event in national history more appropriate for commemoration by an exposition of surpassing interest than this first, primitive settlement of an English colony in the United States. For months past, I have been watching the development of the plans at Norfolk for the exposition of 1907. During the last week of the recent session of congress, there were busy times at Washington in reference to the appropriation bill, which, to some extent, determined the scale and magnitude of this most notable exposition. There have been busy times down in Norfolk — as I soon discovered when I sailed down the Potomac on the good steamship Washington to that bustling city. I traveled in company with Mr. C. Brooks Johnston, who sat serenely smoking on the deck in the beautiful June night as we passed Mt. Vernon. I thought he looked very much as Sir Walter Raleigh must have looked when he first made acquaintance with the seductive fumes of tobacco—for Mr. Johnston's mission was also successful. During the early days of the exposition—or rather while it was first being considered—the enthusiasm and energy of Mr. Johnston were infectious.

* * *

Rounding Old Point Comfort in the early morning, we looked upon Fortress Monroe; its peaceful ramparts now little suggestive of the heroic part they played in times past. The little pigeon houses above the embankment dispelled the vision of war and carnage which the associations of the place called up. It was difficult to believe that guns and bristling modern armament could be hidden behind that park-like boulevard; or that in that peaceful *enceinte* the devastating forces of modern warfare lay concealed—ready for the invader — peaceful or war-like.

Safely landed in the streets of old Norfolk, we realized that we were indeed on

classic ground. An historic place is Norfolk and thrice historic is the event commemorated by the exposition to be opened next May—historic not alone because it celebrates the year 1607, and the occurrence of one of the most important incidents in United States history—but also because of subsequent events which have been no less remarkable in the chronicles of the nation.

* * *

In a large office building, the headquarters of the Jamestown Exposition, I found on every hand evidences of that thorough and systematic organization that brings great results from well matured plans. Never for a moment has the determination wavered to commemorate this historic year in a fitting manner, and the personnel of the official staff promises well for the successful completion of every plan. Mr. Keiley was in the Press and Publicity Department, planning an exploitation campaign, whose wide scope and enterprise will undoubtedly be vindicated by its financial results. Mr. Sutton—a familiar personality at the Portland Exposition—may be seen wading through an avalanche of duties devolving upon him—filling columns for papers throughout the country with real, live-wire information concerning the progress of the work.

It was my good fortune to call on Mr. H. St. George Tucker, the president of the exposition, who was in Europe during the past winter and has succeeded in awakening international interest in the Jamestown Exposition.

In another corner, opposite the office of Mr. C. Brooks Johnston, was Mr. Sexton, who was active in the work of the St. Louis Exposition, and who is already building up a calendar of special events which will bring busy days at Jamestown in 1907.

Lieutenant-Governor J. Taylor Ellyson, who is also vice president of the exposition, is another gentleman of the gallant Virginian school. Prominent in newspaper work, he is giving the exposition all the force and energy of his long experience.

Mr. Barton Myers, auditor and member of the Board of Governors, is a man of quiet and pleasant mien, who knows exactly what is being done and what can be done with the resources on hand. All his ability and business experience is utilized in the determination to make the exposition a certain and lasting success.

The vigorous work in connection with the preparation of the exposition by Mr. Wool and Messrs. Martin, Cumming, Barrett, Bryan, Sherwood, Garnett, Lowenberg, Beaman, Batchelor, Shepperd, Southgate, Burrow, Lamb, Patton, Adams, Schmelz, Cottrell and other enterprising gentlemen will ever be remembered and appreciated. For these gentlemen not only helped individually to direct the work through all its legal phases, but succeeded in placing a large amount of the stock and interesting the local state governments in making appropriations.

During my visit to Norfolk I was constantly reminded of the genial, whole-souled soldier, statesman and gentleman, who was foremost in working for this exposition, and who died in the harness. Only a day before his death, I met General Fitz Hugh Lee in Boston, making heroic efforts for the success of the plans so near his heart. He remarked to a group of us, that if the Jamestown Exposition could be made a success, he would be content to die in peace, for then the one, crowning ambition of his life would be achieved. So he died upon the field of effort, as he would have desired—brave soldier that he was; a soldier whose great heart embraced a love for the whole nation, and whose broad shoulders had worn both the blue and the gray.

So much for the personnel of those who have been and are in charge of the welfare of the exposition; one cannot visit the headquarters at Norfolk, without realizing the dynamic force which is radiating from this center, and is making the exposition notable in every way.

The exposition grounds are located at Sewells Point, well out toward Point Comfort, and will be reached by two street car lines from Norfolk, in thirty minutes; also by two steam railroads, with a capacity for carrying ten or twelve coaches every few minutes. Newport News, just across Hampton Roads from the exposition; likewise Phoebus, Hampton and old Point Comfort just beyond, are within easy reach; while Portsmouth is immediately across the Elizabeth River from Norfolk, and all these will do their part in caring for the great crowds of exposition visitors. Fourteen steamship lines sail to and from Norfolk, so that Jamestown trans-

portation facilities have never been surpassed at any exposition.

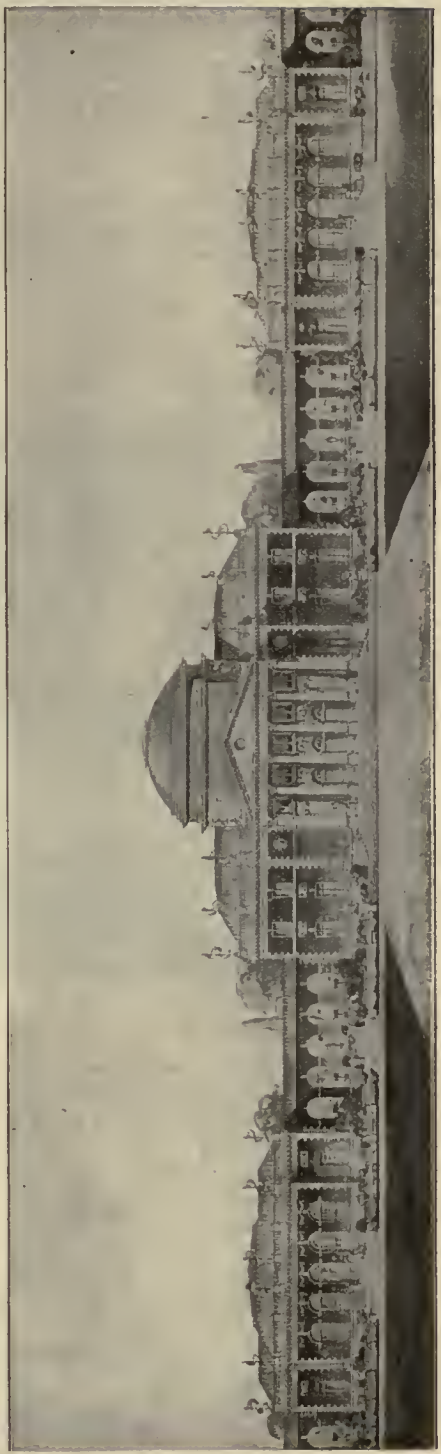
* * *

Over forty million people live within a radius of twenty-four hours' ride from Norfolk; which does not include the great city of Chicago or the populous district of the Northwest; while within twelve hours' ride there are over twenty million people, who will find the Norfolk exposition easily accessible, as one of the pleasure points in the summer itinerary of 1907. These are the first great facts which appeal to an old exposition stager, and foretell certain success for the Jamestown Exposition. Here are millions of people within speaking distance, as it were, who will come to visit the first exposition ever held on salt water. It is also the first which has been held in a place that involves a purely pleasure trip, such as might be sought in a visit to Atlantic City, Nantasket Beach, or even Coney Island. For, remember, the radiating point of this exposition is Old Point Comfort, a place famous for recreation and rest.

The location of the exposition grounds, with its miles of sandy beach, equal to any sea beach in the world, will, of itself, be a considerable temptation for thousands, and will attract people throughout the middle West who have never yet seen salt water. or breathed "the salt sea wind."

* * *

Speeding across a well-wooded plain, radiant with gardens, which blossom with the fruitage of old Virginia, we approached Sewells Point. The boundaries of the 400 acres which are included in the exposition grounds are not indicated by a high board fence, but by a wealth of Virginian creepers and honeysuckle vines, which are already climbing over the wires, aspiring to reach the "yard arm." The Jamestown Exposition Company own the land on which the buildings will be erected and will doubtless realize handsome returns on the improvements which they are making. One feature of the buildings will be their solidity—they will be built to last. As the ground is owned by the company, there will be no hesitation about making the structures the best that can be obtained; which later will bring handsome prices as summer homes and seaside resorts. Straggling buildings



AUDITORIUM, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

outside the grounds already indicate the growth of what would be a booming town out West— such as the store, the pharmacy and the usual adjuncts of meager growth in anticipation of events.

* * *

Driving in through the main entrance, one is impressed by the natural beauty of the spot—sea-swept on three sides and presenting a panoramic view of scenes which have vivified history. Beyond the shimmering surf the Merrimac and Monitor met in their naval duel, and on this very point of land it was that Powha*tan* (kindly place the emphasis on the last syllable, as though saying *tan* shoes) once smoked the pipe of peace with the English settlers. The great avenues and roads have already been laid out under the direction of Mr. Manning, whose experience in exposition work extends far back to the Columbian Exposition. Everywhere it is apparent that the one distinguishing feature of this newest exposition is the ample provision of shade trees and shrubbery. The ground already looks like a beautiful, heavily-wooded park with plenty of shade.

Off to the left is the Lee Parade Ground, entirely surrounded by apple trees which have been transplanted. They were weighted with blossoms this season, despite the fact that they had been removed from their native soil. This promises an ample crop of flowers and fruit for the exposition year, and the delicate pink and white flowers will add much to the beauty of the ground when the exposition is opened.

* * *

It is too much like routine to view in consecutive detail, and carefully maintain a set order, so we just went about as if we were really in attendance at the exposition—instead of merely heralding its approach. The prim and over-methodical person is always tiresome when you are all ready for enjoyment —so we threw method to the winds.

The *piece de resistance* of the exposition will be the grand pier, which the government is building, giving 1,200 feet of clear space on the water front, with 800 feet intervening for the grand basin, which will suggest the Court of Honor at Chicago. Off this great pier it will be possible for the fleets of the world to lie. It is a fine location, overlooking Old Point Comfort, at the mouth of the James and York rivers.

Opposite the water front, at the back, is Raleigh Square, which is certainly extensive enough to permit that gallant courtier to lay down whole acres of cloaks, for stately dames to walk upon.

* * *

The Administration, or Auditorium buildings, flanked on every side by an elaborate array of structures, are already in construction; the network of the scaffolding is going up on every hand, and the busy hum of the hammer and saw is keeping up the symphony of labor. To the right and left of the Administration Buildings, on either side of the square, are the government buildings, and this is the first time the government has ever erected two buildings at an exposition. The whole *ensemble* is compact, so that at this exposition the dread experience at St. Louis will be eliminated; for there the magnitude of the project discouraged the people, so that they returned home early. At Norfolk, the reverse will be true, because it will be so easy to get about that each day's experience will suggest another day's stay; then the old Virginian spirit of hospitality, which knows no limit or bounds, is going to delight the visitor, and add another charm to the pleasurable days.

* * *

Contemplate, if you can, this 400 acres of ground, dotted with numerous shade trees,— Northern pines and Southern magnolias mingling the fragrance of varied latitudes, ranging thousands of miles apart. Every possible phase of pleasure seems to have been considered in selecting the exposition ground, and the famous Canoe Trail has been provided by nature. Have you ever enjoyed the picturesque quiet of a canoe trip, with the noiseless motion of the paddles bringing to mind the scenes portrayed by Fenimore Cooper as he told of the Indian silently guiding his craft of birchbark. This Trail broadens into an intensely beautiful lagoon, every foot of the way being diversified by rich vegetation and trees. On one side is the salt water; for the languorous beauty of the Canoe Trail is in close proximity to the pounding surf.

Of course there must be a Midway, a Pike or a Trail; under whatever name it's always the same—this time the main pleasure thoroughfare has been christened with a new name, and no other could so well typify the spirit of midway, pike or trail. What could be more expressive "the morning after" than to say that you have been upon the Warpath —what suggestions of redskin warriors and the struggles of early settlers are in the word. This is the place in the exposition where carnival holds sway, and it has been most appropriately named.

Yes, we drank from the spring of Pocahontas, and as I stooped to drink to the memory of the fair Indian princess and of John Smith reminiscences of various pages of the old school history came to mind. Near the spring is a rustic bridge; every new glimpse of the sylvan fastness around the exposition grounds gives a picturesque setting for those fascinating fancies and recollections of the romantic scenes of history which they incite.

* * *

The state buildings are on either side of the government buildings, which face the sea; and that splendid seascape, well to the rear, is as beautiful a piece of water as I have ever looked upon; while off in the distance are the spires and domes of Norfolk. The signs of state building sites were all erected; and as it has always been a hobby of mine to look upon the site of an exposition before the work is far under way, here I was able to get a good idea of how the grounds would look when complete. I saw the magic transformation of the wild beachland into a fairy scene, an interesting lesson in American enterprise and initiative force. Before the spade and shovel had begun their work on the White City, where the Columbian Exposition was held, I was on the ground. During the wintry weather I walked over the Pan-American Exposition ground, which, in a few months, blossomed out with all the splendors of its wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten, electric display. At St. Louis, when the autumn leaves whirled about in Forest Park, I watched the laying of the foundations for her great exposition, and at Portland I saw how quickly the natural beauties of lake and mountain were converted into a wonderful holiday rendezvous for all the people of the Pacific coast. Here on the shores of Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, the Old Dominion State, I lay down, with a stem of timothy in my mouth, to reflect on this other great chapter in the history of the de-

DRIVEWAY ON CANOE TRAIL, EXPOSITION GROUNDS

velopment of the "time-keepers of progress" —the expositions of America.

* * *

Lazily looking over the water, I saw the government engineers making the first soundings for the grand pier. This work followed in quick succession after Mr. Johnston had "made soundings" on the appropriation bill. The grand pier will consist of two piers named after two of the larger of the three ships which landed at Jamestown—the "Godspeed," and the "Susan Constant" and the landing is named after the third ship "Discoverer." In imagination I pictured the grounds and the buildings as they will appear at the opening of the exposition in 1907.

Flanked by state buildings on either side, at the back of the square, and facing the water, stands the great Auditorium or Administration Building. Then the Lee Parade Ground, with the Arts and Crafts Village Buildings supports the right of the line. In a picturesque nook along the shore, is "Fair Japan," and at this exposition the Japanese commission promise to surpass all previous efforts in representing the beauties of the Orient.

* * *

Skirting the sea for two miles, just above the beach, is a handsome boulevard fifty feet wide, which terraces the Strand, another evidence that, as a seaside exposition, Jamestown will certainly excel. This great amphitheater of beach and boulevard will be thronged by people who will come to witness the maneuvers of the navies of the world. Never before in history has there been such a gathering of naval armaments as will be witnessed in 1907 at Jamestown. It will excel even the great navy of Xerxes, king of Persia, and dwarf into insignificance the Invincible Spanish Armada. The gathering of hundreds of vessels, representing all nations, a distinctive national flag flying at each masthead, will indeed be a forecast of international amity and peace, for never before have the ensigns of the nations so universally greeted each other in peace and it will seem to many thoughtful onlookers as though

THE POWHATAN OAK

we had really reached the time foretold by Tennyson:

"When the war drum beats no longer and
the battle flag is furled
In the parliament of man, the federation
of the world."

True, we have seen flags of many nations used before for decorative purposes, but each country will officially, so to speak, present her own colors at the Jamestown Exposition, and the flags will be real national emblems, not toys or hap-hazard copies, used for the sake of their beauty or their coloring, and because they "blend so well" with something decorative.

What a wide contrast all this will present to the old Revolutionary days, when scarcely a ship afloat carried the Stars and Stripes. It is safe to say, judging by the preparations already commenced, that at no time in the history of the world have so many flags of all nations been unfurled in one place as will be seen floating in 1907 in the bit of water known as Hampton Roads, before the eyes of the thousands of visitors. Not alone will the war dogs of the ocean be present, but pleasure craft will be represented in the great international yacht race—to say nothing of the maneuvers such as the German emperor reviewed at Kiel.

During the season every day will witness events, any one of which would, under ordinary circumstances, attract thousands and thousands of people, for at each of these regattas there will be a display of pleasure craft more notable than has ever been seen, even at Kiel or upon the Thames. The swift, little yachts assembled for these festive events will contrast sharply with the heavy naval armaments from all parts of the world. The pennants of the yachtsmen will show that they too represent many nations, as they drift or anchor under the lofty sides of the great men-of-war, for in 1907, instead of the screaming eagles of war, over Hampton Roads will float the white doves of peace. The navies will no longer be regarded as the insignia of destruction, for we shall see them in their holiday dress; and it will be like seeing some great warrior unbend in gracious hospitality and gaiety in his own home.

Keeping in view not only the triumphs of modern engineering and of steel construction such as clamors for the mastery of all industrial achievement, there will also be represented at the Jamestown Exposition all kinds of sailing craft, from those of modern design to the old time ships of quaint shape and build, whose sails, "as a noiseless wing," wafted the first settlers to Jamestown in 1607.

Looking out over the water, I could imagine I already saw the first ship, harbinger of the great fleet to follow:

"With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,"

coming into port.

Under the sandy stretches of the old oak, of an age that reaches far back of the times of the first settlement of Jamestown, its branches reaching to the ground and vines climbing up its trunk; I could not help feeling that this old tree—which has long outlived its growth and now simply stands as a monument of the past—is an object lesson of the sturdy strength and character of the people whom it sheltered in the first conferences that were held beneath its shade between Powhatan and the adventurous settlers led by Captain John Smith.

One of the most significant features of the exposition will be the picturesque village of Arts and Crafts. In this cluster of buildings will be an array of instructive and beneficial object lessons for every visitor, and an inspiration to the throngs of young people who inspect them. I have purposely left this part of the description to the last, because no other phase of the exposition so touched my heart. It was impressed upon me, that the main scheme and purpose of it all is to educate, entertain and inspire the youth of our time. This was demonstrated emphatically to me when I saw that the first building completed was the Mothers and Children's building, with spacious rooms, wide verandas and old-fashioned red roof reaching almost to the ground. In this building one could see that the first consideration was for the mothers and children. Within a few feet of this structure is a wide stretch of beach, on which the children may gather and play to their hearts' content, inscribing their names and building their castles in the sand in play, and often foretelling the career of the little one in after life. All these things will be part of our memories of the Jamestown Exposition.

In the Children's Corner, are already set the flowers that will bloom next year, which

have been planted by the children of Norfolk this year as a greeting to the little ones of America. When, from all parts of the country they begin to flock in, these blossoms will be a more expressive greeting than any words; for in each leaf and blossom, in each shrub and branch, will be a message to the children, a message in that heart language which makes so subtle and strong an impression. How all this will be remembered by the child who visits the exposition and looks up river where the boats passed on to the first settlement of America on the James river. Then looking up the York river they can see where Cornwallis surrendered, and the United States became. in fact, a nation—an event which is as worthy of commemoration as the landing at Jamestown or the Declaration of Independence. It was here that a word spoken and a sword surrendered in token of the defeat of ancient tyrrany, made the struggling colonies a nation, and it was this event that made the flag, under which the sturdy colonies marched, an insignia of freedom. To look upon Yorktown, where the standard of the Stars and Stripes, representing the highest purpose and ideals in democracy, became the flag of a new nation, is indeed an inspiration, and under this flag the nations of the world will assemble at Hampton Roads, and do it honor in the year of our Lord, 1907.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SEVEN

By Rena Nisewanger

A LITTLE frown puckered the girl's dark brows. Mechanically her fingers smoothed a wrinkle from the thin paper, which presented this puzzle to her thoughtful eyes:

3, 6388, $\overline{3-1}$ 3 $\overline{2-1}$ 2, 7459, $\overline{5-1}$ 9219$\overline{|-1-}$ 592, 3$\overline{4-1}$, $\overline{5-1}$ $\overline{3-1}$ 2, 288$\overline{|-1}$, $\overline{5-1}$ 922, $\overline{4-1}$ 481.

"Mamma, oh, mamma, why can't I find it?" turning a troubled face to her mother, as she sat on the rug by the invalid's couch.

"I do not wonder, Nola, it is nothing but a jumble of figures to me."

"It means more than that to me, and I cannot give it up. I feel absolutely certain that it is a cryptogram and that, if the key to it could be found, our property puzzle would be solved. You remember how very anxious uncle was for me to have the locket, and how pleased and satisfied he seemed when I pretended to understand this paper?"

"Yes, I remember. And you had no idea then of what it meant?"

"Not the slightest, but I saw how it worried him when I could not understand, and I felt sure he could never speak again, so I let him think it was clear to me."

"Perhaps if you had not deceived him, he might have succeeded in telling you."

"Possibly, but I think not. It was too much risk. The memory of the contented look on his face is all I want for myself," her eyes filled as she spoke of the kind old man who had been a father to her nearly all her life; "but for your peace and comfort, mamma, I should like to find some of this property Uncle Henry meant us to have. I must find it. I never heard of an intermediate teacher in a village school becoming wealthy through her profession, but it would give us a living if we can prove our right to our home."

"Poor little girl, you have altogether too much to bear. Now, when you need help so much, mother and her doctor bills are a heavy burden."

"Hush! don't dare to say one word against my mother if you hope for my good-will. She is the most precious help I could possibly have. At the worst," with a smile, "we have four months before grim despair can claim us."

She referred to a call she had received that morning, from a stranger who introduced himself as John Stanford of Beaufort.

He had seemed somewhat embarrassed; had hesitated, and cleared his throat several times before stating his object in calling.

As he sat, hat in hand, Nola's clear gray eyes were on a level with his, and looked straight into them as she finally questioned:

"Your business with me, Mr. Stanford?"

"You are a—er—teacher here, I believe, Miss Rogers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are something of a—er—business woman, and understand that at times one is forced to take steps contrary to his inclinations. Life is not all roses, Miss Rogers, but business is business." He pulled nervously at a thin, reddish moustache.

"I understand that, Mr. Stanford. Will you kindly state yours?"

"Exactly. Let us come to the point. Were you—ahem—aware, Miss Rogers, that the home you now occupy is not yours?"

"No sir. May I ask by what authority you make this statement? It certainly belonged to my uncle."

"Only in part, Miss Rogers, I regret to say."

"I have not so understood it. Please explain."

"The place is, as you know, of recent purchase. The late Harvey Lester bought it of me but did not pay cash. He said his ready money was otherwise invested, and stated that he would like to make quarterly

payments of three hundred dollars each, until the property was paid for. I knew Mr. Lester well, and was glad to accommodate him."

"And did not my uncle keep his word in this respect?"

"He made two payments."

A little frown of perplexity gathered on her forehead.

"I cannot understand this. There must be some mistake. My uncle was not a poor man, nor one forgetful and slack in business dealings."

"I overlook the insinuation, Miss Rogers."

"Pardon me, I did not intend to insinuate anything."

"If you will look through Mr. Lester's papers you will find receipts for only two payments."

"I wonder if he knows that I have not a scrap of paper to give proof of even these two payments," thought Nola. Aloud:—"What is still due on the property, Mr. Stanford?"

"Three thousand dollars, and the most of it much overdue, as I can show you."

She flashed a quick glance at him, and fancied he shrank a little under it.

"And you called today to see about having the debt liquidated?"

"Exactly. I am—ahem—a little embarrassed for money myself, and it would be a great accommodation if you could arrange to let me have this little sum."

Little sum? It seemed to Nola just then that it meant almost more than life itself.

"I am sorry, Mr. Stanford, but it is impossible for me to pay this now. What is the largest extension of time you can give me?"

"I do not wish to push you, Miss Rogers, but I cannot give you more than four months. You would like to see the papers, of course." He opened a large bill book and unfolding a rustling sheet, handed it to her.

She read it through carefully, and glanced sharply at the signature. She knew her uncle's writing well.

"It seems all right, but I am surprised. I realized that my uncle was becoming a trifle eccentric, but he always seemed very prompt in business dealings. Can you call again next week, Mr. Stanford? I will tell you then what I shall do about this."

"Certainly. I trust that I have caused you no annoyance. You will pardon my action and not blame me, I hope."

"Pray make no apology, Mr. Stanford. I understand the case. Good morning."

"I wish I need not tell mamma of this," she mused, closing the door after her unwelcome visitor, but the mother's eyes saw the shadow that a smile tried to cover.

"Nola, dear, what has annoyed you? Was it your visitor? What did he want?"

"He came on a little matter of business, and that, you know, is always more or less tiresome."

"Was it private?"

"Not necessarily, but I hoped to keep it so for a time. You precious, prying old mamma, you must know all about everything that you fancy is troubling me, mustn't you?"

"I think that best, do not you?"

"Perhaps. I didn't want to worry you just yet. I hope there is no cause for serious annoyance, but I suppose I may as well tell you all about it."

In a few words, she stated the case clearly. Her mother was as much surprised as she, and almost as incredulous.

"I suppose I ought not to say it, mamma, but from the first, I had the feeling that that man was not telling the truth. I looked through his chalky little face, with its perpetual smirk and patronizing expression, down into his heart, and saw the black spot there."

"Nola, dear!"

"Oh, I know I shock you, and I suppose I am desperately wicked; but, somehow, I cannot believe that Uncle Harvey was ever so careless. I feel that if I could but find where the dear old man hid his belongings, I could prove what I have just said."

The tired little teacher looked down, her eyes bright with excitement, and bent her flushed face for a kiss.

"Forgive me, dearie. I ought not to have spoken so impetuously, but the feeling would come. If we had been in the school-room and he my pupil, I know I should have said:

"Johnnie, you know I expect you to tell me the exact truth. Wouldn't you better begin over?"

"You asked this Mr. Stanford to return in a week?"

"Yes, I thought I wanted a few days to plan, but I know now what I shall do."

"And that is—"

"Ask him for the four months of grace, and make a vigorous search for Uncle Harvey's wealth."

"You still hope to find it then?"

"Blindly, perhaps, but I still hope. The figures on this slip of paper are burned into my brain, and they keep dancing tantalizingly before me. They hold the secret, I am sure, and I hope to find the key to the cipher before those four months have passed."

"And if you are not successful, I presume we shall have to give up our home."

"It looks so. This Mr. Stanford is not a man to whom I should care to feel indebted, even if he were inclined to be lenient, which I doubt. Do not think of that, though, Mamma. I shall solve the mystery in time."

The subject was before the girl during the day, and at night those ridiculous figures became fat little brownies, who marched gravely to and fro across her pillow, or peeped into her face with their round, wondering eyes.

She grew thin under the constant strain, but seemed no nearer the solution at the end of the fourteenth week than at the end of the first.

There were only two weeks of the school year remaining, but those first days of June were oppressively warm. It seemed to Nola that it took an unusual amount of energy and patience to keep her roomful of restless young people in anything like an attentive, studious state.

The soft, summer air came in gently at the open windows, and the happy birds sang so sweetly in the elms by the fence. Even the wild roses heaped on "teacher's" desk proved a temptation, for every curve of their dainty petals, and every breath of fragrance they sent out, told of the free, open, roadsides and fields from which they came, where books and even loved Miss Nola were all unknown.

Robbie Waters *could* not study. How he wished he were that saucy little meadow lark swinging on the syringa bush, or that bit of vapor playing in the sunshine.

His pretty day-dream was rudely broken in upon by Nola's call for the B, spelling class.

"Eunice, spell 'consume.'"

The word was correctly spelled.

"Robbie, add a suffix to the word 'consume' and spell the new word."

"Consumeing," spelled Robbie.

"What is the rule we have today, Robert?"

"I do not know, Miss Rogers."

Nola's eyes looked disapproval but not surprise.

"Frank, you may give the rule."

"Words ending in silent E, drop the E, when a suffix beginning with a vowel is added."

"Is the 'e' in 'consume' silent, Robert?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Does your suffix begin with a vowel or a consonant?"

"I don't know." His face flushed and he could not meet her look now.

"You do not know? Can you not name the vowels?"

"No—Miss Rogers,—oh, yes, I can" he cried eagerly, "v-i-b-g-y-o-r."

A poorly suppressed laugh greeted poor Robbie as he boldly repeated the key to the rainbow colors, instead of the vowels.

He saw what he had done but could not make the correction. His face flushed with shame. With Miss Nola's reproachful eyes upon him, he forgot about the saucy lark and the quivering vapor full of sunbeams, vainly wishing he had studied his spelling lesson.

"James, will you name the vowels for Robert?"

"A-e-i-o-u and sometimes w and y," quoted James glibly.

Robbie repeated them after him, and suffered no further disgrace during the recitation. On dismissing the class, Nola said to him: "Pass to the blackboard, Robert, write the vowels five times and see if you cannot remember them hereafter."

He walked to the board in some trepidation. It had been more than ten minutes since he had heard the names of those slippery vowels. Would his memory play him false again?

He thought for a moment and then wrote hesitatingly, i-w-e-y-o-w. That did not sound right when he repeated it softly to himself, so he tried again, and produced, e-a-u-i-o-w-y.

Nola's voice here confirmed his worst suspicion.

"You have the vowels all there, Robert, but they are not arranged correctly. Write them in order, please."

"I tried to, Miss Rogers, but I can't."

He turned his distressed face to her. "If you will let Jamie say them once more for me, I know what I'll do, and, honor bright, I'll learn them and never, never forget them again."

Nola smiled down into the bright eyes watching her face. "All right, Robbie; now I shall remember your promise."

Once more James repeated the vowels, and as he did so, Robbie's crayon jotted down 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 under the corresponding letters that he might know their order, then triumphantly wrote, a-e-i-o-u-w-y five times and looked toward Nola for approval. But what has changed Miss Nola so much since she spoke to him a few minutes ago? Her face is so bright and happy now as she says kindly, "Those are written nicely, Robert. You may erase them now and be excused."

Little Minnie Gray whispered softly to her seat-mate, "Teacher's headache is all gone and she doesn't look tired any more. See how her eyes shine and how pink her cheeks are."

The closing exercises that day were hurried through, and the sound of the last footfall had scarcely died out of the hall, when Nola, with fingers that trembled with excitement, drew out a crumpled paper, and with pencil and tablet in hand seated herself at her desk.

For ten minutes she sat there with the color heightening in her cheeks, and her breath coming quick.

At first there was a little frown of perplexity on her forehead, then her brows cleared. She hastily wrote a few words, then caught up hat and gloves and hurried out of the building and home.

Mrs. Rogers was startled by the quick entrance of an excited girl who exclaimed triumphantly, "I have found it, mamma; I have found it" and hurried out to the yard at the rear of the house.

Mrs. Rogers picked up the scrap of paper that had been tossed in her lap and read, "I will hide your treasure in the elm tree, Nola."

"She reached the door in time to see Nola emerge from the hollow trunk of the old elm tree, with a japanned box in her hands.

The tree stood a few yards from the back porch, and the rustic seat under its spreading branches had been a favorite resting-place for Harvey Lester. The trunk had grown to unusual size for this species of tree, and was badly decayed. On one side it had split open in a wide seam. In fact, nature had built there a tiny room with an ever-open door.

"It is heavy, mamma, and we shall soon know why, for here is the key chained to the box."

Nola threw one arm around her mother, almost carried her into the little sitting-room, and seated her by the table.

"There, mother mine, we shall know all about it, now." Her fingers trembled as she turned the tiny key in the lock and threw back the lid.

On top lay a note addressed to herself. She opened it and read:

> "All for my little girl. Use it as seems best to you, after asking God's and mother's counsel, and try to realize something of the love that an old man, who has had no child of his own, feels for you. You have been a dear daughter to me, and it made me happy to think that I was saving a little for you to give you a few of the comforts and pleasures of life.
>
> "God bless and keep you always. Uncle Harvey."

Nola's tears were falling fast, as she pressed Uncle Harvey's message to her lips and pushed the box toward her mother.

"You look, mamma. I care more for this than for all else."

First was the deed to their home, perfectly legal beyond a doubt. Beneath this, notes, bonds, securities, gold and bills. In all a snug little fortune.

Mrs. Rogers still held in her hand the crumpled slip of paper that Nola had tossed her when she first came home. This reminded her that there remained a mystery that was unexplained to her.

"Evidently, you were right in many of your surmises, Nola. Tell me all about it. Were those figures the key to the mystery, or how came you to learn of this box?"

"Yes, mamma, the figures; and the solution is due to that precious, stupid, little Robbie Waters. I shall not forget that."

"Very well, but do not leave me in suspense now, to build air castles about Robbie."

"Why, you see it was like this. During the last session today he did not study very much, and consequently came to class without knowing his spelling lesson. More than that, he could not recall the vowels. After having them given for his benefit, I sent him to the board to write them. He remembered the letters and wrote them twice, placing a letter on the board as it came to him, regardless of order. I wanted them written correctly, so Jamie repeated them again, and as he did so Robbie numbered his letters, placing a figure 'one' under 'a', 'two' under 'e,' and so on up to 'y', which was 'seven.' In one place he had 'y,o,u' together with the corresponding figures '7,4,5,' under them. If I had not studied the figures on this paper until they have become almost a part of me, I probably should have thought nothing of it. But when I saw that 7,4,5 there, I knew the same figures were together on this paper, and I noticed that they spelled the word 'you.' There is an 'r' added here, you see, which makes 'your.' I did not discover what the '9' meant until I found that the letter 'r' was needed to complete 'your,' 'tree' and 'treasure.'

"Most of the letters, aside from the vowels, are formed by '–|–1' or '–1,' and represent the letter preceding or following the ones indicated by 5, 4, or whatever is used. In this way $\overline{8}$–|–1 is 'm' and $\overline{5}$–1 is 't.'

"It came to me in a flash that those numbered vowels of Robbie's were the key to our puzzle, and I could scarcely wait until I was alone to put my idea to the test.

"As soon as I read, 'I will hide your treasure in the elm tree,' I knew what elm was meant, and could not get home quickly enough. The box was resting on a ledge about as high as my head."

Something of the story of the find leaked out.

The end of the fourth month of grace came, but Mr. Stanford did not appear to press his claim for further payment on the Lester property.

Robert was so much ashamed of his poor recitation that Friday afternoon that he left off day-dreaming. Nola, but no longer "Miss Nola," is helping him through college now, and he gives fair promise of being a credit to her.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

I

I never pass, on road or lane,
An empty house whose weather-stain
Of many years, clings to its form,
Caught as a garment from the storm,
Without a sigh within my heart;
And a sad wonder who took part
Beneath that roof, in the stern strife—
The joy, and toil, and pain of life.

II

Who were its tenants? Wherefore gone
To leave the old house all alone?
What forms passed in and out its doors?
What hands there wrought for household stores?
What voices spoke within its rooms,
In days of light, and days of gloom?
What hopes were born or blighted there?
What mingled life or dark or fair,
Trod quick or slow on step and stair?
Was it a house of doubt or prayer?

III

If it could speak, what would it tell
Of life's recurring miracle?
Or yet of death, or bitter tears
For troubles worse than death or years?
Age, and childhood, and manhood's strength,
All in one common household blent;
Or age perhaps, dwelt all alone,
Until it reached the churchyard stone:
Oh! that our life should mingled be,
With such deep bliss and tragedy.

IV

I stood, one early summer day,
Before a farm-house old and gray,
Large, but empty, and in decay.
The fair June rose-buds at the gate,
Seemed for the absent ones to wait.
The purple lilacs near the door,
Smiled their sweet welcome as of yore;
And, standing there like feathery plumes,
Shed on the air their rich perfumes.
An apple tree a little way,
Reached forth its arms, as if to stay
The old house in its sad decay,
And from its branches, loud and long
A robin poured his cheery song.
But loneliness reigned everywhere,
For man had been, but was not, there —
And naught could break the mystic spell
Of loss that on my spirit fell.

V

The hands that planted shrub and tree,
Had they on earth now ceased to be?
What children 'neath this orchard shade
In happy freedom romped and played,
And in the golden autumn days,
Helped pick the fruit, and husk the maize,
And traversed glen and wooded slope,
Creatures of never-failing hope?
Tears gathered in my heart. Anew
I felt the changes stealing through
All things that man on earth may do.
I plucked an op'ning flower or two,
For their mute company, and drew
Away from the pathetic sight:
Yet with a heart triumphant quite,
In the one house "not made with hands,"
Which in "the better country" *stands*.
Stands for aye; with the glow and beat
Of a full life, most glad and sweet:
While from its splendors grand and clear,
None of its inmates disappear.

—*Eli Barber*

THE LOST SONG

An Idyl of Contentment

By V. S. Pease

CHERMONT is a pretty little village snuggled on a narrow shelf of land between the mountain, from which it takes its name, and Lake Ontario. The streets are not straight and regular, as they are in many other places, for the feet of the old mountain will not get out of their way. But the village is too proud of its beauty, and too grateful for the shelter it gives from the cold north wind of winter, and for the cool breezes it sends down in summer, to dig down any part of it for a roadway. So when the town was growing up, if a foot of the mountain got in the way of a street, the people turned the street around it, and called it good.

In one other feature, Chermont is different from most towns; it never has wanted to be large. The space between the gracious old mountain and the beautiful lake is so narrow that a big town could not be built upon it without defacing the one or deflowering the other. So it has always been satisfied to remain a mere hamlet.

This gratitude to the dear old mountain, this love for the lake, this humor of good comfort with being small, permeates all Chermont and fills all its people with such wholesome content that it is known far and near as a happy village.

Of all its happy homes, at the time this tale begins, none were happier than that of Pierre Pictou, the merchant. In his early life Pierre, led by an adventurous spirit, left his native town near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and went out to see the world that had been built up in the land his ancestors had explored as a wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and wilder men. A few years in the turmoil of great cities had sated his fancy for excitement, and filled him with longings to return to the delights of nature and the simple, quiet life of a small town. In this he was encouraged by Felicia Fairhall, a beautiful, joyous girl who filled his heart until there was not room for one selfish desire. In her companionship he discovered his better self anew; in the presence of her love he forgot his old ambitions for wealth and power, and found himself hoping only for such content as would keep aglow the fires of their mutual enchantment. She, too, loved the country with the ardor of an artistic soul, and they passed many evenings in planning for a home-place that should accord with the few exactions of their ideal. They agreed that there should be a mountain whose face would smile with the sunlight and frown with the storm; a lake with curving shores and sparkling or grave surface. Country there must be, either immediate or near at hand—the country of wood and field—the great, uneven expanse of green things.

"Let's get away from the moods of hurrying men—they are so often vicious," Felicia said, in a passion of relief at the prospect. "Nature is always kindly, whatever her mood. The poet who wrote of 'angry storm' and 'cruel wave' was city-bred—he didn't know nature. Let's go either to the country or to some small village; so small that it breaks into the country without a thing to mark the change. Such a place would be a suburb of nature—that's better than a suburb to a great city."

And Pierre shared her eager delight, for his old-time love of the country had returned with ardor doubled by the influence of an aesthetic spirit.

In the whole range of his travels he could remember no other place so suited to their hopes as Chermont; there was the stately, solemn mountain on the one side, the beautiful, capricious lake on the other. And in building the town every line of beauty that bore the finger-marks of the Creator had been preserved as a sacred memorial to nature's Artist. He told her all about it, and her eager fancy spread a bright and pleasing picture. It seemed like their natural home. So they were married directly, and set up,

in very fact, the home they had made while castle-building.

Pierre was a very happy man; he sang as he arranged the goods on the shelves; and his store soon came to be known as the "Singing Store." People began to go there and trade, because he was always so cheerful. The second year Marie was born, and then Pierre was yet more happy. He sometimes closed the store and went home to see wife and baby, and those who came to buy things waited until he returned. It seemed as if they wanted all their goods to come from the "Singing Store."

In this delightful atmosphere Marie grew up to be a very sunny child; and as her father sang at his work, so she sang much in her play. At eight years of age, the people of Chermont thought her the foremost singer on the lake, and when she sang in a concert for the Sunday School they came from other villages to hear her. Pierre, who knew a great deal about music, wrote many songs for her—both the words and the score. The young mother was also a musician, and their evenings were spent at their cottage in music and reading and games, without the thought that there were pleasures apart from each other's society. Whatever one enjoyed, soon became a pleasure common to all. If the mountain wore an unusual smile; if its crown were decked with a rare halo of cloud, Marie ran down to the store to tell her father, for he, too, must enjoy the sight. They had set up their home in a world of natural beauty, and their reciprocal happiness was so complete that they joined little with the world of people. Pierre went from his home to his store, and from the store back to his home, and in the evening, the first lamp that was lighted was set in the front window of the cottage, that he might see it when he left the store. Only of a Sunday did they break the sweet seclusion of this simple life, and then they all attended the village church. Pierre led the choir, Mrs. Pictou played upon the organ, and Marie, standing on a chair by the side of her father, helped with the singing—even here they were together.

And this stay-at-home life did not excite envy in their neighbors, for when they would speak to one another of the happiness of the Pictou home, they would say: "We must not disturb them, it might mar their pleasure. Leave them alone; as it is now, they give out sunshine enough to gladden the whole village." And so it was; the felicity in that one cottage was a delight to the whole town, and many other families were trying to live as they lived.

It was summer, and a pageant had been arranged by Chermont to honor the old mountain. There was to be a procession of people carrying flowers and ferns with which to deck its bald old head, a speech by the lawyer, a prayer of thanksgiving by the pastor, and plenty of music. All the stores were to close and there was to be a general holiday; for although the sun was hot and the earth dry and baked, the old mountain kept sending down from its shady sides cool, fresh breezes that spread through every street of the town, and the people were very grateful.

The choir from the church was to sing choruses of joy and anthems of thanksgiving; but the best of all was to be a song by little Marie Pictou which her father had written for the celebration. 'Twas a beautiful thing, so those said who knew, and hundreds were coming from neighboring towns to hear it. It began, "Chermont, dear old mountain." The words were rich with thanksgiving; the music proclaimed thanksgiving almost as plainly as the words.

The day before this festival, Pierre Pictou received a message that his brother at the lower end of the lake was very ill. "Do come at once," it pleaded. He could not put aside this entreaty, even for one day, for he loved his brother well. The east-bound boat would be at Chermont in an hour, so he bade his wife and Marie goodbye, and when it left the wharf Pierre was on board.

This was the thirteenth day of June—a memorable day on the lake, for on that day the "Brave Heart" was wrecked, and it was then believed that all on board were lost. The homage to the mountain was forgotten, for the man of the "Singing Store" was on that boat, and the tidings spread gloom so heavy that the people of the village walked with downcast faces, and talked to one another in low voices.

Mrs. Pictou would not believe the report that all on the "Brave Heart" were drowned; she took Marie and made down the lake in a smaller boat, hunting through every village and hamlet along the shore, and on the bare beach between the towns, in despairing

search for her husband. But there was no trace of life from off that fated boat.

"All, all were lost," the people said to her, when Marie could not hear. Even those rough fishermen could not speak discouragingly before the child.

But Marie, with the blessed hope of childhood, had no mind to give up her father. From every person with whom her mother talked, Marie would ask:

"Don't you believe my papa will come back?" And if the answer were evasive she would add:

"You don't know my papa; he always comes home just as quickly as he can."

She was unhappy, but her sorrow was different from her mother's—there was not the element of despair in it. She wept only for the separation; she looked forward with no sense of uncertainty to the reunion.

At last when they told Mrs. Pictou there was no other place to search, she started toward home.

"Let's hurry back," said little Marie. "Papa may be waiting for us right now." And as night came on, she asked: "Who will light the lamp and put it in the window, so papa can see to come back?"

The mother clasped her more tightly and wept afresh. Then Marie wept, not because she thought her father was gone forever, but because there was no light in the window of the cottage.

When they reached home, it seemed to Mrs. Pictou as if the whole village were deserted, as if nearly everybody had moved away, and she and little Marie were there alone. The people were in deepest grief, and came with quavering voices to offer consolation, but their presence and gracious words did not break the sense of desolation. And nature, too, had changed. The old mountain had all its lines and shades of beauty, but it looked stoical and uncompassionate. The lake wore a new face. In peace, it appeared treacherous; in storm, it seemed to be reaching out and grasping with relentless persistence and cruel, sanguinary clutch. The sympathy of neighbors, their mention of the joy with which Pierre used to run home from his store, of the habit that had made for his place of business the name of the "Singing Store," of the light in the window, and the other little acts of mutual kindness, all added to her distress.

It may have been hope, that sweetest and truest passion of childhood, but Marie never ceased to expect her father. Every evening she lighted the lamp and set it in the window. Every morning she went to the wharf, as if she thought the lake would give up its prey.

* * *

But, by a strange accident, Pierre was not drowned. When the steamer went down he caught a floating timber and clinging to this, he drifted about until late in the night, when he made the land. He dragged himself beyond the roll of the breakers and sank exhausted. In the morning the fisherfolk found him unconscious and nearly dead. They carried him to their hut, rubbed his cold limbs and gave him such medicine as they had. From much experience with drownings, they well knew how to work, and after a time their patient moved his hands and legs, then tried to speak, and finally drank some hot gruel; but he did not come to his senses. In the stead of consciousness came fever, and in delirium he muttered "Felicia," "Marie," "Chermont." At times he tried to sing, and those who watched by his bed remember to this day the line of his labored song: "Chermont, dear old mountain." They could make nothing of his incoherent words, so they nursed him the best they might and hoped for a turn in his disorder.

It was weeks before the light of consciousness appeared in his dull eye, even for a few moments; days and days again passed before the light came with force to understand the surroundings. Even then he was too weak to talk long at one time, and he was so absorbed with memories of his wife and little Marie, that he would speak on no other subject. Not until they had asked him many times, did he tell his name and the name of his village. To him those matters did not seem so important as the love and contentment of home. Over and over again, each time more faintly, he told the fishermen of Felicia, his wife and companion; of little Marie, his other companion, and how sweetly she sang; of the mountain, and the song he had written to its tribute. He tried to remember the song. The words came readily, but the music would not answer his feeble call. Then he began to tell again of his wife, little Marie, and the content and happiness of the home.

The tension of care, the effort to recall the song, soon parted the slender thread of reason, and as he relapsed into delirium he whispered: "Come, little daughter, the song! We must rehearse it once more. How does it begin?" And he struggled resolutely for the tune. He had sung it in the wanderings of fever, but the one flash of intelligence had driven the memory of it from him. All night he labored with desperate energy; he would count the time, beat off the measures, but the melody was gone beyond recall.

Days passed in this mild derangement before he again realized his surroundings. With the second awakening, he begged to be carried out of the hut that he might look toward the main land, and perhaps see the heavy outlines of the old mountain; for the island was small and desolate, was inhabited only in summer, and by those migratory fishermen alone. When they had gratified his whim, he saw not the coveted shore, that was miles beyond the hazy line of the horizon; but sight of the great expanse of blue seemed like a view into the future. He smiled hopefully, as if buoyed by a prophecy of good omen, even when he felt the stealthy approach of delirium.

So it was a long time after the wreck of the "Brave Heart," before Pierre Pictou had the strength to start toward home. The moments of consciousness had been few and brief. The slow return of physical force brought no control over his disordered mind. Two of the fishermen, rough of look but kind of heart and gentle of touch, directed his course and set the easy stages of his travel.

Through all the weary miles by boat and wagon and railway, he talked of his wife and child and song. Toward the end of the journey the struggle to recall the song had its effect, and he spoke of little else. No change of scene, no diverting subject of discussion, not even the occupation of travel, could change the wearing grind of his enfeebled reason.

It was evening when they reached Chermont. The shades of night were springing up on every side. Through the deceitful dusk, the heavy bulk of the old mountain showed black and gloomy, and seemed to overhang the village. Far up its dusky sides a whip-poor-will whistled a plaintive call; in the thickening twilight the night-hawk circled and darted threateningly. Every lineament of nature wore an ominous look.

To the sensitive spirit of Pierre, these depressing features of the universe brought new and wilder activity, and he told again and again to one of his old neighbors whom they met by chance, the story of his home and of the song.

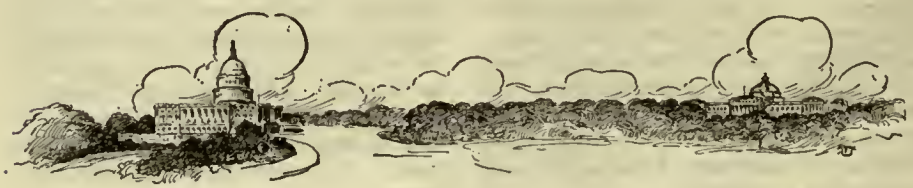
When they were within sight of the cottage, the lamp burned brightly in the window, but he saw it not. When they came into the house he knew it not for his own, although he went to his big arm-chair and sat down as familiarly as if he had not been a day absent. But he would not rest—he told his wife and daughter of his home, so much like this, only so far away. To Marie he said: "I have a little girl, like you, only she sings so sweetly. She sings one song, 'Chermont, dear old mountain,' but I can't recall the tune." Again the struggle was on.

Mrs. Pictou, though blinded by tears, opened the piano, that had been closed so long, and played the opening strain. He closed his eyes, then opened them quickly, and a new light shone in them.

"It's the Lost Song! Felicia! Marie! home!"

* * * * *

The "Singing Store" was open again after a few days. As he placed new goods on the shelves, Pierre sang more cheerily than ever before. And when he started for home in the evening, the lamp in the window of the cottage beamed a happier welcome



The K·K·K

By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

CHAPTER XXVI

MR. SLOWBOY TRAVELS A LONELY ROAD BY NIGHT, AND SOON FINDS HIMSELF IN DECIDEDLY QUEER COMPANY

SOLOMON SLOWBOY, chewing the cud of pleasing fancy, paced for an hour or more along the moonlit highway that led to the cross-roads village where it was his purpose to obtain lodging for the night. The route he was now pursuing ran up and down hill, but on the whole was not so difficult to travel as he had apprehended from the description of Miss Sue Bascombe, who had warned him that he would be compelled to journey through a rough country. The obstacles in his path were less noticeable too, he concluded, from the fact that the gray mare under his saddle was sure-footed and evenly gaited, and as she bore him smoothly onward, he became more thoroughly convinced that he had driven a good bargain when he purchased her.

The fact was—as I think I took occasion to remark in the last chapter—Solomon Slowboy was a much shrewder person than a body would have supposed to look at him. When he went upon the horse market at Nashville, with the view of making an investment, he was not content, as many a blundering ignoramus would have been, to close a trade for the very first plug he came across. Instead of that, he kept looking and making inquiries until in a certain stable he finally laid eyes on a certain gray mare that seemed somehow to suit his fancy. When the dealer saw him viewing the gray mare with a critic's eye, he came forward and remarked to Slowboy politely that he observed he was a fine judge of horse flesh. "Forty men," said the dealer, "have passed that mare without special notice today, but you discerned that she was a very superior animal as soon as ever you entered the stable."

"Why, so I did," replied Solomon Slowboy, pleased at the compliment to his penetration. "Those other forty gentlemen you speak of had of course the right to consult their own tastes when they went upon the

horse market, but I was struck with this animal here, just as soon as I examined her points."

"Well, you have taken a fancy to about the best horse in the stable," said the dealer, "and it's a fine thing you happened along on this particular day of all days in the year."

"How is that?" inquired Slowboy.

The dealer then informed him confidentially that the gray mare was the property of a gentleman in the vicinity who was in great stress for money, and was willing therefore to part with her at a ruinous sacrifice. By waiting another twenty-four hours, the gentleman might hope to get almost double what he now asked for the animal, but the money had to come on the very day which, as luck would have it, Slowboy had selected for his visit to Nashville. Slowboy next inquired if a lady could ride the mare with safety, informing the dealer that he had a mother at home, who, though not an accomplished equestrienne, liked to take little horseback jaunts to the country now and then. As luck would have it again, the gentleman who was in great stress for money had a maiden aunt, whose habit it was to take a long ride every day on the back of Martha Washington—that was the mare's name—and who, even now was making a frantic endeavor to pawn her valuable diamond ring rather than part company with the cherished animal.

Slowboy at this, felt some scruple about robbing the lady of her treasure, but the dealer reminded him that somebody would be the purchaser that day, and that he might as well be the lucky man as another. To make a long story short, the lawyer then purchased the gray mare without more ado, and though the figure was higher than he expected—seeing the mare was being disposed of at a ruinous sacrifice—he paid the dealer's demand in spot cash, and a short while later was pacing out of the capital city of the state a-straddle of Martha Washington, and seated moreover in a brand new saddle, which creaked so loudly as he went that it somewhat embarrassed him. He proceeded homeward with the gray mare and the creaking saddle, till he reached the abode of a certain damsel in the hills, and, after a pleasant intermission there, was again, as we know, pacing leisurely along his homeward road.

Now, as Solomon Slowboy went on and on, up hill and down hill, he thought of his estimable mother, and could see her in his mind's eye walking round and round Martha Washington, admiring the symmetry of her limbs, and having the old, family side-saddle strapped to her back to see how it fitted. As he thus mused, he thought of the ugly trick the mare had played him that evening, in unseating him right in the presence of a lady, and wondered if she might not cut some such caper when his esteemed mother was riding her. Then he remembered the criticism which Miss Sue Bascombe had passed on herself for hiding out in the bushes close to the roadside when a rider and horse were passing, and thought how generous it was in her to assume the entire responsibility for the mishap, instead of saddling a considerable share of the blame, as she unquestionably might have done, upon himself and Martha Washington. Miss Bascombe having been brought thus naturally to the front, his imagination dwelt fondly for a while upon her many graces of mind and person. He congratulated himself on his shrewdness in eliciting from her, without her ever suspecting his purpose, the important information that she was heart-whole and fancy-free, and ventured to cherish the hope that after his own acquaintance with her had fully ripened, perhaps the same could not be truthfully said of her. Then he went over again, for he had an excellent memory, all the little incidents of the pleasant evening that had just closed, the profound remarks submitted by Solomon Slowboy, her appreciative responses, and just precisely how she looked when he said this or that. We are told that when fancy makes the feast, it costs no more to have it fine, and it was a delightful entertainment indeed to which Solomon Slowboy treated himself as Martha Washington paced evenly along the moonlit highway upon that balmy Summer night.

When he had gone over the enjoyable features of his visit again and again, and the exquisite pleasure of recalling them was somewhat dulled by repetition, he bethought him of the singular conversation that had passed between himself and the maiden just as they were on the eve of leave-taking. What did a sensible girl like Sue Bascombe mean by all this talk about ghosts? How did she happen to find out about the mysterious experience of Lord Brougham, who in

his autobiography records the fact that he encountered the ghost of a departed friend in his bath-room, just as he was rising, divested of his raiment, from the tub? And this confounded Bell Witch, too, that she had lugged into the conversation; strange tales had been told concerning that spook, or whatever it was. Strange tales, strange tales. Slowboy had heard them from his mother, who had heard them from her mother, who was a good church member, and in the matter of the Bell Witch knew whereof she spake. How curious it is that such wild tales should obtain credence and pass for truths among sensible people! But when one came to think of it there really was no clear dividing line between the knowable and the unknowable, the natural and the so-called supernatural. The ghosts, of which we have so many well-authenticated instances, may all have been conjured up by diseased imaginations, but who can say that some of them were not real visitants, permitted for a special purpose to return to the walks of men? "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in thy philosophy."

By this time, Martha Washington had put several miles of road behind her, and the route was through a more broken country than any Slowboy had yet traversed. Streams became more frequent, and often the road ran up the bed of one of these. Now and then a deep hollow formed part of the way, and almost pitch darkness reigned here, for the moonbeams could not penetrate through the thick canopy of leaves and branches that closed in overhead. Slowboy was by no means a coward, yet he could not help feeling a little nervous when he found himself groping through a silent wood alone, and far away, as well as he could determine, from any human habitation. Once or twice he fancied he heard someone riding behind him, and checked Martha Washington to ascertain whether such was really the case. Either there was no one on his track, as he discovered In each instance, or the person who was following him stopped whenever he did. Now he reached better ground, where there was a little help from the moonlight, and was pushing his way more briskly along this when he was startled by a deep groan that came from the roadside a few feet in front of him. He at once brought his mare to a dead stop, and waited in the highway to listen. A second time the groan came, and it was evidently the groan of a human being, and one, too, in great agony. Slowboy advanced cautiously a short distance and halted again. A third time he heard the groan, and it was unmistakably the plaint of some poor, expiring wretch not immediately on the roadside, but a little way off in the wood.

"Whoever you are," cried Slowboy in the darkness, "I'm ready to help you if you stand in need."

Nothing but silence greeted this friendly offer, and Slowboy a second time lifted his voice in the darkness.

"You seem to be in distress. I'm ready to help you if I can," Then he heard the deep groan once more, followed by a very faint voice from the wood: "Come, for God's sake."

Without more ado, Slowboy pushed his mare into the wood, and endeavored to reach the spot from which the voice proceeded. Soon both he and the mare became entangled in the long, green, creeping briars that twine so luxuriantly among the trees and branches in that part of the country. Martha Washington plunged, scratched herself and rider, then retreated rather precipitately back into the road. Nothing daunted in his praiseworthy resolve, Slowboy dismounted and tied her to a limb which he could dimly discern, for it was not pitch dark in the highway. This done, he started on foot into the wood and penetrated a short distance cautiously. "Where are you?" he cried to the unknown individual whom he was seeking to reach.

"Here," responded a weak voice only a few steps off.

He made his way to the spot from which the sound proceeded, but could find no trace of the wounded man whose desperate condition he was seeking to relieve. He stood and listened, but not a sound near him could his strained ear catch; not even the heavy breathing of a creature in distress. He waited in dead silence for a few moments, and then, in some trepidation, lifted his voice again. "Where are you?" he inquired softly.

A dismal groan came in response to this inquiry, but the creature that uttered it was now some distance off, and, as he could tell by the sound, on the opposite side of the roadway which he had left. Alone in a dark

wood, in a strange country, and subjected to such an experience, it is useless to say that the lawyer felt nervous. Still, he said to himself, it must be the prank of some foolish practical joker, and without further effort to discover the individual he had gone to seek, he made his way with considerable difficulty back to the road. As he reached the shadowy highway, he detected the dim outline of his mare close at hand, and, approaching nearer, was astonished to find there was a man in the saddle.

"Ahem," ejaculated Slowboy, after standing a few seconds irresolutely in the highway.

The man who had usurped his place sat upright in the saddle, maintaining perfect silence. There was, as said, a little glimmer of light in the road, and by its aid Slowboy could see the face of him who bestrode Martha Washington. It was as white as a piece of chalk, and the head was held so erectly that the countenance of the stranger was directed apparently toward some object in the distance considerably above the level of the earth. The individual who thus ignored the lawyer's presence was also, as Slowboy could tell on slight inspection, very slim of figure, and the tallest person he ever remembered to have met.

As the attorney stood in the road and silently gazed at the mysterious tall man sitting in his saddle, the case of Lord Brougham came back to his mind, but he could not recall having made a compact with any friend by which the first of the two who shuffled off this mortal coil should return to earth and make himself known to the other. It occurred to Slowboy also as being a little singular that Martha Washington remained so perfectly quiet with a spook in the saddle. Then he reflected that the spook, if such it was, had no specific gravity, and therefore Martha Washington probably was not aware of the fact that there was anything at all atop of her. As he turned over these matters in his mind, the tall man with the very white face reached out a very long arm and slowly beckoned Slowboy to draw nearer. At the same moment Martha Washington turned, and at a deliberate gait walked off down the road. The tall man in the saddle continued to beckon to Slowboy, thereby indicating plainly enough that it was desired he should follow after.

Solomon Slowboy was no coward, nor was he a man to lose his head in a sudden emergency. When he saw the mare walking away, he was strongly tempted to pull the pistol which Miss Bascombe had loaned him, and take one crack, hit or miss, at the rider who had so coolly appropriated his property. He then reflected that this rider, whether human or diabolical, had not made any demonstration against him as would justify a deadly assault on his part; and moreover, that—whatever might be his character—he almost certainly had associates near at hand who would take part in any affray that might arise. Reflecting thus, he refrained from drawing his pistol, and his next impulse was to take to his heels and leave Martha Washington for the remainder of her life in the hands of the taciturn stranger who seemed to have taken such a violent fancy to her. This impulse he also rejected, not only because he deemed such a course would be unbefitting a brave man and a rational creature, but upon the further consideration that they would be almost certain to catch him if he ran. The long arm of the stranger continued to beckon as Martha Washington proceeded slowly down the road, and Slowboy, resolved to see the end of so curious an adventure, obeyed the behest and followed after. Upon the supposition that the stranger was human, his conduct was utterly unaccountable; upon the supposition that he was not of earth's mortal mold, it might be conjectured that he had business of importance with the attorney, the nature of which he was not permitted to communicate except at a certain spot and in a certain way. Upon either supposition, all that remained for Slowboy to do was to follow on with as stout a heart as possible and await developments.

The unknown rider proceeded at a gentle walk for a short distance along the same route that Slowboy had been pursuing; then Martha Washington diverged to the left, and presently began to climb a rugged hill that rose a little way off from the highway. It was not very steep, and soon the summit was reached and the gray mare began to descend upon the other side. The lawyer followed without difficulty, for he could not only hear her footsteps, but could distinguish her figure dimly in the darkness. At the top of the hill he halted, as if uncertain whether

to follow longer, but the gray mare halted, too, a few steps in advance, and he fancied he could see the long arm of the silent rider beckoning him to approach. When he started again the mare started, and he resolved to display no more hesitation, but to win if possible the good will of the mysterious being ahead by obeying its summons with alacrity. They were now again in a dense wood, and the lawyer pressed close upon the heels of the mare, for fear of losing sight of her. It was not many minutes before they began descending a deep hollow with a high ridge on either side. Leaving this, the mare picked her way slowly up the rough acclivity on the left, and as she did so Slowboy observed that the space above and immediately in front of him was illuminated by a faint, ruddy light. Reaching the summit of this ridge, they descended abruptly into a circular basin, from the bottom of which, as Slowboy could tell, the reddish light proceeded. The stranger mounted on the gray mare went forward at a quicker gait, and the lawyer, stumbling and keeping his eye on the animal and her tall, lank rider, suddenly found himself in the midst of a circle of strangely clad beings in human form, who, with dejected heads, sat in silence around him. The red light disappeared as he came to a halt at the tail of Martha Washington, but the space at the bottom of the bowl was free from timber growth of any kind, and the open sky above shed an uncertain glimmer about the place. The moon was behind the high ridge to the right; its beams, however, increased the brightness of the sky at the zenith, and the reflected light made more distinct objects immediately beneath.

The singular creatures by whom Slowboy found himself surrounded were arrayed for the most part, in white habiliments, though some were draped from head to foot in deep black. Many were short of stature, while not a few were as tall as the long, slim figure that still sat immovably upon the back of Martha Washington. As Slowboy looked dubiously from one to another of his taciturn associates, he was surprised to see his erstwhile conductor take off his head and rest it carelessly on the pommel of the saddle before him. At this, most of the other tall figures around him took off their heads and rested them quietly in their laps. A deep, dismal groan now arose from the headless creature in the saddle, and was taken up and prolonged by his ghostly associates. The gray mare here hoisted her head, flung up her tail and snorted in fear and suspicion. It was the first time she had displayed any emotion, and Slowboy was glad to note that she was as much impressed by the proceedings as he was. It made him feel that whatever befell him, he had sympathetic company.

Up to this moment, not a word had been spoken, except the few brief syllables uttered by the creature in the wood, whom Slowboy had been unable to find. Now there came, from one beyond the group, in deep, hollow tones, that made him shiver:

"Rash mortal, what wouldst thou here among us?"

Not being able to ascertain from what source the voice emanated, and not being assured that he himself was directly addressed, Slowboy maintained what he deemed to be a discreet silence.

"Rash mortal, what wouldst thou here among us?" came a second time the voice, which the lawyer could not precisely locate, but which he was quite sure did not proceed from any one of the individuals whom he saw grouped around him. He could not doubt, upon reflection, that the query was addressed to him, since he was the only one of those present whose habiliments indicated that he wished to be classed among human creatures.

"I came," the attorney replied in a tone as firm as he could muster, "at the beck of him who sits on horseback here before you. I know not why he summoned me to your presence."

"Why didst thou summon this mortal to our presence?" demanded the voice in a tone of offended dignity, presumably now addressing Slowboy's singular escort.

The being on the back of Martha Washington, who up to his moment had held his head on the saddle pommel before him, now replaced it on his shoulders, twisted it 'round a time or two as if to screw it tightly to his body, and then responded in measured tones that harrowed Slowboy's soul:

"He is a l-a-w-y-e-r."

At this announcement, the whole assemblage groaned most dismally, and each member of the circle shook his head so violently that Slowboy expected to see several pates drop off and roll upon the ground before him.

Finally they all arose, as if by common consent, and, joining hands, began to skip and spin around him and the gray mare, uttering a low, monotonous groan or mournful humming noise as they did so.

Being utterly unused to such proceedings, the lawyer observed them closely, and busied his mind with endeavoring to determine the significance of their capering. It was evident that the fact of his being a member of the legal fraternity had made a powerful impression upon them. As they spun around and groaned, the red light again made the atmosphere lurid above them, and gave them more the appearance of demons than they had borne before. The gray mare, greatly excited, raised her head, flung up her tail, and spun round and round in her place as if with some wild idea of keeping them company. Slowboy took a firm grip on his mind and made a desperate effort to retain his composure, which he found under the circumstances to be no easy job.

When the excitement was partly subsided, the voice in the rear pronounced in a tone of inquiry the syllables "Law-yer," and the tall being on the back of Martha Washington responded a second time in the most melancholy accent: "L-A-W-Y-E-R." At this the wild creatures in the circle, as if the intelligence was more than they could bear with equanimity, whirled round more rapidly than at first, and their moan grew into a howl that could have been heard a half-mile away. The tall being in the saddle, who seemed to have some sort of control over them, now lifted his long arms and motioned them all to be still. Without a word, each member of the circle dropped back to his place, and, seating himself on the earth, hung his head in dejected silence.

Then came again the sepulchral voice that proceeded from none of the group about him. "Out of a thousand lawyers, there may by accident be discovered one good man. See if this mortal here before us, comes under the rule or the rare exception."

Then four tall figures stepped forth from their places in the circumference of the circle, and approached Slowboy, who stood apprehensively in the center. Each of the four held in his hand what seemed to be a keen sword of not less than seven feet in length, and so bright that the blade glistened in the glimmering light of the sky. While the lawyer watched these figures with intense interest, the tall man in the saddle leaned forward and suddenly dropped over his head and shoulders a wide black bag, which completely obscured his view. He was thus left in total darkness, but could hear the stealthy tread of those approaching him with uplifted weapons and the low moan that was now resumed round the circle.

"Mortal," proclaimed the melancholy voice once more, "the test to which you are about to be subjected will show us whether you are to be classed with the nine hundred and ninety-nine abominable lawyers that should not be permitted to cumber the earth, or whether you are the thousandth man, who, by some piece of ill luck has stumbled upon a calling that no honest human being would deliberately choose."

Then was heard a scraping and rasping, as if the weapons were being sharpened preparatory to some fearful test.

"Mortal," remarked the voice, "our attendant hobgoblin will now take you by the arm and lead you forward. At the third, seventh and eleventh steps I warn you to lift high your left leg and proceed with extreme caution, for you will then be surmounting the keen sword of vengeance that will surely gash your unworthy flesh if you are not in rectitude of soul far above the average lawyer. If you stand this crucial test, we will take you to our confines and release you with the admonition to forsake your calling ere we meet again. Should blood be drawn, or should you flinch from the test, or cry out in perturbation of spirit, it will be convincing proof to us that you are an unrepentant and incorrigible member of the despicable fraternity of lawyers, and you shall surely die the death. Attendant hobgoblin, lead the mortal on."

As Slowboy stepped forward, he could not help feeling agitated by the rasping sound of the long swords stroked against each other to sharpen their edges. He kept in his mind, however, the fact that he would only encounter these dangerous weapons at the third, seventh and eleventh steps of his progress, and resolved to lift his left leg so high, and feel his way cautiously as not to receive hurt if 'twas possible to avoid it. His strange companions had chosen to hang the issue of life or death on this preposterous test, and while their conduct in doing so was

absurd, Slowboy was compelled to admit to himself that it was not without precedent. Wager of battle had been frequently resorted to by them of old time to decide important issues, and learned judges—if his law books were to be credited—had on divers occasions caused old women to be cast into deep water to determine whether or no they were witches. The lawyer, therefore, through whose trained mind these precedents passed hurriedly, did not deem it an unheard of thing that his wild captors, devil or human, should choose to subject him to the ordeal through which he was now to pass, and let the question as to whether they should murder him or free him be determined by his ability to lift his left leg to a required height at a critical moment.

As the attorney set out, he took two firm steps, and those around him maintained profound silence. At the third step they raised a dismal groan, which was accompanied by some kind of doleful wind instrument, that he had not heard before. He lifted his left leg slowly as high as he could, advanced it cautiously over the fearful weapon he was convinced must be thereabouts, and set it down safely upon the other side. Three more forward steps were then taken in silence. Again the mournful howl was set up, and the wind instrument resumed its plaint, and again with the black bag over his head, the lawyer surmounted the sword of vengeance. The strain upon him was fearful, but he knew that his life was at stake, and summoned up all his fortitude as he approached the eleventh step of his progress. The groaning was now redoubled, an occasional shriek rent the air, and the wind instrument sent forth a wilder wail than ever issued from the throat of a catamount. He became perplexed as to whether he had reached the tenth or eleventh step of his way, but in desperation raised his left leg to a height he had not before reached and extended his toe cautiously forward in the darkness. As he made this supreme effort he was supported by his right foot on tiptoe, and could not have maintained his balance but for the clutch of the attendant goblin upon his arm. While he paused thus in the midst of the confusing hubbub, of a sudden something like the talon of a bird of prey gripped him by the calf of the leg on which he stood, at the same moment the attendant let go, and, stumbling heavily forward, he fell to the earth. As he did so, the black bag either dropped or was snatched from his head, and, struggling in confusion to his feet, he saw the whole array of hobgoblins gesticulating and leaping about, apparently in ecstacy. Martha Washington had been removed to the outer edge of the circle, but was still in view, with the headless spook sitting motionless in the saddle. The groans and the wail of the wind instrument reverberated through the neighboring hills, and the red glare flared over surrounding objects till the whole appeared to the lawyer's excited imagination like a scene from the lower region.

The headless horseman now lifted his long arms and once again all was still. Then from the outer darkness the sepulchral voice was heard: "Mortal, the infallible test proclaims thee to be neither better nor worse than others of thy despicable calling. This night, it is decreed, thou shalt leave the earth upon which thou are not fit to dwell. As talking is thy trade, however, thou mayest speak a few last words before the hobgoblin executioner severs thy head from thy vile body."

Finding in this permission some slight opportunity to plead his own cause, Slowboy cleared his throat and made bold to address the singular creatures by whom he was surrounded.

"Gentlemen, or wild men, or whoever you be," he began, "I have to inform you at the outset of my remarks that I no more consider you hobgoblins than I consider myself a hobgoblin. I have serious doubts in my mind as to whether there be any such creatures as hobgoblins in the established order of things about us, but waiving this point, I am convinced you cannot be classed among such beings, for, unless I am much mistaken, I have seen tonight the breeches legs of two or three of you sticking out from under the curious attire you have seen fit to assume for the occasion. I say this not for the purpose of criticizing your make-up—which I admit to be creditable—but because it becomes necessary here for me to fashion my argument either upon the assumption that you are mortals like myself, or that you are whimsical creatures of the upper air upon whom in all likelihood both argument and entreaty would be wasted. If you spent your time in matting horses' tails, causing cream to sour, and performing other like mad pranks, I could not hope to reach you by any appeal to your rea-

son, but proceeding upon the theory that you are human creatures, I ask you what you have to gain by murdering me tonight down here at the bottom of this sink-hole? I say murdering me, because while you may perhaps claim that you have vouchsafed me some sort of a trial, I can convince you in a moment, if you will pay attention to what I say, that you are wholly in error on this point. I do not deny that at one period of our history matters of life and death were decided by tests as unreasonable as that to which you have just subjected me, but I remind you not only that all such methods are now obsolete, but moreover that even when resorted to by them of old, the charge under investigation was in each instance one that if proven would have been punishable with death by the law of the land. Now, here there is no charge at all pending against me, or if there be any at all, it is of such frivolous nature that no judge could pronounce sentence upon it if I had been formally declared guilty by a sworn jury in the court house. The only accusation I have heard is, that in the first place I am a lawyer, and in the second place that I am no better than the great majority of members of my calling. You need not have required me to step over keen-edged swords to establish the truth or falsity of such averments, for I cheerfully concede that I am a lawyer, and I lay no claim to being better in any way than the thousands of great and good men who in every age have adorned my profession. Why should any sane man, my friends, think less of me because I am a lawyer? 'You will defend any scoundrel for money' — one may allege. Why, so I will, but what of that? Will not the doctor physic the same scoundrel for money, if he fall sick, and require medical aid? The doctor—you may say—has nothing to do with the character of the man who engages his services. Neither have I, if you will consider a moment. For the question, mark you, to be decided by court and jury in a criminal trial, is not whether the prisoner at the bar be a scoundrel, but whether he has been legally proven guilty of the specific charge laid down in the bill of indictment. My client may be in truth the biggest rascal that ever went unhung, nay, he may have actually committed the very crime laid at his door, but if this fact cannot be proven to the entire satisfaction of twelve good and lawful men, and that too in accordance with certain time-honored rules laid down in the law books, he must be permitted to walk out of court a free man, leaving Omnipotence to mete out to him fitting punishment in the next world."

At this point one of the spectral auditors groaned aloud, and rising flourished his arms wildly about for a few seconds. Giving no heed to this ungentlemanly interruption, Slowboy proceeded with his argument—. "But possibly someone will say—'You keep a cause in court almost interminably, and exhaust the patience of the community before you will permit your client to come to trial at all.' So I will, my friends, if necessity demand, but what fair-minded person can censure me for so doing? If I see immediate destruction overhanging my client, and by availing myself of certain well established rules laid down in the books I can for a time avert that destruction, shall I not do so? Will not the doctor, if his patient be at death's door, use all his skill to prevent immediate dissolution, in the hope that the case may, after a while, by some lucky chance, take a turn for the better? He surely will, and may not the lawyer, when he finds his client in like predicament, by skillfully drawn affidavits for continuance, and other legitimate dilatory tactics, postpone the hearing from term to term, in the hope that after a while important witnesses may die off, or grow tired tramping to court, and testimony necessary for conviction being thus gotten rid of, his lucky client may at last find himself snatched, as it were, from the very jaws of death?"

Here the speaker was again interrupted, several of the hobgoblins rising and gesticulating furiously in manifest disapproval of his utterances. A good lawyer is always more intent upon winning his case than on making a creditable speech, and Slowboy, observing the thickening signs of trouble, concluded to steer his discourse in a direction somewhat different from that which he had been hitherto pursuing. "Perhaps, my friends," he continued, "this is not the occasion upon which to press the point I have just been endeavoring to make clear to your minds. I will therefore, with your permission, waive it for the present, and to convince you that my avocation is respectable will remind you of at least one attorney who

by the common judgment of posterity was a credit to the age in which he lived. When the Savior of mankind hung on the cross, and all his disciples forsook him, and fled, who was it that boldly confronted the murderous Jews and demanded his body for decent burial? It was Joseph of Arimathea, a lawyer, who performed this righteous act, and shall it be said of you that two thousand years later, in a Christian land you killed a man for no other crime than that of being found in such good company?"

At this the whole posse of hobgoblins rose and began skipping madly around Slowboy, convincing him that their patience was now exhausted. The headless rider upon Martha Washington, after a few minutes quieted them by raising his long arm, and Slowboy, having no heart to proceed further, stood in the midst of the strange group awaiting his doom.

"Wretched lawyer," cried the sepulchral voice from the outer darkness, "thy tongue hath failed this once to screen the guilty, nor art thou now before a tribunal where sentence for thy misdeeds can be indefinitely postponed to await the pleasure of the criminal. This night, this moment, shalt thou feel the fearful sword of vengeance. Hobgoblin executioner, away with such a fellow from the earth."

A lank creature with an uplifted sword of frightful length now advanced menacingly upon him. A cold, bluish flame lit up the scene, that imparted to the figures of the group and other objects a weird and ghastly complexion. Nearer and nearer drew the lank form of the hobgoblin executioner; the long blade of his weapon shimmered in the ghastly light, and the miserable attorney unconsciously bowed his head as though to receive the impending stroke. As he leaned forward toward the earth, the missive which the girl had given him a few hours before slipped from his side pocket and fell to the ground. In an instant he recalled the words she had uttered on placing it in his possession, and taking it hurriedly between his fingers, he presented it to the headsman, who was now close upon him and about to strike.

As he took up the paper, the gaunt hobgoblin paused. On the back of the envelope there was, as said, no inscription, but instead a human hand had been cleverly drawn in red ink, the thumb and little finger closed, the other three fingers extended. The lawyer had noticed this hand when he placed the letter in his pocket, but had not deemed it of special significance. The creature with the long sword, however, as soon as his eyes fell upon it lowered his weapon, and, with visible agitation took the envelope from the hand of the attorney. He then backed swiftly to the outer edge of the circle and beyond his associates, into the outer darkness. Here he remained for what seemed to be a considerable length of time. Slowboy stood in painful suspense, while those grouped in a circle about him were manifestly disturbed from some cause. At last came again the voice from the darkness, but this time in a softer tone;

"Mortal, thou mayest live. It is so decreed by one whose mandate we dare not disobey. Drain the horn of fellowship with the mystic clan and go thy way."

Again the scene was lit up, first by red and then by the ghastly blue light. A more jovial sound was echoed around the circle. Sharp cries of animals were imitated, the hoot of the horned owl was heard, and other grotesque noises startled the night. Large drinking horns were then introduced, filled with some kind of liquid, and drained again and again by the members of the disorderly group. One more fantastically arrayed than any he had yet noticed, now approached Slowboy, bearing in his hand a drinking vessel, which looked like the crooked horn of an old ram. This was filled to the brim, and the lawyer, who had no wish to offend his newfound friends, without hesitation raised it to his lips and dared not take it away till the last drop was down his throat. He began his task with confidence, as he had seen the others imbibe so freely, but he came near being strangled before he finished his potation. He was compelled to swallow slowly, as the horn was crooked and deep, and distinctly tasted—as he afterward avowed—peach brandy, corn whiskey, persimmon beer, hard cider, and pepper sauce, as the mixture slid down into his bowels. When he had finished, he handed the ram's horn back to his obsequious attendant and did not ask for more.

The confusion about Slowboy now rapidly increased, and many of the hobgoblins displayed a disposition to become hilarious. The creature on the back of Martha Wash-

ington waved his arms in a frantic way, but none of his subjects paid any attention to him. The mare herself, as if pleased with the turn affairs were taking, raised her head and sent forth a cheerful whicker that encouraged the soul of the lawyer. The whole scene by this time was beginning to swim around him, and he was fast lapsing into that condition when—to use a boyish phrase—he didn't care whether school kept or not. At this moment the voice, somewhat unsteady, was heard once more addressing itself to him;

"Mortal, canst thou not use thy tongue in bidding thankful adieu to thy hobgoblin friends?"

Slowboy, while recognizing his unfitness for the task assigned him, now braced himself for a supreme effort.

"Suttinly, gen'lemun," he began. "'Appy, I 'shure you; 'appy to stan' 'fo' you on this aus—aus—auspishus 'cashun. Am indeed, I 'shure you. Give you my word, gen'lemun—shury, never been so dreffful 'appy befo' in all my born days. Thas-er-fack. As to that wot I said 'bout Shoseff Arrymarthuer, 'twuz all damn foolishness, an' I take it back."

At this candid retraction, the enthusiasm of the hobgoblins broke bounds, and they crowded about him to grasp his hands and to offer him liquor. His legs, however, had been growing alarmingly weak for some minutes, and they now failed him altogether. With a sickly smile, and a deprecating wave of the hand, he rejected the invitations to swallow more ghoulish drink, and, sinking to the earth, stretched himself out with as much composure as if he had been at home in bed. How long he laid there, and who carried him off, he could never tell. When he awoke the sun was shining brightly overhead, and he was lying only a little piece off from the main highway, with Martha Washington tied to his leg.

Crawling feebly into his saddle, Mr. Slowboy pursued his journey homeward. As he went he reflected. Halting at the first stream on his route, he washed his face, drank copiously, and, remounting, rode on and reflected again. What connection was there between Miss Sue Bascombe and the hobgoblins? If none, how did it happen that the letter of the former had such an astonishing effect upon the latter? But then, she loaned him a pistol which he might have used with deadly effect if he had chosen. In some apprehension, he here felt for the pistol, and found it safe in his hip pocket. He then examined it carefully and found that all the leaden balls had been drawn, leaving only charges of powder in the cylinders. This was a very singular piece of business. The hobgoblins certainly had not withdrawn the balls before he fell into a stupor, and why should they have chosen to do so afterward? Was it possible that the young lady had purposely given him a harmless pistol, when she had reason to suppose he would fall into such dangerous company on his route? Mr. Slowboy rode on and reflected, but the more his mind dwelt on the subject the more puzzled he became. He was conscious of a very decided headache, which probably had something to do with his inability to solve the problem in hand. When he reached home, he went to bed and fell asleep again. It was not until nearly noon of the next day, that he walked languidly to the office of Palaver & Slowboy, and undertook to give an account of himself.

The account which Slowboy gave of the adventure with the hobgoblins in the Marrowbone Hills, and his explanation of what he there saw and experienced, was not satisfactory to himself, and, therefore, it could not be supposed that it would be entirely satisfactory to others. Some said he got on a tear in Nashville, and had a plain case of the jim-jams on his way home. Others said that, as was the case with the Apostle Paul, much study had inclined him to madness. His mother and most of the old ladies in the community, were firmly of the opinion that he had encountered a legion of devils in the God-forsaken hill country, and I desire to go on record here as affirming that in my judgment, the conclusion they reached was based upon evidence of a highly persuasive nature. It is quite true that up in the neighborhood of the astounding transactions just narrated, the report gained credence that the whole thing was a job put up on Lawyer Slowboy, by one Teddy McIntosh. It was there whispered around that Teddy somehow got wind of Slowboy's visit to Miss Sue Bascombe, and resolved to waylay the lawyer on his road home and give him some idea of life in the knobs. It was further whispered that the young lady above mentioned was informed of Teddy's plan, and.

wishing both to aid him and keep him within the bounds of moderation, she loaned Slowboy a pistol with which he could hurt nobody, and at the same time intrusted him with a sealed paper that, presented in the nick of time, would prevent his being handled too roughly by her friends. Such a report, I say, gained credence in the neighborhood of the occurrence, but it was too preposterous to merit serious consideration, and I am sure the intelligent reader will give little heed to it.

The facts were exactly as I have stated them, and about all that can with assurance be said of them is that, taken all together, they present a dark problem, which neither you nor I nor Mr. Slowboy will ever be wise enough to solve.

CHAPTER XXVII

MR. BOB LEE TEMPLETON DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF AT THE WOODPILE

LEST the reader should rashly conclude that nobody but Solomon Slowboy could ride the road in the parts of which this narrative treats, I take pleasure in stating that one Bob Lee Templeton, in the county aforesaid, and at or about the time heretofore mentioned, was frequently observed galloping up and down the highways and whistling to himself, as if compelled to thus give vent to his cheerfulness. If his horse's head was turned toward the heart of the Marrowbone Hills, he usually rode rapidly, and drew rein about nightfall at the front gate of Major Habersham. When proceeding in the opposite direction, he traveled more slowly, and whistled a softer tune, but a look of supreme satisfaction still abode with him. He never recovered the valuable animal that was stolen from the Habersham premises, nor did he get back his liberal subscription for the six Bibles that were to have been delivered a few weeks later and were not. These untoward accidents, however, by no means engendered in his mind a prejudice against the Habersham house, or the innocent members of the Habersham family. He continued his visits as before, and all through the pleasant summer and the still more delightful fall weather, haunted the Habersham residence as persistently as if he had been a Yankee bill-collector and the major had been bad pay. By this time, you may depend upon it, Mr. Templeton was so well versed in affairs of state and the principles of true democracy, that he could have given points to Grover Cleveland. He had also spent many hours in the improving society of Miss Polly Habersham, so that he knew tolerably well how to behave himself in the company of ladies.

There is a very old tradition which teaches us that unwedded human creatures, like the birds of the air, usually do their billing and cooing in the month of May; and the greatest of modern English poets has sung to us in mellifluous verse that—"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." In opposition to this high authority, however, I venture to record it as my conviction that the heart of the average young man is tenderest and most susceptible to blandishment in the fall of the year. The springtime, of which we hear so much, is slushy and disagreeable, and the farmer lad, when not breaking ground for corn, is wheezing and sneezing in the effort to rid himself of the dreadful cold that the winter has fastened on his constitution. When the fall comes round, however, his crops have been laid by, the earth is dry enough to make it firm underfoot, the heat of the summer is abated, and the foliage in my part of the world has taken on a hue that is gorgeous and beautiful to see. He who hath a soul must feel that soul expand beneath such influences, and if more were needed to turn his mind toward the other sex, there is a frostiness in the morning and evening air that makes him rather choose to seek a mate, than shiver in loneliness through the coming winter.

It was perhaps for the reason, or reasons, so clearly stated above, that Mr. Bob Lee Templeton turned up more frequently at the Habersham mansion as the autumn advanced than he had done during the preceding sultry months. The hazy Indian summer—which was now at hand—cast a spell over him, and his thoughts became so attuned to that dreamy season of the year that a delicious peace slid into his soul, and he felt blissful all the while without precisely understanding why. It came about one evening in the late fall that Mr. Templeton, as usual, was making him-

self at home under the hospitable Habersham roof, and his horse—fatigued from an all-day journey—was contentedly resting its limbs in the Habersham stable. It was about nine o'clock. The major, being compelled to read several speeches in the "Congressional Record," had retired from the sitting room, and Mrs. Habersham, who, though of delicate constitution, always did her endeavor to entertain genteel company, had taken up some light work on which she fancied she had been engaged, and followed her husband's example. Thus left alone, the young couple, of course, did their best to get along without outside assistance. The conversation flowed smoothly and naturally enough for a while, and everything betokened that the evening on the whole would be a success, when all of a sudden, before anybody could have suspected that a calamity was impending, the chips gave out. The fire had burned very brightly and cheerfully for a while, then the blaze got lower and lower, then it flickered—the blaze did—as if it hated to give up, but was bound to give up; then it went out and came back again, and went out and came back a second time, and tried to climb a little wreath of smoke and failed in the attempt, and disappeared entirely, and that was the very last of it.

"Laws a mussy," cried Miss Marie—better known as Polly—"laws a mussy, look at that." And she went up to the big fireplace and took the tongs in her hand and poked about in the embers and heaped little particles of wood together, and tried to make the blaze come back, but it wouldn't come back, or couldn't come back, I don't know which. Anyhow, it didn't.

"Now, that is too bad," cried Miss Marie, looking down into the fireplace with a vexed expression of countenance. "I told that boy as plain as I could speak always to leave some kindling here by the mantel, to be used in case of necessity, and now he's gone off and hasn't left a scrimption. Everybody knows that a big fire will burn right off if you once start it, but a slow fire is liable to give up and quit at any time."

"What must be done?" inquired Templeton, who, from the young lady's manner, was impelled to the conclusion that something of a discouraging nature had transpired.

"There is but one thing to be done," replied Miss Marie, heaving a gentle sigh.

"What's that?"

"We must go to the wood-pile for chips; there's no help for it."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, who, you may depend upon it, could see as far into a millstone as the next man.

The young lady here crossed her hands in front—she was standing near the fireplace—and looked at Mr. Templeton demurely.

"There's no help for it," she repeated, "unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless we adjourn this meeting, which, in my opinion, is the wisest thing we could do."

"Never," cried Templeton, firmly.

"Why, let's reflect upon the subject a moment," argued the young lady. "It's now past nine o'clock, and—"

"A motion to adjourn is not debatable," interrupted Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, "Besides, there's an important matter to be settled before we close this meeting."

"What's that?"

"There's the subject we discussed last Thursday night, which by all parliamentary rules should come up this evening under the head of unfinished business. You remember, don't you?"

The young lady shook her head gravely. "Can't say I do," she replied.

"Last Thursday night, as we sat over yonder on that sofa by the wall?"

She shook her head again. Her memory must have been singularly obscure or he was romancing.

"When I made a certain emphatic declaration, and you replied, 'Nonsense.' I then repeated it, and you looked down and didn't reply at all."

Her face took on a puzzled look. "Can't say I remember anything about it," she answered.

"When I looked so earnestly into those heavenly eyes, drew a little closer before you were aware of it, and—"

She threw up both hands at once. "I'm going to the woodpile for chips," she cried.

Bob Lee Templeton sayeth, "I go with you."

Under a narrow stairway that ran up on the back porch there was a closet for odds and ends. Out of this she fished a basket

of the split-bottom variety, very strong, and especially adapted to the carrying of chips. Running her arm through the handle of this, she placed her father's old slouch hat on her head and set forth upon the expedition to the woodpile. "It does seem," she remarked despondently to Mr. Templeton as they went along, "that I have more bad luck than any other girl in the world. Here we were doing well, weren't we? Just had settled down to have the nicest kind of a time, when all of a sudden the chips gave out. Now we actually have to leave the house and go out in the dark to rake up chips. Isn't it provoking?"

"It's bad," replied the young gentleman, "and no mistake. But we must summon up all our fortitude and endeavor not to let the unfortunate incident cast a gloom over our spirits." With that he whistled the snatch of a tune to show he wasn't gloomy.

"Don't whistle," she said reprovingly.

"Why?"

"Because you might call the dog from round the house. And moreover, you might disturb my father and mother, which would be wrong in you."

"On to the woodpile," cried Mr. Templeton, in a subdued tone. "I'll be good."

It was a starry night. A pale old moon, or a piece of a moon, was wrestling feebly with a gray mist that had arisen from the earth. It had just climbed into view from behind a wide corn field on the east, and through the light and intervening fog looked dim and discouraged. This gray fog, however, hung low, and there was every prospect that the old moon would soon surmount it and proceed more cheerfully upon her route. The stars overhead were twinkling brightly even now, and the night atmosphere was decidedly chilly.

"There'll be a good frost tonight," remarked Miss Marie, as she tripped, basket in hand, toward the woodpile. She submitted this observation in an undertone, though it did not seem to be of a confidential nature.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied the gallant escort, sinking his voice also, perhaps for fear of calling the dog from around the house.

"Our tobacco is all in the barn, though," continued the damsel; "so what's the odds?"

Mr. Robert Lee Templeton walked briskly by her side. He seemed to be pleased at the intelligence that her tobacco was all in the barn.

"These big frosts will make the rabbits fat and frisky," pursued the young lady, who seemed more in the humor for scattering remarks than sustained conversation.

"Just what they will do," replied the agreeable escort.

"And the 'possums," she added.

"And the 'possums," he echoed.

"And the persimmons. These white frosts will just make the persimmons too luscious for anything. Do you love 'simmons, Mr. Templeton?"

"I dote on 'em," answered Templeton, who was growing reckless.

"I like 'em the best kind," said Miss Marie, swinging her basket vigorously. "But then again I don't like 'em, Mr. Templeton."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"Because they pucker my mouth."

"I'll fetch a basket-full next time I come," quoth he. "Big ripe fellows."

"You're a clever young man, Mr. Templeton," she made answer. "I've thought it for some time. Now I know it."

"Big, nice, luscious fellows," he continued, as if in love with his subject. "And I want you to eat 'simmons and eat 'simmons, till your mouth will stay puckered for a week."

Miss Marie Habersham: "Great goodness."

Mr. Templeton: "Then, you know, if you felt like kissing either one of your parents your mouth will be in shape for the business."

Miss Habersham: "To be sure."

Mr. Templeton: "And when the transaction of kissing a parent has been concluded, as your lips will still be set that way, I may ask you to oblige a friend."

Miss Habersham (quoting from a familiar song): "You'll be silly if you do."

Mr. Templeton (who was a star debater at college): "I trust you will hear me before you reach a definite conclusion on this important subject. Why should I be deemed silly, my sprightly friend, if finding those rosy lips already puckered for the business, I should make bold to ask you for a kiss? Or, indeed, if the opportunity is otherwise favorable, why should I wait for an artificially

manufactured pucker, before submitting so fair and reasonable a proposition? Can it be pretended for a moment that a young lady of such wit and ingenuity as the one I now have the honor of addressing can't get up a pucker without the aid of persimmons? Such a supposition is preposterous. It would be a direct reflection upon the damsel in question for me to harbor such a thought for a moment. Therefore, my amiable young friend, as we stand out here together beneath the twinkling stars, two souls—I trust it may be said—with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one—"

Miss Habersham (interrupting): "Your time's out. Here's the woodpile."

If any of my readers have ever picked up chips at a woodpile, they do not need to be informed that it is a task requiring considerable expertness and dexterity on the part of the chip-picker. Moreover, it is a task that cannot be readily performed while the picker stands erect upon the earth, but it is essential to the successful operation of the business that he or she should stoop to conquer. It is quite true that here and there a supple individual might be found who could stand with legs unbending, and by inclining the body forward, and making a particularly long arm of it, succeed in picking up a few chips from the ground. But I hazard the assertion that even such an one would soon weary of the posture if there was a basket of chips to be picked, and, however punctilious upon ordinary occasions, would be strongly tempted to assume while the occupation lasted an easier, if less dignified position. Therefore, no one need be surprised when I state that Miss Marie Habersham and Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, having reached the spot where business was to be transacted, did not, like cousin Sallie Dillard, undertake to be genteel, but knuckled down to their work like sensible folks, and went about the business as if they meant to pick up chips. Squeamish people may get down their books of etiquette and read homilies to me about propriety and the like o' that, but I say there is a time and place for the observation of rules of propriety, as there is for everything else in this world. When a young lady is in the parlor entertaining company, I grant you she should sit bolt upright in her chair, as near the edge as possible, and never unbend in the least during the entire evening; but when she goeth forth to the woodpile for chips, I say let her cast etiquette to the dogs and do her endeavor to excel as a chip-picker. So thought Miss Habersham and Mr. Templeton when on the present occasion they jointly and severally got down close to the ground with the ragged old moon looking at them through a thin, gray fog.

Stooping down at the woodpile, with the basket between them, for the more convenient dispatch of business, the young lady and the young gentleman began a diligent search for chips, and a generous rivalry—as was natural under the circumstances—soon sprung up between them. The young lady was the nimblest and quickest, but the gentleman had the longest arm, and thus it happened quite frequently that when she was about to lay hand on a tempting chip in her territory, he reached forth without leave and appropriated it to his own use. Human nature is human nature, and will be for a considerable while to come, and so after the young gentleman had performed this disreputable trick a few times, the young lady began to lose her temper, or to find it, whichever is the correct expression. Pretty soon she reached out in a dignified way for a nice, little, white chip, and perceiving her intent he extended his long arm and grasped the prize between his fingers. Determined not to be outdone, she likewise clutched it a second later, although it was already in his possession. A chip, as all well-informed persons know, is the small fragment that falls from the log when the woodman plies his ax. It is usually an inch or two long, an inch or two broad, and has no thickness to speak of. So when the young gentleman and the young lady fell to struggling over the same chip, it came to pass that their fingers were very close together indeed. Miss Marie Habersham was a very determined young lady, and Mr. Bob Lee Templeton was a very determined young gentleman, and the chip was a very small chip, and it really was doubtful for some moments how the eager contest would result.

"Turn loose," said Miss Marie in a tone that was really spiteful. "It's mine."

"It's mine," quoth Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, "and I'll have it or die." That's what he said.

The controversy was conducted in an undertone, possibly for fear of calling the dog from round the house.

"You will, will you?" replied the young lady, and with that she gave a sudden jerk and snatched the chip from his hands.

Then, while she was disposed to rejoice over her triumph, he gave a sudden grab, and snatched it back again.

He was so pleased at his success that he threw back his head, shut his eyes and began to laugh. It is a mistake one often makes when you suppose an enemy to be defeated who is not defeated. She made grab number three at the chip, and laid hold upon it but he was clutching it so tightly this time that she could not get it away. So it came about again that there were two human hands on that one little chip. This was exasperating. Betwixt the young lady and the young gentleman, as between Saul and Barnabas of old, there ensued a "sharp contention." The young lady didn't care at all for the chip, but was resolved not to be imposed upon. It was the principle of the thing that nerved her in the combat. She was contending for her rights. The young gentleman cared not for the right or the wrong of the thing, but desired the preeminence. So they contended most earnestly, but very quietly, mind you, because it was desirable that the dog should not be called from round the house. Finally, a thing came to pass that the little chip got lost in the scuffle, and the young gentleman and the young lady were clutching each other's hands tightly. Precisely at what moment the young gentleman discovered this change in the situation I am not prepared to state. I will state, however, emphatically, that it was a matter of two or three seconds before the young lady became aware of the fact that the chip had disappeared from the struggle and her antagonist was squeezing her hand in a very ungentlemanly manner. Then she rose up promptly; she rose up very promptly. Mr. Bob Lee Templeton also rose to his feet, but he didn't let go her hand. She stood and pulled one way, and he stood and pulled another way, but the hold didn't break.

The stars were twinkling by thousands in the blue vault above, but stars—be it said to their credit—while they must see a good deal as they journey, never tell tales out of school.

"Let go," exclaimed Miss Marie Habersham indignantly. "Let go this instant, I tell you."

He must have been a little hard of hearing, for he did not regard her command in the least.

"Let go," she repeated in a tone not quite so imperative. "Let go, and you may have the chip."

The immortal George Washington, when the enemy surrendered at Yorktown, urged his victorious army to be generous to a yielding foe. Mr. Templeton, I am pained to relate, showed himself on the present occasion to be incapable of appreciating such a lofty sentiment. The bone, or rather the chip, of contention, had, as we see, been surrendered, and if he had been in the least magnanimous, the subject would have been dropped, the young lady's hand would have been dropped with it, and the incident at the woodpile—to use a diplomatic phrase—would have been closed. Instead, however, of bringing the matter to a conclusion in this gentlemanly way, Mr. Templeton held tightly to the little hand in his clutch and squared himself, as the saying is, for a talk of some length. He was evidently under the impression that argufying was his forte, and having, like the spell-binding ancient mariner, an auditor who was compelled to listen, he availed himself without scruple of his opportunity.

"Let go, p-l-e-a-s-e," said Miss Marie Habersham, in the most pleading tone in the world, and pulling away from him with a face that even in the dim starlight looked flushed.

"My much-esteemed friend," began the young gentleman in his polished debating-society manner, "there is a tide in the affairs of men that taken at the flood leads on to fortune. A few minutes since I would have been satisfied with the possession of this little insignificant chip, but now the tide of my destiny is rising, and I and the little chip together are borne onward to a consummation not originally contemplated by me, and, I am convinced, not originally contemplated by the chip."

She stopped and smiled and listened. His remarks were rather too deep for her comprehension, but she could easily discern with her mind's eye that he was bordering upon the eloquent.

"It often happens in the history of nations," pursued the orator, "that the original matter of controversy between two contestants is

lost sight of, and the end brings the victorious party to a position, far in advance of any he dreamed of occupying in the beginning."

She smiled broadly now, and wondered what all this mystifying talk was leading up to.

"It is the common experience of mankind," pursued the incipient statesman, "that under the circumstances just mentioned, the victorious party will show no mercy at all toward the unsuccessful contestant, but will at once display a disposition to become hoggish and take everything in sight."

"Now I understand you," remarked Miss Habersham.

"I hope so," replied Mr. Templeton. "The line of conduct which I have designated as being quite common in the experience of mankind is not one, however, that commends itself to my conscience, and not one that I intend to pursue on this occasion."

He here paused and stroked his chin with his disengaged hand, and looked up at the stars.

"What next?" inquired Miss Marie, alias Polly, Habersham.

"I have bethought me of a plan," continued the logician, "that will give to me all the legitimate fruits of victory in this case, and will not impose on you the humiliation of defeat."

"Let's have it," replied the young lady, who had become so much interested in the line of argument that she forgot he was still holding her hand.

"So I will," replied the young gentleman, looking very hard at her to impress her with the force of his observations. "My plan is simply this: You take the chip into your possession. Then it's your chip, and victory perches upon your banner, does it not?"

"Y-e-ss."

"Then I take both you and the chip. So it will be my girl and my chip; and victory perches on my banner, does it not?"

"That's nonsense."

"It's not nonsense. It's good law and good logic. Under the statutes of Tennessee the personal property of the wife belongs to the husband. That chip is personal property, and when you've got the chip, and I've got you, the chip is mine."

"That law may suit the men who made it," said she, "but it's a sin and a shame to treat poor women folks in such fashion, and I don't care who hears me say it. You put the chip in your pocket, if you wish, and I'll carry the basket back into the house. I don't want the little chip, anyway. It wasn't worth having a scuffle over."

"It was not worth having a scuffle over, my dear," said he ("my dear" was the expression he used, and she was a little startled at it)—"it was not worth having a scuffle over, and we'll be very careful in the future not to quarrel over such a trivial matter. For my part, I will never hereafter squabble with you over any small matter, or great matter, but will always, as Brother Paul says, yield you the preeminence. That will be right and proper, because, while sweethearts may be whimsical, and now and then fly off at a tangent, when it comes to that closer and dearer relation—"

"What are you talking about?" says she.

"Why, my dear," answers Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, "I'm talking about the way I'm going to behave myself, when I'm the head of a family and you're Mrs. Templeton. What else could I be talking about?"

"Why," says she, "you haven't asked anybody yet."

"Then," replied Mr. Templeton, "I'll ask you now. Will you, my dear, take this man to be your lawful and wedded husband? Will you promise, out here at the woodpile, to love, honor and obey him—"

"I will not," says she. "I'm not that kind of a girl."

"Ah, sure enough; I forgot. Will you then, my imperious damsel, accept the homage of your liege subject, and permit him to minister to your wants all the rest of your days? Will you condescend, Miss Habersham, to become my wife?"

"I will not."

"Yes you will too. I've made up my mind to that. Come now, Polly, no foolishness."

"Who said you might call me Polly?"

"That's all right, that's all right," replied Mr. Bob Lee Templeton persuasively, as he drew her nearer toward him. "Don't you be apprehensive, my dear—don't be in the least apprehensive. I'm your friend. By Jimmy, I love you the worst kind. I can't help it, you see. Say, Polly, give me a kiss to put a good taste in my mouth. Give me a kiss, and then let's go back in the house and talk over this thing like plain, sensible folks."

"I won't; that's flat."

"You will; that's flat."

"I won't, I tell you."

"You will, I tell you. Come now, Polly, don't be apprehensive; d-o-n-'-t be apprehensive."

He spoke so reassuringly that she could hardly continue to be apprehensive, assuming that she was so at the outset. He coaxed her as one would coax a skittish filly that may break loose at any minute and play the wilds. He drew her gently toward him as he soothed her. "Come now, Polly; c-o-m-e now, Polly."

First she resisted, and pulled back as hard as she could. Then she hung her head and laughed. Then by a sudden effort she snatched her hand away and started to run. Then he seized her; there was a brief struggle, both sides being careful not to call the dog from round the house, then he kissed her; then for some moments there was peace at the woodpile.

They took the basket, each having a hand on the handle, and walked like well-behaved young people back into the house. They made a brisk fire, and pretty soon a ruddy blaze was leaping up the chimney. Everything was cozy and comfortable as heart could wish, and as they sat side by side on the sofa, they talked in a delicious and sweetly sober way of this, that and t'other, one thing and another. The old, old story was told over and over again with variations, but it was the old, old story after all. There was deep planning for the future, and pledging of mutual vows, and exchange of confidences. He held her little hand betwixt his clumsy fingers, and there was no drawing back as there had been at the woodpile. He patted it fondly and in an absent-minded way, without causing her to become apprehensive. They wheeled the sofa nearer and nearer to the hearth—for the fire was dying low again—and snuggled up closer and closer to each other, and conducted themselves about as young people under like circumstances usually do. The room was getting really chilly now, but it did not occur to either of them to put on more chips, for a fire was burning brightly in both their hearts, and Cupid fanned the flame.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CASE OF THE STATE VERSUS ANKERSTROM IS HEARD IN THE REVISING COURT, AND THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS IS UPHELD

OUR esteemed friend, Johan Ankerstrom, whom we left on the way to the Coopertown jail after the outrageous verdict of the hard-hearted jury and the cruel sentence of the unjust judge, reached that institution, we are pained to narrate, in a frame of mind the reverse of amiable. The fangs of Jineral Beauregard still rankled in his flesh, and he did not recover anything like equanimity of temper until late in the afternoon of the same day, when a visit from his estimable parent tended somewhat to soothe his lacerated feelings. Johan, while seemingly destitute of natural affection, was always more or less amused at the antics and monkeyshines of his demonstrative father; and on this occasion the visit of the old man served to remind him of the pleasing assurances of his attorney as to the final outcome of his case.

The old gentleman, Olof Ankerstrom, had not seen fit to mix much with the witnesses and lawyers in the court-house during the trial of his son, for fear some curious person might connect him with a certain old Bible vendor and jewelry peddler, and deaf farmer, who had of late operated extensively in the Marrowbone Hills. As soon as the trial was over, however, he came forth from his retirement, and was, as we know, much encouraged by hearing his son's attorney proclaim publicly that he had a reversal without fail in the court of last resort at Nashville. He caught the point relied on for annulling the verdict much more readily than his dull son had done, and, as stated, later in the day sought out the latter in prison to cheer him up. Being admitted into the cell where Johan languished, he would have embraced him in his enthusiasm, if the latter had not impatiently repelled his advances.

"Mine zon, mine zon," exclaimed the old man eagerly, though in a low tone, for fear of eavesdropping, "I haff talk mit de lawyer vot understand his pizness, and he zay effry

thing is shoost right, and he vould not haff it ottervise for de best horse in town. Lizden to me, mine zon, lizden to me. De shudge and shury haff made von hell of a mistake, and de shupereme court at Nashville dey neffer make miztakes. You understand dot, mine zon. Ven you hit de old lady mit de ax you made a potch uff de shob, and she giff you avay to otters vot come in pehint you. She giff de whole thing away, and tole de tale uxackerly as it vos, mine zon. But ven she told de tale she vos in her right mind, you onderstand, and making ready herself to luke after pizness in dis vorld, and not some otter vorld. Lizden to me, mine zon, lizden to me. Ef so be de old lady vos fixin' to die terreckerly, and haff her mind on some otter vorld, de vise law vould hear de tale she tell, pecause mit de devil close by de coot Kerristian vill not tell a lie. Ef de coot Kerristian haff his mind on dis vorld, mine zon, he vill lie, and svindle, and not mind de devil vot vill get him pime-by. But ef he haff his mind on some otter vorld and know de credit pizness is played out, den de coot Kerristian vill tell de trute for vear uff de devil vich vill get him terreckerly. Dis vot de lawyer Perlaffer zay, and de lawyer Perlaffer is a vise man. Now, ven you hit de old lady mit de ax, and made a potch uff de shob, she told her tale to them vot come pehint you, but she told it mit her mind on dis vorld, vere lying and svindling is a effery-day pizness. Zo, mine son, de law will not pelieff de old lady. De vise law zay to her, 'If so pe you haff your mind on dis vorld, coom into court my coot vooman, vere de lawyers can tvist you inside out, and den ve vill pelieff your tale, vot is left of it.' Dat is vot de law zay, mine zon, und dat is coot sense, and dat is pizness. De fool shudge and fool shury zay ottervise, but Perlaffer tell dem all in de court-house dat de supereme court of de state neffer make a mistake, and Perlaffer is a vise man."

If the worthy old gentleman thus looked forward to the coming decision of the supreme court of Tennessee with cheerfulness and abiding faith, and if even the surly son was encouraged to build hopes upon the finding of that tribunal, the reader may rest assured that the good people of the comnunity wherein the widow Bascombe had been foully murdered at midnight, were fast losing the little remnant of patience that the tedious course of the trial had left them. They were not a vindictive folk, by any means, but the crime had been of a nature well calculated to arouse the citizens of any locality, and make them determined to see that something like adequate punishment was awarded the offender. They felt that not only simple justice demanded this, but their own future security demanded it, and now with the murderer unpunished after so many months of weary waiting, they concluded they had a right to be indignant against every person at all connected with thwarting the summary vengeance they had been minded to wreak upon him as soon as they learned of the crime. As upon one pretext or another, there had been delay upon delay, they were quite ready to believe that, by hook or crook, the wily Palaver, whose shrewdness in defending criminals was proverbial the country over, would manage to secure for his client another long delay, and finally immunity from punishment. Randolph Pearson, who had been doubtless the most respected man in his community, now came in for his full share of the censure that was heaped on everyone who had objected to the hanging of the murderer by a mob as soon as he was caught. Indeed, Pearson was blamed far more than anyone else, and found himself now for the first time in his life the object of the ill-will of his neighbors. So far did this fault-finding disposition go, that it seriously affected the members of the klan which Pearson had organized for the purpose of aiding and upholding the law in his community. At their night-meetings in the woods, the most excited discussions took place, and resolutions were introduced and urged doing away with the court of their own creation, and substituting the will of the majority for the decrees of this tribunal. These resolutions did not carry, but Pearson was stung by the evidence of lack of confidence among those who had trusted him most implicitly, and was also seriously affected by it. Like most determined men, he sometimes permitted his firmness to degenerate into obstinacy, and this was especially the case where he met with opposition in the execution of a cherished plan. His predominating idea at the outset had been to suppress mob law in his community, and to demonstrate to the world that the courts of the country were able and willing to punish crime, if the hasty

advocates of mob violence would but trust in the law. He had gathered a band of good citizens about him, and had succeeded in arresting the murderer against whom indignation had been justly aroused, and turning him over to the proper legal authorities. He had done this with the utmost confidence that a few weeks, or a few months at farthest, would bring the scoundrel to punishment, but he now saw, or had come to believe, that the criminal statutes were framed far more with the view of protecting accused persons from possible wrong, than of protecting society by the speedy punishment of offenders. Pearson was sufficiently well informed to know that this was a wise policy at that remote period of English history when the danger to be guarded against in legislation was the disposition of the powerful few to oppress the helpless common people. But this danger had long since passed away. Society, especially in the southern states of America, had been formed on entirely new lines, and the one thing now needed in criminal legislation was to impose such speedy and effectual punishment on the enemies of peace and sound morals, as would teach them to fear and the community to respect the law of the land. He saw that for some reason the law was wholly inefficient in grave cases like the one in which he had been so much interested, and was for the first time in his life impelled to the conclusion that of the two evils—a statute law which was too solicitous for the welfare of the accused, and mob law that was too ready to avenge a wrong—the latter was sometimes preferable.

While Pearson's experience in the Ankerstrom case, however, had impelled him reluctantly to this conclusion, he was quite sanguine that the decision of the state supreme court would be on the side of manifest justice, and not in favor of still further shielding the criminal from responsibility for his wrong-doing. The vexatious part of the proceedings heretofore had been the apparently unavoidable delays that had marked each step in the progress of the cause. When the criminal had been finally compelled to face a jury, conviction had followed, though here again a long wait was interposed before it could be finally ascertained whether the verdict of the jury would stand. There could be no doubt about the affirmation by the supreme court of the sentence below, unless the statement made by the old widow to those about her death-bed was held to be inadmissible as evidence. The circuit judge, after a long argument, had admitted this so-called dying declaration as part of the testimony in the case, and Pearson—while he had some misgivings on the subject—could not help feeling reasonably assured that the revising court would take the same view of the case. To say that the plain death-bed statement of an eyewitness to a crime, who had been murdered to prevent her appearing in court, should not be weighed as evidence, was a proposition too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. To say that the law would not listen to a tale that had carried conviction to an entire community told by a good old woman whose respect for plain truth was proverbial, would be to say that the administration of justice was a farce, and that no man henceforward need profess respect for it.

Thus strongly did Randolph Pearson state the proposition in his own mind, and as he did so his assurance became doubly sure that the days of the murderer Ankerstrom were numbered, and before the expiration of many additional months the community he had outraged would see him expiate his monstrous crime upon the gallows. The supreme court met at Nashville on the first Monday in December, and Pearson waited patiently till the case of the State versus Ankerstrom should be reached. This he soon learned would not be until some time in the month of January, or possibly February, as the county from which the bill of exceptions came up stood about the middle of the docket, and must wait its turn in the regular order of procedure. It was in fact early in February when Palaver, with his little black grip in hand, boarded the cars and went whirling away toward Nashville to have his say before the august tribunal that had been sitting there listening to able speeches till it had grown weary of much prating.

The attorney, on reaching his destination, first went to call on his client, who was now safely domiciled in the Nashville jail, and to give him fresh assurance of triumphant victory upon the morrow. He then betook him to the best hostelry in town, and after cracking many jokes with old cronies and tipping glasses over the saloon counter a few times

with the same, he tumbled into bed, and was soon befitting himself by refreshing slumber for the trying exercises of the following day. Next morning he puffed up the steep hill upon which sits the imposing building occupied as a state capitol, and was soon in the presence of the five pleasant-faced and pleasant-spoken gentlemen with whom in this particular matter were the issues of life and death. Nothing abashed, the lawyer took his seat on one of the long faded sofas that skirt the apartment and made ready by concentrated mental effort to astonish the court when his time should come. A little way off, on another dingy sofa, sat Randolph Pearson, outwardly calm and dignified, as usual, but slightly perturbed, as the occasional crossing and uncrossing of his feet and other nervous movements of the body indicated.

That the deeply interested farmer had some reason to be anxious as to the result was demonstrated to his own satisfaction before the argument of the case proceeded very far. The so-called bill of exceptions upon which the court was to rest its finding, was a great mass of manuscript that, rolled up, would have made a bundle as large as an average gate-post. It was rolled up at the outset and tied with a stout twine string. When unbound, the pieces uncurled and scattered themselves about on the table, and rolled, many of them, off the table, and traveled about on the floor, till the industrious attorney who was supposed to have them in charge found great difficulty in keeping up with them. These fugitive fragments of literature were supposed to contain the testimony of the numerous witnesses who had given evidence on one side and the other in the trial of Johan Ankerstrom before the circuit judge and jury. The language of the witnesses had not been taken down by a stenographer as the trial progressed, but after its conclusion Palaver had written down at great length such statements and admissions as he thought to be favorable to his side of the controversy, and the district attorney—who had much other matter on his mind—had written down succinctly the testimony of the state's witnesses, and after conference and some eliminations and alterations here and there, the whole had been presented to and signed by the circuit judge as a correct bill of exceptions. Now, the supreme court looked at the great mass of papers in a helpless way, for they could not have mastered the entire contents in a week's solid reading, and they had probably less than an hour's time to devote to it. They were able, learned and conscientious jurists, these five gentlemen who now sat on the supreme bench of the state, but they were human and of limited capacity for work, and all and severally might have cried out any day of the year: "The burden that's laid upon us is greater than we can bear." In requiring them in a very brief space of time to thoroughly post themselves as to all the facts brought out in the long trial, and thus practically to retry the case on its merits, the law had imposed on them a task impossible of performance, and they could really do little more than rely on the opposing attorneys to state these facts as disclosed by the record.

As Pearson sat on the dingy old sofa and heard fragments of the voluminous record read, he could not help reflecting upon the insufficiency of this method of informing the judges as to the facts in the case. The manner of the various witnesses, their changes of countenance, the hundred other evidences of truth or falsity that profoundly impress a jury, are all lost when their words are taken down on paper, to be read afterward by strangers. This would be true if the words were taken down literally, as they fell from the lips of the witnesses, but when they are committed to paper some days after the conclusion of the trial by interested attorneys, the difficulty of having the record speak the real truth becomes greatly magnified. As he now sat and listened while Palaver in persuasive tones narrated to the court the facts, dipping here and there into the record to substantiate his statements, he, Pearson, was greatly surprised to find that the case as it was impressed on the minds of the five judges before him bore no very close resemblance to the case which had been presented by sworn witnesses on the stand in the court below. Palaver had a tremendous advantage over the attorney-general for the state, in the fact that he knew exactly what the bulky record contained, while the latter official had never heard of the case till the papers reached the supreme court, and had only since given it such investigation as a tired mind could give one of the many similar cases before him. Palaver, therefore, with impunity, dipped here and there into the record, as a shrewd manipulator would sample a hogshead of tobacco, and extracted such

fragments of evidence as it suited his purpose to read, connecting this and that as he proceeded, and making on the whole a smooth and highly probable tale. The old widow had made one statement which, if true, clearly proved the guilt of the negro Kinchen, for her neighbors then present caught him and hung him for the crime. Afterward, she made another statement which implicated the prisoner at the bar, and if the issue here was one of fact alone, it could not be said with assurance that the defendant was guilty, for it could never be known which of her opposing statements was true, if indeed either was true. The prisoner's conduct immediately after the homicide was certainly not such as to indicate a consciousness of guilt on his part. He was found with others there on the ground, taking an active part in the violent proceedings that led to the death of the negro, Kinchen, against whom he could have had no sort of grudge, except that he believed him to be the perpetrator of the foul crime just committed. Twenty-four hours later we find the prisoner in the public highway, calmly talking to the sheriff. He had eaten dinner on the same day at a farmhouse in the neighborhood, and afterward had laid down and taken a long nap under a tree in the yard. All this certainly indicated a quiet conscience on his part. That he subsequently became alarmed and hid himself was quite true, but what ignorant foreigner was it that wouldn't seek a place of concealment when he learned that an angry mob was scouring the country for him, determined to kill him as soon as he was captured? The prisoner was a foreigner. He was poor and very ignorant. He had not a friend in the neighborhood of the tragedy to whom he could appeal for protection. What else could he do, under these circumstances, but secrete himself from observation till the wild storm had blown over and reason had resumed its sway in the community?

As the lawyer went glibly on with his statement of facts, Pearson could see he was making an impression on the five trained judges before him. Not that they were ready by any means to conclude that the prisoner was innocent of the crime laid at his door, but that they felt there was doubt enough on the subject to make a thorough investigation of the record necessary, if the case was to be determined upon the facts. This was precisely the frame of mind in which Palaver wished to have them, as he now took up the question of law which was his real reliance in his earnest application for a new trial.

Randolph Pearson, sitting back on his dingy sofa, saw at once that here was the battle-ground in the present contention, as it had been in the court below. The attorney-general for the state, who up to this moment had been examining the papers in another cause, now pricked up his ears and became an interested listener as Palaver launched with confidence into his argument. Pearson, a plain and conscientious man, had persuaded himself that the fierce effort of the prisoner's counsel before the circuit judge on this point was but idle chaff, and would not be repeated in the presence of the five able jurists who sat on the supreme bench. He now not only saw that he had been too hasty in jumping to this conclusion, but found to his surprise that the considerations which had induced him to think that the dying statement of the old widow must necessarily be admitted as evidence were not even alluded to by counsel on either side. That she was recognized in her own community as a very clear-headed and truthful old woman before murderous attack was made upon her; that her character was generally such as had won for her the respect of all her neighbors; that she was entirely at herself when she narrated the dreadful incidents of the night which was her last on earth; that she told a story so clear and connected that it carried conviction with it to those who stood about her bedside; all this, which Pearson thought would be conclusive of the question, he now found had little or nothing to do with it, or, to speak more correctly, these facts were hardly manifested at all by the record, and evidently had not been brought home to the knowledge either of the court or the attorney-general for the state. The latter official was a good, sound lawyer with, as said, many other matters upon his mind, and many other cases beside the present one that would soon demand his attention. The primary question before the court was as to whether the *ante mortem* statement of Mrs. Bascombe was admissible at all as evidence when it appeared plainly from the record that it was not considered by her at the moment of its utterance to be a death-bed statement. If her relation was admissible as evidence, then might arise

the further inquiry as to her mental condition at the time, the inducement that prompted her tale, her character for truth, etc. All this would be proper matter for investigation if the court should hold that a dying declaration might be introduced as evidence in a criminal case when the person from whom the utterance came was not contemplating speedy death.

Supreme judges, like other folks, are human beings, with human impulses and human sympathies. Their decisions, like ours, are often swayed, and properly swayed, by facts in a particular case appealing strongly to their sense of right and justice. There are certain well-settled rules that cannot be overridden at will, but even these may often be modified, or not applied in full force, where substantial justice demands that such course be taken. Where there's a will there's a way, and if the judges in the present instance could have realized what a truthful, courageous old woman the widow Bascombe had been in life, if they could have been aroused as to the deep damnation of her taking off, if they could have seen further that, by excluding her narration, a brutal scoundrel would go unwhipped of justice, their consciences would have rebelled against a holding that led to such conclusion. As it was, they did not comprehend all this at all, but had only a dry question of law to deal with. As the matter was presented to their minds they could not say with assurance whether the prisoner was the object of misplaced mob fury, or the perpetrator of a horrible crime. Thus Palaver waged his fight from the vantage ground of having at least the probable right of the issue on his side when he contended for the application of an old rule of evidence which had never been seriously questioned in the state before. The attorney-general, on the other hand, while he argued for the modification of this rule, did so without much heart, and evidently with little expectation of inducing the court to sustain him in his contention. He touched alone upon the legal aspect of the question, cited authorities from other states in support of his position, and left the disputed question to the decision of the court without dwelling on its importance in the particular case under investigation.

The following Saturday was opinion day, and Pearson was back in his place, as were also the prisoner and his counsel. The court held, and Pearson was not surprised, that the record disclosed but little evidence upon which to base a conviction, except the statement of the old woman, Mrs. Bascombe, made to those about her a few hours before her death. That she had been cruelly assailed by someone was not a matter of doubt. A negro had been hung by a mob for the attack upon her, and afterward she recovered consciousness and made a statement criminating the defendant. This statement was made only a few hours before her death, but it certainly was not made by her in view of approaching death. It was not a dying declaration within the meaning and contemplation of the law. No statement could be considered such, unless it was not only a deathbed statement, but made with the knowledge and belief on the part of the speaker that death was imminent. The decisions on this subject were too clear and of too long standing to admit of question now. His honor the circuit judge erred in admitting to the jury as evidence a statement directly criminating the prisoner, which was made by the murdered woman, not under the impression that she was about to die, but—as the record disclosed—under the confident hope of recovery. For this material error the case was reversed and remanded and a new trial awarded the prisoner.

The prisoner's counsel, with a radiant expression of countenance, took his way out of the court-room, and Pearson slowly followed. As the attorney passed through the door that led into the hall, a little old gentleman stood, cap in hand, just without. The little old gentleman bowed very low to Palaver, and remarked fervently as the latter passed on, "Cot pless you, mine frient."

The attorney acknowledged the salute graciously, and as he proceeded along the hall Pearson heard him tell a companion by his side that the little old gentleman was the father of his client, Ankerstrom, the conviction against whom had just been reversed by the supreme court. Palaver further informed his companion that the little old gentleman who had invoked heaven's blessing upon him was one of the very best men in the section from which he hailed, and was also a very devout old man, as was plainly indicated by the pious benediction that had just fallen from his lips.

(*To be continued*)

THE WAYS OF MIRABEL AND DOUSABEL

THERE'S no doubt Mirabel and Dousabel are the two darlingest chickabiddies that ever delighted the heart of a fond mamma. Such zest in life; such untiring activity; such fertile invention; such endless resources. A bit troublesome at times? Bound to be naughty? Behold Mirabel's anxious little face, her quivering underlip holding back a sob. Behold Dousabel's eyes of heavenly blue upturned in angelic innocence. Then start to scold if you can. Alas, your harsh words are met by such tenderly reproachful glances that your heart fails. Leastways, Mamma's scoldings generally turn straightway to kisses and hugs, and then the gayest sunbeams sparkle where a storm was threatening.

Mamma likes to take a nap once in a while. That's the time for Mirabel and Dousabel to pace stealthily about her, wondering in subdued whispers whether "Mummy is really asleep, or only makin' b'lieve." A gentle snore from Mamma settles the question in their minds. They venture to cast aside some of their restraint. They crawl over her to investigate the insides of her ears, her nostrils, even her eyes, gently prying them apart to see "how Mummy's eyes look when Mummy is asleep." They approach her mouth with some trepidation, for Mamma is liable to play the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood," and opening and snapping her mouth, suddenly exclaim: "All the better to eat you with, my dears!" What exciting fun.

Mamma can always get a good nap on Sunday afternoon, because those two young ones are out walking with Papa. Papa offers other diversions. What delight to sit, one on each shoulder, and survey the country from their tottering eminence. But pretty soon, alas, Dousabel starts to making faces at Mirabel, or Mirabel takes more than her share of Papa's head in her clinging embrace, and presto—a sudden scuffle knocks Papa's hat off, and then—why that treat is over, and two very meek little girls must trudge one on each side of Papa—no dodging back and front, if you please!

Mirabel has lovely golden curls which Mamma curls over her finger every morning, and is often called an "angel-child." Say the name Mirabel over slowly, with a sweet smile and upward glance at the end, and perhaps you'll realize Mirabel's winning powers. Dousabel wears her short, brown hair in a top-curl, like a boy; has a dainty, turned-up little nose and a generally "pugnacious" expression, to quote one of Papa's happy phrases.

Once they had their picture taken, hand in hand, Mirabel intent on keeping her curls in place, Dousabel in for the fun of the thing. A facetious young man labelled it "The Little Mother and the *Enfant Terrible.*" Mirabel liked the name "little mother" —she was awfully fond of babies—and Dousabel quite enjoyed the idea of being a "terrible infant"—wrinkling up her little nose wickedly. It is pleasant that people like to act different parts in the comedy of life. How dreadful, if everyone should want to be a star or an angel-child.

One morning—here my story begins—Dousabel waking up suddenly, turned and found Mirabel still in a deep slumber. Dousabel propped herself on one elbow, brought her face close to Mirabel's, and gazed steadily and intently. Mirabel stirred uneasily under the scrutiny, and finally opened her eyes wide. Dousabel hopped up in glee, seized a pillow and hurled it at Mirabel. Mirabel batted it back with her two little fists. Dousabel pranced on the bed with provoking airishness, singing out: "Do-yer-want-ter-have-a-fight, Missouri, Missouri?" In the scuffle that ensued, Dousabel was thrown down, Mirabel on top of her, and a loud howl brought Mamma to the scene of battle.

Dousabel lay on her back like a beetle, uttering tuneful variations of her original howl. "What's the matter, Dousabel?" "Mirabel hurted me," Dousabel interrupted her melody long enough to say. "Naughty Mirabel. Where did ze hurt oo, oo pwecious lambkin?" inquired Mamma tenderly. Dousabel gave her to understand that it was her little "tum-tum wot was hurted." Mamma undid her night-drawers and proceeded to investigate. Dousabel, taking a sudden interest, in her own case, sat up and bent over. Whether a tear dropped from Dousabel's lashes at that moment, none ever knew, but what Mamma saw was —a drop of water apparently spilling from Dousabel's little tum-tum cup. Sakes alive!

"Does it hurt when I touch it?" said Mamma, pressing Dousabel's plump little belly with her forefinger. "Ow! Wow!" Dousabel's vocal chords responded sympathetically. "Stand up, dearie." "Can't stand!" said Dousabel with sudden conviction. "Oh, my darling child, I'm afraid I'll have to take you to the doctor. Mirabel, haven't I told you over and over again that you should *never* hit anyone in the stomach? Now you see what comes of not obeying. See how you've hurt poor little sister—" Mirabel was sobbing in chorus with Dousabel by this time. "Can't you stand up a little, dearie, while I dress you to take you to the doctor's?"

Dousabel was dressed, apparently in great agony all the while. The baby carriage was trundled out—"Oh, she couldn't walk,"—and Mamma and Dousabel set out for New York—Dousabel looking like the poor king "who never smiled again."

At home, Mirabel went through the agonies of a murderer awaiting trial. She thought of committing suicide, to anticipate the noose that awaits murderers. Then she got down on her knees and tried to pray, "O, God, don't let my little sister be kilt!" But she dared not hope that God would ever listen to such a wicked little sinner.

In the doctor's office, Dousabel cheered up a bit. The doctor's funny way of looking down on her from over his spectacles was highly amusing. She put out her tongue and wiggled it at him. She let him feel her pulse, with a wink. And when he began feeling among her ribs, she chuckled with the delight of being tickled. He rolled up her little Rubens shirt. "Does it hurt?" said the doctor, pressing his finger against her little body first in one place and then in another. And to each such inquiry Dousabel answered with a charming shake of her head and squirm of her body, "N-o-o-o."

"Madame," said the doctor to Mrs. Waters, when he had heard all the details of the affair, "my prescription is that you make that young one wheel the baby-carriage all the way home herself, and if she *still feels sick* when she gets home, put her to bed and give her something *very hot and nasty* to drink."

Dousabel blinked hard at the doctor.

When they reached home, Mirabel, peeping from behind the gate, caught Mamma's skirt against her face, sobbing: "O, Mamma, is she dead, is she dead?" "Why, you little goose," said Mamma, "don't you see her there before your eyes?"

But all Mirabel could do was to wring her hands and sob, "O, Mamma, is she dead?"

"Mirabel," said Dousabel, striding up to her, "you is one goose." *Lenie Gilmore*

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

—

TO WASH LACE CURTAINS

K. Hilton, Madison, Wisconsin

Lace curtains which have become tender through long use, can be washed without tearing them. Fold each curtain up to about a foot and a half square, baste folds carefully together; then wash and stretch as usual. When unfolded they will be found as good as when taken down from the windows, and when ironed will look like new.

—

SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE

By Mrs. C. G. Goodrich, Marietta, Ohio

Campers or those far from an ice supply, or for whom ice is a luxury, will find that milk and butter or other perishable things keep very well when put in a large, porous crock or large flower-pot on the cellar floor or other cool place. Milk so placed usually keeps even through a thunder storm.

—

PRESSING SEAMS

By Mrs. Maggie E. Harrison, Columbus, Texas

If, in pressing the seams in a woollen skirt, instead of a regular "pressing board," a broom-handle is used, though at first it may seem awkward, the results are nice "round" seams, instead of the flat ones resulting when a table or board are used.

—

CURE FOR CARBOLIC ACID BURN

By A. Archer, National Soldiers' Home, Indiana

Keep a bottle of alcohol near the carbolic acid bottle. In case of a burn, apply alcohol freely over entire burned surface. This will stop pain immediately and also prevent blisters.

—

THE USEFUL POTATO

By Arthur Linton, Bladworth, Sask., Canada

To keep doughnuts from burning, drop a piece of raw potato in the boiling lard, and you will have no trouble with them.

If the gentlemen who use tobacco find that it has become too dry in the pouch, a small slice of potato put into the pouch will restore the tobacco to its proper condition.

—

CURE FOR A STYE

By J. H. Estes, Ripley, Tennessee

Take a bit of lard the size of a pea; work in dry calomel until a thick paste is formed; apply to the eyelid. It has a delightful soothing, cooling effect and cures rapidly.

KEEPING HANGING BASKETS MOIST

By Mrs. C. V. Henry, Chicago, Illinois

Take a tin can holding a pint or more, make a hole in the bottom of it just large enough to let the water dribble through slowly. This is filled with water and placed on the soil in the center of the basket Generally there will be foliage enough to conceal it, or it can be painted a dull green, and so be inconspicuous. The slow, steady outflow of water will keep the soil evenly moist if the hole in the can is of the right size. This must be determined by experiment. It is very easy to keep the can filled every day and put in place, but it is not an easy matter to mount a chair or a step-ladder and apply water in the old way, when the hanging basket is suspended from the wall.

—

NEW WAY TO MIX PLASTER OF PARIS

By A. C. E., Vermont

Plaster of Paris is especially useful for mending the base of lamps and vases, filling small holes in the wall, etc. As usually mixed, it sometimes hardens too quickly for doing fine work.

Put a pinch of gelatine, or a small bit of common fish glue in quarter of a cup of cold water and let it stand ten minutes. Then use this gluey water to mix the plaster, adding the same amount of water a second or third time to the glue if needed. It takes so long to harden that there is ample time to adjust a lamp correctly, to smooth over the surface, or remove any extra plaster left on the edges. This way is original.

—

TO REMOVE A SCAR

By Mrs. Jno. T. Douglas, Seim, South Dakota

Wet the tips of the fingers in olive oil and place in center of any scar, then rub outward. Scar will disappear.

TO DARKEN THE HAIR

Mild sage tea will darken the hair, and salt put in it will freshen the hair and cleanse the scalp.

TO KEEP THE FEATHERS IN

Rub the inside of ticks which are used for feathers with beeswax and they can not work out.

—

A HANDY STRAINER

By U. P. Prince, Wadsworth, Ohio

For straining anything through cloth, make a bag of needed size. run a narrow hem in the top, slip into the hem a piece of wire bent round to fit size of bag. Make a loop on each end of wire, one open so it will hook into other. This will hold the top open nicely and can be hung up or rested on something to drip easily. The wire can be slipped out to wash strainer. A small bag made this way is nice to slip into a teapot and remove with grounds when tea has drawn long enough, preventing it being over-steeped and full of tannin. If once tried it will be found useful in many ways.

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HEMMING TABLE LINEN

By Mrs. F. L. Bosworth, Atlantic City, N. J.

In hemming table linen, turn the hem in the ordinary way, then fold the back against the goods and sew overhand instead of hemming. The stitches will sink into the goods and not show when laundered.

TO REMOVE GRASS STAIN

To remove machine and grass stain, first wash the goods with soap and cold water before putting into hot water and the stains will disappear immediately.

EASILY SPREAD JELLY

If jelly to be used on cake or tarts is first slightly beaten it will spread much easier.

CURE FOR CHOLERA

By Mary Hunter Bixler, Meeker, Oklahoma

A poultice of smartweed, placed upon the stomach of a child suffering from cholera infantum, has heen known to afford relief in a short time.

Peach leaves in the water the chickens drink will prevent cholera.

PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEFS

Handkerchiefs will have a faint scent of violets if a small piece of orris-root is put in the water in which they are boiled.

PAPER BAGS UNHEALTHY

Food of a damp, juicy nature should not be allowed to remain in paper bags. The bags are made of a compound containing chemicals, and when damp are unfit to touch any article of food.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION

A little salt sprinkled on a raw egg is splendid for indigestion.

REMEDY FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT

A splendid remedy for summer complaint is the common mullein leaf boiled in new milk and sweetened to taste.

REMOVES FEVER BLISTER

A fever hlister will disappear almost like magic if touched with a drop of sweet spirits of nitre.

KEEPING FOOD WARM

Instead of putting food into the oven to keep hot for late comers, cover it closely and place over a pan of hot water. The steam will keep the food hot and at the same time prevent drying.

—

HOME-MADE CHERRY PITTER

By Mrs. F. A. Rose, Sioux Falls, S. Dakota

A simple cherry pitter is readily made by inserting the points of a wire hairpin in a small cork. A very little practice in manipulating this little device will make it a great success.

—

CANNING RECIPES

By Dora L. Kinney, Watkins, New York

To can peas or heans fill the jars with either (peas or heans) and seal tightly. Wrap each jar in a cloth; then pack in a hoiler or steamer, cover with cold water and steam three hours. When done tighten the covers before setting away, and place each ean in a paper sack.

CANNED CORN

Pack the jars with corn until the milk forms on top. Seal tightly as in canning peas and beans, and cook in same manner, also setting away in paper hags.

—

KEEPS HEELS FROM SLIPPING

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson, Savanna, Illinois

If your Oxford shoes slip up and down at the heel, glue a piece of velvet in the heel of the shoe, ahout two inches hy three and a half, and you will discover no more holes in your hose from the slipping shoe wear.

—

LEMON EXTRACT

By Mrs. A. W. Perrin, San Antonio, Texas

When lemons are cheap, I find it desirahle to lay in a stock. I grate the yellow outside into granulated sugar, which I use for flavoring cake or puddings as I would use lemon extract. The juice I squeeze, strain out the seeds let come to a boil for ten minutes, add about a tahlespoonful of sugar to each lemon and let boil to dissolve the sugar thoroughly. It will keep indefinitely, even in a Texas summer. It is nice for lemonade or cooking. I put little sugar, as it enahles you to sweeten to taste afterward, and it does not affect the keeping qualities.

TO KEEP YEAST FROM STICKING

By Miss Effie McDaniel, Greenwood, Texas

Take lard or hutter and grease the vessel, then put your yeast to soak.

HOW TO RENDER BEE'S WAX

Having gathered your wax, wash it and let it drain, then put in a hig dinner pot. Heat until it stirs well, then pour into a flour sack holding it over a pan of most any kind, the inch or two-inch pan being the best, as it will cool quickly. Always start it to cooking with about a half pint of water. Your wax will be first class, and sell readily for twenty-two and one-half cents upwards.

—

TO SEPARATE BOTTLES

By C. Liebenburg, Keeksdork, Transvaal

Bind a string soaked in parrafine in a straight line where desired to hreak the bottle. Light the string with a match; while it is hurning keep turning it in a circle to make the fire hurn even at all parts. When all the parrafine is hurned off the string and the light is ahout to go out, dip it in a pail of cold water just as far as the string, when the bottle will crack off just where the string was hurning around it.

TO GROW TENDER PLANTS

Set the little plants in tins, or where desired, and water them immediately; then take the above-described bottle turn it over the plant so as to allow at least an inch space around the plant. This gives it sufficient light and protects it from the cold at night.

—

THE SAFETY STROP

By F. B. Robinson, Rochester, New York

The last issue of your excellent publication (June) said that the use of the safety razor hlade might be prolonged by honing it on a soft strop. The softest strop I have yet found is the palm of the hand. After using the hlade, wipe it hack and forth on the open palm and the desired result will be ohtained, at no expense for the purchase of a strop and with a convenience that is always ready.

—

EIGHT "TRIED AND TRUE"

By Mrs. N. S. S., Johnson City, Tennessee

1 Turpentine when applied to hurns gives instant relief.

2 Turpentine is also good for hlisters on the hands, and prevents soreness.

3 Those who have tried it, say if heated turpentine he poured on a wound that has caused lock-jaw it will soon give relief.

4 Turpentine mixed with equal portions of vinegar and linseed oil makes a fine furniture polish.

5 Glass fruit jar covers that "stick" may be removed by setting them upside down in an inch of warm water for a short time.

6 Rotten apple poultice if applied to frosted feet and hruises, has heen considered an excellent remedy for hoth.

7 To clean soiled furs, hot cornmeal ruhbed thoroughly into the furs and left several hours, will clean nicely, collecting all grease and accumulations of dust. The meal can be shaken out, leaving the furs light and clean.

8 A pinch of soda and salt, each dissolved in half a glass of water and taken will prevent car-sickness.

—

VINEGAR AS A REMEDY

By H. K. H., Frankfort, Kansas

White wine vinegar will cure ohstructions in the nose caused hy catarrh. Is also helpful in curing boils or other sores, chigger bites, etc. Is beneficial in the hath. Have tested it thoroughly and could hardly do without it.

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF NOME, FROM LANE'S DERRICK

NINE YEARS IN ALASKA

By Judge W. H. Bard

NOME, ALASKA

ALERT and aggressive as the American people are, I have been amazed at the widespread ignorance concerning Alaska during this, my first visit to the States, after an absence of nine years. With a view to acquainting the people concerning Alaska, I have been asked by the editor of the National Magazine to prepare an article that will give at least some idea of the wonderful resources of this district of Alaska, and if this is done, I am sure that justice will be done the aggressive, progressive and wide-awake people of this territory, who are now asking for the most simple form of territorial government.

Every visitor to Alaska soon reaches this one inevitable conclusion, that nowhere in the United States is the average of intelligence, initiative force, constructive ability, more acutely emphasized than among the citizens of Alaska. The people of Alaska are chiefly composed of educated people from all parts of the United States. They were, as a rule, well versed in the political, educational and commercial affairs of the country before they went to Alaska, and of course have there attained a knowledge of that vast country and possess at least that much more information of the general affairs of this nation. A composite of the best citizenship of the country is to be found today in the permanent residents of Alaska. The stories of Alaska by Jack London, Rev. Mr. Beach and other sturdy Alaskan writers, have enjoyed world-wide popularity because they reflect types of character and traits of manhood, amid refreshing scenes that can be found nowhere except on the American frontier; and the frontier of our beloved country today extends to the ex-

treme northwest and includes the great peninsula which Seward purchased of Russia.

Ten years ago, I heard from various sources of the vast wealth and resources of Alaska. I started an inquiry as to the country, climate and various conditions found there, and came to the conclusion that, at that time, there was a chance for a young man to go there and do better than he could in the congested parts of the United States. Like other important events in human lives, the impulse to go to Alaska was the result of a passing incident. I was talking to a railroad man in a most casual way, and somehow or other he presented a picture of that great unknown and unexplored territory, in which the word, "OPPORTUNITY" was written in letters of gold. At that time I was ignorant of Alaska and had no direct information as to climatic conditions. The absorbing question in my mind was, what I should buy in the way of clothing in order to keep myself from freezing to death. I still adhered to the old idea, impressed on my mind in my school days, that Alaska was nothing but snow and ice, inhabited by the Esquimaux, and where there was six months of daylight and six months of darkness. Necessarily, I thought more of trying to get something to wear, to keep from perishing from ice and snow, than of anything else.

Never can I forget the morning when I first landed at Skagway. Large crowds were surging on the beach, unloading freight, and eager to immediately embark for the Eldorado interior of Alaska. Skagway at that time, was composed principally of saloons, dance halls and a few grocery stores and other places of supplies, and built principally of tents. It was a typical mining camp. Remaining in Skagway about a month, I was busy getting ready my supplies to hunt for gold. I started first for Dawson. Everybody was hustling to get away—to get there first. We went over the "pass" in the winter, my partner and I, and then started down the Yukon, crossing the lakes with sleighs on the ice. We had to pull the sleighs ourselves a great distance. We got down to Big Salmon river. My partner, Dr. Gibbitz of Portland, and I reached the river when it was getting soft, but it froze up again; but on reaching the Little Salmon, about thirty miles below, it began to get so soft that we had to wait until the ice went out. We pitched our tents at a beautiful place, where there was plenty of timber, on the edge of the bank of the Yukon river. The bank at that point was about twenty feet above the ice. Timber was cut and our rafts made for the purpose of floating down to Dawson. One evening while we were sitting around our camp fire, we could hear the grinding of ice. It seemed like the roar of an express train, and we knew that the ice was coming. Our camp was at a big bend in the river. About one or two o'clock in the morning we heard the trees cracking. We got up and looked out of the tent and saw ice floating by us level with the tent. I could put out my hand and almost touch the ice. The river had risen twenty feet in a few hours. We had our raft back in the timber, and immediately put our tents and supplies on it. Soon after we were floating in water ten feet deep, covering our camping ground. We floated on down the river for two or three days; we shot through the "Five Finger" rapids at a perilous pace, nearly losing the rafts on the rocks. In fact the raft did go to pieces at the mouth of the Pelly river, and from there we reached Dawson in a small boat.

About the tenth of May, 1898, we first sighted Dawson—a typical cosmopolitan mining town at that time, with people pouring in from all parts of the world. At that time, Alaska was comparatively an unknown, undeveloped region, but when we arrived at Dawson we realized the richness of the country. The circulating medium was gold dust. While going down the river and in traversing it principally on foot, I had a chance to take particular notice of that portion of the interior for agricultural purposes, and I found that there were thousands upon thousands of acres—contiguous to the Yukon river, of the finest grazing land in the world. There was also a large portion of it heavily timbered, which will some day be the source of a great lumber interest, when the supply diminishes in the States and the question of transportation is settled.

Soon after arriving at Dawson and resting a few days, I started for Bonanza Creek and Eldorado, for the purpose of investigating the mines and prospects of that district. I washed my first pan of gold on No. 21 Above, on Bonanza Creek, stopping and working on that claim for several days.

Homes and Glimpses of Home Life in Alaska

$28,000 CLEAN-UP ON BESSIE MINE, NOME, ALASKA, MAY 23, 1906.

Washing out gold is a process handed down from the days of '49. We fill a gold pan level full of gravel, and take it to a pool of water or running stream, and by a rotary motion of washing and rinsing, in which the miners soon become very expert, the gold is soon separated from the gravel. The gravel goes out and the gold clings to the bottom of the pan. There are certain ethics observed by the miner when panning gold. No miner would think of standing and watching another miner wash a pan of gold without first being invited, or without asking permission. This custom has been handed down for generations, and is still adhered to by all miners. Paradoxical, as it may seem, property rights are inherently more sacred on the wild frontier, than in the heavily policed and iron-barred centers of effete civilization.

Sometime during the month of July, 1898, while coming down Bonanza Creek, I stopped to rest, the trail being very bad, at a place about opposite "49 Below," discovered on Bonanza Creek. An idea occurred to me while getting my breath, that there ought to be beach diggings on lower Bonanza Creek, knowing that they had found rich beach diggings on both upper Bonanza and Eldorado, namely French Hill and Gold Hill. While sitting there, it seemed to me I could see about where the rim of rock separated the mountain from the top gravels of the hill opposite "No. 49 Below" on Bonanza. I was so impressed with the idea, that I left my pack alongside the trail (and, by the way, a pack left by the side of the trail was as safe in those days as a package locked up in the steel safes in the large cities of the States.) and walked back up to "No. 46" to a miner's cabin, borrowed a pick and shovel and a gold pan, and climbed the mountain. Going up to where I thought the line of contact lay between the mountain and the top gravels of the hill, or where I thought the rim commenced, I began to dig. The ground had been burned over and formerly covered with small timber. I cleared away the old brush and sunk about two feet, finding gravel which resembled very much the gravel on

French Hill, opposite No. 21 Above, on the Eldorado. I filled a pan with the gravel and went down about 220 yards to a spring and "washed" it. There was "color," and this was the first discovery of gold on the lower Bonanza. On reaching Dawson, I found that I had panned sixty-eight cents to the pan. After washing the pan, I went back, filled up the hole and covered it all up, placing the rocks back as they were originally and covering it with brush, leaves and everything that was lying around, so that no one would find where I was working. At Dawson I got a "pardner," put a pack on a horse, went back to a cabin on No. 49 Gulch, and went up to my find and opened it up in feverish expectation. I dug a hole and the gentleman with me, a Mr. Wilkins, went down about a mile and got a "rocker," using it to separate the gold. We carried water up about 200 feet from the spring, and we rocked out over twelve dollars the first hour. I staked out the property and opened it up to a certain extent, afterward selling it for only $8,000, on account of it being so far away from water and so high. For personal reasons, I simply sold it for what I could get, and there has been probably a million dollars taken out of the claim which I discovered while resting that night. On my return to Dawson, I began to realize the great resources of the district of Alaska.

About this time the report came to us of the discovery of gold on the beach at Nome, on Seward peninsula, and we decided to go there.

Dawson is located in English territory, and being a thorough American, I was very anxious to identify myself with a mining camp under the Stars and Stripes. Today, my greatest ambition is to have the Stars and Stripes identify themselves with the richest mining possession that lies beneath any flag. I embarked on the steamer Hanna (bless the name), one of the best and speediest boats on the Yukon at that time, and characteristic of the great man for whom it was named.

Leaving Dawson about three o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the American line,

WINTER'S DUMP OF ORE ON LITTLE CREEK, NOME, ALASKA, APRIL 22, 1906.

W. H. BARD

about forty miles down the river. It was daylight, and the boat was laden with as loyal an assemblage of Americans as could be found anywhere on American soil. As soon as we reached the boundary, a rousing "Hip, Hip, Hurrah" from the Americans echoed and resounded up and down the river and the valley for miles. Old Glory was hoisted and we all sang "The Star Spangled Banner" with a hearty good will. We continued on down the river, about a week, to St. Michael's, passing through one of the best agricultural and grazing countries in the world. It even reminded me of the primeval splendors that must have greeted the eyes of the French *voyageurs* as they drifted down the Father of Waters. The rolling prairies are covered with rich grasses, every spear of which will furnish nutritious food for stock. In many places where we stopped were beautiful cultivated gardens, where they raised vegetables in abundance, among which were some of the largest and most delicious turnips, cabbage heads, onions and radishes that I have ever relished. Having been born and reared on the fertile prairies of Illinois, I feel that I am a pretty good judge of such things. This river trip furnished an unparalleled panorama of undeveloped agricultural resources such as this country does not possess elsewhere. If a flotilla of government boats could be provided, and every member of the senate and house and every member of the cabinet could take this trip down the Yukon, passing through the vast interior valley of Alaska, there would be no hesitation in granting us the territorial rights to which we are now justly entitled. The government should at least carry out the spirit of the Declaration of Independence in giving American citizens the right, the inalienable right, of living under the flag with the "consent of the governed."

There are large bodies of timber all through the valleys of the Yukon and its tributaries, with many pine trees, measuring over three feet through and sixty feet high, an inspiring view of virgin forests.

There is ample territory for a million people to settle on farms in the District of Alaska, and I dare to make this prophecy, that within the next quarter of a century, the interior of Alaska will be provided with direct rail communications with the great Northwest, and this great undeveloped country, often sneered at by people ignorant of the real and true conditions existing, will be what the great Northwest Territory is today—a magnet attracting home seekers from all over the world.

It is in the same latitude as parts of Norway and Sweden but with the advantage of having the great warm Japan current, and here lies the opportunity for farms, even more fertile and productive than those which nestle beside the fjords of Norway, which have been supporting millions of people for centuries past.

We crossed St. Michaels Bay on the small steamer Dora, arriving at Nome on the morning of the thirty-first of August, 1899. What a scene was presented The beach was lined for perhaps half a mile with tents, there being no buildings of any character made of lumber at this early period. What attracted our attention more than anything else was the large number of people along the beach, for miles up and down on either side of Nome, rocking and separating the gold from the beautiful ruby sands glistening in the morning sun on the beach of Behring sea. This brought back my early impressions of icebergs and seals of the far north, but here before my eyes, I witnessed the beginning of the greatest placer gold mining district that the world has ever known. I immediately went ashore and pitched my tent, and pinned on the side of it a sign, made from the bottom of a pasteboard box and printed with a lead pencil, which read, "W. H. BARD, Attorney at Law." My office furniture consisted of a box for a table and two boxes to sit on. The library consisted of the Code of Oregon, and the Penal Code of the District of Alaska. With this outfit, I began to dispense the law and attend to my duties as assistant United States district attorney for the District of Alaska, which appointment I had just received. Consequently I enjoy the distinction of being the oldest continuous law practitioner on Seward Peninsula. After I was settled, I strolled up and down the beach and saw hundreds of people rocking gold from the sands—and it was no rocking-chair job, either. A rocker is a board box, made about eighteen inches wide and two and a half feet long with rockers placed on the bottom of the boards so that the miner can give the box a rocking motion and wash out the gravel and sand, leaving the golden grains on the bottom. The boxes con-

CLUB ROOM FOR AERIE NO. 75, NOME, ALASKA

"Kokrite No-re-aktovik, Emoruktuk, polaruk and Ah-le-as-kuk."—Miner Brace.

FIRST STAMPEDE

CAMP NO. 9, ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD

NOME, ALASKA.

WILL occur at the beginning of the fifteenth sleep in April, 1901.

THIS is your invitation to the mush. Take the plain trail to the Standard Theatre and keep clear of the road-houses on the way

YOU are to get on your fancy furs, your swell parks and muckluks, and have your "pardner" put on a new hair ribbon, for it will be a swell affair. The malamutes will begin to howl at 9 o'clock by the moon, and you can dance till daylight. The size of your potlatch will be five "bucks" and if you are very "flush" ten more will procure you a box Stables for dogs and sleighs

No. 323 To Mr W H Bard
Per Order of Ellis

Invited at request of Committee

A. B.

Klosh mika chaco copa he he house Nika mowmuk, hiyu mukamuk, hiyu tintia. Hiyu hehe

THE INVITATION TO A "STAMPEDE"

tain little riffles to hold the gold, which always sinks to the bottom, where pieces of gunnysack catch the particles of the precious metal. Some of them were fortunate enough to have quicksilver which placed in the bottom of these riffles, attracts the particles of gold.

If you could have lived, as I have lived from that earliest day to this, among the sturdy, self-reliant people of Alaska, you would not wonder why the interests of this great empire of the Northwest lies so closely

ple there on account of the scarcity of coal and some lines of commodities. Coal was sold at $125 to $150 per ton, and we felt as we sat around the burning coals, as though it were burning "real" money.

In the fall there was quite a number of the criminal class who had infested the shore of the peninsula, and some of them had been driven away from Dawson by the mounted police. The United States marshal with a few officers and myself rounded up eighteen very desperate characters, whose

to my heart. In those early struggles and associations, the spirit of comradery and fellowship—the highest and noblest impulses of human nature, are more keenly developed than in any older settled sections, where people drift toward unconscious selfishness. Alaska stands for the superlative in everything she possesses.

* * *

During the winter of 1899-1900 there were some hardships experienced among the peo-

previous history was known, and sent them out on a revenue cutter, consequently we had very little trouble during that winter. The spring brought in about fifteen to twenty thousand people — gold seekers from the States. The report of the richness of the first beach that was struck at Nome had gone abroad, and thousands of people, many of whom had no business in rushing to a frontier country were landed at Nome, and, consequently, there were some sufferers during the next two seasons; owing to the large num-

ber of people coming to the country all at once, and through the inadequate mining laws which we had then and which still exist—laws which do not protect the honest miner in his holdings. There was an abundance of litigation by the unscrupulous, relocating and jumping the holdings of honest, hard-working miners.

At this time, we have on Seward Peninsula several thriving little towns along the Behring Sea, and in the interior. The largest is Nome, which is a beautiful little city on the Arctic Sea, having an average population

of 7,500 people. The inhabitants of Nome represent every part of the United States, and the people living there will compare favorably with any class of society in the United States. The percentage of crime in the District of Alaska is smaller than at any place in the United States. If you could only have a glimpse at the social functions that continue night after night, from the time winter sets in until early in the spring—the banquets, balls, receptions—and see the gentlemen present in their evening dress and the ladies in their gorgeous gowns, you would think you were at a summer resort in Saratoga. The committee of United States senators said, when they visited us, that they "had never seen more intelligent, courteous and cultivated people anywhere, and more beautifully gowned ladies were rare to find." When the distinguished senatorial delegation visited Nome, and were unloaded from the lighter with a sweeping beam that extended out over Behring Sea, they felt (paradoxical as it is) for sure that they were at this time being "loaded;" and one of the senators grimly remarked that if they were then voting on an appropriation for a wharf or levee at Nome, they would vote every dollar in the treasury vaults at Washington to have one constructed.

We have handsome, thriving churches and splendid schools. Our schools compare favorably with any in the States; are graded up to the high school grade, and they received the grand prize for excellency at the Portland Exposition in 1905. The Eagles

have erected quite a large club building, and have a membership of about 500. At this time, they are building a theater building, connected with their club house, at a cost of about $20,000. The Anvil Masonic Lodge, which is the outgrowth of the old Anvil Masonic Club, and known and treasured in the hearts of almost every nation in the world, is now erecting a twenty-thousand dollar temple, which will be one of the ancient and historical landmarks of Masonry. Every organization during the early days was represented by a club, and any man belonging to any organization, who ever visited the shores of Alaska and met reverses, was assisted by the orders, through the clubs. No member of any organization is buried in the potter's field in the District of Alaska. This speaks for the kindness and big-heartedness of our people.

THE BESSIE BENCH MINE, NOME, ALASKA

An erroneous idea exists in the minds of most of the people of the United States, with reference to our winter climate in the District of Alaska. We do not have all darkness in the winter, having on the shortest day of the year at least five hours of daylight. Mining operations are carried on in the winter to the utmost capacity. The people of the north enjoy themselves; they are a congenial people. The winters are somewhat long, setting in about the first of November and ending the fifteenth of April, and yet no summer ever passed that winter gaities and rest were not welcome. We do not wrap ourselves in clothes and hibernate, as some people suppose, but wear the same clothes worn in the United States, and at no time is the weather so disagreeable that we cannot accomplish our daily duties. The weather during the winter is very unchangeable, more so than the winters in a great many of the states of the United States. The atmosphere is very dry, and we enjoy it. I speak of this after having spent nine winters in Alaska and having two children born there, who are as healthy bairns as ever were known. The winters pass quickly, as our time is occupied by so many parties and balls, and neighborly and homelike gatherings, that no one seems to realize that the winter is upon them until the shrill whistle of the steamer Corwin announces the opening of navigation in the spring.

* * *

The first government of Nome was conducted under a consent municipal government which elected its mayor, aldermen, municipal judge, city attorney and police officers, and was ruled and regulated as well as any of our chartered cities. In the early days, when we had no court at Nome, we

tried our cases in ejectment and other actions before the municipal judge, and some of the largest cases ever tried on Seward Peninsula were tried before the municipal judge and disposed of before him, and are still standing today. In the year 1902, we incorporated the city of Nome under the laws of Alaska, and had our first regular municipal government. I had the honor of being the third mayor of the city of Nome. The mode of election may be of interest. Several people put in their names to run for councilmen —never less than twelve or fourteen. The citizens vote on these candidates, which is a sort of a free-for-all election—everyone for himself. The seven receiving the highest number of votes, as councilmen for the ensuing year, are declared elected, and the unwritten law is, that the councilman receiving the highest number of votes is declared mayor. I have had the honor of being mayor, councilman, municipal judge and city attorney, also assistant United States district attorney, so you see we have politics up our way.

THE THREE OWNERS OF THE BESSIE BENCH MINE

The summers of Alaska are very beautiful, beginning about the fifteenth of April and ending the first of November. The average temperature from the fifteenth of May until the first of October is about seventy degrees, sometimes falling to fifty-five at night. No one, who has not been among the hills of Alaska, can conceive of the different varieties of the beautiful flowers found there. Mrs. Bard and myself, in one afternoon, picked fifty-seven different varieties of flowers growing wild in the hills of Alaska—as luxurious, beautiful and fragrant blossoms as can be found anywhere. The foliage seems to be fresher and brighter than that of the States.

Nome has a railroad which was known as the Wild Goose Railroad, but now has the apt name of the Nome Arctic Railway. It extended sixteen miles from the city of Nome. This year they are extending it to the Kougrok District, a distance of about 125 miles. At this time there are employed possibly a thousand men constructing that railroad. It will penetrate into the interior, and open up transportation and shipping facilities to a rich district in the hills which has been heretofore practically unknown, except to those living in direct touch, for the simple reason that there was no way to get supplies into this section.

The mining resources of the district are aeyond all computation. There is hardly bny mineral that Alaska is not abundantly rich in. Among these are gold, silver, lead, copper, tin, cinnabar, bismuth, mica, platinum and various other metals, with coal in abundance. The coal interests of the country have not been opened up, for the reason that they have not had proper transportation facilities, but these mines are within a very short distance of Nome, and will soon be utilized for generating electricity, heating and for different commercial purposes along the coast and in the district. Quartz mines have lately been attracting considerable attention in the interior on Seward Peninsula. The Big Hurrah quartz mine, operated by the Lane people, being a true fissure vein, produces hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gold, and has demonstrated that it will only be a short time until

we will have many large quartz mines opened up. The placer mines are the richest in the world. Anvil Creek startled the whole world by the amount of gold it has produced since 1899, and which it is still producing. Hardly had the excitement of Anvil Creek passed, when Little Creek was opened up, which produced very much more gold than had heretofore been discovered on any of the creeks in Seward Peninsula. The claim on Little Creek owned by J. C. Brown, has produced over a million dollars, which is another claim which will go down in history as the cause for another excitement and another stampede. This claim will compare favorably with any claim discovered in the District of Alaska. The excitement produced by the discovery of this rich claim had barely subsided, when the celebrated Portland Bench was struck by Peterson, Johnson and Anderson, which astonished the whole world, some $480,000 being taken out in forty-five days. The finding of this claim was a notable event for the Seward Peninsula, for the reason that it opened up what is now known as the Third Beach Line in the district. Previous to the time of the finding of gold in the celebrated Portland, gold was discovered about 2,000 feet farther back on what is known as a tundra, about half a mile from the surf line or present beach line. This beach line has produced millions of dollars worth of gold. The first beach line produces millions, and the second beach line, back about half a mile, also produces millions. Now, the third beach attracted our attention on which was situated the Portland Bench. It is called the third beach line, and is probably the beach line which bordered on the foot-hills of the mountains, as it is now demonstrated beyond any question that the tundra lying back toward the foot-hills from Nome, a distance of from three and one-half to four miles, was at one time a portion of Behring Sea, and that at different times the beach, by erosions, has been extended farther out into the sea. The action of the water has left the ground rich in placer gold. The second mine, on what is now known as the third beach line, which attracted attention among the mining operators of Alaska, was the claim known as the Cyrus Noble, lying about one mile and a half directly east of the Portland Bench. By this time the people of Seward Peninsula had become greatly enthused over the extension and the large amount of area covered by this third beach line, as it began to dawn upon them that this third beach, which is so rich in placer gold, extended for a distance of many miles. The opening up of this beach line is daily convincing the people, that a great amount of wealth is concentrated in that streak.

On the twenty-first day of February, 1906, great excitement prevailed, when the celebrated Bessie Bench was struck, in which the writer has the honor of owning a one-third interest. This bench has proved to be the richest ground in placer diggins ever discovered in the District of Alaska, and that means in the world. Within a few hours after it became known, the vast richness of this wonderful claim was heralded all over the world. The writer has been told that the greatest excitement prevailed on the streets of Seattle, when the message was flashed telling of this great strike. It was one of the great topics of conversation in London and Wall Street. At this time it might be well for me to try and answer the question asked by numerous friends in the States: "How did it seem to pass from practically nothing into riches within an hour?" This is a difficult question to answer intelligently, but I am going to try to tell my readers, as nearly as possible, my exact feelings at that time. On the afternoon when we were within a few feet of bed rock, we were all present, watching the dirt as it came from the shaft, examining every particle of gravel, every little rock, for that which we had so long sought, feeling in a sort of don't-care mood. This was only a continuation of a number of shafts which I had sunk during my nine years in Alaska, and I was certainly feeling interested, and hoping that this might be my opportune time. When about four feet from what we supposed was bed rock, I took a pan of gravel, washed it out as I had done thousands of times before, and discovered that I had about five cents in the pan. This was very discouraging, more discouraging from the fact that this was one of the deepest shafts that had ever been sunk in the Nome district, about 120 feet deep. About an hour later, I took another pan of gravel, rather hopelessly, which proved to be kind of a beach wash. I got about twenty cents out of the pan. This did not demonstrate anything, as I expected that within

the next six to eight inches to get to bed rock. Consequently, I then felt as though we had practically drawn another blank. About an hour afterwards I looked at a rock which came up in the bucket from below and noticed gold on the rock. I immediately took a pan of this gravel and panned it, finding I had about two dollars and seventy-five cents in the pan. You can imagine how my emotions jumped from despondency to ecstacy. We worked very late that afternoon, and we found that we had at least two feet of ground that would run better than a dollar per pan, and readily recognized then that we were in the third beach streak and into "pay" sure. We started immediately to drift, and we soon opened up one of the richest placer claims that the world ever knew. For days I could not realize my ownership in this great claim. In fact, I sometimes believed that it was a dream and was almost afraid of myself for fear that I would wake up and find it not true. Sometimes I felt like pinching myself to see whether I was in the flesh, but I soon became accustomed to this great mine, and looked upon it as one of the incidents that have happened in making Nome the greatest placer mining territory on earth.

Food and other commodities, such as clothing, and food supplies, is the very best that money can procure. The reason for this is, that it costs quite as much to freight a poor article into the country as a good one. The cost of transportation is one of the great problems of the district. Consequently no one can afford to ship poor or shoddy goods into the country. You will see while walking along the streets of Nome, what are probably, the finest draught horses in the world. The reason for this is, that it costs seventy-five dollars per head to ship horses from Seattle to Nome; and feed in Nome costs from forty to sixty dollars per ton.

No truer citizens live under the Stars and stripes than the citizens of the District of Alaska, and the people here are very patriotic. We have a few, a very few, of the old soldiers left among us at Nome; but the very few, always loyal to their country, sacredly observe Decoration Day and honor the dead, the same as in the States.

The menu card of a banquet given by the Arctic Brotherhood, contains some very interesting words and phrases of the Esquimaux language. In fact, when one has lived here for a number of years, many Esquimaux words are mingled in conversation. Interesting races are found along the river, and in different places in Alaska, some of the Russian mission settlements. In fact, quite a number are still in existence and still maintained. Some Esquimaux schools in the interior are maintained by the government. One characteristic of the country is that the owl, the ptarmigan, and birds of all kinds become pure white in the winter, and black or brown in the summer. This is also true of the fox and some of the other animals. Nature has done her best to protect man and beast in this clime, which lies within the arctic circle and a shorter distance from the north pole than New York is from Chicago.

It is said that the name of Nome was the result of an error made by some Englishman in writing a letter. He evidently intended to write the word "home," but the makers of the maps read it Nome, and thus the name Nome belongs to history and the great district of Alaska. Some authorities claim that the word Nome is a corruption of the Indian phrase or word Knoma, meaning something like, "I know it."

Unlike almost any other section of this country, covering as large an area, the people of Alaska today stand united in their demands for their rights as American citizens. Such American citizens are amply able to govern their own territory, and while they feel a very kindly appreciation of the work and the interest taken in them by some of our great law-makers, including President Roosevelt, in permitting us a delegate in congress, we feel that it is but one step toward giving us the rights of territorial government.

Contrary to the general opinion, the various districts of Alaska are today in strict harmony and accord, as the election in August has evidenced. One thing apparent to Alaskans, is that a great many of our congressmen and senators do not understand the district as they ought to, and this is the reason that the strongest opposition to the bills presented for the benefit of this great district, has come from the senators and congressmen in parts of the United States which are the farthest away from us. We believe that what information these gentlemen may have had has been erroneous, and in writing this article it has been my simple aim to present facts, so that the people may understand this great country as they should.

Photo by J. R. Allis

COHOES, NEW YORK, LOOKING WEST

COHOES, NEW YORK

By William M. Goddard

COHOES, New York, is located at the junction of the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, and has a population of about 25,000.

This is the place where the poet Moore penned his famous lines of the Cohoes Falls, which are located a mile from the center of the city; they have a world-wide fame and are second only to Niagara in the United States.

The water is taken from the river above the Falls and distributed through a system of canals to the various mills and manufacturing establishments; the power is never-failing, and several thousand more horse power can be had for additional industries at a price below any in this country.

Electric power is also furnished at a minimum price, and is a great saving over steam. The city is lighted by arc lamps, and anyone may be furnished gas and electricity.

COHOES FALLS, COHOES, NEW YORK

1—NATIONAL BANK OF COHOES
2—COHOES SAVINGS INSTITUTION
3—MANUFACTURERS BANK OF COHOES
4—PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Cohoes has excellent shipping facilities; the New York Central and Delaware & Hudson lines run through the city, and we have wagon connection with the New York steamers on the Hudson and the Boston & Maine railroad.

Both the Erie and Champlain canals pass through the city, and a large amount of business over the canals is transacted with the North, West and South. The proposed barge canal connecting New York with the great Northwest will pass on the east side of Cohoes, giving this city about two miles of docking.

The electric street cars belt the city, and there is direct connection with the neighbor-

Photo by J. K. Allis
HOSPITAL, COHOES, NEW YORK

ing towns and cities, Saratoga, Lake George on the north, Schenectady on the west, Albany and the neighboring cities on the south.

The city government is good; the school board is non partisan. School buildings are well distributed, and have an efficient corps of well trained teachers. A training class is conducted, also a kindergarten class, which brings pupils from Albany, Troy and other cities and towns.

A well equipped city hospital is conducted and maintained by a competent staff, and also a nurses' training school.

The city is well supplied with churches, representing the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Reformed, Episcopal, Lutheran and Catholic denominations.

There are four banks doing business: the National Bank, with capital, surplus, etc., of $500,000 ; the Manufacturers' Bank, with capital of $100,000; the Cohoes Savings Institution, with deposits and surplus of $3,250,-

000; and the Mechanics' Savings Bank, with large deposits. Every banking facility is afforded the patrons at the various banks.

Two daily and one weekly papers are published. The city maintains a good paid fire department, and it has been said that it is one of the most efficient in the country for a city of its size. A short time ago the entire department was overhauled and new apparatus added.

The city has a first-class sewer system, adequate for a city three times its population. Many miles of streets have been recently paved with brick and asphalt. The rate of taxation is not large, and smaller than most cities of the state.

About 9,000 people are employed in the factories and mills, and a fair proportion is intelligent and skilled labor. The average wage received is about twelve dollars per week.

Cohoes has many factory sites; some are located along the new barge canal docks, and there is sufficient room for the employment of an additional 75,000 people.

The east side of Cohoes, known as Van Schaick Island, is practically the center of 125,000 population, and accessible to this area with a five-cent car fare.

The Business Men's Association of Cohoes has a wide-awake industrial committee whose business it is to arrange for the securing of new enterprises. Within the past year they have secured new concerns who are now employing nearly 1,000 people. Cohoes can furnish plenty of men who are capable and willing to work.

The principal products of Cohoes are knit goods, cotton goods, collars, cuffs, knitting machinery, brick, valves and wrought iron pipes.

Among the other products are ink for the United States government, made by a secret process, straw board, cop yarn, cotton batting, experimental machinery, rolling mill products, machine needles, sash, blinds, doors, washoline, paper boxes, brass fittings, brushes, cigars, hydrants, furniture and many others, numbering 316.

Considering its shipping facilities, water power and intelligent help, Cohoes offers unsurpassed inducements to those wishing to locate and conduct industries.

1—REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH
2—CITY HALL, COHOES
3—MASONIC TEMPLE AND OPERA HOUSE

Photo by E. T. Mason

LIBBY AND DINGLEY DAM

THE INDUSTRIAL HEART OF MAINE

By Prof. L. C. Bateman

LEWISTON and Auburn have not inaptly been termed the industrial heart of Maine. Located some thirty-four miles from Portland, and beautifully situated on both sides of the majestic Androscoggin River, they have all the advantages that can flow from the bounties of nature, and these have been improved by the generosity and restless energy of man. With railroad facilities not surpassed by any other point in the state, and with magnificent water and electric power that is not yet fully utilized, there is no reason why the growth and development of these cities should not continue on into an unknown future. In fact, it would seem that their evolution has but just commenced, and the hum of the 400,000 spindles now running would yet be drowned by the mighty roar of a million.

Most fascinating indeed is the history of these cities and the soil upon which they stand. Unlike the cities of the old world, they cannot boast their centuries of existence, but if Tennyson sang truly: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," then the strenuous life of these towns has done more to advance civilization and uplift humanity than a vastly longer period of time in places of similar size among our kith and kin beyond the sea.

The full and true history of this section can never be written. Stretching back into an unknown past it was the home and hunting ground of the Anasagunticooks, but no written records now remain to tell us of their deeds of valor or of love. We only know that the wild beast licked her cubs where now are the busy haunts of men, and through the trackless forest the savage stalked the moose and bear. Here on the swift rolling waters of the Androscoggin the red man paddled his light canoe, and perchance by its moss-covered banks the bold warrior wooed and won his dusky bride.

Photo by H. L. Plummer

LEWISTON FALLS, BETWEEN LEWISTON AND AUBURN

Those days have passed. Grim history tells us that whenever two races are brought into contact the inferior one must adopt the habits of the superior race or perish from the earth. The negro apes the white man and hence he lives, multiplies and flourishes. The Indian proudly drew his blanket around his shoulders and sullenly refused to adopt the customs of his pale-faced foe. He was majestic in his native strength, his power and pride, but his arrow fell far short of the bullet of the white man's genius and he passed on towards the setting sun.

Many are the legends that have been handed down from that point of time when the great conflict between civilization and savagery commenced. Not least among these is the story of the scout who was trailing a party of Indians having in their possession a white captive girl. Stealthily stealing along the shores of the Androscoggin, he discovered a solitary savage gathering material for a bonfire in the darkness. The scout instantly divined the meaning of his action. It was to be the signal to guide the party of Indians who were coming down the river in canoes. Close by were the swirling eddies and currents that lie just above the majestic falls, and once within their power the light boats of the savages would be dashed to destruction. It was to warn his comrades of this danger that the bonfire was being lighted. With catlike steps the scout stole upon his unsuspecting victim and with one fearful swing of his rifle, brained him on the spot. Then quickly going down the river about one mile he built a huge fire on the heights where New Auburn now stands. The Indian party saw the signal and, supposing that it had been lighted by the savage scout sent ahead for that purpose, they came fearlessly on. Not suspecting that the falls were so near they were soon drawn into the rapids and a moment later their canoes became unmanagable. In the darkness escape was impossible and nearly the entire party went dashing over the falls to their death. Whether true or false this story is typical of those dark days and well illustrates the conditions under which our early settlers obtained a foothold for civilization in a savage land.

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Nature was kind to the old Anasagunticooks and gave them a splendid habitat. David's Mountain and Mitchell's Hill are both in the limits of Lewiston, and towering five hundred feet into the air afforded sightly spots on which to light their signal fires. The swiftly rolling Androscoggin was the natural home of the trout and salmon, while deep in primeval forests roamed countless moose and deer. It was an ideal spot for a primitive race, but other eyes saw its charms and appreciated the value of its resources. The white man came, and saw, and conquered, and the Indian stalked silently away leaving the places that had once known him to know him no more.

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The territory on which Lewiston is now

DR. ALONZO GARCELON NELSON DINGLEY, Jr. SENATOR FRYE

situated was first granted to Thomas Purchase and George Way in 1632. On the death of these proprietors it passed into the possession of Richard Wharton, who to make his title deed more perfect obtained the signature of Warumbo and several other sagamores of the Anasagunticook tribe. In 1714 the property was sold to several adventurers for the sum of one hundred and forty pounds sterling and the place became known as the Pejepscot Purchase. More or less trouble arose as to the exact limits of the territory and it was not until 1814 that the boundary lines were settled.

The first actual settlement of the place was made in 1768, when Jonathan Bagley and Moses Little of Newbury, Mass contracted to bring fifty families to the township within six years. The first of these to arrive was Paul Hildreth, who in 1770 erected a log cabin near the spot where the Continental Mills now stand. Then came David Pettingill, Lawrence J. Harris and Amos Davis. In 1775, James Garcelon came from the Isle of Guernsey and founded one of the most famous families in the state. Daniel Read was here by 1788, and for many years was one of the most prominent men in the community. Others came in swift succession and from that time on the growth of Lewiston was sure and steady.

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It is not the intention of the writer to trace the evolution of the town from these simple beginnings to its present splendid development. It is enough to say that it has passed through all the stages of development which fall to the lot of pioneers and today stands as the industrial heart of Maine. Incorporated as a town in 1795 and granted a city charter in 1861, its growth has kept an even pace with the development of its splendid water power and now numbers a population of not less than 23,000 souls. In manufacturing industries, schools, churches, hospitals and other public institutions, it deservingly ranks among the foremost of New England towns.

As a manufacturing centre, Lewiston owes its proud position to the splendid falls which divide it from its sister city of Auburn. The natural fall of the river at this point is thirty-eight feet, but the building of the powerful dam in 1836 increased this by at least twelve feet more and developed a fifteen thousand horse power. The oldest of its manufacturing corporations was the Lewiston Falls Company which commenced operations in 1834, with a capital stock of $80,000. Then came the Franklin Company in 1847 with a capital of one million dollars and expended many thousands of dollars in mills and public buildings. The Union Water Power Company was organized in 1878 and now has full possession of the power from the dam with all the canals and shore privileges of the river. The valley lying on the Lewiston side of the river is honey-combed with these canals, and through them flows the water that turns no less than 400,000 spindles. Among these great mills may be mentioned the Continental Bates, Androscoggin, Hill Manufacturing Company, Avon, Libby and Dingley Mill, and

without mention of its splendidly equipped hospitals. There are two of these and they may be considered the best in Maine. The Central Maine Hospital is located on Main Street and has a capacity of one hundred patients. It has an able corps of physicians and surgeons, is absolutely fire proof, and is up to date in every particular. The French Hospital is under the care of the Sisters of Charity and is also a splendid structure. No better nurses in the world can be found than these good gray nuns, and the hospital is supported and patronized by all classes regardless of race or creed.

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After all that can be said of the public institutions of Lewiston, it is in the character of her citizens that lies her proudest boast. Able business men and splendid educators may here be found. Among her public characters, Ex-Governor Alonzo Garcelon is the oldest and most venerated. At ninety-two years of age, he is still hale and hearty and in full possession of all his intellectual faculties. If Gladstone could be called the Grand Old Man of England, then this Lewiston patriarch may well be entitled to the same honor in Maine.

To the nation, Lewiston has contributed some of its greatest and most honored statesmen. Senator Wm. P. Frye is a product of this city and when not in Washington engaged in the affairs of state may be found in his cozy home on Main Street. But few if any of our public men have a wider influence in shaping legislation than he, and here in Lewiston where he is best known he is most respected and loved. The late congressman Nelson Dingley Jr. was also a native of Lewiston and his family are still here. He was a man of the highest character and the most brilliant parts. The splendid prosperity enjoyed by this country today may be more largely attributed to him than to any other man or agency. It was he who projected and forced through Congress the tarriff that bears his name, and for this he will be remembered and honored long after men of greater pretensions shall be forgotten. The list could easily be lengthened out, but where there are so many deserving it is hard to avoid being invidious.

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Lewiston has a sister city, as Auburn, with its 12,000 population, lies just on the other side of the Androscoggin, and the two places are connected by a splendid steel bridge 1,000 feet in length. Standing on this bridge we get the finest view of the falls. At a distance of two hundred yards away the great Androscoggin River comes tearing and tumbling down over crags and cliffs, mighty boulders and yawning precipices that were thrown up by the hand of Omnipotence in the old Devonian age. When the water is high, there is nothing finer east of Niagara Falls. During working hours this water is diverted into the canals, and the ragged and rugged rocks lie bare and exposed. Even in this denuded shape the sight is weird and fantastic, but when the water comes pouring over in one mighty volume the view and the impression is one that can never be forgotton.

Auburn also has a history stretching back into the unknown past. It was a favorite camping ground of the old Anasagunticooks and here they were met and routed by Major Church in 1690. The Indians had built a fortification near the junction of the Little Androscoggin and the main river, but almost without a blow they broke and ran at the appearance of the whites. Indian implements and wampum have been found in great quantities in this town and every now and then a skull or skeleton of one of that race is exhumed. It is an established fact that Anglo-Saxon immigration has always followed closely the lines of settlement of the primitive races in this country. In the Mississippi Valley every large town is built on some spot once occupied by the old Mound Builders, and the same holds true from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate. Lewiston Falls with its surrounding territory presents the same peculiar fact. Here, in the prehistoric age, was a great Indian settlement, and in a later age the same natural advantages appealed to their pale-faced foe.

Auburn was originally mixed up with Poland and Minot under the generic title of Bakerstown, and not until 1842 did this town attain a distinct individuality and a name. As early as 1736 the territory had been granted to a party of soldiers who had made an expedition into Canada under Captain John March in 1690. A conflict of title deeds gave great trouble to the early settlers, but this matter was finally adjusted by the business skill of Col. Moses Little. This gentleman was the grandfather of Edward Little who

founded the splendid High School in Auburn that now bears his name. The family has now practically disappeared, but they have left a record for public usefulness that is regarded by the people as a proud inheritance.

Among the first settlers in Auburn were, James Wagg, Thomas Bailey, and a Mr. Rowe who came in from Massachusetts. A saw mill was built as early as 1793 and a few years later came a grist mill and the first Baptist Church. From that time on the community increased with steady strides although meeting with all the vicissitudes that fall to the lot of an advancing civilization. Volumes might be written on the trials and hardships of these pioneers, but it would only prolong a story that is already drawing near its end.

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Every great manufacturing town has its own distinct industrial atmosphere. In Lewiston it is the cotton industry, and a large part of its population are born and bred to that line of work. Auburn is a shoe manufacturing town, and although there are plenty of other industries, the shoe atmosphere is the one that prevails and transmits itself by the law of heredity. This business has had a wonderful development since the early fifties, and the shoes manufactured here are sent into every part of the country and Canada. With at least a half dozen large firms engaged in the business, Auburn may well be considered as one of the great shoe centres of the country.

Among the other great industries here, may be mentioned the last factory of Fitz Bros. and the Turner Centre Creamery, which is one of the leading plants of its kind in the world.

As a residential city, Auburn has no superior in the country. Its people are intelligent, moral and progressive. With some six church denominations, one can find something suited to his spiritual needs. Its schools are also of the very best. The strongest kind of evidence of the high place held by the Auburn schools is shown in the fact that every year many families take up their residence here on account of the superior educational advantages that are offered.

The home-seeker rightly demands among the first pre-requisites that the place where he is to live shall offer the right environment and education to the children of his household. In these respects no city in New England offers stronger inducements than does Auburn, which is pre-eminently a city of homes, and, moreover, of the right kind of homes. It is fitting that with these should be found schools of the kind to deserve and receive the confidence and support of the fathers and mothers who are seeking the highest and best opportunities for their childfen.

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Great as the industrial development of Lewiston and Auburn has been it is yet only in its infancy. A brighter future lies in the pathway of these cities and for this prophecy there is indeed good reason. Within the past year the great electrical development at the Libby & Dingley dam has been completed and a new 9,000 horse power is now at the service of the public. Only about one-third of this great power has yet been utilized, leaving not less than six thousand horse power at the disposal of future manufactures. This will be furnished at a price that will defy competiton and it is bound to attract capital from other cities and other states in the not distant future. This dam is one of the greatest engineering projects in New England, and its size can best be judged from the fact that 40,000 casks of Portland cement were used in its construction. The freedom of these cities from all labor troubles is one of the greatest inducements for manufacturing enterprises to settle in one place or the other.

Want of space forbids mention of a thousand charms possessed by these cities. In every modern improvement they are thoroughly up to date. For a single nickel one can ride five miles on its trolley system, and Superintendent Fordyce Farr is improving the roadbed and rolling stock as never before. In all that goes to make model communities these cities stand in the front rank.

Beautiful Lake Auburn is close at hand and here is one of the most charming resorts for the seeker after pleasure and health. If the history of this region is romantic its future bids fair to be even more interesting to the scholar, artist, poet and man of business. Well may we say with Burns: "From scenes like these (our country's) grandeur springs."

LIVING—NOT DEATH—INSURANCE

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IF every policyholder and every agent of the Casualty Company of America could enjoy such a half-hour as I spent last week with the president of the company, Mr. Robert B. Armstrong in New York, there would be a tremendous increase in the rapidly growing business. The necessity of insurance is axiomatic—no argument is required on that score. It is simply a question involving the favorite motto of President Roosevelt, "DO IT NOW," for insurance is a thing which ought not to be set aside or neglected.

ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG
PRESIDENT CASUALTY COMPANY OF AMERICA

Mr. Armstrong is one of the young men who have had a brilliant career in official life in Washington, and resigned his post as first assistant to the secretary of the treasury to accept the presidency of the Casualty Company of America. Mr. Armstrong was born in Iowa, and was at one time engaged in newspaper work. He became assistant secretary under Secretary Shaw, and going into his new sphere with energies in full play, he soon obtained a strong grasp on public affairs. He never looked upon his office as a resting place. His abilities soon came under the observation of prominent business men, and foresight and individuality have marked his career up to the present time. It is important to have keen eyes on the watch tower of business, and the Casualty Company of America may certainly be congratulated on securing such a man as Mr. Armstrong as head of the institution.

It is humiliating to confess it, but with all the magnificence and comfort and speed of our railroad service in America, it is not possible to eliminate the danger of accident. No one can foretell or foresee what will occur in traveling. "Disastrous chances, moving accidents by flood and field, hair-breadth 'scapes" are as likely to occur now as in the old days when the celebrated Moor told his thrilling story. With the coming of the railroad, thousands of people are in danger from accidents, that never could have threatened our ancestors. The very name of the Casualty Company of America, suggests the wisdom of having a yearly policy against accident—to make sure that protection will be yours when you need it.

"Better be sure than sorry."

The main bulk of accident insurance is done by energetic and enthusiastic agents,

with people who reach their decision to insure in the Casualty Company of America, calmly and deliberately, without any impulse of fear or thought of danger. They act on this suggestion just as they would on any other plain, financial proposition. I thought if the story could be told of all the applications for insurance filed in the office of the Casualty Company on the day I was there, what a revelation it would be of the inner life of the nation.

Especially in times of sickness and death, is the want of money a source of suffering. Now that the head of a family can protect his loved ones from this danger, by securing an accident policy, hardly a man but would do it at once if he thought of it at the right time. And the right time is TODAY—NOW—since no man knows what tomorrow may have in store for him.

Every man who travels much acquires a touch of fatalism. Somehow, like the soldier going into battle, he feels that he is facing chances of death or accident, but this will not bring with it the gloom of apprehension if he has the consciousness of having performed his duty toward his family, before he goes forth, advancing from trench to trench, on the battlefield of business. The man who is fully insured is sure of a pension for his family—a more generous pension than has ever been awarded to the heroes of the battlefield by their mother country. And this thought brings the suggestion to me as to whether it would not be a good idea for Uncle Sam to insure all of his soldiers, so much for each year of service, rather than leave them dependent on the quibbles and quarrels over pension claims. Make their compensation a plain matter of business, just as the Casualty Company of America deals with its patrons.

I wish that I could give you the picture as I saw it that August afternoon in New York. There would not be a man reading these lines who would not instantly telephone or write to the Casualty Company, or one of their agents, and have a policy made out at once. When one realizes that the cost of this standard insurance is so low, that it can be had for the price of a few of the luxuries commonly in use, there is no excuse for the man who is without a protection of this kind.

The time has come when the insurance agent may well claim that his work is one of the professions, quite as important and quite as necessary as that of a clergyman, lawyer or doctor. For does not his work benefit the race, and look toward the betterment of all mankind, in the protection of that sacred bulwark of the nation—the Home? As I sat and looked into the face of Mr. Armstrong, I ceased to wonder at the *esprit de corps* which so closely binds the company and its workers together. Big, kindly and generous in every impulse, a business man in every detail, Mr. Armstrong has not only grasped the many vital points of his profession, but has also comprehended a wider and more far-reaching purpose of the Casualty Company, and the part it is to play in the development of the nation. If it were possible for Mr. Armstrong to call personally on all the people of the United States who ought to have insurances, I am sure that very few would procrastinate any longer; but every representative of the Casualty Company represents Mr. Armstrong personally, although his natural modesty may compel him to refrain from putting the matter in this way. Knowing the man as I do, I can unhesitatingly say, that if the proposition were to be squarely put before the thousands of unprotected Americans today as to the advisability of providing accident and life insurance, by such a man as Mr. Armstrong, there would not be a single dissenting voice. All men admit that it is a good thing and that they ought to have insurance. They mean to have it some time, but they keep putting it off until "a more convenient season."

Now, seriously, when will you have a more convenient time than the present for the performance of this duty to yourself and your family?

It is the getting right at it that is the trouble. You mean to do it, but it never gets done, and death and disaster find your loved ones unprotected. Now, the next time you meet a representative of the Casualty Company, take him by the hand and say:

"I have read Joe Chapple's article on how he met your president, and according to what he says, you have a pretty fine institution in New York. And I want a policy—Now."

If you don't see the Casualty Company of America's agent today, write Mr. Armstrong, and tell him you did so at Mr. Chapple's request.

THE HAPPY HABIT GROWS

By the Editor

WOULD you believe it—there is no one bit of the work assigned me which I undertake with more eagerness than to write a page or two on "The Happy Habit" each month? The very thought of it makes me begin to feel good-natured, even if it is just before dinner. As I pursue my propaganda in a consecutive way month after month, I find the suggestions coming to me are a liberal education in themselves. I gather these suggestions from all quarters—for the Happy Habit is everywhere.

I have been told of a physician who has successfully treated cases of melancholia and nervousness by having the patient stand before a mirror and smile at his or her own reflection in the glass. It is quite useless for him to say that "he does not feel like smiling." The rule is that patients shall stand before a mirror at stated times during the day—or when they feel "a spell" coming on—and at least turn up the corners of the mouth in the semblance of that real smile which inevitably follows. This seemed to me a singular cure, and I doubted if the mere turning up of the corners of the mouth could produce laughter.

"Well," I said, "I'll go and see."

* * * *

I stood before the best mirror in the house. I admit that I was very seriously inclined at the time, but I turned up the corners of my mouth. I smiled—I laughed—real, gurgling laughter, and, after all, there is nothing so good as a laugh at yourself—I find it is much better and safer than laughing at others, and I do not know but that the enjoyment is really greater.

I wish I could reproduce that scene before the glass; it would give new zest to the advertising of The National, and I assure you I did not find it hard to get the corners of my mouth up—the trouble was I laughed until the tears came pouring from my eyes. If you want to laugh, just stand before the glass and try to raise the corners of your mouth—the jokes of Bill Nye are not in it—it surpasses even Mark Twain, and demonstrates the fact that it is the muscles that really do the work; for it appears to be a pathological fact that when you turn up the corners of your mouth, you in some mysterious way produce a feeling of cheerfulness, and drive melancholia out of the brain. This may seem simple, but I think that you have only to try the experiment to see the genuine humor in it — you will agree with me that the humor in Judge and Puck is nothing, compared to standing before the glass and having a good, hearty laugh at yourself. After you have cultivated the habit of laughing, you may certainly consider that the happy habit is beginning to grow.

It is my firm belief that the happy habit is a matter of cultivation, just as much as the development of the muscles of the arm or any other part of the body. It is a physical fact. Get the body healthy and then we begin to discover within ourselves good principles and high ideals, which are never dreamed

of when we feel ill. But *per contra* the body is acted upon by the mind, and if you feel gloomy it is very likely you will also feel sick. The same day I made another experiment in the same line. I have a staid and dignified friend, who never was known to laugh except upon good provocation — a man who laughs conscientiously; who never laughs unless there is something to laugh at. He could sit through a roaring funny farce and never smile, unless there was something so artistically humorous that it really appealed to him. I persuaded him to stand before the glass, and work up the corners of his mouth — the funniest thing I ever saw was to watch the corners of his gray moustache turning slowly up, the smile breaking over his face — and the first thing I knew, he was laughing until the tears came.

All this leads up to a suggestion from some of our readers — that we organize a National Order of Happy Habiters. We are going to take the suggestion seriously. Anybody who will earnestly declare that he or she reads the National and belongs to the noble army of believers in the Happy Habit, will be entitled to a certificate from the "Ancient Order of Sunshiners."

* * * *

Being happy does not, of course, mean laughing or even smiling all the time — nothing is more aggravating than a giggler or a person forever grimacing. It means that laughter which beams and sparkles in the eye, and makes the little cheerful, smiling lines in the face that are so quickly and easily distinguished from the lines produced by depression and frowning, that grow deeper and deeper until they become as severe and hard as a mask cut in stone. Then, when your "heart is touched," when you have within you a fountain of cheerfulness, it will no longer be necessary to go before the glass to produce a smile by turning up the corners of the mouth — you will be a fit member for the Order of Happy Habiters. No badge or grip will be needed, because your face will proclaim that you are a member of the noble order. You won't want any more tonics, for the happy habit is an appetizer in itself. Suppose you have "lost your appetite" — just go and get a hearty laugh at yourself and your woes, and you will find that you can do justice to your dinner. Then the happy habit induces sleep, and you won't need draughts of any kind to "put you off". You will require no court jester about the house, if you will only get yourself into that frame of mind where you can feel happy, kind and good-natured all through. Our troubles usually come with the big end first —if you can wait to see the other end, they will be reduced to the vanishing point.

* * * *

Happiness is one great platform on which all people of all nationalities and all pursuits can meet. A smile is a language used in all countries, and how you love to see it. Don't you tip the waiter who is pleasant? Don't you like the clerk in the store who smiles and is obliging? Don't you cherish the wife who is pleasant, or the husband who is cheerful? Now, will you not let all your friends know that you have a magazine that is pleasant and cheerful. We are glad to know that we have thousands of readers who are pleasant — I wish I could show you the letters we receive when subscriptions are renewed. I think the one, predominant feature in all, is the reference to the happy, good-natured spirit of the National, which they all declare is the prominent quality of the magazine that makes it different from any other periodical.

I was thinking the other day, as I stood on the wharf, waiting to meet a friend, and looking up and down the long row of expectant faces, what a glimpse of happiness is afforded by these meetings. One by one the passengers filed down the gangplank, were met by waiting friends and passed out into the great tide of travelers. The crowd of waiters and watchers rapidly diminished, but there was one sturdy fellow who had at first attracted my attention by his eagerness and joyous anticipation, who still stood anxiously scanning the few remaining passengers on the boat; and how blank grew his face as the last one descended the plank and still not a familiar face appeared. He wanted to go on board, but it was against the rules. I was standing close beside him, and waited to see how the matter would end. He said to me:

"I am waiting to meet my wife and little ones, and I was so sure they would be here. They have been out in the country for a vacation, and had an awful happy time, but I am just hungry for a sight of the bairnies."

Finally, as the last passenger had evidently left, I went with him to the purser's office, and what a tension there was as he poured out his story. His family were on board after all, but the purser could not say why they had not landed with the other passengers. The face of the husband and father grew white, and he turned to me with a look of fear. I silently followed him down, feeling that there must be something wrong, or the mother and children would have put in an appearance. The steward took us to the stateroom, but the door of the little cabin was shut. He tapped and an anxious-faced woman looked out. The man sprang forward, the door flew open, and in a second he seemed to have the mother, the twin babies and the three other children all in his eager embrace, and a beautiful thing it was to see how the children clung about him—one on each arm and the other three children clutching at his coat and gazing earnestly into his face, while he distributed smiles and greetings impartially.

Then it came out that the little mother had in some way lost the tickets, without which they could not land. She had searched in vain for them, and this accounted for the delay in getting on deck. The father heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Was that all that was wrong?" he said, "I was so afraid that some of you were ill."

"But the expense " she said mournfully. "We may have to pay it all over again."

"Who cares?" he said gaily, making for the deck with the twins in his arms, while I persuaded the other children to let me help them up the ladder. He was a sturdy hard working man, but the loss of that sum of money was a small matter compared with the welfare of his loved ones, and I was reminded of the sage philosophy of an old song I had once heard,

"If your boot is faulty, and your stocking shows—
Be thankful that you have ten toes."

If I were an artist and could reproduce the twin pictures of the father's anxiety and distress, and, later, his radiant happiness, and the reunion of the little family, I believe that it would be worthy to hang "on the line" in the Salon of Life. That it would even transcend the triumph of the art of the Old Masters. The simple, radiant sunbeams of Happiness, that illumine the shadows—what is more priceless? Are you ready to join the Ancient Order of Happy Habiters?

NEW POSTOFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE, NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

By J. E. Jones

IN one of the oldest parts of Virginia stands a new town. High above the water's edge at the confluence of the James river and Hampton roads, is the delightful city of Newport News. The place gets its name from Captain Newport, who was one of the first Englishmen to come to Virginia and aid in its settlement in the first part of the sixteenth century. There are numerous interesting stories extant as to how Newport News came by its name, but the different versions differ widely, agreeing only upon one point, that there was "news from Newport,"—Newport's news. At Newport News Point on the water front, Captain Newport undoubtedly gave to the English settlers who arrived here in 1607 on their way to Jamestown, news for which they had been anxiously waiting, and from this circumstance, the point, and subsequently the city, obtained its name.

Newport News is the home of the "Newport News Ship-building and Dry Dock Company," which is the principal industry of the city — giving employment to from 3500 to 7500 men. Collis P. Huntington, who established these works, said: "It was my original intention to start a shipyard plant in the best location in the world, and I succeeded in my purpose. It is right at the gateway of the sea. There is never any ice in the winter, and it is never so cold but you can hammer metal out of doors."

A careful study justifies the opinion that Mr. Huntington did not over-state the great natural advantages of the location of Newport News. The climate is mild and salubrious and the sea breezes are soft and invigorating.

Newport News is certainly an attractive place—its streets are wide and clean, and over five miles of them are paved. There are many splendid business blocks, and in the center of the city a small park has recently

VIRGINIA GUARANTY AND TRUST CORPORATION BUILDING.

been provided by private subscription. Along the shore front there are also large tracts of lands that are well kept and offer rest and comfort to the tired resident who seeks them out at the close of day. The place has good hotels and great numbers of tourists prefer the comforts of Newport News to any other place. Great preparations are being made to care for visitors to the Jamestown exposition next year, as the grounds are located directly opposite, Hampton Roads, and distant only a half hours' ride.

The estimated population is from 27,000 to 30,000, and practically all of this has been secured within the past fifteen years; before that time Newport News was a mere hamlet,

Official statistics show that in the five years ending with 1905, the increase in number of wage earners was 2,121 or over 40.1 per cent. The increase in wages for the same period was 43.8 while the value of products was increased over 52 per cent. The chief industry last year paid out three and one-half million dollars in wages, and since its establishment in 1888 has expended upwards of $30,000,000. Newport News needs other industries that will fill in and help to supply employment for the laboring classes at such time as they are unemployed during frequent dull periods at the shipyards.

The government building, occupied by the post office and customs offices is a beautiful structure; the public school system is complete and there are a number of handsome churches.

A complete system of electric cars runs throughout the city and to near-by Phœbus, Hampton and Old Point Comfort. A number of resorts at the beaches also are easily accessible by car or boat.

Newport News has one of the finest harbors on the Atlantic coast; it is the terminal of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and the facili-

THE HOTEL WARWICK

VIEW OF THE NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCKS COMPANY FROM THE JAMES RIVER. LOCATED AT THE GATEWAY OF THE SEA—JUST OFF HAMPTON ROADS, IT OCCUPIES, AS COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON INTENDED IT SHOULD, THE BEST LOCATION IN THE WORLD

ties of this company embrace one of the largest and most complete systems of transportation in the entire South. They have trackage for handling three thousand cars daily. Two great grain elevators are located here, and twelve large piers can be counted from the water front. It is estimated that the investments of the C. & O. railroad at this point, exceed six million of dollars, and it is said to be the largest single railroad terminal on the continent. It is interesting to know that at Newport News, some of the greatest fighters

ONCE in Boston and seated safely in a Dorchester Avenue car, the genial conductor will "see you through," and when he calls out "Crescent Avenue, Cottage Street and National Magazine," in one long breath, you will know that you "have arrived."

On the corner of Crescent avenue stands an old, historic, New England farm house, and in its garden grow more than one ancient, gnarled yet sturdy apple tree. A history? Of course that largest old apple tree has figured in poems and prose, and has furnished a tempting theme for many a Boston writer. Its locality is just right, and many a a wayfarer has "stepped in" to tell us tales of that interesting landmark. Close to the apple tree, flanked by a strip of lawn and some flower beds, stands a great brick building, 120 feet long, with numerous prism windows; that's the National Magazine office. On the second floor of the building, you may follow the process of making the Magazine.

Come upstairs and step right in through the sliding door—here are the rough, whitewashed walls, homelike and sturdy—no mural decorations yet awhile. There's a "reception corner" and close by an Emerson piano, and Simplex piano player, over which is a bust of Beethoven, showing to advantage against the dark green foliage of a rubber plant. Near the "Dey" Time Clock is a statue of Paul Revere on his horse, starting on his famous ride, when he spread the alarm on the night before the Lexington massacre and the old Concord fight. We like to have this Paul Revere statue in a prominent position, as it suggests the American spirit of patriotism and push, and emphasizes the importance of "timeliness."

The Musical Corner

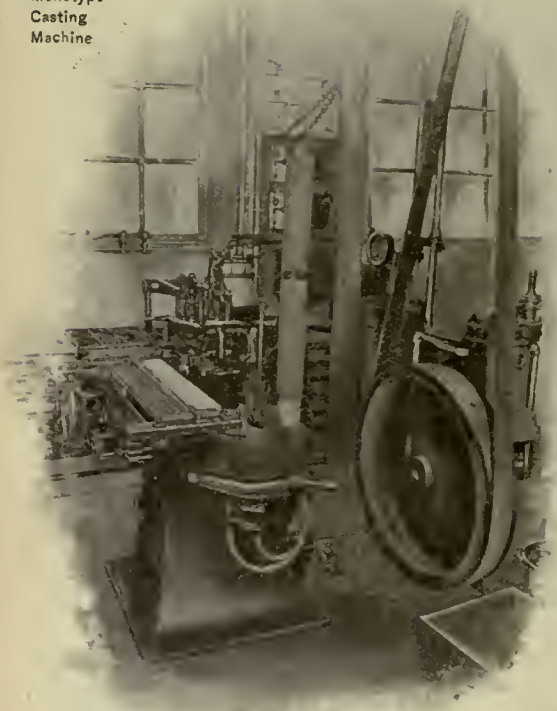
THERE are rows of stately Derby desks—called "National" desks—at which sits the brigade of subscription clerks and stenographers who keep up "the gatling gun service" with bills and cards. That long row of cabinets represents the Shaw-Walker filing system. We started with one little trundle bed, and now our family of cards requires twenty full-grown cabinets. Your name is entered there, my dear subscriber, with the day and date of your esteemed subscription. You need no introduction. Name your state and town, and your subscription is found in a twinkling. You are right at home; I wish I could tell you what an encouragement it is to a publisher to look into boxes and find cards with five, six, eight years recorded complete, with year after year the one dollar marked in the last column—that's the kind of endorsement that inspires.

Those brass posts, green cords and stately columns are relics of the days at the Pan-American, St. Louis and Portland expositions—you remember when you subscribed. 'Twas hot, you were tired, but those days cannot be recalled without a thrill of pleasure.

Yes, there is the eagle given us by a good friend. The eagle that once soared to his eyrie among the heights of the Olympics. There is Washington's bust looking serenely down on the bookkeeper, "keeping accounts without a blot"—you remember Washington's record in the school books? The bust of Lincoln, the Venus de Milo and Di Banco's exquisite statuette of Cupid overlook the Art Department, where our artist is at work making the sketches for this article. The "Dey" Time Clock stands at the entrance as a sentinel to announce and proclaim the passing hours and hold the sand glass of Father Time. The days always seem brightest with a "Dey" Time Clock bidding welcome at the threshold of the workroom.

"The Rows of

The Monotype Casting Machine



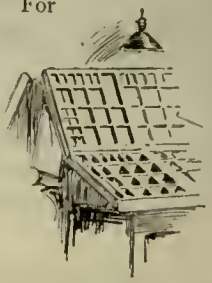
the human brain and skill to operate, as in the days when Benjamin Franklin set type at his case and composed his editorials "without copy." It struck me as significant that the Monotype factory should be located in the home city of the great printer, where his remains rest in the modest Quaker churchyard.

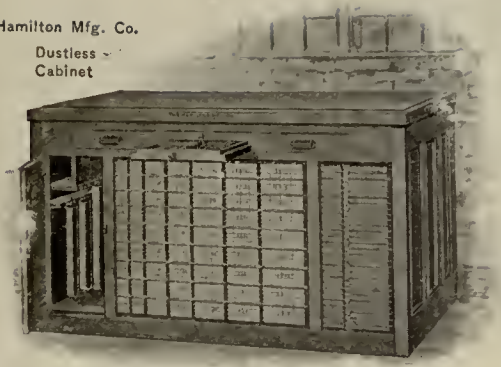
Monotype matter is "set up" on a perforated roll, very similar to that used in a piano player. Every perforation means a letter, and when complete, the spools are taken to the casting machine and automatically the machine turns out the type, the last letters coming out first. The spools or ribbons of the Monotype may be held and cast at any time, and any number of duplicates may be produced. The matter once set, can be kept for years, saving the great expense of preserving plates and electrotypes. All kinds of type used in an ordinary office can be made on this machine, and the smaller offices frequently purchase type made by the Monotype casting machine. The old time dread of long reports and documents, tax lists and statistics has disappeared, for nothing of an intricate nature need be feared where there is a victorious Monotype to do the work.

At first glance the keyboard looks formidable, but in a short time it becomes as familiar to the operator as the keys of a piano, and is fingered with as much ease as the keyboard of an ordinary typewriter. We feel very proud of our Monotype; it seems to be closer to the ideals which have been for centuries the pride and the glory of veteran printers at the case, and editors at the desk, than anything which has yet been put upon the market; since it combines speed and accuracy and yet preserves the old, fundamental principles of the "art preservative." The click of the keyboard and the clatter of the casting machine, certainly make sweet music in the ears of the progressive publisher, and the visitors who cross the threshold of the National office always linger longest near the keyboard and casting machine of the Monotype, the machine which multiplies by five the product of the human hand.

The Monotype is now in use in all the leading magazine offices, including Scribner's, Saturday Evening Post, Everybody's, Harpers, McClure's, Arena, Country Life in America, Life—not forgetting the National Magazine. Do you like our "dress"?

IN the composing room, the advertisements are prepared and the plates and designs are made into electrotypes. Then the problem is considered of looking after proper key numbers. For readers will be interested in knowing that some advertisers prefer right-hand pages, thinking that they receive more attention than left-hand ones. Do you ever skip our left-hand pages?





Hamilton Mfg. Co.
Dustless
Cabinet

equipment and furniture. The Hamilton is now synonymous with everything standard and "just right" in this line. No sooner is a new font of display type received from the American Type Founders Company or H. C. Hansen, than it is at once snugly stored away in one of the dustless cabinets, in which all parts of the type equipment are also cared for. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of money which the Hamilton equipment has saved. The old-time printing-office, with its messes of "pi", dust-covered boxes of type and endless confusion of sorts, has given place to this labor-saving equipment.

We want our advertisers to realize that National readers use both eyes, so write them quick.

Right here let me remark, that there is nothing more important than this department, in building up a magazine. It is important for us that our readers should feel confidence in the magazine, to the extent of answering the advertisements. Every inquiry means much, not only to the advertiser and publisher but also to the reader. Through the advertising pages of a reliable magazine, the reader is enabled to keep in almost personal touch with the largest manufacturers in the world, and in a few days Uncle Sam delivers at the door whatever is desired.

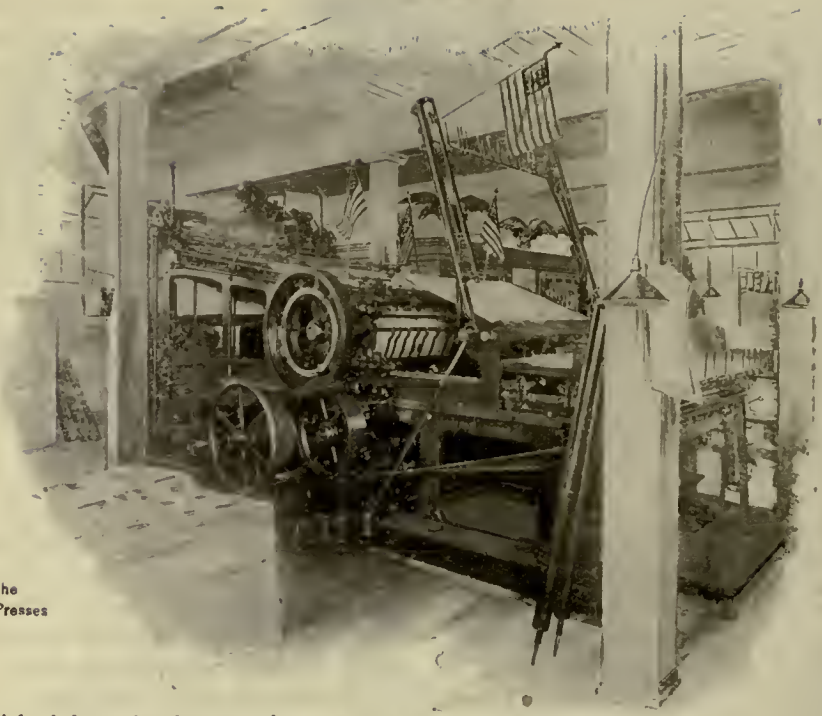
The start in the National composing room was made with the stately Simplex Type-setting Machine. It has long been our standby, and is the charter member that reigns in a position of honor and enjoys laurels well earned in our composing room. The millions of "thousand ems" composed and gathered on this machine would make Rockefeller's billion look like "twenty-three" or thereabouts.

Every printer knows the desirability of having a Hamilton Manufacturing Company equipment for a printing office. I well recall when this factory started at Two Rivers, Wisconsin, and began to provide office

THERE is a corner which is about the only spot in the office that enjoys leisure—we call it the "trouble corner." Here I am pleased to say, there is "little doing." Our few "kick" letters are on file here, and the great object of every clerk in the office is to keep this department as idle as possible. But if you ever have a complaint to make, be sure and let us hear just what it is; for we desire above all things to give satisfactory service to every reader of the National

A Glimpse of the Book Corner

"Heart Throbs"
Ruler Supreme



One of the 00 Presses

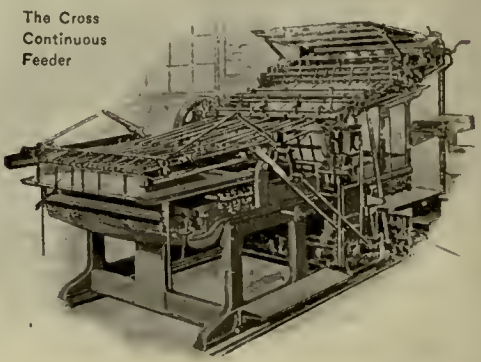
High aloft on that feed board, you see one of the most helpful of the new inventions that lighten the load of the magazine maker, the Cross Continuous Feeder — a most ingenious yet simple machine, that does a really remarkable thing in an easy, never-failing way.

Curious to know, I asked how it happened — did it bloom full grown in a night's dream, or had gray matter and perserving application been drawn on in the laborious drag that has marked the birth of most mechanical masterpieces. I learned that the inventor went at the problem with more than an even chance of success. A strong natural bent for mechanics was made effective by a course in a large college where mechanics takes the highest place in the curriculum. The inventor is a graduate of Cornell University.

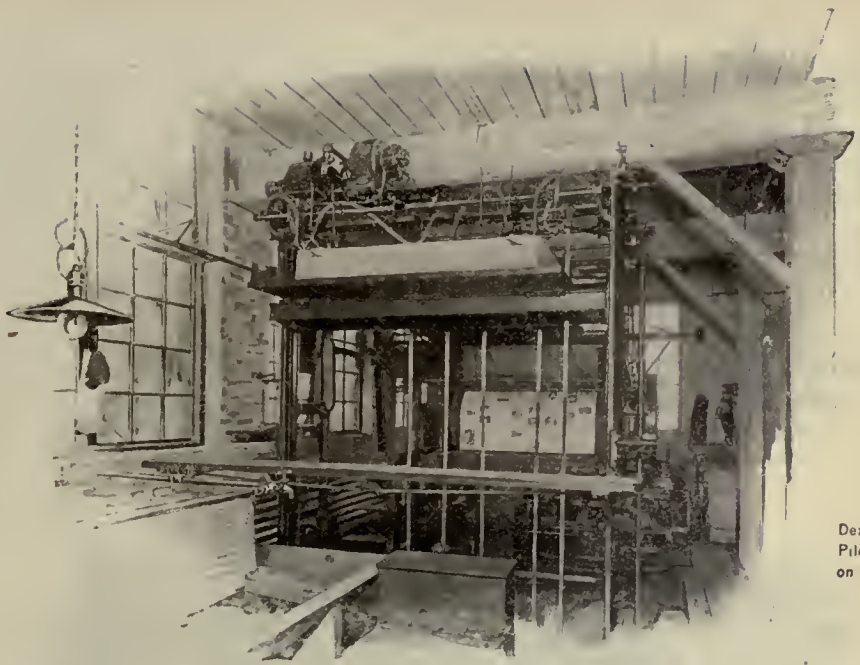
Inventors are the poets of mechanics — their imagination runs at large and often riots with the practical. They see the need and, in a misty way, the end of their desire, but the cold facts of scientific knowledge kept this one from following the "will-o'-the-wisp" that often leads the rule of thumb inventor to despair.

The presses provided with these feeders have a splendid record. The paper is fed automatically with precision, mechanical exactness and seldom a skip or trip. The Cross is proving the popular continuous feeder, and is most effective as a labor saving equipment. These feeders "roll out" the sheets on exactly the same principle as hand-feeding, and it is indeed a marvel to see how machinery does the work of the human hand, multiplying production many fold.

Mr. Phinney, manager of the Cross Feeder Company, has just returned from Europe, where he has been successful in placing machines in France, England and Germany.



The Cross Continuous Feeder



Dexter
Pile Feeder
on Press

On the ooooo and oooo presses, as well as on the folders, are the famous Dexter Pile Feeders. The great pile of paper is high overhead, and the dainty rubber fingers pick up the sheets with even more precision than is possible for the human hand.

When it comes to marvels in mechanism, the Dexter Quadruple Folders, folding and inserting sheets consisting of four 16's or two 32's always arrest the attention of visitors If there is one genius in the world, recognized as pre-eminent in his field, it is Talbot C. Dexter, the inventor of the folder, whose genius has had much to do with the evolution of modern printeries. These folding machines dash the sheets through, adjusting each one automatically to a hair's breadth, and deliver a product as neat and trim as a folded napkin.

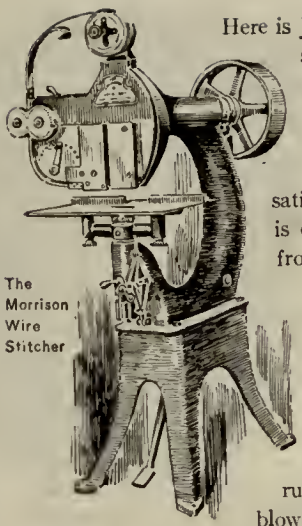
View of the
Central Aisle

In order to have the printing exactly right—it is necessary to furnish materials of the highest standard. Even with a complete equipment—a printery flooded with sunlight, everybody radiating the happy habit, there is one thing concerning which the average pressman is fussy—that is inks. Long years ago we began to use Sigmund Ullman's inks, and now every month the casks appear, hailing from New York and arriving with strict regularity. At first there was only a small cask, but now a veritable cargo arrives each month to transform the blank paper into the printed message. Ink is the insignia of printerdom, and we can add no words more eloquent than to describe the beaming smiles of the pressmen, as everything goes along smoothly and satisfactorily when the set screws are turned and the ink at once responds—a little more or less, as needed, always holding snap and "color." Our pressmen have almost come to regard the large factory of Sigmund Ullman—which is espied from the railroad train as one enters Gotham—as having been built and operated for the especial benefit of the National. The Sigmund Ullman carry the heavy artillery, then there is Huber's, Morrill's and Queen City inks on the colored covers, representing during a year every shade of the rainbow.

❦ ❦ ❦

Then there are rollers — Summer rollers and Winter rollers — delicate bits of composition, glue and molasses which we used to manufacture in a mould in the old time printing office. There were pin holes, and there was dubious speculation as to whether it would be a good or a bad roller; all printers know how much depends on the quality of the rollers — there must be suction and a certain something which is only obtained by the keen and unerring intuition of a skilled workman. When the Miehle presses were first set in motion there was Wild & Stevens' rollers and they have been rolling on ever since at a steady rate that will some day cover the distance around the world every twelve months.

Dexter Quadruple Folders



The Morrison Wire Stitcher

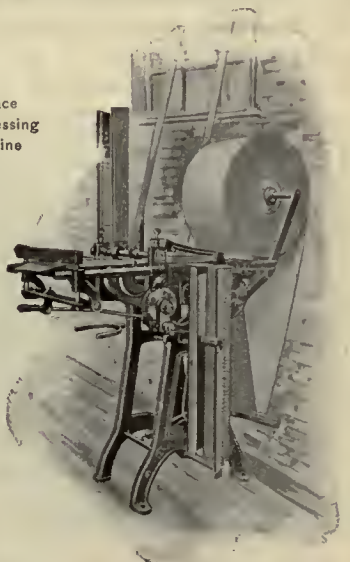
Here is John rearing sky-scraper piles of paper, while Pat keeps the great appetite of the Dexter folders satisfied. The paper is carried on trucks from the presses to the folders. Visitors linger long over the magical work of the Dexter feeders and folders, and love to watch the little rubber tubes gently blowing air under each sheet, so that the nimble fingers of the machine may send it speeding on, a completed signature for the magazine. These machines, together with the Miehle presses and Morrison stitchers, all passed through the exposition campaign with the National.

Standing by the long benches, our guests watch the deft gatherers putting together the folded sheets. The "pick-ups" go along with swift, measured movements as of a clock. Then the piles are taken to those modest little machines, the "stitchers," and a "stitch in time" saves the nine forms—or rather puts the book together with wire. The tiny motors affixed to each machine keep up the ceaseless stretch of wire used every year, which if spread out would reach around the world. The Morrison Stitcher is another old campaigner with the National; one can no more think of stitching machines without thinking of the Morrison, than of sewing machines without a thought of Elias Howe.

Then come the final touches. The bright, new covers must be put on with a dash of glue—the American Glue Company's glue that always sticks — a twist of the stick, and then the National looks like itself. The trimming of the pages is done on the Sheridan Cutter, and then your magazine is ready for the mailing bench. Hold on! You saw those handsome bound volumes of the National? They are in Lundstrom's sectional book cases, and these are the filing cabinets. Those letters you wrote when you missed the magazine? They are in that splendid row of Vilas-Diven Company and Globe-Wernecke cabinets, where every letter has its own pew.

NOW we must go over into another corner and look at the Wallace Addressing Machine. The name of each subscriber is cut upon a tiny stencil by means of a Densmore Typewriter especially prepared for this purpose. These little stencils are all kept on file, and each month when the wrappers for the magazines are to be addressed, they are brought out and run automatically—at the rate of about sixty a minute—through the addressing machine, which marks each name on the roll of wrapping paper as it passes through the machine and automatically cuts it off at the right length. So you see, at this rate of speed, we have a capacity for a few more subscribers' names. After this process, the magazines are sacked ready for the mail; the labels are placed on the bags, and after they are weighed they are turned over to Uncle Sam.

Our splendid machinery would be useless without power—that "soul of things" which enables these bits of steel and brass



The Wallace Addressing Machine

An Attractive Corner

to imitate and exceed the daily tasks of the most skillful and tireless human fingers. A lever slides and a great press goes into action; it slides back and all is silent and motionless. The great motors of the Holtzer-Cabot Electric Company furnish the subtle levin-energy, of which Franklin dreamed so much and realized so little. The Holtzer-Cabot motors are used in the United States navy, and, the world over, are recognized as the standard of motor construction. For years their motors have been operated in the National office and they are so little trouble that we forget at times they are there. Only the oiler knows.

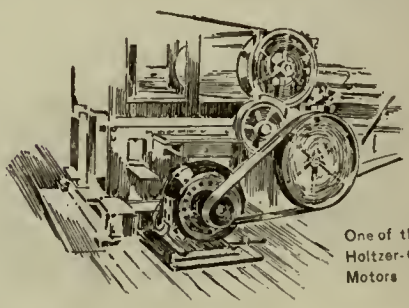
❦ ❦ ❦

Now when it comes to engraving, all we can say is that anyone who has ever known "Billy" Wright of the Massachusetts Engraving Company will agree that he is all "right" and we can add no better testimony than to say that ever since the magazine was established, this company has done the major part of the work for The National. We feel that 1724 "Haymarket"—the telephone call—is quite a part of The National Magazine, and no establishment requiring engraving, can do better than to address the Massachusetts Engraving Company of Boston.

❦ ❦ ❦

Have we not had a delightful time together, going over the plant? Are there any suggestions to make? We want to make the National plant "better, bigger and busier" than ever.

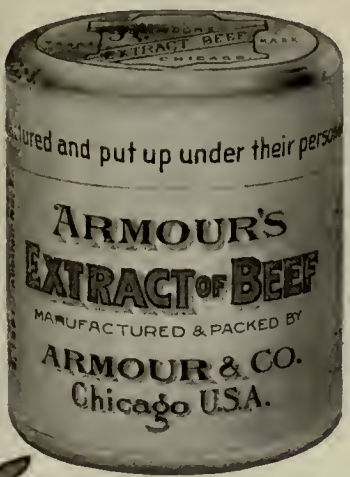
The National is a medium for the interchanging of ideas among readers in all parts of the country. If you have a suggestion of any kind that you think would interest other readers, send it along and let it be transformed into the magic of a talk with your National friends on the printed page. Yes, we can all talk at once. I write you from the old rocking chair, and a few days hence, you are reading the lines, so I am sure you think of The National as *your own* magazine. There may be many others on your "calling" list, but here is *one*, we hope, that will never be omitted—may that always be The National.



One of the Holtzer-Cabot Motors

This sketch is but the echo of our hearty appreciation of the kindly interest and friendship which have made this success possible. We dislike to say goodbye at the door—as it glides back,—for we hope there never will be a final farewell between The National and its host of readers, whom we trust will reach the million mark—if you decree it—so shall it be.

The Mailing Benches



THE Italians understand the value of a meat flavor in seasoning. It tones up the digestion and gives that indescribable, savory flavor which tempts the appetite and delights the palate, says a famous cook.

Armour's
EXTRACT of BEEF
gives the Italian touch

Keep up variety and snap in the home diet by a change of seasoning. There are few vegetables, but many ways of preparing them, without complex and tedious combinations of herbs and costly condiments.

Use Armour's Extract of Beef as a vegetable seasoning. It gives the ideal Italian flavor—butter and cream are insipid in comparison. Just a bit of Extract on the tip of a spoon will flavor a whole family serving. Thus used it is very inexpensive and it is the easiest way in the world to give to home cooking those most delicious flavors which characterize foreign cookery.

Armour's Extract of Beef lightens the burden of housekeeping and stimulates digestion. Its use is simple, it is always ready and it keeps indefinitely.

When appetites lag, tone up with this pure, delicious, wholesome seasoning.

Order a jar today and try this:

Compote of Rice with Lettuce

1 Cup of rice.
Boiling water.
2 Teaspoons salt.
2 Tablespoons butter.
¾ Teaspoon Armour's Beef Extract.
A grain of thyme.

Pick over rice and wash until water is clear; scatter rice, by spoonfuls into kettle of boiling, salted water (about 2 quarts); boil 30 minutes, or until soft. Drain in colander and carefully pour over it about a quart of boiling hot water, drip a moment; return to kettle and season with butter and Armour's Beef Extract melted together in a small basin. While adding the sauce, stir rice very lightly with 3-tined fork, until well mixed. Arrange in a mound upon rosette of lettuce leaves and serve at once as a vegetable with meat course.

Just a bit
on the tip of a spoon

Send for the latest edition of "Culinary Wrinkles," the Armour Cook Book.

ARMOUR & COMPANY CHICAGO

A GREAT deal of enthusiasm is shown in regard to the Heart Song collection. If you have not already sent in your favorite songs, better do so right away, or as did thousands of others in the Heart Throb contest—you will forget it until too late.

It is truly marvelous to see what treasures people have had in store. What we are after is the rare old songs, the songs that reach the heart, the songs that played a part in the life career of men and women who are no longer young. I wish you could see the sheet music coming in, yellow with age, so carefully preserved that we can almost picture where it rested upon the piano. Then there are hundreds of leaves taken from the old school, hymnal and music books, and many have even taken the pains to copy the treasure rather than part with it. I have been interested in receiving from many prominent business men two and three page letters, concerning this collection, and I was especially gratified with the following:

"When we talk about the old songs I do not think any list is complete without 'America.' This will last as long as time lasts. There are two old religious hymns, one older than 'America', Old Hundred. Lately I was visiting in my old home in Connecticut, assisting to celebrate the 100th anniversary and the ceremony commenced on Sunday. They had a full country choir of twenty or thirty voices, but I was shocked because they had gotten hold of a new version of words for the old tune of Old Hundred. My niece being a member of the choir and I knowing the organist very well, I did not hesitate to express my feelings after the close of the morning services, and said that the service to me was spoiled, as I did not consider the old words of that hymn could be improved on.

"Then there is another sacred hymn, 'China,' which is nearly as old as 'Old Hundred,' and I remember it was my father's favorite hymn. The words are beautiful and the music good; he used to say if there was any singing in heaven this would be the first hymn sung."

* * *

A PATHETIC incident came to my attention the other day concerning one of the dear readers of the National, who passed away with a copy of Heart Throbs at her bedside. During the last days of her illness, to the loving friends about her, she said that she must finish that book, and although the darkness of death was creeping on her, she persisted in reading those dear old bits of verse in Heart Throbs, which brought to mind sweet and solemn memories of the past. One evening she reached, "Crossing the Bar." The book dropped from her hand — she said: "That is it — how beautiful." She had for these lines the same admiration felt by Secretary John Hay in the closing days of his life.

Think you any tribute to a book can equal this? A book that will cheer and comfort and bless during life and is held closely and kindly in the affections when the last moments of life approach—is a book that will live always. No literary criticism or tribute — and there have

Let Us Send You this Two-Horn **DUPLEX** Phonograph On Trial

Direct from our Factory to your own Home.

Size of cabinet, 18 inches by 14 by 10 inches high.

Each horn is 30 inches long with a 17 inch bell.

An Entirely New Principle in Phonographs

—**Two** vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound.

—**Two** horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

—No tension spring, and no swing arm, to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.

Consequently, the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

Double Volume of Sound

HERE is the explanation of the Duplex principle: When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which **side** of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course.

If you collect the waves from **one** side of the vibrating pan, you get only **half** the noise. That's plain, isn't it?

Well, the same thing holds true of the diaphragm of a phonograph.

In every talking machine made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were **wasted.** You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made—the rest was lost.

The **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms

The **Duplex,** therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of **any** other—no matter what its price—and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means.

For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex, we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking,** squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

As a special guarantee against the presence of harshness resulting from vibration, the points of contact between the horns and reproducer are protected by rubber,—an exclusive feature of the Duplex Phonograph.

Direct From the Factory

WE ask the privilege of **proving** to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made. We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one **at our expense**—under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it, and if they do not pronounce it better—in volume and in tone—than the **best** old style phonograph, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer, but it isn't all.

We save you in the price exactly $70.15—because we save you all the jobbers', middlemen's and dealers' profits. We sell it to you at actual factory price.

Sold through dealers the Duplex would cost you at least $100—and it would be a bargain at that. Bought direct from our factory it costs you (one profit added) only **$29.85**

And you get a seven day's trial in your own home—and are under no obligation to keep it if you are not satisfied. You run no risk, for this advertisement could not appear in this magazine if we did not carry out our promises.

Music in Your Home

THINK what a Duplex Phonograph will mean to you! The variety of entertainment you can command at trifling expense is practically unlimited.

You can enjoy a delightful selection of songs, poems, piano, banjo, guitar, or violin music, short stories, anecdotes or dialect pieces, all reproduced by the marvelous two horned Duplex with the faultless fidelity of an instantaneous photograph.

You can bring to your family and friends, in all their original beauty, the priceless gems of musical art, the classic performances of famous artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Raoul Pugno and Jan Kubelik.

Or you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

And, best of all, you can bear once more, the voice of dear old Joe Jefferson, as, with matchless pathos, he delivers the lines of Rip Van Winkle so familiar to a former generation.

For just before his death, this greatest and best loved of American actors left a perfect record, which, reproduced by the Duplex Phonograph, will preserve his living tones for the admiration and delight of thousands yet unborn.

Write today for catalog and full particulars of our FREE trial offer. You will never regret it. Please address

The Duplex Phonograph Co., 187 Patterson St., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

been columns of them in the literary papers of the country — could give us the unexcelled praise and commendation bestowed hy this and similar incidents.

* * *

We receive many letters concerning Heart Throbs, and what it has done in hospitals and convalescent homes; the high place it has taken in the life work of many a reader, and how it has gone to them with a message of encouragement to take up the broken strands again. Now the credit for all this belongs to the people themselves, for it was through them — their co-operation — that we were enabled to present such a book to the public.

If you want a volume of Heart Throhs for a Christmas gift for anyone, do not fail to send in orders at once, as edition after edition has been prepared and sold out, and it is difficult to keep up orders, though we are making strenuous efforts during the next two months to have a good supply and fill all advance orders. Can you imagine anything more likely to be appreciated by the wives, mothers and daughters than a volume of Heart Throhs? It is our amhition to have Heart Songs a fitting companion book filled with the verses and the songs, cherished and treasured by the great mass of the people, those things which endure and have a constant heart value; such hooks as these will take their place in the hearts and homes of America regardless of mere literary merit.

* * *

ONE of the finest compliments I have heen paid on our September cover was the fact that one of our subscribers—a highly cultivated gentleman — wrote to inquire where the artist lived who had painted that picture, or where the original of the painting could be seen. The white hirches, the grazing cows, every detail of the picture came in for a generous share of his praise. He simply went into artistic ecstacies over them and spoke feelingly of the depth and beauty of the picture and of the power of the artist who had painted it. He had come to the conclusion that the picture was a genuine Corot.

We answered the letter hy saying that we appreciated all that he had said about our landscape; the location of the painting was in Cape Elizaheth, but the name of the artist — it was nothing more than a reproduction of God's own handiwork, as seen with the eye of the camera — in other words it was a photograph, colored to nature. The photo was the work of J. Harry Lamson of Portland, Maine, from whom we have engaged a series of notahle landscapes, to appear both inside the magazine and on its cover. I can truly say that these will he works of art, and it is a splendid comment upon a photograph that it should he mistaken for an artistic creation of the hrush; when photographs can he colored in this way, it looks as though the artist will have to look well to his laurels, if he is to hold a monopoly of artistic landscape reproduction.

I cannot say that they are actual paintings, what are known as works of art, hut it is a splendid triumph for photography as an art, when a picture can he photographed and colored so as to appeal to the feelings of the critics, who pride themselves on distinguishing hetween true art and poor representations.

These covers mean more than covers to us— they are a trihute to the supremacy of nature in art.

* * *

A FEW days ago I spent a day on Cape Cod with my friend Colonel Chase. It was a delightful outing, for I dearly love to go down to one of the ancient cape towns, founded as outlying settlements of Plymouth, in the seventeenth century, and ever since the nurseries of stout soldiers and sea captains; enterprising merchants, promoters and manufacturers; pioneers of every new state; of scholars in the learned professions, and unexcelled as teachers, and of women fitted hy heauty, capacity and enduring love to earn and deserve the lifelong admiration of lover and hushand. So I revelled in the comforts of the colonel's hospitality, and the peace and heauty of the scenes that surround his pleasant Summer home; the wide ocean, the long curving line of lofty white sand dunes crowned with waving and plumed beach grass; the emerald marshes and rush-hordered creeks; the harbors with quaint wharves and weather-heaten fish-houses; the antique deserted wind-mill, such as the Pilgrims learned to build on the dikes of Holland, along the Zuider Zee; and the remains of old homesteads and almost deserted farms. We talked over many a local event and neighhorhood tradition, and my host forgot the plate glass, costly woods and elegant grilles of his Broad

YOU may think you know what a Phonograph is; you may think you have heard one; but you do not know what a Phonograph will do—you do not know how good it can be until you have heard the

Improved Edison Phonograph

Thomas Alva Edison invented the Phonograph idea. The Edison is his own best development of the Phonograph idea. It possesses the marvelous quality of giving you "your kind of music" better—that is more clearly, more entertainingly, more musically—than any other talking, singing or playing machine. "Your kind;" that is the keynote of the Edison Phonograph. You don't have to learn to like it. It plays what you like.

"The American Nights Entertainment," a booklet which will suggest many ways of making home more desirable than the club, which will help entertain friends, which will give ideas for money-making programs, sent free on request.

National Phonograph Co.
27 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

New York London Paris Berlin Brussels Sydney Mexico City

Street salesrooms, as he pointed out the site across the road, of his father's store, where he had learned the A B C of mercantile experience. There was enough of the flavor of locality and tradition in the colonel's reminiscences, to enahle me to appreciate more fully, Joe Lincoln's latest book "Mr. Pratt."

* * *

What memories are awakened when one now makes a visit to the Cape — who does not recall Joe Lincoln; one of those charming good fellows who has won his way in the literary field and whom it is always a delight to know? He is a native of Cape Cod and has heen spending his Summers there for years. No writer has ever been more successful in portraying local character and scenery, as one learns to know it in the highways and hyways of the "right arm of Massachusetts."

He loves the sea, does Joe, and spent the first twelve years of his life on Cape Cod, going to the little school and dreaming of the time when he might sail the hlue waters. He grew up among the homes of Cape Cod, those delightful, white-painted, green-hlinded little houses, with shell-bordered garden-paths leading up between rows of old-fashioned flowers, to the open hall door. In the parlor one may see collections of rare shells, hrought back from foreign lands by the old sea captains, reposing among a hundred relics of long voyages to wonderful, far-off lands. There is a picturesqueness, a freshness and a charm ahout Cape Cod, which is possessed hy no other portion of the country.

* * *

After some business experience, Mr. Lincoln decided to study art, and made drawings and sketches. Then there were verses written to go with the sketches, and after a while "Cap'n D'ri," was published. After that Mr. Lincoln's fate was decided. Eight editions in this country and several foreign ones have heen required to meet the large demand for this book, replete with all the vigor of the wide ocean, and the pungent odor of the salt sea-air.

Mr. Lincoln's latest book, Mr. Pratt, is a splendid antidote for a fit of melancholia. It is replete with fun, and is a charming love story — what more can any reader ask? As one critic has said, "It puts you on good terms with yourself and the world in general." No higher praise need he given than to say that it is one of Mr. Lincoln's hest books. Whenever I go to Cape Cod I feel that I am actually in the land of "Cap'n D'ri" and "Mr. Pratt," as though I were looking upon a stage-setting rather than a real country, where modern people are living out their lives. A trip to the Cape reviews old memories and the enthusiasm of a day's fishing in hoyhood times— and where is there a boy or a man who has not had that feeling creep over him at some time; and I am not sure that the women are exempt from the same impulse to return — though hut for a few hours — to the care-free gaiety of their youth.

It seems as though everything Joe writes has a scent of the sea, and you feel that you are drinking in the ozone, and looking at the old dory dipping up and down in the waves, when you read a real romance of Cape Cod life in one of Lincoln's books. His portrayals are so vivid that his characters seem as real as the names emhalmed in the pages of a fat volume of "Who's Who in America."

* * *

ONE cannot look upon the waters of the Potomac without recalling the fact that it was on the banks of this historic stream that George Washington spent his first and his last days, and that he lies huried on its shores. It was on the hanks of this river, too, that he dreamed of the future greatness of the new nation and its capital. The navigation of the Potomac has, since the organization of the Norfolk & Washington Steamship Company, some sixteen years ago, hecome a notable instance wherein river navigation has met and held its own against the rivalry of the flashing rails and the "iron horse."

On March 17, the new steamer Jamestown was launched at Newport News amid the shouts of the sdectators and the stirring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." The new boat is a handsome side-wheel steamer for the daylight tourist traffic between Washington anp Norfolk. Dainty little Miss Judith Norment, daughter of the vice-president of the company, christened the great ship as she slid down the ways. The little lady, carrying a shower of pink roses, was indeed a pretty sight in her white dress as she took her place at the side of the ship's hows, and with the words, "God speed thee, Jamestown!" hroke the bottle

Now

Watch the Imitators.

Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes is the greatest cereal success ever produced in America. The delicious flavor of the new food has created an unprecedented demand. We are working night and day trying to fill all orders—but thousands of grocers are still unable to get a supply. This great success is encouraging unscrupulous imitation. Unfortunately we can not protect the public. All we can do at present is to state that,

Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes

Can be Imitated in Name only

The delicious flavor of the Real Toasted Corn Flakes can not be reproduced. Remember the name Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes and keep the package in mind. If someone does sell you a substitute, don't judge the original by the imitation. Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes has a flavor of its own.

Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Company
Battle Creek, Michigan

LEVI WOODBURY
PRESIDENT NORFOLK STEAMSHIP COMPANY

while the great ship glided down the ways.

A beauty is this new boat, and she has excited the interest of Rear-Admiral Peter F. Harrington, on account of the fact that she is a novel type of ship, and ushers in a new era in steamboat construction. The Jamestown will be one of the largest and best appointed steamers running out of Norfolk, and completes the fleet of six steamers owned by this company.

The dimensions of the new Jamestown are 262 feet over all; beam, molded 38 feet; beam, over guards, 63 feet; depth, molded, 14 6-10 feet; draft forward, 8 feet, aft, 9 feet, with average speed of eighteen miles an hour. All parts of her boiler plant and engines are proportioned for a working pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch and fifty revolu tions per minute; the wheels are of the feathering type, sixteen feet in diameter, with nine buckets nine feet long and two feet nine inches wide, which makes up an equipment that is not excelled on any boat of its class in the world. It is strictly fireproof, the hull being of steel, as well as the wheels on the side. The three complete decks are built of steel throughout, and the only wood visible is in the window frames and sashes, door frames and furniture, and other parts where steel cannot be conveniently used. All the housing and bulkheads are of steel, as well as the interior of the dining room, private parlors, staterooms and partitions. Every requirement of the United States inspection service has been met, and not a detail has been overlooked to make this the finest floating daylight palace on any river in the world.

The ceremonies at the launching were most interesting. Mr. Levi Woodbury, the president of the Norfolk & Washington Steamship Company, made the first speech alluding to the occasion as the crowning triumph in the history of the company, in having floated the safest, most perfect excursion boat known on any waters in the world. He paid a well-deserved tribute to his companion of the early years, Vice-President Callahan, with whom Mr. Woodbury worked so long to establish this line. He presented the little sponsor of the boat with a handsome locket as a memento of the happy occasion, and hoped it would serve to remind her throughout a long life of the launching of the Jamestown. Mr. Clarence F. Norment, vice president of the company, responded eloquently on behalf of his daughter.

Mr. Callahan remarked in his speech, that the name, Jamestown, was most appropriate for the new vessel, in view of the exposition which is to be held in commemoration of the first white settlement in America, at which time the new boat will begin her service. He also alluded with some pride to the fact that she is purely a Virginian production. This boat was a fitting overture to the inauguration of the great Jamestown Exposition, and it is safe to predict that few people will neglect the opportunity for a sail down the Potomac, when they attend this exposition in 1907.

DAKOTA IN HARVEST

Peerless Dakota! As charges
A vast host in desperate fight,
The hum of the harvester's onset
Shall cease not by day or by night,
Like surges on hidden shoals breaking
The wheat rows shall stoop to their fall:
And the thresher's shrill whistle, awaking
The echoes, be heard over all,
'Neath the noon's fiercest heat, in the radiance
The harvest moon casts o'er the plain,
The toil of a new race shall greet thee,
Dakota!
Dakota! Proud Queen of the Plain!

C. W. Hall

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXV **NOVEMBER, 1906** NUMBER TWO

I COULD think of no more appropriate place to visit, in anticipation of November days and the Thanksgiving spirit, than the Agricultural Department, which is of especial interest since Secretary Wilson made his extended tour of inspection of the different packing establishments throughout the country. I think if anyone thoroughly understands the food products of the country, it is Secretary Wilson, and we may eat our mince pies with a feeling of security, since he is in charge.

What bumper crops are reported, and what a harvest festival it would be, if a tithe of all the products of the United States were brought to Washington and presented as a thank-offering, as in the old days at Jerusalem! What a lively time there would be in Washington this winter, finding room for all the produce pouring in! Just think what it would mean — look at this mountain of oats, this pyramid of corn, more wonderful than the pyramid of Cheops. See this towering monument of wheat, equalling several Washington monuments in size! Consider the mountain of golden squashes, to say nothing of pumpkins. Uncle Sam's pile of pumpkins, from all over the country, would make the dome of the Capitol look like a mere fly speck.

The beans—why, the tale of Jack and the Bean Stalk would be cast in the shade by this modern pile—who knows but that the wealth Jack carried off by the beanstalk is only an old-time prophecy of the riches now to be found in that nutritious edible. Think also of the cucumbers, tomatoes, apples, pears, grapes, peaches and the hundred and one other luxuries that would fill the great avenues to overflowing!

Then turning away from the eatables—which naturally come first in one's thoughts of Thanksgiving—think of the other products—there would be bales of filmy cotton that would almost reach up until the snowy white of Southern fields touched and mingled with the fleecy clouds of heaven—but this is the climax—we should become be-Lunafied, and it is just as well that this collection of American wealth cannot be made in Washington.

We might become as vainglorious as the builders of the tower of Babel, when in the spirit of human arrogance begotten by the possession of unlimited wealth, they said, "Let us build a tower whose top shall reach unto heaven." What an impressive picture the old sacred history gives of how the children of men worked to build their cloud-piercing tower; when, lo! they were struck with confusion of tongues—Babel—and one workman could no longer understand what was said by another, and the work ceased, and there have been varying languages on the earth ever since; men no longer spake one tongue. I have heard it suggested that this differentiation of language is coming to an end, and it may be that the president's suggestion in regard to the new spelling is but the first step upon the new road that may be

paved by the dropping of those extra and useless U's and other superfluous letters.

Other times, other manners—instead of all these tithes being brought together in one place, or exacted from the people against their will, their benefits are now dispensed all over

JUDGE B. P. BIRDSALL OF IOWA

the country, by the broad spirit of democracy. Prosperity smiles in every section of the country, and around the Thanksgiving board there ought to be an outburst of gratitude to the Creator whose bounty has made the great harvests of former days as nothing compared with those now gathered in by Uncle Sam.

In the spirit of this bountiful harvest, Congress will convene, confronted by the problems of today, but it will be pertinent for them to stop a minute and compare these questions with those that agitated the mind of the legislators a quarter of a century—even a decade—ago. Stop and think of the wonderful progress made and the change of opinion wrought by the diffusion of knowledge among the people.

With the country teeming with prosperity, the door of opportunity seems more widely opened than ever. Yet, amid all this overflowing wealth, how little a man really needs—there are few of us who could not fall into the ways of Dicken's dyspeptic millionaire, who ate only "eighteen pence worth a day." I have often thought, in mingling with the possessors of millions, how infinitesimal the actual needs of life are; and I can never believe that it is fundamental selfishness which leads to the accumulation of those large fortunes, that are looked upon as a menace to the welfare of the community—it seems to me rather that this accumulation is merely the inevitable trend toward concentration of interests, which will eventually meet an equally inevitable process of distribution.

There must be a certain amount of concentration—while these fortunes are accumulated, there is always the inevitable dispersal that comes to pass sooner or later—it may not happen as we individuals would desire or approve; but there is no millionaire who does not bow to the inevitable law that makes all honest effort equal in the long run.

It seems to me that capital has its seedtime and harvest—it is like the ebb and flow of the tide, that rushes up the beach only to be irresistibly drawn back again into the depths. It has been said that the forces of nature are but a visible picture of what takes place in the lives of mankind, a kind of object lesson of the ultimate fate of all human effort.

At Thanksgiving time the flow of the tide is seen spreading all over the country, like a benediction falling on the people at least once a year, for it is at these festive seasons that we realize, despite the keen thrusts of business warfare, that there is a stronger tie of human fellowship than the mere making of money.

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ARRIVING at the Capitol, there are two things which usually occur to a visitor—to call on the congressman or senator of his home district—or from the old home of his youth. It has always been a special pleasure to have a chat in the lobby with Judge B. P. Birdsall, who represents the district in which my first idea of a "real" congressman was formed. A meeting with him brings back memories of the old times when I followed in a torch-light procession, hurrying along with the other boys with all the zest of youthful enthusiasm for the favorite candidate. That was the time when Ex-Speaker Henderson was the candidate—and it was a red-hot campaign.

Judge Birdsall is one of those delightfully

modest, capable men, free from all pretension, who go ahead and work. He represents the Third District of Iowa, and his constituents realize that in all he does their interests are having sympathetic and appreciative representation. Judge Birdsall has served for some years on the bench, and having this judicial training, his work on the Judiciary Committee is of especial value. He has earnestly espoused the policy of the president on rate legislation, and was the first of the Iowa congressmen to take a decided stand upon that question, and his speeches on this bill, delivered in the Fifty-Eighth and Fifty-Ninth Congresses, have been widely circulated. He is a firm believer in liberal trade relations with the Philippine Islands, and advocates adherence to the policy of McKinley toward them. He fearlessly follows what he believes to be right, convinced that by doing so he represents not only his own convictions but those of his constituents.

Judge Birdsall is one of those genial souls whose perfect poise and kindliness are so winsome. The old "monkey wrench district" of Iowa will always have a firm grip on national affairs with Judge Birdsall at the congressional helm.

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IN mousing around the many interesting nooks and corners of the Boston Public Library, the Roosevelt crest was discovered the other day. I doubt if the president himself is aware of this insignia of family greatness, and I doubt, too, if he cares very much for it, but to many of us the subject of heraldry presents an interesting study. It shows how, in the old days, the necessity for having some sign to identify those who stood for the rights and preservation of their family and home ties was reduced to a system, and named heraldry. Today, this sign language is no longer needed, and the crests of many old families have been extended and extended until now almost every American might claim some coat of arms, and if he does not know of any family insignia, he may always claim the arms of the United States of America as representative of the clan to which he belongs—for the evolution has gone steadily on from family to clan, from clan to nation, until now the crest of every American may truly be said to be revealed in the great seal of the nation.

WHEN historians make up the chronology of the first decade of the twentieth century, the return of the remains of Admiral John Paul Jones to the United States will be chronicled as a remarkable event. While 1905-6 accepted the fact as a current event, as it recedes into history it will be seen to be a most significant incident, and perhaps the most important historical fact of the generation in which it occurred. There has been nothing in the history of the United States at all like the incident in which General Horace Porter is the central figure. The return of the body of the poet, John Howard Payne, from Tunis was effected without material difficulty, the amount necessary to defray transportation being the only requirement in that undertaking. General Porter's task was far more complicated, and required an amount of patience, tact and diplomatic skill that made the monetary outlay, and that was considerable, of secondary importance. The credit for the stupendous

CONGRESSMAN A. L. BRICK OF INDIANA

task of returning the body of John Paul Jones to the United States will always be given, as it alone belongs, to General Porter. It was his unflagging interest and enthusiasm that kept up the work on the ob-

scure problem of the exact location of the body of the naval hero, and it was his diplomacy and resource that at last wrung a

THE OLD ROOSEVELT CREST REPRODUCED FROM A BOOK PUBLISHED IN 1800

reluctant consent for the necessary excavations to determine the correctness of the theories that had been formed. It was also the private purse of General Porter that furnished the considerable amount of over thirty-five thousand dollars necessary to carry on the work, and to present the recovered body to the United States government. This amount General Porter has offered as a free gift to his country, asking only that if any step toward reimbursement should be deemed advisable, this amount be added to the funds made available for the decoration of the crypt at Annapolis in which the body is to have its final resting place. The idea of the Valhalla, the gathering-place of the nation's heroes, has been a most stimulating one to all the peoples of Germanic blood. It appeals to the inherent and hereditary instincts of the English-speaking peoples everywhere. Around the first great admiral of the United States there has already clustered, in the few months in which his body has been on American soil, so much of a sentiment of remembrance and appreciation of the lives of all the worthy sons of the navy of the United States, that the service performed by General Porter is already coming to be seen in its true importance and significance as affording a nucleus of such a gathering place of naval memories and traditions, of memorials of the heroic performances and aspirations of the sea-fighters of the United States, as shall be a perpetual inspiration not only to the officers and men of the navy, but to all, in every walk of life, who regard noble ambitions and great deeds, as the most precious of national assets.

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I WAS much interested in learning that H. C. Loudenslager has again been nominated, for the eighth time, for the First District of New Jersey, which he has represented continuously since he was first elected to the Fifty-Third Congress. When I first commenced going to Washington, jolly, wholesome Henry Loudenslager was a congressman. His long service and his tireless desire for work have placed him in the front rank of the nation's representatives.

His majorities have always been large, a fact not wondered at by those who know him and the able work he has rendered to his party. He does splendid service on the committees of naval affairs and pensions, and is chairman of the latter. Just at present, as secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, he is doing big work and it is generally acknowledged that no one has done better service in this capacity than H. C. Loudenslager.

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FEW questions discussed during the last session of Congress evoked more interest than that of the welfare of the tobacco-growing industry, which many growers think is threatened by the fact that the "weed" can be produced at a much lower rate in the Philippines, chiefly owing to the cheap labor

THE HOUSE IN PARIS UNDER WHICH THE REMAINS OF JOHN PAUL JONES WERE FOUND

obtainable there. Many persons familiar with these matters, claim that American trade cannot be brought into direct competition with Philippine tobacco-growing without disastrous consequences.

Himself a tobacco farmer, probably few men are better able to pronounce an intelligent opinion on this industry than Honorable H. Burd Cassel, and in his bill looking toward the protection of the tobacco-growing industry of the country, he did good work last session. It is interesting to talk with him regarding this most popular product. About 1,600 to 2,000 pounds are produced to the acre—but this means an immense amount of labor on the part of the farmer, for the tobacco crop is one requiring extreme care, from the time the seed is planted in March—in some sheltered spot—until the following March, when the cured crop is delivered to the warehouse. I learned from Mr. Cassel that, as the plants are injured by a special pest, called the tobacco worm, not the least part of the work of cultivation is in gathering and destroying these pests.

Mr. Cassel's district represents a large number of tobacco farms, which sell nearly $3,000,000 worth per year, and something like 64,000,000 cigars are made in this district, which adds a large income to the revenue. America is a nation of smokers, and the tobacco industry is always of interest to our citizens.

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IT is natural to feel a keen interest in meeting a man who hails from your old home—there is an especial pleasure in it. I recall the good old days gone by; I remember the prairies of the Dakotas, whitened with the bones of the buffalo, and indented with the "buffalo wallows" and sloughs; the "coolies" skirted the straggling Jim river, a stray tree stood here and there, like an oasis in the desert, and the section stakes every half-mile, indicated the farms which have since become the homes of as sturdy, self-reliant and aggressive a lot of citizens as the nation possesses — pioneers who have been successful in building homes on those rugged plains, so stubbornly contested by the Sioux tribes, certainly have the right stuff in them.

I recall the town of Oakes, a terminal and

CONGRESSMAN MARTIN OF SOUTH DAKOTA

junction point of two lines of railroad, and now one of the important railway centers and business towns of North Dakota. Was it any wonder that I found great pleasure in meeting the congressman from North Dakota, hailing from Oakes; and having known Mr. Thomas F. Marshall in those old days, and knowing him now as a congressman, I feel sure that North Dakota is indeed well represented. Mr. Marshall is a man who understands the needs of his district—a man whose breadth of view is as wide as the vast expanse of the prairies on which he lives.

It is generally conceded among his colleagues, that Mr. Marshall was the first to realize in full the importance to the great northwest of the legislation known as the "free alcohol bill." His practical, life-long business experience brought him face to face with the real needs of his people, and enabled him to grasp at once the importance of this new industrial material for fuel, light and power. He introduced a bill covering the subject, and was one of the few active men who did the enormous amount of necessary work before the Ways and Means Committee and with the membership of the house to enact the law. It is said that every man has a hobby. Mr. Marshall's first hobby during his congressional career was rural free delivery for his farmer constituents, and his second was "free alcohol." During his service, rural free delivery routes in his district have increased from five to two hundred and fifty or more, owing largely to his efforts along that line. This splendid showing, together with the passage of the alcohol legislation, proves that he has ridden his hobbies successfully.

The representative from North Dakota rendered valuable service—not only to his constituents, but to the nation at large—on the Committees of Indian Affairs, Irrigation, and Private Land Claims — work well suited to his capacity, and with the requirements of which he is thoroughly familiar, Mr. Marshall has the true spirit of North Dakota, and is justly proud of the distinction of representing the great granary state of the Northwest.

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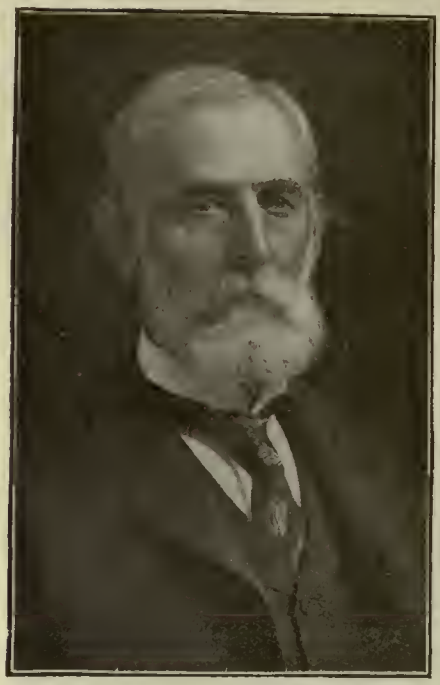
I RECENTLY heard a well-known senator remark that "the first requisite of success for a member of any parliamentary body is to gain the confidence of his colleagues in his integrity and uprightness of character, and in his capacity to do carefully and thoroughly whatever he may undertake"

CONGRESSMAN HENRY C. LOUDENSLAGER OF NEW JERSEY

MRS. TANNER, WIFE OF CORPORAL JAMES R. TANNER, EX-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE G. A. R. MRS. TANNER WAS KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT IN MONTANA



SENATOR J. F. DRYDEN OF NEW JERSEY

Senator Dryden has long since attained this "first requisite," and there is no doubt that his speech, backed by the force of his personality, did more to support the minority of the committee who reported in favor of a lock canal than did any other single effort. Having served for many long days on the Interoceanic Canal Committee, Senator Dryden was able to give an exhaustive, comprehensive presentation of the whole Panama Canal situation, which, as he said, "presents at once the most interesting and stupendous project of mankind to overcome by human ingenuity 'what nature herself seems to have attempted, but in vain.'"

Every sentence of Senator Dryden's remarks carried swift conviction, indicating thorough knowledge of his subject, while his arguments appeared to be unanswerable. A colleague who heard him from start to finish, remarked:

"I doubt if any senator from New Jersey has ever had the good fortune to speak more opportunely or effectively."

Senator Dryden took the patriotic ground that the experience and judgment of American engineers should be accepted—a point of view distinctly American, and showing his faith in the ability of his own countrymen. It has at last been decided to go ahead with the lock canal, throwing out the sea-level proposition, which would require the removal of 57,000,000 cubic yards more of earth. A wise decision, it seems, considering that time is of supreme importance in this undertaking, and it is estimated that the construction of a sea-level canal would require almost twice as much time as is necessary to make a lock canal. Ten years is a long time in a nation's life, according to modern views, but a decade in canal construction—under the present high pressure—will see wonders accomplished. Much has already been done, and it is reported that the "Canal Zone" is "in a better, cleaner and healthier condition than at any time in its history."

There is a paragraph in Senator Dryden's speech that has been widely quoted and has awakened the enthusiasm of admirers of united national effort and of the canal project,

"Shall the success of this great project be imperiled by the possible changes in the fortunes of parties? Shall we incur the risk that changes in economic conditions, hard times, or panic and industrial depressions may bring about? Time flies, and in the progress of industry and commerce, in international competition and the growth of modern nations, no factor is of more supreme importance than the years with new opportunities for political and commercial development. Shall we, then, neglect our chances? Shall we fail to make the most of this, the greatest opportunity for the extension of our commerce and navigation into the most distant seas, which will ever come to us in our history?"

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IT is interesting to find a real farmer in congress, and Ernest M. Pollard, of Nehawka, Nebraska, may certainly be so described. He has succeeded E. J. Burkett for that district which claims William Jennings Bryan as a resident. Mr. Pollard is full of that enthusiasm for thorough and scientific farming, which has done so much to develop the agricultural interests of the country. It is safe to say that during the last session he spent half of his time in the Agricultural Department and, though not assigned on that committee, he has made a special

study of agricultural interests, and has been instrumental in having two important measures passed, providing for the distribution and dissemination of information secured at the Agricultural Department, with a view to benefitting farmers throughout the country.

Mr. Pollard endeavored to get an appropriation of $50,000 for the advancement of agricultural interests, but at first failed. He went at it again, and the measure finally passed as a rider to the Agricultural Bill, $76,000 being granted instead of the smaller amount originally asked for. Mr. Pollard is a practical farmer, and has a 400-acre apple orchard which is his pride and delight, and no man is better fitted to judge of the appropriations required for agricultural advancement and extension.

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DO you remember how you used to flee when you had completed your work, and started to play, swinging the fishing rod or the baseball bat, with a consciousness of having finished your task? I imagine that President Roosevelt must have felt like that the day I met him on my annual pilgrimage to Oyster Bay, made on, perhaps, the hottest September day ever known, even by the "oldest inhabitant."

He was swinging his tennis racquet as he walked down the hill over the lawn; for in the dense woods of the Hamlin Place the president now plays tennis.

A large part of the time this summer has been spent on this tennis ground, and the axe has not been used to any great extent, as in former years. Altogether, it has been a quiet and restful vacation time for the president, though every moment has been spent in some useful employment, whether to building brain or muscle. There have been comparatively few visitors to Sagamore this season. Postmaster General Cortelyou lives near-by, and was, perhaps, with the president oftener than any other member of the cabinet. I remember that formerly the president played tennis in the court at the foot of the hill, and concluded that the caravan of carriages which drive by every day has had something to do with the change of tennis courts. It probably often happened that, with the ball in the air—which, like time and tide, "wait for no man"—and the score "love all", up would come a carriage and the president would pause to greet the inmates; what a suitable salutation that "love all" seemed, despite the interruption to the game; but almost in the very act of speaking to the occupants of the carriage there would be a deft overcut to the ball, as the president's score went up to "fifteen love," soon followed by "thirty love," and victory perched on the presidential side of the court, despite the fact that the player there had paused to greet the passer-by with lifted cap, and a smile that had a geniality all his own.

CONGRESSMAN THOMAS F. MARSHALL OF NORTH DAKOTA

ON a hot summer's day, wishing for a vagrant breeze from the Potomac, in the room devoted to the work of the Merchant Marine Commission, I took up the report of Senator Gallinger on the development of the work of this commission. There were some startling facts in this document. The whole proposition of American Merchant Marine seems to involve the gain or loss of South American and other foreign trade. At the present time not a single American steamship sails to a port in South America further south than Venezuela. The irregularity and general deficiency of the shipping service between the North American and other im-

portant ports—those in South America, for instance—contrast unfavorably with the activity of European nations along this line. The fact, that in order to go to South America it is much more convenient to travel via Europe, illustrates the imperfect condition of our shipping facilities and needs no comment.

Since 1840, Great Britain has paid in actual subsidies about $250,000,000, which is far in excess of the expenditure of any other nation for similar uses. The purpose

SENATOR JACOB H. GALLINGER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

of this immense outlay is to facilitate all kinds of transportation between British and foreign ports. Thirty British steam lines have been subsidized and are carrying on business throughout the world, and it has been calculated that about six million per year is being paid out by the British nation to aid the shipping trade.

The experience of Britain proves that there is only one way to build up foreign commerce, and it is probable that America will at last profit by the object lesson afforded by the mother country. During the coming session one of the measures of prominent importance which will be discussed, and probably settled, will be the subsidization of the merchant marine of the United States. The mass of hearings and evidence which has been accumulated on this subject has been carefully considered by Senator Gallinger and all the members of the Senate Committee on Commerce, and the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. This problem involves the future welfare of this country, for it is one thing to produce large quantities of salable commodities—and another to find a market for them.

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IN each cosy corner of the cloak room, members of congress will soon gather to relate a new lot of stories; for whatever distinction a congressman may win in legislative circles; if he is a good story teller, he will certainly add lustre to his glory—in the cloak room at least.

It is said that Congressman Bob Cousins, claims he has attained the dignity of a Knight of the Garter. It happened this way. He was invited to Shanney's, a fashionable place in New York, and as he stepped out on the pavement, all ready for the fray, the glare of Broadway reflected the radiance of his evening broadcloth, his spotless linen and evening necktie. When he reached his destination, there was a wide stretch of red carpet for the guests to pass over. Mr. Cousins is a handsome man, tall, dignified, every inch the ideal congressman, and he was walking along that carpet with all the majesty suited to the occasion, when, lo and behold, it was discovered that behind his patent leather there trailed a long "something white!" The horrified congressman turned to look upon his recalcitrant garter, while the fashionable guests hid their faces in their napkins. With all the solemnity befitting so dreadful an occurrence, the congressman remarked:

"Well, I'll be darned! I never knew my garters were so long."

He bowed in silent majesty to the smiling guests, and since then has been dubbed the "Knight of the Garter."

When I heard the story told, I laughed, of course; but one old crusty congressman who hailed from Missouri, said, "That's nothing! How would you feel if you ventured to be

gallant and tell a lady that she was trailing three yards of tape up Broadway? How would you feel if you happened to step upon it, and she turned around and crushed you for your 'impertinence?'—A Broadway 'cop' saved me," he added reflectively.

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IF all the Vermont and Rutland turkeys were to be called upon for a sworn pedigree, according to the pure food laws, I am afraid a great many of them might be outcasts from the Thanksgiving table this year, for it is estimated that if all the turkeys declared to come from Vermont and Rutland were gathered together, there would not be enough room in the whole state for even one lonesome chicken to cheep. This is merely an example of the misconstruction which may be placed on the pure food laws, though everyone must approve of Uncle Sam's determination to have the people served with what they pay for, even if it be only genuine "Boston baked beans."

The Pure Food Commission and the Railroad Rate Commission occupied the focusal point of interest in Washington up to the assembling of Congress, and the salutary results of the remedial legislation of the last session will soon be put to a rigid test. There must be flaws and inconsistencies, but there is no question that the general trend and drift of public opinion today is toward securing honest and sterling service for the public. In fact, the constitutional elements have been so expanded that not only are those selected for positions of public trust and responsibility required to render account, but the time is coming when every man in any way, shape or manner serving the public—though he be but a peanut vendor—will be held accountable to the government for the fulfilling of the license which has been bestowed upon him.

This may be paternalism, or the ebb of the tide, of which individualism is the flow; but be that as it may, the aim of every right-thinking man today must be to determine and maintain the "happy medium" between these two extremes. The thing to do now is to determine the absolute limit of high and low tide; then we shall not be "left high and dry on the sands of inaction" when the tide ebbs; and when it flows in again we shall quietly place ourselves on the solid rock where the lichens mark the safety point, and the water never reaches a height sufficient to drown the unwary traveler.

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STALKING across the lawn, a lot of black crows were catching grasshoppers, seeming to enjoy their fall reunion; for now that they have returned from their isolated summer vacation, they flock together with the instinct that causes human beings to get together when harvest is at hand, and co-operation is needed to gather it in. The busy black crows had a great deal to say to each other, and no doubt were making up excursion parties for a winter tour in the south.

The scene was picturesque; on either side of the dusty road skirting the bay were lush green hedges, between which darted the swift automobiles—a ceasless caravan during the past summer. One thing the "freshest" automobilist must hold sacred; across one portal is written the "thus far" of public law or private request—over the entrance to Sagamore is blazoned "Automobiles Forbidden," and from this portal the begoggled chauffeur turns away to pursue his course about the hill, instead of through the driveway. I thought how easily not only the driver of the auto, but many a world-famous man is swayed by the wishes of the man on the hill. Yet how simple is life at Sagamore. The mail arrives there only once a day, instead of the six deliveries of busy city days. In the morning the stenographer comes to take dictation, and then departs, leaving the president to enjoy his vacation for the rest of the day. No telegrams are clicked off at home, but all messages are delivered at Moore's Grocery Store, and transmitted to the president by telephone. Most of the vacation work is done in the old library; although the new brick addition, outside of which stand two real cannon, looks very attractive.

When I was at Oyster Bay, Secretary Loeb had left for his vacation in the West, and Secretary Latta was in charge. Mr. McGrew was at work transcribing the message, hammering away at the typewriter and simplified spelling. While many have been shocked at the president's apparently radical position in the matter—when the scheme of simplified spelling, issued by the Government Printing Office, is considered carefully, it is little more than a confirmation of spell-

GROUP OF EMPLOYES STANDING IN FRONT OF GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

ing reforms long since evolved by popular usage. Now that we are getting used to them, "thru" and "tho" do not look as bad as they did at first, although "prest" has a sort of "comprest" look about it that does not seem to agree with the past perfect tense. The president, in his letter, indicates how the elimination of unnecessary letters is authorized by old authorities, for many modern "extra" letters have been added since the time of Chaucer and Elizabeth, and in some instances the revised spelling merely reverts to old-time methods. In other words, it has been a utilization, as far as possible, of the manner of spelling which seems best to meet the exigencies of expeditious reading and writing. After all, that is the fundamental purpose of spelling—it was not designed as a sort of mental gymnastics.

The singular thing to me was to see all this work of the executive department handled by three stenographers. Although the wires were kept busy with messages from Secertary Taft at Cuba, all is done with such simplicity that the workers seem unconscious of the great importance of their work, and how tremendous the influence it exerts on the world. The executive force has remained almost unchanged for eight or ten years, which accounts for the extraordinary degree of efficiency attained. Various trophies of all kinds, from a fierce looking dagger to a new puzzle, pour in upon the president, and are everywhere in evidence.

I suppose that the pertinent query of the hour is, "Will the president submit to be nominated for another term?" No one for a moment, doubts the sincerity of his wishes in the matter, as publicly and privately expressed. Kaleidoscopic mutations occur in the presidential prophecies, but if the people and the public sentiment of the hour should be crystalized, those who traverse the various sections of the country cannot doubt that President Roosevelt will be renominated for a second term, even though such action be contrary to his personal wishes. Go where you will, you see evidences of a confidence in Theodore Roosevelt that defies description.

Oh! It was hot! The brown-yellow fields of harvest time swam in the heat, but, whatever the weather, the old locust trees and the beauties of Oyster Bay are always refreshing. I returned by the winding road, and looked down on "The Sylph" lying at anchor, and went out of my way to see the Cove School.

KEY-BOARD OPERATORS, LANSTON MONOTYPE MACHINE, GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

situated high on the bank with the stars and stripes floating overhead. Here the children of the president acquire part of their education and the scholars are endeared to him and his family. The same teacher, Miss Sarah C. Provost, has presided there for years past.

The people of Oyster Bay have a deep and affectionate regard for their fellow-citizen, who to them is unchanged since he was plain Colonel Roosevelt, returning from the Spanish war. He recently attended the Masonic Lodge, and his brother Masons were favored with an address such as is seldom delivered at a gathering of the order. Earnest in his obligations as a Mason, as in all else, the president spoke of the beauty and humanizing influence of the ancient order in terms which did honor alike to his head and heart.

The distinctive fad at Oyster Bay this season seems to be souvenir postals. Signs indicating where they may be purchased are frequent, and it is stated that 6,000 cards have been mailed at the village postoffice this season. The town was placarded with gorgeous sale bills in which the auctioneers offered ninety-nine lots and five dwellings for sale in the president's home city.

I dropped into the office of the Oyster Bay Pilot just as they were going to press. The proofs of the last form were being read. I had a delightful visit with Mr. Cheney, who is always alive to the interests of Oyster Bay, and yields to no one in his admiration of the president, who subscribes for and reads his paper; for its local columns possess the same interest for the chief executive that "local news" inspires in everyone who resides in a town or small city, and gets into touch with the real homely, friendly spirit which exists in such communities as Oyster Bay.

The president's secretary, after he returned from San Juan Hill, was Miss Amy B. Cheney, daughter of the Pilot's editor, who now has a position in the general land office at Washington.

By the old Octagon Hotel, far-famed for its delicious fried chicken and the pure cold water of its rustic covered spring, leads the favorite route of the whirling, whizzing automobiles, and here, too, the quaint old stage-coach regime still lingers to astonish and interest the modern traveler.

At Randall's store, in this quiet Long Island village, Mr. Randall was trying, by signs, to sell some cloth to an Italian woman, who knew no English, but knew just what she wanted. She was attired in Italian costume,

JOB PRESS ROOM, GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, MIEHLE PRESSES

as was her daughter; both wore tiny shawls over their shoulders and big earrings in their ears. The mother selected the cloth, explaining by signs how much she wished, stretching her arms to their full extent four times, and then making a half-stretch, thus informing Mr. Randall that four and a half yards were desired.

The little four-year-old girl did the interpreting needed to complete the purchase, and make change. It was an illustration of the way in which the tide of immigration has overflowed the country, and I could see in this bright, black-eyed child the material for a good, solid, substantial American matron in the years to come. These children are attending the Cove School out on the hill.

As the years come and go, the welcome to coming friends and the "God Be with You" to loved ones departing, comes from the very hearts of friends and neighbors at Oyster Bay as a tribute to the sterling goodness and strength of character of Theodore Roosevelt.

I could only think of his world-wide popularity as simply an infinite multiplication of the kindly relations which exist between him and his neighbors at Oyster Bay, and all others who have known the sturdy champion of progressive Americanism.

I WAS astonished to discover the last time that I was in Washington, tha. 2,455 daily newspapers are turned out fror the presses of the United States, with an average circulation per issue of 19,624,757. I have heard it estimated that there is one paper for every four men, women and children in the country—not forgetting the babies.

This mass of information constantly pouring off the printing presses shows quite plainly why the people of today have their wishes more clearly expressed in congress than ever before. They now have the means of molding public opinion through the printed sheet.

It is interesting to speculate as to what the census of 1910 will reveal as to the growth of newspapers and periodicals. If they continue to increase at the present rapid rate, it is difficult to say what the figures may be in a few years. This is an encouraging feature of American society; the aggregate observation of foreigners today goes to show that the people of this country are kept alert, aggressive and progressive more through newspapers and periodicals, circulating throughout the country, than by any other single agency.

When it comes to passing upon great national problems, it is an advantage to have the limelight of publicity turned on by means

DEXTER FOLDER MACHINE OPERATORS, GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

of the press. Of course, it cannot be said that the exposures show a state of affairs of which we have any reason to be proud, but it often happens that the power of public opinion nips in the bud many a nefarious project and purpose, and those who have the truest interests of the country at heart, believe that the increase in newspaper and magazine publication is indeed a sign of the development and uplift of our nation.

The new Government Printing-office is the largest and best equipped in the world, and numbers among its employes fifteen hundred compositors, one thousand bookbinders, one hundred electrotypers and two thousand female employes; a city of people in itself.

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HERE is an indication in Washington that the capital city has awakened from its century of slumber as a commercial and manufacturing center. This may be regretted from an ethical or artistic standpoint, but at the same time, the needs and possibilities of Greater Washington are urgent, and is it well that they should be appreciated. While the industrial possibilities of the capital will receive the active and enthusiastic attention of its citizens, the one thing which should be kept in mind is, that Washington ought to be the beautiful—even the magnificent—representative city of a great nation. In this work of beautifying Washington and looking into her future with a clear prevision of her possibilities in regard to parks and other important improvements—on which action must be taken at once in order to be potential, or even possible—Mr. Charles C. Glover and other well-known citizens have put their hands to the plow, with the evident determination not to draw back until something definite has been accomplished. It is insisted that, during the past summer, Washington has organized a real "boom," on the Western plan, which only requires a winter of careful and persevering preparation to blossom into success.

The summer of science is here, and the advance of her season is sure and certain. Now comes the wizard, Professor Bethelot, from Paris, to promise emancipation to every housekeeper who is worried about making and keeping the fire in the cook stove, for "fireless

cooking" is one of the latest things. No more fire—the workman carries his dinner-pail, as of yore when he leaves home in the morning, but inside its humble confines he discovers a hot, cooked dinner at noontime. The fireless millennium is about to be ushered in, we are told, and the time will come when it will be possible to live on gases alone, purified and regulated into just the right proportions to sustain health.

NANCE O'NEIL, DRAMATIC STAR

Now comes Dr. Branton of Chicago, who maintains that ideas may be incubated, simply by standing on one's head. When you want to remember something, or when your old brain box refuses to act, just reverse the position of your body—stand on your head.

With fireless cooks and cookless fires, with brains operated by inversion, it looks as though we were indeed about to reverse the old order. However, I soon discovered that the idea of reversing the brain was not new, and that a system of fireless cooking was in practice many years ago, at least in one corner of the earth—for some reason the invention was never exploited. I have been told that as far back as good Queen Bess's time, the ladies of the court were wont to assume a reversed attitude when the location of a missing thimble could not be remembered, or if the courtiers forgot who was the next partner in the dance, they hastily retreated to some quiet spot where they might stand on their heads to aid memory, and avoid giving mortal offence to the lady who was scheduled to dance with them. I can imagine the rich lace sleeve-ruffles sweeping the ground, while the silk-stockinged legs trembled aloft where, a moment before, the head of the gallant had been. What a boon this aid to memory must have been, and how delightful that it has been revived. True, there are times when it might be a little inconvenient, for instance, it does not seem quite right to imagine a row of stately senators, in doubt about votes or some other matter, withdrawing to the cloak room to stand upon their heads—the difficulty of assuming the required position may make this aid to memory unpopular—especially with legislators of ample proportions. What added force this would give to the question, "How does he stand?" If he stood upon his head, we should know at once that he had forgotten something.

o o o

IN the Department of Entomology they were making some investigations, which reminded Champ Clark of a story that he could not deny himself the fun of telling us. He began:

"Did you ever hear of the two Irishmen who entered into a discussion of bed-bugs from a scientific point of view?"

"'Yes, it's a foine bug, a scientific bug,' said Pat, and Mike replied:

"'Oi moight say it's an extraordinary foine bug—a wonderful scientific bug.'

"Mike puffed at his pipe reflectively and continued:

"'Ye may well say it's a wonderful scientific bug—but have ye anything agin him?'

"'Well,' said Pat, 'upon examination, I agree with ye that it's a foine bug, and a extraordinary and scientific bug, but—Oi must admit Oi don't loike the way the bed-bug makes his livin'.'"

AN ADRIATIC QUEEN

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of "Tranquil Delight," etc.

CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

THE young fellow—he was none other than F. D. M., my chum in the old house with eight rooms and a *loggia*, the last house of all, down by the Public Garden in Venice. We were out in our private gondola with Giovanni in his blue silk sash with the silver fringe, and his sombrero, making a shadowy silhouette against the twilight sky—the young fellow turned abruptly upon me and said: "I am astonished that you have not met her before." He said this with an air of reproof—as if it were more my fault than my misfortune—and so I was quite as astonished as he. Astonished and delighted; I almost thrilled with joy at the moment. If there is one thing that I like more than another it is a sharp reproof from a friend; for then one feels that that friend has one's best interests at heart. I think I wouldn't mind going out of my way for a reproof like this; just for the relish that goes with it; so I smiled and sat up and began to take notice, while we drifted farther and farther away from the enchantress who had bidden us to dinner on the following evening at her palazzo.

Chum and I had dined early and were taking the air on the lagoon, as was our custom. Venice is never lovelier than at sunset, in fine weather. We were drifting idly enough, for Giovanni was in love with the cobbler's daughter, a fair bead-stringer, who lived in our *calle*, and he used to dream over the oar and look like a gondolier in a picture—highly ornamental but of little use. A gondola approached us noiselessly; it might have been one, almost any one, picked out of ten thousand, and we should have been none the wiser, for they are all alike. You know why? In the brave days of old, when the princes in their palaces had nothing to do but to spend money, they spent most of it on their gondolas; they were so gorgeously decorated with trailing breadths of silk and jewelled wings of rainbow hues, that they looked like veritable aquatic birds of paradise. The rivalry was so great between the families that it had to be put an end to, or soon the wealthiest would have become impoverished. Thereafter, were they all to be made of one pattern, and painted black as ebony—according to law.

On this particular evening, I know not why, unless it were our fate, we somehow instinctively gravitated toward one funereal barge, and could not pass it without coming within reach of its low gunwale. The rainproof *felze* had been removed; in its stead was a buff canopy with Algerine stripes and silken tassels that danced in the soft breeze. Under the canopy sat, or rather reclined, a lady in her prime, whose contour and pose were suggestive of the voluptuous East. She was beautiful, sensuous, seductive; her features were scarcely concealed beneath a white gauze veil flecked with little golden stars; her eyes were pansy-purple; her lips vermillion; her hair fell in masses about her forehead, and was gathered in a loose knot at the nape of her beautiful neck, where it was pierced by a golden arrow tipped with jewels. The hair was of that rose-blonde tinge that takes fire in the sunshine and appears as if it were gilt-edged. There were hoops of gold in her ears. She was of the type that may even carry the nose-ring with dignity and distinction.

As for the rest—a graceful disposition of the ample limbs was evident, in spite of drapery which was, perhaps, like the jewels, worn by this lady, overrich. She at once recognized my chum, who was for some time before my arrival a resident of Venice. She opened her eyes like a pet spaniel aroused from sleep; she opened them very wide, with a kind of mild curiosity that threatened

to fall asleep again on the instant. Her eyes were full of a tender light that just suited the time and place: we might have called her Venice personified, but we didn't; or we might have called her Venus comestalkified, but why should we insult her?" Chum asked leave to present me, and I was forthwith made known to *La Contesse Blank-Blank*, a veritable Queen of the Adriatic. In ten minutes we were like old friends. I have met others who came as close to me almost as abruptly, but in twenty minutes we were enemies for life. Look out for false colors when you are sailing in strange seas.

In these ten minutes she set the blood whizzing all through us, and we had promised to dine with her on the morrow at her palazzo. Of course we did it, and were very glad to do so. What mattered it to us that the gossips in the American colony were dumb in her presence, but extremely talkative behind her back; were blind to whatever physical advantages she was possessed of, and they were many and varied; and because they were less fortunate than she in this respect, and many others, they were secretly seeking to undermine her reputation. A man is usually supposed to be able to defend himself—though it does not follow that he always is. Perhaps this is the reason why he is sometimes allowed the privilege of consorting with those, whose names are nameless even in the best circles of society.

We dined—O, how we dined! The darkest hour is nearly always just before the dawn of dinner; but this particular hour was almost the most charming of many charming other ones. Her palazzo was one of the oldest and finest in Venice. Approaching it, our gondolier suddenly slid under a low marble bridge which was the land entrance to the court threading the moat—for so the canal seemed as it flowed by the wall on three sides of the edifice—we drifted into a slip, like an antique Roman bath, a wilderness of roses and a very babel of chirping birds. Not even the low tides of the Sea City could prevail against the delicious fragrance of that rose-garden. From the garden we entered the court; from the court passed up the broad marble stairway—once trodden by the proud feet of a Doge; on we wandered, piloted by a courteous page, from hall to vast chamber, from one lofty gallery to another—all these of rarest marble with alabaster trimmings—till we came at last to the most beautiful of boudoirs, and there reposed *La Contessa* in a bewildering dinner costume such as Aspasia may have worn to the joy of Pericles.

The boudoir was lined with cabinets filled with the rarest of Venetian glass—each one, no two alike, as much an inspiration from the hands of the molder as is a poem from the heart of a poet. We adjourned from the boudoir, having run short of adjectives, to the music room, where we could turn around without running any risk whatever. The room was spacious and was furnished sparsely, as Italian rooms are apt to be, though this barrenness is much to the advantage of a music room. A concert grand piano stood in the center of the floor; a harp was half hidden in a deep window overhanging the garden; a divan stretched from pedestal to pedestal under the fixed gaze of two marble nymphs; busts and medallions were upon the walls. The floor, like the floors of most Venetian houses, was of concrete, a polished surface resembling mottled marble. But for a profusion of Persian rugs, these floors would be impossible in the polar winters of northern Italy.

With a joyance I had hardly looked for in our hostess, she charmed us until the belated dinner was announced. Did we like music? She played both the piano and the harp with uncommon skill. She sang *bouffe* ballads with all the abandon of the French opera comique. Did we prefer softer airs, and with more sentiment? Her own compositions lay close at hand—fragments of Swinburne set to melodies as full of rhythm and color as are his incomparable rhymes. Were we not aversed to poetry? We almost reverently turned the dainty leaves of a slender volume containing the effusions of this delightful lady. The poems were in the happier Swinburnian manner, bound in a triumph of bibleopegy. And how about Art? She led my artist chum into ecstacies, and they raved together in a language unknown to any but the initiated, who are heaven-born and know no world but the world of art. A portfolio of her sketches was produced for our delectation; it was filled with bold, not to say daring, studies from nature, and betrayed a startling knowledge of human anatomy.

The Countess who is not above—*far above*—being squeamish, where 'art in all its phases is concerned—is a Puritan whom it would be base flattery to call a prude. How well and worthily *La Contessa* spoke of the inestimable advantages of the life-class at the *Belle Arti*, where, with infinite pains and indomitable courage, she had finally gained admittance as a student. Her sculptures adorned her palace. Her studio was an evidence of her indefatigable industry—a mountain of clay in a desert of plaster of paris—and everywhere plaster casts of every member of the human form divine.

Her studies were original. For an Ophelia she sought the asylum for the insane, where there were scores of them—there are always Ophelias in the Italian asylums—and singing to one of those mad virgins she held her spellbound, while with deft fingers the sculptress fashioned a graven image out of clay. For a dying child, a tiny skeleton sunken in a hollow bed, she hung for hours and hours over the original in one of the hospital wards. The beggars fawned upon her and called down all the blessings of the Madonna on the devoted head of their Lady Bountiful. Chatting freely and with superior intelligence on every topic that presented itself, she turned readily from one language to another, in search of the one that should convey the exact shade of the meaning she wished to convey. She seemed to be mistress of them all, but Italian was her preference—as whose is it not, who has once mastered that romantic tongue?

This might have gone on forever without satiety, for it was a veritable feast of the gods, but there was the dinner to which we had been bidden, and for which our mouths had been watering ever since. Of course, you will remember what Owen Meredith says in *Lucile*, that once famous poem and all the rage for many seasons: a novelette written in an awkward meter, which had it been written in poetic prose would no doubt have still delighted readers even in this practical age. There are many most quotable bits in it and this is one of them:—

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

"We may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without bope,—what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

We drew up to the cosy dinner table, laid for four. A sedate and courtly gentleman on the down slope of life sat silently facing *La Contessa*. Looking as wise as an owl, he emulated that bird of wisdom and said little, but he generously shed upon us the patronising light of his countenance, which was rather a bore than otherwise. We were presented. So it seemed there was a husband in the case. Throughout the length and the breadth of that dinner—I might as well call it a banquet at once, for it was worthy of the name—the illustrious head of the house—if indeed he was the *head* of it—reverted at intervals to the one and only subject that seemed to occupy his mind, and even to fill it to overflowing—to wit—Marriage!

He was surprised, amazed, not to say appalled, upon being informed that chum and I were still in the matrimonial market, and yet eligible and perhaps worth a bid. He hastened to offer his sympathy in very choice Italian. He urged upon us the advisability of our assuming the bonds of wedlock at our earliest convenience. If it so happened that our coffers were not filled to repletion—Chum was an artist and I a traveling correspondent—then we might turn hopefully to the airy heiress whose eyes were diamonds, whose teeth were pearls, and whose very beart was golden and the number of carats thereof beyond calculation. In vain I assured him that, as for marriage, I had been next thing to it and found it an embarrassing and unprofitable state. His astonishment was great. He turned upon me and his face was sternly interrogative.

I told him how, on a certain occasion when I was in Paris, I haply met a dear old friend at whose home in California I had been ever welcomed as a member of the family; she had been pursuing her art studies in one of the famous and fashionable ateliers of the French capital. With all the enthusiasm of the amateur, she had studied night and day, and was greatly in need of rest and change. After we had chatted for a while, she said to me, quite abruptly, as if the thought had just struck her and struck hard, "Where are you going next?" I said I was heading for London, the "Dear Old Smoky" of my callow days abroad. "I'll go with you!" she cried, and the incident was apparently closed. She told me how tired she was;

how she was in great need of a change of air and scene; how she must see the Royal Academy exhibit, and much more.

We went to London together without a doubt. I returned to my old lodgings at No. 11 Museum Street, Bloomsbury, where the lamented Maria—"R. I. P."—gave us motherly welcome. Bloomsbury Lodgings literally stood on end, for it was only one room wide, with four stories, and a basement, which a ray of sunshine was never known to enter; not for worlds, under any circumstances, could it so far forkify itself as to do so; only a crooked streak of lightning could possibly accomplish this amazing feat. Fortunately, there was a room in readiness for the lady—I had written to Maria a few days previous.

"Where are you going now?" queried she, after a fatiguing week in London, the "Stony-hearted Mother" of DeQuincy. I was going to Chester—of the Roman Wall—beautiful Chester on the banks o' the Dee. "O, Mary, go and call the cattle home; and call the cattle home, along the sands o' Dee." She was Mary the dutiful, and "never home came she".

I merely mentioned this in memory of Charles Kingsley, who wrote it, and thinking that perhaps my good friend might cut Chester out of her itinerary—but she didn't.

I cannot say enough of the excellence and charm of my companion. She was beautiful to look upon. Ever in the best of spirits. Ready for adventure of every description; and she never complained of weariness or the weather. "Where now, I wonder?" the murmured within my hearing, after a week in Chester. I blurted it all out so that she might reel and hasten back to London. She unreeled, and we did Ireland, Scotland and the English lakes.

All went well with us for a time; we were dear old friends, and like a couple of pals on a vacation tour. We had a thousand recollections of home to comfort us when the regular tourist-business began to pall—as it is bound to sooner or later. It was fun so long as we were among those who knew something good of us and nothing wrong; but shortly, being strangers in a strange land, there were those who began to look upon us with more or less suspicion.

It was all well enough so long as we were in Ireland. The highly complimentary inhabitants at the very tops of their voices, called down heavenly blessings without number upon the happy pair who, they were sure, still basked in the radiance of the honeymoon.

It was not until we began the exploration of Scotland that we realized that we were, perhaps, not guiltless in the eyes of the orthodox. Our first hint of it was on the day when we made the customary pilgrimage to Roslyn Castle and Chapel and Hawthornden, the home of the once much-respected but now obsolete poet, Drummond—whom "rare Ben Jonson" walked all the way from London to Edinburgh to visit. The poetic old ruin still hangs upon the beetling brow of the Valley of the Esk, than which no vale is lovelier. We were threading together the wilds of the meandering Esk, my companion botanizing, I poetizing. A young Oxonian, attracted by the beauty of the lady, and being a bit of a botanist himself, begged leave to join us. It was a pleasure to have him near, for together they were vivisecting Nature with much enthusiasm. I had wandered apart from them so that I might silently revel in the loveliness that was all about me, when she called to me. I was hidden in the foliage and did not answer; again she called; I paid no heed; for the third time she lifted up her voice and still I remained silent. Said the young Oxonian, apologetically, for the sake of our sex, I suppose, "I fear your husband does not hear you." "He is not my husband," said my friend. "Oh!" murmured the Oxonian. There was a pause, and then my friend turned suddenly upon the Oxonian, who was blushing like a sweet girl graduate, and said, "Why did you think he was my husband?" "Because he pays so little attention to you, madame!"

"Oh!" said my friend, with the half startled air of one who has just opened a new Book of Revelations. The merry laugh went round the board, and I felt encouraged.

I continued the tedium of my tale:—That evening as I was sitting in the parlor of my friend, at our hotel, it occurred to us in the same breath, as it so often does where two hearts beat as one, that a cheering cup might ensure balmy sleep after the burden of the day. I rang for the maid. She appeared. I said to her, with a flatteringly confidential air: "Please bring us a jug of hot water, a few lemons, and a flask of your best Scotch."

With a glance of scorn, in accents of horror, she replied, "This is a temperance house; you'll get nothing of the kind in it. The master wouldn't allow it, sir!" "O, very well. Then kindly bring the jug of hot water; the rest I can procure elsewhere."

"Well, you'd better not let the master see ye bringing it, sir." He did not.

In those dear old hostelries in Motherland there is no running water. Each morning there is a knock at your door, announcing that a jug of hot water is at your service. My friend's room was at one end of the much-respected inn, mine at the other. When I rose in the morning to take in my measure of hot water for my bath, it seemed I had been overlooked, and I was obliged to ring for the customary jug. My toilet completed, I went over to the door of my friend's apartment. She had not yet risen. Two jugs of hot water at her door—and this in a temperance house, if you please!

Later, we drove one day to a famous old inn in York. Over the door of each chamber was the name of some member of the royal family who had once occupied it. We were welcomed at the threshold by a portly representative of the house, who was so splendid in manner and habit that he was worthy of dramatization, if only for the sake of his scenic display. "Can you give us two rooms?" I asked. "Certainly; parlor and bed-room?" "No ; two bed-rooms."

"Ah! A double-bedded room?" "Not at all. A bed-room for *my sister*, and one for *myself*."

"Ah! Certainly, certainly; beg pardon, sir." Now, whose fault was it?

I turned to our host, after relating these harmless tales of adventure; he was wrapped in peaceful and profound slumber; nor did he join us later in the smoking room; nor did we see him more; but *La Contessa*, with her flagons of Monte Fiascone, lounged luxurious and presented her cigars with all the ease and elegance of an old smoker. The cigarette is, of course, natural to women smokers; but we soon got accustomed to seeing a small, delicately-formed cigar daintily poised in the exquisite hands of our hostess, and it seemed not out of place when puffed by coral lips that had just breathed forth with startling brilliancy the sparkling wine-song from *Girofle*. Really, there is positively nothing like it—save an *encore*.

When we were about to leave the palace, *La Contessa* admitted us to a gallery we had not yet visited. It was a treasure-house of every rare and beautiful object imaginable, crystal cabinets ablaze with bijouterie—and all that sort of thing that is so apt to remind one of Bulwer's novels; but the one object that caught the eye first and held it to the last, was a superb statue, a life-size, reclining female figure, guiltless of any adornment save that of nature's own. It might have been called Beauty Unadorned; perhaps it was; we did not ask the name—at least I did not, because I was struck dumb. A soft, roseate glow suffused the magnificent undulations of the almost more than human form divine, for the light from a tinted globe fell full upon it. Surely nothing could have been more transporting, for it was the visible embodiment of the poet's dream.

Floating homeward through canals that seemed flooded with ink; lit only by the glow-worm light that sifted down from the half-curtained windows of houses that were lofty and silent as the shadows of themselves; Chum told me the secret history of this statue. It was modeled from a series of reflections in artfully arranged mirrors of a suitable size. It was the *chef d'ouvre* of *La Contessa*. It was *La Contessa* herself!

Ah, pretty prudes! How much of the light of this life is denied you by reason of the great cloud of your prejudices!

RAIN

By Mrs. A. K. Carrel
WILLOUGHBY, OHIO

Rainin'? Well, I'm thinkin' mebbe,
Someone's suited, if you ain't:
An' the grass an' trees are freshenin'
So's they'd had a coat of paint.
Someone didn't want the sunshine,
Someone needed this same rain;
We can't all be suited always,
Things will come your way again.

Straighten out your puckered forehead,
'Tain't becomin' worn in folds;
Folks can tell by merely lookin'
If a body frets an' scolds.
Turn your mouth a leetle upward
At the corners. Don't you know
If you keep your lips a-smilin',
Discontent haint room to grow?

Hear that robin red-breast holler—
Fairly revellin' in song:
He don't care how hard it's pourin',
He don't care a mite how long,
Though he's gettin' wet an' soppin',
He says weather all depends
On the state of one's own feelin's:
What is best the good Lord sends.

One long face is worse than storm clouds
'Cause it's shut inside the door.
Just be cheerful an' be happy
Or pretend to, if no more.
Then you'll find there ain't no weather
Goin' to make you have the blues
An' you'll never be a-wishin'
For some other feller's shoes.

THE MONEY THAT BURNS

By Elizabeth Magie

LATE into the night Barry Bingham sat before his studio fire, with his feet on the table and a cigar between his lips, wondering whether he should devote the excess of his newly-acquired wealth to the building of libraries or to the foundation of economic colleges, or—

Wh-r-r-r!

The long, sharp ring of the electric bell sounded frightfully loud in the still winter night, and sounded as if it meant business too.

In a decided hurry, Barry took his feet from the table and the cigar from his mouth, and waited for the noise to cease. When it did so he glanced at the clock on the mantel. It lacked but a minute of midnight.

"Who can it be at such an hour?" thought Barry; for twelve o'clock was rather late for a man of Bingham's modest habits.

"Why the deuce doesn't James answer the bell?" he said to himself. Then suddenly remembering that James had been dismissed some two or three hours ago, and that he was probably a long way into the land of Nod by this time, there was nothing to do but to answer the bell himself.

The house was dark and silent, save for the ticking of the clocks in the various rooms, and Barry shivered as he went through the hall and down the stairs.

He opened the door to a tall young man in a long black cloak and silk hat. A very handsome and affable fellow he appeared to be, with something of a foreign aspect. His finely-waxed black moustache and goatee somewhat reminded Barry of Herrmann the Great.

"Good evening," said Barry, pleasantly.

"Good evening," replied the affable gentleman with a smile, at the same time producing from an inner pocket a little red card, which he handed to Mr. Bingham. Barry dropped the card instantly.

"Ye gods, that's hot!" he exclaimed. "What tricks are you playing on me? Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm a very dear friend of yours, Mr. Bingham," responded the affable one.

"The devil you are," said Mr. Bingham.

"Yes, the devil I am," returned the other: "you guessed right first time. See?" he said, with a jaunty lift of his hat and a little inclination of the head.

"Horns, by all that's holy!" ejaculated Mr. Bingham. "What fake is this?"

"No fake at all, sir. If you don't believe me, I'll prove it." And reaching behind him, he drew forth a veritable forked tail, the end of which he laid across his palm in a fond and approving manner. "Want to touch it?" he said to Bingham.

"No, I'll take your word for it," laughed Barry, who, for all that has been said against his visitor, rather liked the jolly fellow. "Will you come in?—It must be terribly cold out there."

"Yes, it is a trifle chilly," admitted Mr. Devil, who stepped nimbly into the hall and let Barry close the door behind him. "You know we never have it as cold as this at home. Besides, summer and winter, I always keep a pretty good fire."

Bingham led the way up stairs into the cheery studio. The Devil put his hat upon the table, while Barry took his cloak—fine, soft, warm, elegant—and thought how he would like to be a prince and have one like it himself.

When Barry came back from the contemplation of his visitor's finery, he found that gentleman on his knees before the fire, with poker and tongs in his hands.

"I say," cried Bingham, "what are you doing there? I'll attend to that, my friend. You'll spoil those trousers. But, good gracious, don't you think it's warm enough? If you don't, I'll turn on more steam."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, Mr. Bingham. It's warm enough, of course. It's only a

force of habit, you know—my taking up those things," explained the Devil, laying down the poker and tongs and seating himself in the chair placed for him.

Barry drew up another chair, and, taking from the table a box of cigars, extended it to his visitor.

"No," declined His Majesty, waving it away, "I never smoke myself, but, like you, I always provide plenty of good smoking for my guests—as you will see for yourself some day."

Bingham laughed a little nervously as he replaced the box upon the table.

"That's a couple of mighty pretty girls you have there, Bingham," observed his Satanic Majesty, indicating two framed photos on the mantel. "That one in the evening dress is a corker—a regular high liver. I know her. She'd grace any occasion. The one in the shirt-waist is pretty but she's rather common looking, don't you think so?"

"Common," flashed the young man. "I'll tell you there's nothing common about Ellen Churchill, unless it is her common sense and her common charity. I'm going to marry her—if she'll let me," he finished doubtfully, for he had not, as yet, mentioned the subject to the young lady.

The Devil leaned forward and looked Barry straight in the face. "How would she look and act at the head of a swell dinner party?" he asked, with the manner of a counsellor in cross-examination. "Don't make a mistake, Bingham. Be sure you don't make a fool of yourself."

The prince leaned back in his chair, with his tail hanging gracefully over the side, and crossed his legs, put the tips of his fingers together, and gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling. Presently he said, with a catty-corner glance at Barry out of his bright black eyes, "Bingham, you've just got money to burn. What are you going to do with it?"

"What's that to you?" snapped Barry, rather hotly.

"Oh, I thought I might help you burn it, that's all."

"Well, it certainly would burn if you had anything to do with it," Barry retorted.

"Oh, now, don't get wrathy, my boy," said the prince, lifting a quieting palm. "I'm your friend, you know, and as a friend I came to advise you as to the best use to make of your wealth. What do you think of doing with it?"

Barry bristled with indignation at the calm presumption of the fellow. To come at this hour of the night, into his own house, and ask him such an impertinent question! Oh, the impudence, the unmitigated insolence of the man! Bingham was about to request his dark-eyed guest to get behind him and to stay behind him, when something—some indescribable charm in the manner of the fellow—caused him to arrest the words.

Meanwhile, his Satanic Majesty lowered his eyes to the fire, whereon he looked lovingly and waited patiently. Flame flashed from the rubies on his fingers and from the diamonds in his shirt-bosom, while the chain of emeralds which hung across his low-cut vest glittered greenly like so many serpents' eyes. His cravat was of the softest woven silk, and the cloth of his coat was like satin. There was an irresistible air of aristocratic elegance about him, whose influence was so alluring that Barry forgot his indignation and began to frame the answer for which the patient Devil waited.

"All my life," he began, "I have intended—"

"Yes," said the Devil, sitting up with quick and earnest attention.

"All my life I have intended, if ever I became rich, to build free theatres and hire the best actors to play the best plays, so that the lower classes may be both instructed and amused without expense; to do all in my power to make transportation so cheap that there shall not be millions of the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, lovers and sweethearts, hopelessly separated from each other as there are now; to do all I can to bring idle land into profitable use; to search out worthy geniuses, thousands of whom are now wasting their lives in hard and bitter struggles to keep the wolf from the door, while the masses of mankind are deprived of the blessings and benefits which might be theirs; to—"

"Now, hold on, Bingham," interrupted the prince; "do you say these have always been your intentions?"

"Yes," cried Barry, enthusiastically, "yes, and many more. I have always intended—"

"Yes, yes, I know. And they're all very good intentions, very good indeed; and when you come to my place I'll show you a large

area of pavement in Bingham's Subdivision, which just beats anything in Hades."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that that's all they amount to?" Barry sprang from his chair. He was becoming indignant again.

"Hell's paved with good intentions, you know," said the Devil. "But sit down, sit down, my boy," commanded the affable one, softly, very softly; and Barry obeyed.

His Majesty shifted his position a little uneasily.

"Bingham," he said presently, "if you'll excuse me, I'll just take off these patent leathers. They cramp my—my feet a little."

"Why, certainly," cried Barry; "and your stockings too, if you like." And permission being thus readily granted, the prince removed his shoes *and* his stockings and gently rubbed—his hoofs! Barry snickered when he saw them, and proffered the Devil a pair of slippers, which were accepted and put to use.

"Just try on these patent leathers, Bingham," said His Majesty, "and if they fit you, you may have them cheap."

"No, no, thank you," replied Barry, with a shake of his head. "I can't say that I should just exactly like to be in your shoes."

"Oh, all right," returned the other with an indifferent air; "but there they are, if you want them. But come, Barry, let's get to business. Let's see, now, what could be done with this money. In the first place, you could use it in political campaigns."

"Which party?" asked Barry.

"Oh, either one—any one. That doesn't matter. You can find machine manipulators in any party. And, incidentally, how would you like to be a senator, or to have some high government position with plenty of opportunity for grafting on a large scale?"

"And so further increase my income," Bingham put in tentatively.

"Why, yes, certainly," smiled the Devil, with a flash of his white teeth. "Then you cold build factories for making canned poisons for human consumption—I can give you all kinds of recipes, and you could put the stuff up cheap and make it look just as good as the genuine; and you could buy a law to protect yourself."

"Now, could I buy a law?" murmured Barry musingly.

"Don't they do it all the time? Now, there's Senator ———, well, never mind; I won't mention names. But I've been in the lobby many and many a time whispering advice to my friends when the bidding was going on. Then you could open up a coal mine, or an oil field—" (oh, the oily one!) "and build model towns for your employes, and make them rent their houses and buy their groceries—these same canned goods—from you. You could build libraries and fill them with picked books, and the people would read these books and call you a philanthropist. Oh, I'll show you how they do it. Then you could build churches and endow colleges."

"But if I do all these other things, where shall I get preachers and professors to uphold me?" questioned Barry.

"Where? Why, I'll give you a list of names with rates for anything you want preached or taught. Love and Justice, four hundred per annum or less; Truth, Equality—let me see; I don't remember those figures exactly; I don't have much to do with those, you know. The Poor Ye Have Always with You, eight to fifteen thousand; the Wisdom of God in Appointing You the Agent of His Coal Mines, etc., twelve to twenty thousand, more or less, according to the business you are in;—but that will be easy enough. I can find your men for you when you're ready. Then you could institute a lecture bureau and send out speakers to instruct working girls how to live on fifty cents a week, and—" here the jolly gentleman from Hades gave Barry a sly dig in the ribs and winked knowingly—"don't you see how that sends the prettiest and the plumpest girls right where you want them?"

"Ha, ha, ha." laughed Bingham, throwing back his head. "I think I'll begin in the morning with the political machine manipulator and go on through the list. Come, prince, let's take a drink on that."

So saying, Bingham went to a cabinet and brought forth bottles and glasses and the two friends drank together long and deeply, and cracked many a merry joke.

The sun had been long at his business when Barry woke the next morning and, rising from the divan where he had spent the night, proceeded to bathe and dress. During the latter process, his eyes fell upon a natty pair of patent leather shoes on the hearth-rug, which shoes he immediately sat down and tried on. They fitted him to a T, and he paraded about

the room in them with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

"After all," he thought, "I rather think I like these shoes." In fact, he liked them so well that he wore them that afternoon when he went to call on the young lady in the evening dress.

Later the same day, some time after his return from his call, Barry wrote a letter—a flawless rhetorical composition—offering himself and his fortune to the girl in the evening dress. He was just about to superscribe the envelope when he was interrupted by the entrance of his man.

"What is it, James?"

"Someone to see you sir," answered the man, ushering into the room an extremely diminutive person in a long snow-covered ulster—long at two feet—and a huge fur cap.

"Well, youngster, what can I do for you?" asked Bingham, when James had disappeared and closed the door.

"I'm cold," complained the youngster, with his chubby fists in his big blue eyes, "and I want to get warm again."

"And so you shall, my little man," said Barry kindly. "Come right over here to the fire and let's take off your coat. Why, I'll declare, you haven't a thing on but your coat."

"Yes I have," smiled the chid, "I have a cap and these pretty red moccasins; see?" and putting one hand on Barry's shoulder, he stuck out a fat little leg. "I don't generally need even these, but I got so cold today that I was glad to put them on."

Bingham soon had the cherub stowed away in the cozy depths of his big arm-chair, with the little red moccasins warming on the hearth-rug, where the patent leathers had been.

The boy's blue eyes looked out from the cushions and wandered about the studio.

"What a beautiful room you have—for a man—and so many lovely pictures and birds and—and happy people," cried the little one, at a loss just how to express his opinion of the general character of Barry's color work. "And, my! What a lot of pretty girls' photos, especially those two over the mantel. You like pretty girls, don't you?" with a sagacious squint that would have done credit to an older eye. "I like that girl in the plain dress best. She's beautiful and good too. Just look at those eyes! And I know what they're saying, too."

"What are they saying? Tell me, won't you?"

"They're saying, 'I love you, I love you.'"

Barry's heart leaped.

"To whom are they saying it?" he whispered, breathlessly.

"Oh, now, I'll not tell you that, Mr. Bingham," replied the youngster, with a sober shake of his yellow curls. "That's her secret. If you really want to know, you must ask her yourself. But what is that over the door there?"

"That? Oh, that's a deer's head."

"Where's the deer? Is he on the other side?"

"No; he's dead long ago. I shot him myself."

"You shot him," echoed the child, springing to his knees and grasping the arm of the chair. "You shot him. What for?"

"Oh, just for fun."

"For fun! You shot a poor, pretty deer just for fun!" and the child dropped among the cushions again and began to sob.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Bingham, and going to the chair he tenderly gathered the little fellow in his arms and said, "There, there, don't cry."

"Oh, how wicked, to shoot a poor, pretty deer just for fun. Maybe it was a mamma deer and had little brown-eyed babies at home, who looked all night for their mamma and cried because she didn't come any more. Oh, it was so wicked, so cruel, to kill a poor, pretty deer just for fun."

Bingham spread a handkerchief over his breast to save his shirt-front.

"Come now," urged the man, gently, "stop crying and sit up and talk to me."

"And you'll promise never to kill any more poor, pretty deers?"

"Yes, I'll promise."

"Then let me sit on the table by that big pink lamp, and I'll talk to you."

Bingham deposited the child on the desired spot, and drew a chair up beside him. The little one was silent for a while, toying with the things on the table. By and by he turned toward the man with a rather serious expression.

"Mr. Bingham, you've got lots of money now, haven't you?"

"Yes, lots and lots of it; money to burn," answered Barry.

"And what are you going to do with it?"

That question again! But instead of becoming indignant, the big man blushed beneath the eyes of the little questioner.

"Oh, lots of things. I'm going to build factories and give work to hundreds of men and women and maybe hundreds of little children, who want to it do."

"But they don't want it. They don't want to work; not the little children, anyway. They want to play, and have a good time. Why don't you give them candy and clothes and books and playthings?"

"But people want to work, you know, to earn a living."

"Those people up there on the avenue don't work. They just wear nice clothes, and go to parties all the time."

"But they have plenty of money, and don't have to work."

"Then people work because they have to, not because they want to. You said first they wanted to."

Bingham, finding himself getting into deep waters, turned another way.

"And I am going to build churches, too." ("Church" has a good, Christian sound.)

"What for?"

"So that folks can go to church and learn to love God and to do right."

"People who really want to love God and do right, don't have to go to church to learn."

Barry thought he knew someone of that kind, and he looked up at the girl in the shirtwaist.

"Well, what else are you going to do?" went on the little questioner.

"I'm going to build colleges, so that young people can go to them and learn."

"Learn what?"

"Oh, learn history—all about how people used to live and how they used to dress, and what they used to do centuries ago."

"Don't you think it would do them more good to learn how people live nowadays, and how they dress, and what they do?"

"Then I'm going to do something for my country." (Ah, ha, patriotism ought to take.)

"Oh!" cried the child, clapping his hands with delight. "Tell me about it."

"I'm going to engage in politics, and—"

"Politics, Mr. Bingham, politics! Why, I thought you said you were going to do something for your country. Politics! Let me down. I must go." And little Love slipped to the floor and began to look for his coat.

"What's your hurry, my little friend?" cried Bingham.

"Don't call me your friend," exclaimed the boy, with oh, such a wounded look in his big blue eyes. "Politics! Politics! I have nothing to do with politics! Goodby."

"Well, we'll leave the politics out, then," said Barry, concedingly, for he was really attached to the little fellow and didn't want to let him go. "Yes, we'll leave politics out," he continued, nodding his head earnestly. "I'll promise you that."

"You will?" and little Love clambored into Barry's lap and looked up into his face. "But how about the other things?"

"What other things?"

"Why, the colleges, and the factories, and the poor, tired men and women who don't want to work?"

"Oh, I can't promise you about that now, but stay here with me a little while, and let me think."

And Love nestled to the man's heart and was warm again, while the man held him close and was silent and happy.

Wh-r-r-r! The bell!

"The Devil!" exclaimed Barry. Dropping the child among the cushions of the chair, and, bidding him wait until his return, he went down stairs. He flung wide the door and saw upon the landing a tall figure clad in white—the figure of a woman.

"Mr. Bingham," said the woman—and she had the very sweetest voice in the world—"I want to talk to you. May I come in?"

"I shall be delighted, madam," responded the young man, sincerely. "Come right in."

She put out a faltering hand. "Lead me," she said, "I am blind."

"Pardon me," said Barry, "I didn't know."

With extreme gentleness, he guided his visitor through the hall and up the stairs to his room. Immediately upon their entrance, the child quickly ran to the woman and clung about her skirts. She stooped to embrace the child and press a kiss upon its lips, and as she did so something within Barry's bosom swelled and thrilled, as if he felt within his own soul the tenderness of that caress.

With a reverent touch, the young man lifted the white mantel from the woman's shoulders, while little Love led her to the cushioned chair and knelt at her feet. Presently Barry came and sat near, and waited eagerly to hear again the woman's voice, for

it seemed to him that no voice had ever sounded so sweet to him before, not even the voice of little Love—or of the girl in the shirt-waist.

At last the woman spoke. She asked a question—*that* question. He knew it was coming. But he didn't mind it, not from her. She had a right to ask it, and a right to have it answered, for the woman's name was Justice.

"I know what he's going to do with the money," said the child. "He's going to buy new houses and clothes and nice things to eat for the poor people, and give them all a good time, aren't you, Mr. Bingham?"

"Maybe," answered the man.

Justice smiled.

"The child has a good heart, Mr. Bingham," she said, "but he often lacks judgment and prudence. But tell me," she continued, "what are you going to do with the money?"

"Why is it," wondered Barry, half aloud, "that when a fellow gets a little more money than the average, the whole community then makes it its business to find out what he does with it?"

"They do it, Mr. Bingham," replied the calm, even tones of Justice, "because it *is* their business. They have a right to know what is being done with their money."

"*Their* money! *Their* money!" echoed Barry, rather excitedly. "That's all very well when it *is* their money, but this money is mine, madam, mine."

Justice lay back in her chair and smiled a little patient smile.

"Oh, sit down, Bingham, and behave yourself," said a peremptory voice under Barry's vest. The young man took his chair again. His lips were compressed and his brows slightly drawn.

After a little pause, Justice spoke. "Did you earn all that money, Mr. Bingham?"

"Oh, as for that," answered Barry, "who ever really earns more than a few thousand a year? No one can do it. It's an impossibility."

"But there are many people—honest people, too—who have a good deal more than a few thousand a year, even a few millions. Where does it come from?"

"Well, they can't possibly earn it, that's certain," declared Barry emphatically. "I suppose," he added reflectively, "it must come from the poor devils who earn their few thousands but who barely get their few hundreds."

The young man leaned forward, with his head in his hands, and thought hard for a few minutes.

"You are right, madam," he said, after a while. "It *is* their money. They have a right to know what becomes of it. After all, try as he will, a fellow can't evade the eternal law. I may wrest the dollars from my weaker brother, but if he doesn't approve of the way I spend them, there's going to be a row. There's nothing that burns a man's fingers like the money he doesn't earn."

"There are ways of giving them back their own, Mr. Bingham, and there are ways of teaching them how to prevent further robbery, if one really wants them to learn how. I can tell you how to use this money for the best good of those who have really earned it. Shall I tell you how, my brother?"

"Yes," breathed Barry, fervently; "tell me; guide me." He drew nearer to the woman, and for a while the three sat in silence—Love, Justice, and the real man, Barry Bingham.

Meanwhile the couple on the mantel were watching the little group attentively, and the girl in the evening dress cast eyes of jealous hatred upon the sightless woman in the chair, but the girl in the shirt-waist smiled and was happy.

Presently Barry rose and went over to the table. Picking up the letter he had been writing, he deliberately tore it into bits and threw them into the fire. Then he took down the picture of the shirt-waist girl and kissed it. Just then there was a knock at the door, and James entered.

"There's a gentleman down stairs, sir, who wants to know if you would like the lists and recipes and things he says you and he were talking about last night. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him to go to hell with his lists and recipes."

"Yes sir," and James turned to go.

"And here, James," called Bingham, "give him this pair of shoes, and tell him to take them away with him. I have no use for them. I can't make them fit me."

Then he went back into the room and knelt at the feet of Love and Justice, and pressed the little red moccasins to his heart.

A NEGATIVE THANKSGIVING

By James Ramsey Bettis

"THAT settles it for this trip," said Charles Marshall, commercial traveler, as he whipped the elastic around his closed order-book with a vigorous snap. "No one can buy any more hardware from me until after Thanksgiving, even at full list price—unless Frost & Evans want to double this present order. I'll let them in only as a special favor. It's me home to the wife and babies and turkey, et cetera, as quickly as the Prairie Flyer will take me."

Mr. Frost pushed his glasses up into his bushy gray hair, and smiled kindly at his exuberant friend. Marshall was used to being smiled upon. Among all the salesmen in the district of Southern Illinois, known more familiarly to its inhabitants as "Egypt," having a big river and a Cairo among its natural and acquired features—among all the "Egyptian tourists," as he would call them, there was no freer dispenser and receiver of smiles and courtesies than Charles Marshall of the St. Louis Cutlery & Metals Co., Limited. Life was "pure joy" to him. He was proud of his wife and his babies, his firm, his customers and his friends. Goodwill just naturally reflected from his face like the light from one of his own bright new sawblades.

Samuel Frost, senior partner in the leading hardware store in Prairieville, was an every-day philosopher. The monotonous round of his daily activities had not narrowed his views of life, nor dulled his perception of the real meaning of things. He was a shrewd observer and logical reasoner. One of his fixed conclusions was that a large part of the cares and anxieties which harass the average man are wholly needless—that is to say, are caused by the apprehension of misfortunes which never come to pass. He had realized that if he would determinedly take counsel of his hopes instead of his fears; if, to use the homely adage, he would "wait until he reached his bridge before he crossed it,"—he would generally find that instead of a bridge he had a boulevard; as the anticipated danger was approached, it disappeared.

As a corollary of the foregoing, our philosopher further found that from the failure of anticipated calamities to occur, he might gather cause for the deepest and most sincere thanksgiving to a kind Providence, for deliverance from troubles, more dreadful, perhaps, in anticipation, than they would have been in realization.

This attitude of Mr. Frost toward the daily cares of life, and especially the fact that he practiced as well as preached his doctrines, would have made him the ideal president of the Don't Worry Club, had Prairieville possessed such an institution.

"Well, my son," said the senior, settling back against his desk for a chat; "I wish you as heartfelt a Thanksgiving as we'll have at our house; I can't find a turkey big enough to express my sentiments this year."

"What's been doing; oil stock paying a dividend this month? Long-lost brother left you a fortune?"

"No; it's nothing like that, Charley; this very earnest and sincere celebration will be for something that never happened."

"Never happened? Say, there are more than eleven thousand different things—"

"Wait, my boy; this is not a joke! Let me explain. You know my daughter Myra, who is to be married next month. She is receiving the usual preliminary attentions from sympathizing friends, and among the courtesies offered was a dinner over at Willowvale, last Saturday. She went, of course, and when the affair was over, took the trolley car for home. She had secured a front seat on the shady side, and was congratulating herself on her good fortune, when she remembered that she had left her new umbrella, a recent gift, at her dining place. She went back after it, and, consequently, missed the car. Well, sir! do you know that car was

struck by a freight engine at the L. & M. crossing, and the front of it smashed to kindlings. Every time I think of what might have happened—what our home and our lives would have been if Myra had stayed in that front seat—I first turn cold, and then supremely thankful. The latter is the enduring emotion, and that is why we have an especial burden of thanks to express next Thursday."

"Truly, Mr. Frost, I'm very glad for you and her; but I can't help wondering how it is with the one who got the seat that Miss Myra so fortunately vacated!"

"Happily the occupant had alighted a block before the crossing was reached; no one was seriously hurt. But suppose there had been. By the time you are of my age, my son, you will have learned to limit your concern in such matters, to the happenings that affect your own life, without attempting to understand or speculate upon the possible dealings of Providence with others."

"That's quite right, Mr. Frost. But about Thanksgiving. To provide a real, bang-up, first-class celebration for Charles M., there has to be a different kind of event—something that *has* happened. I can't touch off any fireworks over the fact that the house has not 'fired' me; but I would make the stars shoot if they had rewarded my distinguished services by making me a department manager, with four ciphers attached to the salary figure. I'm glad, of course, that my jolly old Uncle Brown, of Boston, who sends the kids a box of presents every Christmas, has not died 'the death of the righteous;' but that fact won't make good stuffing for my Thanksgiving turkey. Suppose now, he had asked me to assume the responsibility for a half-million of his steel bonds! Yes, sir-ee! When your present eminent guest celebrates his A plus A1 Thanksgiving, it must be a positive, and not merely a negative occasion."

"Well, Charles; perhaps you will learn by experience, some day, that your best luck does not come in the form that you most desire and expect it to assume. A happy Thanksgiving to you!"

That traveling men have their fair share of trials and tribulations, all of them will agree; but they will allow, with almost equal unanimity, that there are a few occasions in the salesman's experience which almost make the life worth living, and that the return from a successful trip is one of these. With the trunks safe in the baggage car, and the train rapidly putting behind the miles between him and home, the traveler lays aside for a while the common daily cares and responsibilities, and thinks only of the pleasures of the approaching holiday.

So it was with Charles Marshall, as he sat in the luxurious smoker of the Prairie Flyer, headed straight for St. Louis. The swiftly wheeling, endless corn rows, the flitting stations with their chattering switches at the little villages, ordinarily entirely unnoticed, held his eye and ear today, with an effect of being something new and pleasing. He was conscious that the outward view was illumined by the inward glow of content—the joy of being borne swiftly and surely to a reunion, after long separation, with those he loved best.

He speculated at length upon the details of his coming reception. Would Margaret, dear, wear a new gown, and would it be the dark blue which he had suggested before he came away? Which one of the children would first leap, with a shout, into his arms —sturdy, six-year-old John, the brightest boy in the block; or that dearest little Margie, the daintiest, sweetest bit of femininity that ever toddled about on unstable legs from tumble to tumble? So ran his thoughts along.

Only one misgiving disturbed the happy serenity of his mood. An unexpected change of route, a week before, had caused him to miss his letters, and, consequently, for several days he had had no word from home. Could anything have gone wrong meantime? No; that mistrust was quickly thrust aside. The same thing had happened many times before, and though it had always made him a little anxious, still, in his experience, "no news" had ever been "good news."

At the first station of sufficient importance to secure the recognition of a pause from the consequential Flyer, two more "knights of the grip," acquaintances of Marshall's, came aboard. At each succeeding halt others appeared, until the party became a numerous one. There were loud and merry greetings; no one had a word to say about business. Keen competitors among them knew no rivalry today; it was all packed away in the trunks with the samples. There was a complete armistice in the battle of trade,

while the soldiers set their faces toward home for a furlough.

There is, perhaps, no other avocation in life, beside that of the traveling salesman, in which the friendships among men are at the same time so quickly made, so highly enjoyable, and, generally, so fleeting. At the station or the hotel, perhaps, he sees one who attracts him, and who meets his advances with quick and hearty response. In five minutes they are acquainted, in an hour they are intimates, with a keen enjoyment in each other's society. If they could live within reach of each other, they would be life-long friends, for they are true affinities. To-morrow, at the junction, they part, and see each other no more forever. No "alumnus" of the profession, when casting back in memory over past experiences, but can recall such a friend, "*Whom I have loved long since, and lost awhile*," with sincere longing for a renewal of the short-lived friendship.

Not all the salesman's acquaintances among his fellow travelers, however, are of this transitory character, especially in the case of those who, like Marshall, cover only a limited district, and retrace frequently the same routes. Under such circumstances, men become well known to each other, and quite ready, on occasions like this, to forget all competition, and become boon companions.

One newcomer on the Flyer was seen to be carrying a large, formless parcel, and when, in stowing it in the rack, the paper was torn, a big blue claw stuck out.

"Hello! Billy's got a Thanksgiving bird! Did you make high throw in a raffle, or shoot at a mark for it?"

"Neither one, Martin; I got this 'turk' in exchange for one small joke."

"Give us the joke, straightway."

"Well, I suppose some of you know old Jacob Schmidt, who keeps the general store over at Baum's Corners. When I stopped in there on my way from Plainville this morning, he had a lot of picture postals spread out on his counter and was putting his advertisement on them with a rubber stamp.

"'Starting a picture gallery, Mr. Schmidt?' says I.

"'Nein, Villiam; I'm yust laying some eggs to hatch out Christmas peesness mit. I sent dese to de farmers' girls. What you tink of dot, mein sohn?'

"'Well, Mr. Schmidt, you're the first old rooster I ever heard of that could lay eggs, and I think they ought to hatch out something fine!'

"I thought the old fellow would 'throw a fit' over my little joke. He's a jolly old soul. I gave him a suggestion or two about his cards, and as I was coming away he toddled into the back room and came out with this turkey.

"'Villiam,' says he, 'yust for dot choke, you shall eat turkey tomorrow, unt I hope de unushual richness vont make you sick by your schtommick!'"

"Jake is a happy old boy and loves a 'choke,'" said a drug salesman from across the car; but I don't believe he told you about his vaccination experience."

"No, he did not: let's have it."

"Don't give me away, then, for he is a customer of mine in a small way. He don't handle drugs, but I sell him a few notions occasionally. When I went in there last Monday, on my way across to Cornwall, I was greeted warmly, if not happily.

"'Yohn Clark,' said he, 'you are yoost de man I vant to see, py Chrashus. Your olt slow-motion goncern has got me into trouble, unt you must hellup me owet.'

"'Jake ' says I; 'the house is a pretty tough citizen, sometimes. What's it been doing to you?'

"'Look at dis' says he, and handed me a bunch of vaccine points and a letter.

"The letter, dated the twenty-second, was as follows: 'We send you herewith vaccine ordered in your favor of the nineteenth. The supply of fresh points in St. Louis has been short, and we have only today been able to secure them. Waiting your further favors,etc.'

"'Well, Jake, I can't see any crime here.'

"'Nein, but vait. Veek before last deer came along a couple of tramps, begging at every farmhouse on de road. Den one of dem took sick, unt someone said it vas schmall pox. Everypody got skairt dehr schoos owet, and dey come to me unt say: 'Yake, get us kvick some vaccination schtuff!' So I sent to your no-'count house for it. Next day kommt a nice leetle bottle, by de mail, with some black schtuff insite. I callt eferybody up by de phone, unt dey all come in unt I scrape dher arms unt rub de dope on efery last vun, goot unt blenty. Today, here kommt dis letter unt dose chicken kvills. Now, Yohn Clark, you tell me vat I shall do!'

"I did my best to swallow a big laugh, for I saw Jake wouldn't stand for it, and asked; 'What was in the bottle, Jake?'

"'In de bottle? So hellup me Kaiser Villhelm, I know now it vas yust a sample of New Orleans molasses from de grocery house!'

"I had to swallow very hard again. 'Well, Jake, why not lay low and say nothing?'

"'Say nothin'? Don't you see, you schalavag, dot if I don't tell dem dey all catch de schmall pox; unt if I do tell dem, I catch der teufel!'

"I left him with his face twisted up like a knot in a yellow pine plank, trying to decide whether to confess, and suffer himself, or let the other people take their chances. I'm not sure, but I'm betting that Jake'll stand pat. I believe I would, if I were in his place, for he'll never hear the last of that vaccination if the facts get out."

So the stories passed around; but Marshall lent them only half attention; a table at cards was made up, but he did not take a hand. He preferred to occupy his mind with anticipations of his coming vacation.

He saw the comfortable house on Delmore avenue which held his heart's treasures; he heard the loving greeting of the wife, the uproarious welcoming shouts of the boy and girl. He lived in advance through the cozy first evening around the lamp, and the idle hours of Thanksgiving Day to follow. Down at the store, too, there would be jolly greetings from "the boys," and yarns to be heard and told among his fellow salesmen, like himself, home for the holiday. And, like enough, "the Old Man" would send for him, and hold him for a pleasant chat in the innermost sanctum. Oh, yes; for the successful salesman, coming home from a good trip is well worth while.

As he considered all these things, the train bowled down the long grade of the Illinois Bluffs, along the market gardens of the American Bottom, over the big bridge, through the smoky tunnel, and so into the great echoing Union Station.

As he passed through the gates into the Station Midway, he looked eagerly to right and left among the moving throngs for a fine young woman with two pretty children, who might be waiting a returning salesman's arrival; then he derided himself with a laugh: "I must be getting daffy; they would not know just what train, of course." And then the uneasy thought of those missed letters came again.

Delmore avenue reached at last, he left the car at the corner to walk to his door. As he approached it, there caught his eye, hanging from his neighbor's bell pull, the white streamers that signal the dread news when Death has borne away a child.

"Too bad," he thought, with instant sympathy. "Neighbor Bradford's poor little cripple boy gone at last, I suppose; I'm sorry for Brad—"

"Christ help us!"

The unconscious prayer of the dazed, reeling father who had seen upon his own door post the same dread white streamers fluttering! He leaned upon the railing while with trembling hand he strove to brush from his unbelieving eyes the awful sight; his hat fell and rolled unheeded to the gutter. Into his dazed brain flashed the piercing question, "Which, oh, which? Charlie boy, our pride—Margie girl, the daintiest, sweetest—which, oh, which —*not both*—"

The dreadful thought stung his paralyzed strength into action; he dragged himself up the steps and was fumbling at the door when it was thrown open.

The waiting wife, seeing his approach, had hastened to greet him. Her radiant face went pale with dismay at the agonizing look that met her sight—the mute figure that pointed with trembling, outstretched hand to the emblem on the door-frame.

"Oh, Charles, dearest, what *is* it?"

"Which?"—and still the pointing but unheeded finger. The grief-distorted face held all her gaze.

Then the woman of action clasped him with strong arms and drew him into the hall, where he sank limply down upon the settee and sat with bowed head, waiting as it seemed to him, to hear his doom.

Instead there came a shout and quick, pattering steps along the hall—*shouts*, two voices—yes; O, thank God, yes, *two* voices, that pierced his consciousness with a thrill of joy, the like of which he had never known. A moment, and two nestling forms were in his lap, and he clasped both his treasures in close embrace.

Then he lifted his streaming eyes to the puzzled wife, and once more pointed, mutely, to the open doorway.

This time the woman saw the gesture and turned to investigate.

"Why, Margie Marshall, what's your new sash ribbon doing on the bell knob?"

"Don't take 'at down, Mamma! Willie Brad's got one on his door, and it looks so pitty!"

* * * *

The next day, before a happy Thanksgiving party at his own table; father and mother, wife and babies, all there—Charles Marshall told of his conversation with his customer, the morning before; of his rejection of negative causes for thanksgiving, and his quick conversion to the opposite opinion. He further declared his intention of confessing to Mr. Frost, on the very first occasion, that the happiest and most sincere Thanksgiving of his life had come to him by way of "something that never happened!"

THE STRATEGY OF PUMPS

By Archie P. McKishnie

INDIGNANT at Pumps, I turned my back upon him. He laughed gently and lit his pipe.

"You'll never win unless you strike out, Billy," he said, between puffs, "and strike out you must. The girl loves you. I asked her, and she told me she did."

Pumps was something more than an ordinary ass. He was audacious, and, in a way, clever. What he wanted to know, he usually found out.

I kept my face away from him, and while I conjured up something scathing to say, he took the poker and thoughtfully stirred the soft coal in the grate.

Just as I was about to open up on him, he spoke again.

"You've to get over the old man's objections in some way, Billy," he said. "The quicker the better."

"For heaven's sake, don't bother your head about me," I cried. "Let's forget it. Suppose we dress for the masquerade."

I produced our suits, and laid them out on the bed.

"What are we to be tonight?" asked Pumps, filling his pipe anew and dubiously eyeing the crimson costumes. "Fairies?"

"No. Bandits."

"Whew!" whistled Pumps. "Real old bandits, eh? Let's get into the togs, Billy, and take a look at ourselves."

When I was all ready, save for pulling on my jack-boots, I took a glance at Pumps. He was fully dressed, and was gravely engaged in adjusting a wig of tangled hair upon his close-cropped head.

"What's the old chap's objections to you, anyway, Billy?" he inquired, shaking the long mane down about his shoulders and practicing a grimace before the glass.

I sighed. There was no getting away from Pumps.

"Objection number one," I answered, "no money."

"And number two?" he asked, pointing a long, murderous pistol at my terrier, who growled and crawled under the sofa.

"No pluck—so he says," I answered, with something of an effort.

I waited for Pumps to explode a laugh and call the old banker a highly qualified dotard. He didn't do either. Instead, he nodded his head gravely.

"Your girl has a pretty shrewd father, I guess, Billy," he said.

After I had finished pulling on my boots, I asked Pumps to tell me, frankly, if he really considered me lacking in courage. He pretended to consider, while he removed the pistols and bowie-knives out of my reach.

"Billy," he said at last, "I believe there isn't a man alive today who's not a coward."

His broad assertion staggered me.

"You can't mean that!" I exclaimed.

"I mean in some little thing, or things," he explained. "The greatest general the world has ever known was so afraid of snakes that, it is said, he would pull his feet from the stirrups if he saw even a piece of string lying across the path. That is one instance. Here is another. A man returning home at night from the factory, plunged into the icy waters of a river and rescued a youngster who had broken through the ice. That man had plenty of courage, in a way. Still, he walked about in his wet clothes all night. He was afraid to go home, because he thought his wife would scold him for losing his dinner pail. See what I mean, Billy?"

"Then you think—?"

"I think you're frightened to death of your sweetheart's papa," asserted Pumps, grinning.

I didn't attempt to deny it.

Suddenly Pumps brought me a terrific whack on the shoulder.

"Brother Bandit," he cried, "I've an idea. We'll employ strategy."

"And—?" I questioned, recoiling in spite of myself, from his fierce face.

"And force his consent to your marriage, seeing it cannot be gained otherwise," cried Pumps.

"How?" I asked weakly.

"Scare his consent from him," Pumps answered, "We'll be bandits in earnest, Billy."

"When?"

"Listen, now. And what you don't understand, ask."

On the way to l papa's house, Pumps borrowed my watch. It had my sweetheart's picture in the back. I knew better than to ask him what he wanted of it. He had told me that he was running the Bandit-Banker show, and that no questions were to be answered.

"What I want you to do, Billy," he said, "is to keep your mouth shut. You mustn't say a word. I'm spokesman, captain, chief, the whole cheese. You're only a subordinate."

I had protested, but to no avail.

"You can do anything you like, except speak," said Pumps, "until I give you your cue; then it's up to you."

Now, as I gazed at Pumps in the dim light of the cab, I wanted to ask other questions. He wasn't communicative. He sat enveloped in a long gray ulster, his slouch hat over his eyes.

When we were within a block of the banker's magnificent home, Pumps leaned over and whispered his plans in my ear.

"Now what do you think?" he asked. "Can you play the part?"

I thought of the prize to be won, and braced my nerves.

"I'll play it or—"

I set my teeth and Pumps nodded.

"Course you will," he said. "Everything favorable. Time 11:30. Night dark and starless. Servants in bed. Mother in her room. Son and daughter at masquerade. Father in library alone—"

Pumps gazed from the cab window as he spoke. We were passing the house, and half a block further on, at his soft rap on the cab roof, the vehicle stopped. We pulled our hats low over our eyes, and alighted.

"Don't wait," said Pumps to the driver, as he handed him double fare. The cab whirled away, and we, the plotters, stood for a moment trying to accustom our eyes to the darkness.

"Lucky for us, no lights burning," whispered my companion. "Come."

We walked quickly to the gate, and up the wide walk to the front door. A faint light shone through the closed shutters of the library window. The rest of the house, with the exception of some of the upper rooms, was in darkness

"You claimed you knew where—"

Pumps voice, coming in a whisper, rallied me from a kind of sickening sensation. I pulled myself together, and, reaching up, felt along the door-jamb.

"You see, I did know," I whispered back, placing the latch-key in his hand.

"Course she loves him," I heard him mutter, as he inserted the key in the lock.

Pumps would have his little joke, no matter what the place or the conditions. For my part, had I been able to break and run at this stage of the game, I certainly should have done so. I couldn't, though. My legs were too weak.

"Perhaps we'd better not, old man," I suggested faintly, as Pumps noiselessly swung open the door.

He did not answer. He simply lifted me bodily and carried me inside. Then he unbuttoned his ulster and let it slip to the floor,

motioning me to do likewise. Under his arm he held a neatly folded parcel.

"Your costume for the second act. Don't forget where it is," he whispered, placing it behind the hall rack and covering it with our coats. "Come on!"

I tip-toed behind him down the dimly lighted hall to the library.

Through the half-open door we saw him, her honored father, my barrier to all happiness. He sat at the table, a book before him, a bottle of wine at his elbow. He smiled as he read, and one wrinkled hand, upon which sparkled a costly jewel, thoughtfully stroked the white hair away from his temples. Looking upon this defenceless old man, my heart misgave me. After all, what had he done that I—?

I followed Pumps into the room, and, when he coughed, I shook my Captain Cook tresses and glared fiercely. Pumps pointed one of the long, rusty pistols at the banker's aristocratic nose. The old man glanced up quickly and his face turned white. He opened his lips as though to speak. Pumps waved the pistol playfully. Then in a voice I would never have known, Pumps piled abuse on the poor old man. He swore at him frightfully, and threatened to shoot him so full of holes that the coroner couldn't look at him for looking through him.

Never did I see anybody look and act so fiercely. He simply wouldn't give the old man a chance to speak. He made him divy up his diamond ring and shirt-studs. He cursed me up hill and down dale for standing around, when I should have been sorting the silverware on the mantel. So, while he negotiated further with the banker, I selected and placed in a sack such articles of value as came within my line of vision. I was glad to do something. By the time I was through, Pumps had the old man's watch and somewhere about four hundred dollars in cash. The banker had not spoken a word, simply obeying orders.

"I guess we've got all th' stuff, Hornet," said Pumps, helping himself to a choice Havana. "Guess we'll sneak it now. The other boys'll be gettin' uneasy." I nodded, and plastered my false whiskers closer to my face. I was anxious to sneak it.

"By th' way, Mister, we've got a young chap out here, gagged an' bound, as maybe is a friend o' yours."

The old man shook his head dumbly.

"Youse kin speak, only it mustn't be too loud," said Pumps.

"Who—?"

He could get no further. He wet his dry white lips with his tongue, and motioned Pumps to proceed.

"His name's Gray, so he says," Pumps continued. "We held him up 'bout an hour ago. He didn't show much fight."

I groaned inwardly. Oh, how I hated Pumps for that speech

The old man nodded.

"Yes, I know him. That must have been him," he said, closing his teeth with a snap.

"Here's his watch," proceeded Pumps, pulling out my time-piece and opening the cases with his bowie-knife.

The picture of a sweet-faced girl floated down and rested beneath the banker's eyes. The blood came swiftly back to his face, and he wiped his brow excitedly.

"What—what are you going to do with him?" he asked, bending forward.

"Him? Th' bloke outside? Why, we're goin' t' take him with us. He's got all kinds o' grit. We're goin' t' make him one of us. See?"

Inwardly I thanked Pumps from the bottom of my heart.

"He is too timid to make even a sneak-thief," said the banker, with conviction.

"But he's reckless, you see," grinned Pumps. "He loves a gal, an' th' gal's old devil of a father won't let 'em marry."

The old man smiled, and gazed thoughtfully at the hand whereon a short time before a diamond had sparkled.

"If he is willing, why have you bound and gagged him?" he asked, looking straight into Pumps' eyes.

Pumps shuffled uneasily, and I groaned aloud. He turned quickly, and berated me for a highly qualified something. I was on, and kept quiet.

"You see," explained Pumps, "he was docile 'nuff till he found we was a-comin' in t' rob you. Then he sartinly did show his mettle."

"What?" The old man's voice sounded like the explosion of a cartridge.

"Not so loud, not so loud," urged Pumps, waving the pistol.

"What did he do?" demanded the banker, eagerly.

"Waal, he did too much. He laid out three of my best men, that's what he did. You'd be proud to know how he spoke o' you, Mister. Said he'd ruther die than have one ha'r in your venerable head hurt, didn't he, Hornet?"

I nodded so hard that my whiskers came loose again.

"So we had t' strap him up, you see," explained Pumps.

"So he really has some sand," said the old man, slowly. "You think he really has some, eh?"

"Do I? Well, now!" Pumps tapped the bank-bills he held with his knife. "You should have seen him."

"And he is going to be one of you—that is, if—"

"He's goin' t' be. You've got it thar, Mister. Whoever this old fogy is—th' gal's father, I mean—I reckon he don't know good material when he sees it."

The old man stood up.

"If you'll refuse to take him as a member of your—your band, I'll give you a check for another four hundred.'

Pumps thoughtfully helped himself to a second cigar.

"I don't like t' lose him," he said thoughtfully, "an' I like th' young beggar. Why air you so interested?" he asked sharply, turning on the banker, who recoiled before his fierce gaze.

"He tried to protect me—that is all," responded the old man.

"Humph!" ejaculated Pumps.

He motioned me to come over to him, and jabbered in my ear.

"We will make a proposition," he said, turning to the old man, "an' it's this. If you'll make out a check payable t' th' young feller Gray, fer double th' amount you've named, an' promise t' use your influence with his sweetheart's old father, we'll refuse to take him in our band. What you say?"

"I'll do it."

The banker pulled open a drawer in the table, and drew forth a check-book.

"An'," said Pumps magnanimously, "jest t' show you that we mean right, we'll give you back all these leetle articles that we've relieved you of—thet is, if you'll guarantee t' see thet these two young folks get spliced regular with th' ol' man's consent."

"I'll do that too."

"O' course, as a matter o' form, we mus' have your written guarantee, you know," added Pumps, placing the old man's watch and ring on the table.

"You shall have it," rejoined the banker, writing busily.

"Hornet," commanded my chief, turning to me with a wink I well understood, "go out an' tell th' boys t' send th' young feller in here. Tell 'em it's my orders, an' if any kickin's done, remember th' name o' th' kicker. You needn't come back. Wait outside for me."

I put the silverware, sack and all, back on the mantel, and slipped out.

While, behind the hall rack, I dressed for the second and last act, I could hear Pumps entertaining the banker with a further description of my prowess. Discarding my bandit' dress for a much-bedraggled and very muddy and rent evening suit, I brushed my real hair up on my head and dashed into the library. Pumps, seated on the edge of the table, was telling a funny story, and the old man was actually laughing at it. He rose as I entered, and, coming swiftly forward, held out his hand.

Pumps, with a low bow, left the room softly on tip-toe. I remembered that I had to do a little acting on my own account, and sprang quickly after him. But the banker laid his hand on my arm.

"Never mind him, Billy," he said. "After all, he is your good friend."

I opened my eyes wide

"Friend " I gasped, fumbling in my empty pocket. "Why—"

"Here is your money, and watch, and—picture," said the banker.

Picking up Jessie's photo, he gazed at it, a tear in his eye.

"I guess you can have her Billy," he said softly.

THE INVADER

By Henry Kendrick Schofield

ALL through the long day I had tramped stubble field and shore: partridge and jack-snipe bulged the pockets of my coat, bespeaking my success, and when I reached that turn of the road where I could see the gables of my house bursting through the oak trees that surrounded it, I paused a moment. The sympathetic loneliness of the place had grown dear to me—dear as nothing else had been, since I had cast the *Wunderlust* behind me, with its dim trails, that called to me now only over my pipe in the evenings, through the winding turns of memory.

That day, I had sent my man, Tony, to the village for supplies, and precedent told me he would not return until late. So it was with surprise that I pushed open the outer door and stepped into the hall, to catch the faint crackle of burning wood from the fireplace in the living room—my especial paradise. A fragment of our old college Drinking Song sprang to my lips, for surely Tony had returned, and all disquieting prospects of having to prepare my own supper vanished.

I stepped into the room and the strain died on my lips. There in my favorite chair, her shapely head bowed over my favorite *Omar Khayyam*, was a girl! The evanescent gleams glanced from her jet-black hair, and glowingly caressed her small oval face; I could not see her eyes. At the sound of my footfall, she turned quickly, sending chills of confusion filliping through my bewildered brain.

"Good evening!" she said easily, with no trace of embarrassment.

Stammering and stuttering out of sheer trepidation, I acknowledged her greeting, for women were to me as the puzzling unknown, over which I had worried my brain at college.

"You see," she spoke, "I was out for a little run in my motor-car, and just in time, I noticed that my gasoline was about exhausted. I turned in here, hoping to borrow some. Seeing no one about, and finding the door unlocked, I made myself at home."

"Do you always take such risks of entry?" I ventured. Then, noting the look of pained surprise that momentarily marred the clear forehead, and instantly realizing the unworthiness of my speech, I hastened to make reparation as best I might, the while mentally cursing Tony for a neglectful idiot in leaving the door unlocked. I also became aware that a pair of auto-gloves and a long gray dust-cloak prominently occupied the center of my table.

"I'm very sorry," I continued, "but I haven't so much as an ounce of oil in the place: may I see you to your motor-car?"

"No, you may not!" she said, bringing her dainty lips into a most distracting pout. "How am I to reach Clayton's—some twelve or fifteen miles from here—with less than a pint of gasoline in the tank? Have you a rig?"

But Tony had the rig, and the horse, so that was out of the question.

"Then, whether you like it or not, you'll have to take me in for the night," she announced, with a finality of tone that admitted of no gainsaying. "My name is Ashford, Mona Ashford," this last in a tone that was in itself the ultra of finality.

A thought, born of her words, filtered through my benumbed senses.

"Mona Ashford?" I queried. "Not, surely, Tom Ashford's sister?"

She inclined her head, "Yes."

Now, be it known, that Tom was my best friend, and only visitor, and I could hardly understand, for, according to him, his sister was nothing more than a child. And then a light dawned upon me. What disparaging creatures brothers are!

"And you're Hugh Rutherford, I know," I found her saying. "The one Tom says is a 'woman hater,'" she added half saucily.

I stiffened quite visibly, I am afraid. Her

words, in a sense, undoubtedly were true; but then, somehow, I hated to hear her say it.

"Please don't put it that way," I begged. "I was always more scandalized than I deserved to be on that score. The truth is, Miss Ashford, I have seen so little of women. Your brother has perhaps told you what a wanderer I have been. Such women as I have seen in my manhood were only the wives and daughters of post traders. The former, certainly unattractive, to say the least: the latter, perhaps full of a latent grace and beauty imbibed from the hills and forests of their land, but withal, forbidding and almost serpentine. You see, I am not a competent judge. But, enough," I ended lightly, "You must be nearly famished."

"The ice is melting," I heard her whisper to herself, and then she confessed, "I am."

"Then, as you've discovered the Poet of Persia among the litter of my table, I will leave you to your reading."

"I'm enjoying it, too," she cried, an enthusiastic note creeping into her voice. "It is the first time I have ever read it. To think that he, in his heathen philosophy, should have solved the problem as he did," and she read

"*'Tis but a tent, where takes his one day's rest,*
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest —"

and on through the stanzas which had so often held me captive.

And so I left her to go into the kitchen.

I had been there but a short time, when Mona—it had suddenly become apparent to me that to think of Tom's sister as Miss Ashford would be the height of folly—appeared, insisting that she be allowed to take a hand. I agreed with alacrity, for in hands like mine, dishes often prove unwieldly, and told her that she might spread the table.

But she soon returned from the dining room, wearing a smile of dissatisfaction. "Are we—I mean, am I to have my first supper with Tom's friend, in there?" and she pointed to the oaken door.

"Yes, why not?"

"It's so big and bare and lonely; not a bit cozy and comfortable, like the living room, with its hand-hewn beams, and its rugs, and the grizzly's head over the fireplace."

Now this, like all other events of the evening, was totally without precedent, but by the light of the kitchen lamp, I discovered her eyes to be a violet blue. "Black hair and blue eyes," I mused. "An almighty fetching combination," and she had her way.

But it was not without a pang that I saw her sweep the ashes and match stems from my table to the floor, and then ruthlessly gather up my books and my papers, to pile them unceremoniously on the settle, until I saw how deftly she laid the few china dishes I possessed, and all my antagonism changed into arbitrary resignation.

"You're so awfully good to humor me so, but I do so like this room, and you don't really mind, do you?" she asked.

In that moment my resentment departed, even to the last shred, and, traitor that I was, I even helped remove the last of the books, although afterward I hated myself for it. Once, during the meal, she turned her eyes toward me. "Don't you ever wish for the gayer side of life? Are you ever satisfied here?"

I was surprised at this turn of our small talk. "Yes; I am satisfied," I told her. "You will, I know, pardon my frankness—"

"Oh, but I want you to be frank."

"But," I said, continuing. "Your world seems so commonplace to me: so uninteresting. Here, beyond the pale of society, one does not always have to be thinking of pretty speeches, and of paying court to *passe* dames—and you must be affable to them, you know, or else be voted a bore."

She protested. "You have been prejudiced against us," she said, "and besides, there is the society of the men."

"Men!" I exclaimed. "With but few exceptions, they are mere mummers, mouthing a cant composite of the latest social scandal and the prevailing fashion; ready to pay tribute to the fatted purse; loving with greed, rather than with pure affection: spending their time at pink teas and bridge parties!"

When I had finished her eyes were glowing. "I see the difference, now," she said, "but somehow, I have never felt it before; perhaps it is because it is the only world I have ever known. I begin to see that it is all a 'Passing Show.'"

The meal at last came to an end, and, as I relegated the dishes once more to the kitchen, I registered a vow that never again should such sacrilege occur. Returning, I

found her again ensconsed in my chair, and again my book.

Hardly an evening in years, that I had not smoked my after-dinner pipe in that chair, holding communion with the old Persian poet, whose religion had almost become part of my own, and now I wondered how the old chair felt toward its lovelier and lighter burden.

For some moments we sat in silence, and then she turned. "I know you smoke after supper, Tom always does, so you may if you wish."

I confess that it was with a sensation entirely new that I reached for my brier, and resurrected my tobacco from its temporary burial under the books and papers. She was calmly giving me leave to smoke in my own house For a moment, I stubbornly decided to forego the pleasure, but she looked so comfortable and pretty; why should I be disagreeable, so I accepted the splinter which she ignited from the fire.

She was speaking. "I'm awfully sorry to have to ask you for shelter over night, it's so dreadfully unconventional, but—" and as her voice trailed off into a plaintive little note of appeal, I hastened to assure her that I understood, and felt sure that Tom would too.

The evening passed quickly, and at ten o'clock I showed her to the room I always kept for the boys. Making her as comfortable as possible, I bade her "Good Night."

As I turned to go, she touched my arm. "I forgot to tell you that Tom is expected at the Clayton's tomorrow."

In the living room, I paused a moment before the fire. From above, the giant grizzly leered upon me, and I became uncomfortably conscious that the air, redolent of leather and tobacco, was crude and almost barbarous. Then I cursed myself roundly in the most primitive of oaths from my long list of western expletives, and somewhat mollified, went to bed.

I slept but little and when sleep came it was only to bring disquieting dreams of the girl before the fire. It was retribution that I, with my long-vaunted independence of the Feminine, should be thus disturbed by an hour or two's companionship of a girl.

Long before my usual time for rising, I was up, thinking to spend a time alone with my books, but hardly had I comfortably seated myself, before I heard her step upon the stair.

Calmly and critically I scrutinized her, and in her morning freshness I found added charms.

Tony had returned late, and, although he had made the fire, and attended to his duties with all his usual punctiliousness, I berated him soundly to appease certain inconsistencies of my own, and was relieved when his questioning gaze was no longer fixed upon me.

Breakfast over, I had Tony make ready the team, and we started for the Clayton's. I amazed myself with the recklessness with which I threw aside my reserve, and tried in every way possible to make the long drive a pleasant one. When the qualms of outraged precedent gripped me, I whispered soothingly that it was no more than duty; the duty a host owed his guest. As the miles passed, I gloried in her smile, and begrudged every foot of the way, but Clayton's at last.

A host of the guests rushed out, plying her with questions. Someone, I suppose he was accounted the wit of the party, for every house-party, I am told, has such an incumbrance, suggested an elopement, whereat the rest of the innane questioners laughed uproariously, until I felt myself blushing assiduously. However, Tom was there, and before I left I secured his promise to run over before long, and, out of politeness, I added, "Bring your sister."

The recollections of Mona's enforced visit served to lighten an otherwise tedious journey, but back at home things went quite differently.

Tony met me at the door with inquiries which I chose to ignore as insolent. The days that followed were days of inward strife and contention for me. I buried myself in my books, striving to forget; they soon ceased to interest me. Then came the hunt. For hours, and even for days, I walked through brush and tore through brambles, unheeding the scurrying haste of rabbits or the inviting "Bob White" of the partridge, seeing nothing but the illusive figure of a maid who was ever fleeing before me. A week of this, and I plunged myself into my work. Page after page of manuscript would I write, read and consign to the flames. Invariably my heroines were Mona; my heroes, pen-pictures of myself. Beyond this words and ideas failed.

I was disgusted and morose: even my pipe denied me its customary solace. The dull walls which had witnessed all that was quiet and peaceful in my life, now frowned down on me fighting my battle alone; my freedom warring with that which I feared was the incipient budding of love.

The auto-car still stood in the stable. One morning Tony approached me: "Are you trying to fix the car?" he asked respectfully.

"Why?" I growled.

"Oh, nothing, sir: I've seen you out here several times."

"Go to the devil!" I admonished sourly.

In truth the car held for me a strange fascination, and often standing before its crimson and brass, I alternately blessed and cursed it for the part it had played in the whole sorry business.

Everywhere the old atmosphere was lacking, and although I took fiendish delight in spreading the ashes from my pipe over the table, and of arranging my papers carefully in confusion; but the Invader ruled then as literally as when she first usurped my little domain.

The morning of the eighth day brought Tom, but he was unaccompanied. At my guarded inquiries, which I thought to be studiously impersonal, he laughed.

"Why, old man, I actually believe that you'd rather it had been Sis than her big brother, and you, Hugh Rutherford, actually asking about the welfare of a girl," he finished in a drawl.

His friendly slap on the shoulder brought to me anything but the feeling of good-fellowship which it deserved, and I made no reply.

We went inside and filled our pipes, but a constraint hung over our confidences, and once or twice I caught Tom's glance fixed upon me in a half-puzzled, half-humorous way, and it annoyed me beyond telling that I should be so unsuccessful in disguising my disappointment.

And then Tom threw one of his big strong arms around my shoulders, quite as he used to in the old Yale days. "Hugh, what's the trouble?"

Sometimes in the superficiality of words there lies hidden a multitude of sympathy. His words were replete with invitation, and the brotherly affection of one strong man for another.

I thought for a moment; this step taken, and perhaps it would be farewell to my life of sympathetic solitude: but had not the sympathy already departed? All else but my love for Mona suddenly became dwarfed and trivial.

I turned to Tom, plunging straight into my confession. "Incredible and impossible as you may have believed it, a woman has entered this desolate old life of mine, Tom, and filled it not with happiness, but with a pain that she only can alleviate. She has made me love her," I finished lamely.

Tom winked slyly at the rafters, but never even permitted himself a smile.

"I've fought it step by step, day by day, with the strongest and best that's in me, but it isn't any use. In the absence of your father, Tom, have I your permission to speak to her?"

For a moment, I think, he did not realize the purport of my words, and when it dawned upon him, he burst into peal after peal of laughter. His merriment nettled me considerably, and I was just framing a retort when he spoke again; this time there was no laughter in his tone.

"I'm glad, so glad, old man," was all he said, but it was his handclasp far more than the words that told of his sincerity. After he had gone, the crackling voice of the hardwood blaze and the undulating smoke from my brier seemed to me sweeter than they had been for days before. If she would come, I knew that the old order would again prevail, only in a greater and sweeter way.

The next day but one brought them both. I thought the greeting Mona gave me a little reserved, but had I been better versed in the ways of woman, I should not have noticed it.

Be that as it may, she was ravishingly pretty in the golden-brown of her habit, for both she and Tom had ridden over, and once inside the dear old house, all else gave place to the wild joy of having her there once again.

We spoke of everything, except that having a personal tone, and never once did she allude to her former visit. Then Tom sauntered over to the fire, kicked the end of a blazing log reflectively, and said:

"Where can I find that beggar, Tony, Hugh? I want him to look at the mare. I think she picked up a stone coming over."

I told him, and he left us.

Alone with her, I was stricken with a

strange new fear, and the first few moments burned with my vexatious inability to frame a coherent sentence. Then I too rose: her gaze was wandering through the flames.

"Mona," I said, and she turned quickly. "Hardly a fortnight ago a man lived in this house happily and contentedly: happy to live his life as he had chosen it; contented to rest here beyond the sweep of society and of women. Returning home one evening, he found an invader in his little kingdom, instead of the peace and solitude he craved. The next day she withdrew, but, like all invaders, did not go with empty hands. She carried away with her that man's greatest treasure—the enjoyment of his lonely life. She awoke in him the realization of the narrowness and selfishness of his existence, and with that knowledge came the desire to share it with her. He tried to stifle it, and to forget; how hard he tried and strove he himself only knows. Days passed, the bitterest days of that man's whole life, and then she returned. Don't you think that she should make some reparation for the void left in his happiness?

But Tom's returning footsteps sounded nearer and nearer in the great hall, and I was forced to read my answer in the lights and shadows of her eyes.

MRS. GILLOCK'S CHARITY BASKET

By Rosa Kellen Hallett

HAVE you got a pair of mittens handy, Ma?" asked Angenette Gillock, stepping in from the kitchen to the living-room, where her mo her was placidly sitting by the window.

Mrs. Gillock dived into the depths of the basket at her elbow. "I guess so," she said. "'Tain't socks you want?" as she fished out a pair of those articles.

"No," answered Angenette cheerfully. "Men's mittens. Where are them beautiful blue and white speckled ones you made a while ago?"

"Here they be," triumphantly. "Who do you want them for?"

"Mr. Hosea Kamm. I've got his hands to soak in cold water. They're 'most froze." and she turned away from the old lady who laboriously arose from her chair and followed her.

Mr. Kamm, a rosy old man with thick white hair, whose hands were undergoing the therapeutic treatment Angenette had prescribed, faced Mrs. Gillock sheepishly.

"Where be your mitts, Hosey?" was the stern question.

Hosea gave a lugubrious grin and replied briefly, "Lost 'em."

Well," persisted Mrs. Gillock, "you ought not to be out this weather barehanded."

"Fact is," confessed the object of this solicitude, "Mirandy says 'twill be a lesson to me to go without any for a spell."

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Mrs. Gillock tartly. "That ain't sensible. Mirandy will find it kind of dear doctoring up frostbites. Mittens is a sight cheaper."

Mr. Kamm dried his hands on the roller-towel that hung beside the sink, drew on the big blue mittens and picked up the milk-can that showed his errand. "Thank you kindly Lucindy, and you too, Nettie. These do feel proper good!"

"You're welcome as the flowers in May, Hosey," benignantly responded Mrs. Gillock. "If you lose them, you'll know where to come for more."

"It's a reg'lar blizzard," commented Mr. Kamm, putting his hand on the door-knob. "Won't be much going away to Thanksgiving, I guess."

"Mercy on me," cried Angenette. "We're

expecting Cousin Chester and his family from over to 'Ponset. Don't you think they can get here?"

"Nope," rejoined the old man. "But then, I ain't no weeja-board; I don't know everything."

"There were eight of them coming," said Mrs. Gillock. "We'd be terrible stocked up if they should fail us. Your folks going to have company?"

"Well, not exactly," was the slow reply. "They're company themselves this year. They've all gone over to her folks."

Mrs. Gillock and her daughter both stared at the speaker in surprise.

"My! you'll have to start pretty early to-morrow morning, to get to Toxit in time for dinner, if you get there at all." Angenette looked out at the clouds of whirling snow, and there was decided doubt in her tone.

"Oh," explained Mr. Kamm, with an obvious effort at jocularity, "I'm going to keep Thanksgiving all by my lonesome. 'Twas Mirandy's folks, you see, and she thought 'twould seem like crowding to take me."

"For the land's sake—" began the elder woman indignantly, but a glance from her daughter checked her.

"I think Mr. Kamm better come and eat dinner with us," said the latter. "Chester would love to see him, and so would Lucy and the children, and there's plenty of room; and if they shouldn't be able to get here, 'twould be a real accommodation."

She beamed upon the old man, who stammered that he was afraid Mirandy'd think he was hinting. "She told me I'd better not tell anyone I was alone."

Mrs. Gillock snorted. "Pshaw, but you're soft, Hosey Kamm!" and she stalked away as majestically as she could with her stiff knees.

Her daughter laughed. "Now Ma's mad," she remarked. "You'd better not disapp'int her, Mr. Kamm," and the caller plodded away, a warm glow beneath the breast of the faded blue army overcoat.

Mrs. Gillock had resumed her seat at the window when Angenette appeared in the doorway. "He'll come, Ma, but," indignantly, "did you ever hear anything equal to that?"

"No, I never!" Mrs. Gillock's cheeks were flushed and her accents were sharp.

"I used to think Jabez was hard on his pa, but even Jabez would turn in his grave if he could see how his wife treats the poor old gentleman."

"He ain't to say old," resented the mother.

"His hair's awful white, anyway."

"His mother's was white at thirty, for I seen it," retorted Mrs. Gillock. "He and me were one year's children, and I don't calculate I'm in my dotage for a spell yet."

"No, indeed," soothed Angenette, "I should rather think not. He's an awful nice man, anyway, and I wish we had one just like him to keep our wood-boxes filled up."

"Mirandy Kamm acts like a heathen image," said her mother, angrily. "Well, I guess I'll set up another pair of mittens," producing yarn and needles from the overflowing basket beside her. "I shouldn't like Hosey Kamm to go finger-cold while I'm alive."

She cast on her stitches with a defiant air, and Angenette went back to her work. She was a fair, brisk maiden of twenty-five, and too "forehanded" to be baking mince pies at this late day, but a row of fresh apple and squash pies were exhaling luxurious odors from the shelves of the kitchen pantry; a dish of stewed cranberry was sending up a fragrant steam on the dresser; a great plum pudding occupied the oven; and Angenette was making ready the fat turkey and the host of vegetables necessary for a regulation Thanksgiving dinner.

All night the storm continued, and when at twelve o'clock the next day, Mr. Kamm came floundering in, he reported drifts above his head and the roads impassable; and there were only three people to sit down at Mrs. Gillock's hospitable board.

"This is a scrumptious good dinner, Lucindy," praised the guest, in one of the intervals of his appreciation of the delicious viands. "It's a top-notcher!"

"Ain't it?" she agreed. "Angenette is a good cook, if I do say it."

"I'm sure, Ma, all I know is what you've taught me," deprecated her daughter. "And what's pleased me most about this dinner," she added, "is that I ain't had to carve. Ma's an awful shirk," she gazed at her mother fondly, "and I always have to do that."

"I'm satisfied," chuckled Mr. Kamm, surveying his plate with complacency, "I've got the carver's portion." A sudden cloud overspread his face. "Mirandy says I'm awful wasteful at it, though."

"Mirandy talks too much," declared his hostess with emphasis. Then more mildly, "Me and Angenette, we think you done beautifully."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Angenette, "and now you must have some mince pie."

"I don't know 'bout that," hesitated Hosea, shaking his white curls. "The last pie I eat didn't set real well."

"Was it my pie?" demanded Mrs. Gillock.

"Why, no, of course not."

"Then stop talking nonsense and eat your pie like a Christian. I'll risk it. Anyway, there's some peppermint drops in my basket, and if you eat a couple of them, there can't nothing hurt you."

"Now, Ma, you and Mr. Kamm go into the parlor and visit with each other, while I redd up," genially commanded Angenette, at the conclusion of the meal, and as the hum of the old voices met her ear she smiled to herself, "Ma always did set store by Mr. Hosea Kamm."

The short afternoon had drawn to a close before she rejoined the pair, and Mr. Kamm rose to depart.

"My, but I must be going," he said. "I've got all the chores to do."

"'Tain't worth while to ask you to come plowing back to supper?" tentatively observed Mrs. Gillock.

"Oh, no," returned the guest, "I couldn't eat nothing after that dinner!"

"Come over to breakfast," invited Angenette. "We must have someone to help us to eat up that big turkey. Get your chores done up first and stay to dinner, too," she urged.

Mr. Kamm pondered, "I'd love to real well, Lucindy, but—"

"You come to dinner, Hosey Kamm," directed Mrs. Gillock imperatively.

By nine o'clock on the next morning the old lady was peering out anxiously along the lane.

"My stars, Nettie, What's that?"

A moment later the outside door was pushed violently open, and in staggered Zenas Vidall, bearing in his arms a great blue bundle, which, when deposited on the lounge, proved to be Hosea Kamm.

"I've been breaking out the road with my double yoke of oxen," panted the young Hercules, "and just as I got opposite Kamm's I heard the cow bellowing like sixty, and I run in to see what was up; and there was the old gentleman lying flat beside the watering trough with this gash in his head. There ain't a soul to home, so I just lugged him out onto my sled and fetched him up here."

Angenette hastened for the camphor bottle, and her mother proceeded to bathe the injured man's forehead.

"Shall I go for the doctor?" inquired Zenas.

"I don't believe so," said Angenette. "See, he's opening his eyes."

"Then I'll tend to the cow and be right back."

When the young man re-entered the house, he found Mr. Kamm propped up on the sofa, eating hot buttered toast and drinking coffee.

"I was on my way to milk the cow, when I stumbled and fell, and I didn't know another thing till I come-to here. You're a good boy, Zeny."

"Well, that's all right, Mr. Kamm," assured Zenas. "There ain't nothing at all for you to bother about. I've milked the cow, and fed her, and watered her, and I'll step around again before dark."

"Darned shame to leave an old body like that alone," grumbled Zenas to Angenette in the kitchen.

"Ma says he ain't so to say old," averred that damsel, with a gay little laugh.

"Laws me. Is that so?" and the two young creatures giggled.

"Be you real comfortable, Hosey?" murmured Mrs. Gillock, in dulcet tones, in the other room. "Don't you want another pillow under your head?"

Hosea looked at her admiringly. "You're awful good to me, Lucindy."

Mrs. Gillock bent over him. The pillow was just right, the patchwork quilt was tucked in around him. "I'd like to be good to you always, Hosey," taking his red, chilblained fingers in her strong, capable hands.

"Oh, Lucindy, do you mean it?" he said rapturously, and drew her down gently toward him.

From the doorway through which she was about to enter, Angenette withdrew discreetly, and peeping into the little mirror over the sink, confided sagely to her reflection there, "Didn't I tell you she set store by Mr. Hosea Kamm?"

THE WAY OF A WOMAN

By Alice Woodruff McCully

ISOBEL LEROY started perceptibly as she seated herself in the chair which the usher held in readiness for her. For an instant she forgot to move, then, catching her breath, finished the action hurriedly. She asked for a paper and drew off her gloves leisurely, a frown between her eyes, as though she were in a deep study and her brows still arched in surprise. The cause of her sudden emotion sat with his back turned to her at a table a short distance away, utterly unconscious of the amazement and consternation his presence was producing. One reason for his lack of knowledge lay in the deep absorption in which his companion held him. She was bending every effort to amuse him, and succeeding very well.

Isobel passed her hand across her forehead, as though dazed, and then settled down behind her paper, though she did not notice that she was holding it upside down. What she did notice was that other woman, her well-groomed figure, blond hair, sparkling rings, flashing smile, and above all, her youth. Then Isobel's eyes wandered to the man with whom she sat. Only his back was visible, but she knew it too well to be mistaken. The broad shoulders, fair hair, and firm lines could belong to no other.

The waiter stood at her elbow. It almost made her laugh to think that she should eat now, but she ordered something mechanically, and leaned back in her chair. She was searching through her brain for some explanation, some excuse, but she could find none. Leonard had phoned her that the unexpected arrival of a stockholder in the company would keep him several hours late; and not to wait dinner for him, as they would have it down town. To this he had added some loving raillery and his regrets as well. She was frankly disappointed. It was a rare occurrence in their household. Leonard had given up the club and everything of that sort when they were married. Nothing was pleasure without her, he said. He even liked her with him while he smoked his after-dinner cigar. They rarely went out. He liked his own hearth best of all, and she acquiesced readily in anything that pleased him. In fact, her whole life since her marriage had been one strong desire to please him at any cost. She hated the cares of the house; but because he liked his own home, she oversaw it to the minutest detail, watching that every part of the mechanism should move perfectly. She had surrendered to him her very soul, and thought that he had given his. A suspicion or a doubt never crossed her mind. In fact, it seemed impossible when he spent so much of his time with her.

The waiter brought her order and she drank the coffee slowly. They were drinking champagne at the other table. She wondered vaguely if that were the reason Leonard had asked her to curtail the running expenses a little. A wild desire possessed her to get away, to leave the hateful place behind her. Why had she thought her own table too lonely, and driven down to this restaurant instead? On second thought, she was glad though—yes, very glad, and she would know a little more. It was vulgar, beneath her, but as the waiter filled her glass, she remarked in an indifferent tone:

"Quite a striking couple there."

The waiter nodded.

"Yes, Mr. Leroy of the Upton Trust Company. He has been stopping in here for luncheon and occasionally dinner for the past year. His wife with him."

His wife! So. She drew a long breath and looked around to see if she could leave the room without passing that table, or letting him see her. Yes, she thought it possible. Fortunately, she had on a new gown he had never seen, one bought especially to suit his taste and please him, she remembered ironically. The fresh air gained, Isobel then

walked briskly for several squares, then hailed a cab, hesitated a moment, and gave her home address. It was with considerable bitterness that she did so, but she had no other to give, and she wanted time in which to think. During all the ride homeward, she made no sign, simply giving herself up to the physical comfort of the moment. At her own door she rang impe iously and hastened up to her room without speaking to the servant who let her in.

Once alone in her room, she locked the door savagely and began to pace the floor in quick, impatient strides, now and then digging her dainty little French heel into the carpet, as though she could make it pay for the pain she was suffering. She threw her hat and coat upon the bed and stopped before the mirror, peering savagely at her own reflection.

"Isobel Leroy, you are a fool," she muttered, then "Fool, fool, fool! You have been sitting calmly back letting the common rut rob you of your charm. What you need is vim and life, and, yes, a spice of the devil. You are getting commonplace, when you should still be able to turn your husband's head."

She spoke the truth, for the dark face, with its clear profile crowned by the masses of black hair was one that might easily be beautiful, dangerously so, in its dark, passionate way. Her great black eyes snapped and the line of her scarlet mouth grew straight. When she had left the house, her face had been pale, but now her cheeks burned.

"Yes, a good tailor could make your figure even more graceful than that blond — hussey's!"

She spit out the word as though she were choking the woman by the use of it. Again she took up her pacing, still thinking aloud.

"I don't want to ever see him again after this. Nearly a year! We haven't been married two. If I leave him, though, I have nowhere to go. And I like luxury. The court might give me a little, Leonard himself might, but it would never keep me as I must be kept. Even now, I feel stinted. Yes, I'll have to stick it out. It is bread and butter and cake too. If it goes this way two years more, there won't be much cake left at the end of ten. It's a business proposition with me. I must charm, grow young again, tantalize, and—laugh. Yes, laugh, that is the most important. For myself, I must find amusement somewhere else. Books, society, clubs, anything to take me out of myself. Leonard is my business now. Outside of business hours, he is shop."

She laughed at the idea. It was amusing to think of her in business, earning her own way; but the thought clung, and soothed and calmed her. An hour before she stood at the darkest time in a woman's life—that hour when she learns for the first time that her trust has been betrayed—that the man to whom she thought she stood for all things, turns lightly aside at the faintest breath to listen to the laughter from the lips of another woman. To her it had come even harder, for she had been more innocent and more trusting than most young wives even, and Leonard had been more to her, spent more time with her, and seemed to engross himself more with her than do the average men, even early in their career. The shock was greater and the reaction would be so too.

Isobel glanced at the clock. He would probably be home soon. She did not wish to meet him, but it was a necessary ordeal. The few times business had detained him before, she had always waited for him patiently, even when the meeting had been exceptionally long, and it would not do to alter the custom now. As she thought of the difference between now and then, for the first time she burst into tears—wild, hot tears of a heart betrayed and a love that was killed. She threw herself down on her bed and rocked back and forth in her anguish, moaning aloud sometimes. The paroxysm did not last long, and she rose hastily, better, her pent up feelings relieved. A cold glitter shone in her eyes and the red still dyed her cheeks. She moved quickly about, removing all traces of disorder, and combing her hair carefully. She looked at the gown she wore, a dark blue "tailor made." She smiled. "Not very—devilish," she muttered, and looked among her things for a red silk. She had had it made up some time before, but to her sensitive refinement, it had seemed a little too bright, too low, and too clinging, and she had laid it aside. Tonight, it suited her. From a vase on the table she took a red rose and twisted it in her hair. Looking into the glass, she indulged in a smile of satisfaction. She would have made a good Carmen then.

When Leonard's key sounded in the latch,

Isobel ran lightly down the stairs and threw open the door for him, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him passionately That moment witnessed the degradation of the woman soul within her. In the future, all things would be possible to her. The wife he had left in the morning ready to lay down her life to make him happy, and to give up all her days to a service of love for him, had changed in those few hours to a cold and calculating woman, one who would stand by him so long as the sky were cloudless, but who would cast him adrift the moment he were not able to satisfy her luxury-loving soul. Her softness of the morning had given place to a glittering brilliancy. Otherwise, there was no outward change, and the man in his blindness was glad to see the change. When he started to speak of the new stockholder, Isobel placed her fingers over his lips.

"That is shop, my boy. You have given your evening to it, and now the rest of it belongs to me."

So the saving words were never spoken, and as the days passed Isobel grew more and more restless. In Leonard's presence she brightened and glittered outwardly, some of it even sinking deeper within. To her it was a new game, and it amused her immensely—while it lasted. But she could not be always with Leonard, and in his absence time dragged upon her hands, and she could take an interest in nothing. The hours that before she had spent in devising some new way to make him happy or comfortable were empty now. To dominate him completely was her sole thought; but it was a desire that sprang from novelty and love of ease, and not from the heart, and as she had told herself before, out of business hours he was shop. Perhaps had she had little ones to demand her attention, things would have been different, but she felt that she was selling herself to Leonard for so many sheckels, and she would make a good bargain.

Isobel planned upon an extensive course of reading to fill the weary hours, but her interest lagged. Tales of love cloyed and disgusted her, science wearied, and history mocked. She took up Shakespeare. One day Leonard came in and found her deeply buried in a costly volume of *Macbeth*—held upside down. His raillery upon it was the last straw, and she gave it up.

The restlessness increased, and in desperation she became an indefatigable caller. Before, most women had wearied her, and she had held gossip beneath her, but she gradually sank into it. Clothes, and all the other little frivolities of one woman's chatter to another, became of prime importance to her. At first she only called and had her receptions in Leonard's absence, but gradually, she gave herself up more and more, and finally urged her husband out in the evenings with her. Her brilliancy grew and sat well upon her. She became a woman whom people looked at twice, and then turned to look at again. In a certain way, it pleased her and she enjoyed the admiration which she received. She was a woman who could be very charming when she chose to please.

One evening she attended a dinner dance, with Leonard. Isobel wore a rich, striking gown of yellow silk and black velvet, that set off every curve of her full and graceful figure to its best advantage. She was sparkling, daringly, radiantly beautiful. As she felt all eyes bent upon her, the wine and the music entered into her blood. Her partner whispered hot words of admiration into her ear, and for the first time since her marriage, she looked upon other men as real, and remembered their possibliities of love, even though she were Leonard's wife. It is a crucial moment in the life of a woman situated as Isobel when she first remembers. For a second it amazed her, and then she laughed to think that she had been blind to it for so long. Jack Adderby's head whirled with the intoxication of the glance she threw at him in reward She noticed that Leonard was not dancing, but watching her with eyes plainly filled with admiration. It was unusual, and it filled her anew with madness. As she left the ball room, she glanced up into Adderby's face and murmured:

"I am always at home to my friends on Thursdays."

Then she passed swiftly on without waiting to catch his fervent reply. She was learning fast. As she seated herself in the carriage, Leonard turned to her and said:

"Jove! Isobel, you are the handsomest woman I ever saw."

And with her head upon his shoulder, she whispered:

"And all yours, Harry."

The next day was Thursday, and Jack Adderby's card was brought to her shortly

after she finished her luncheon. For a moment she wavered. At heart she was not a bad woman, and she hesitated to play with fire, but only for a moment. The cold glitter sprang to her eyes, and she muttered:

"It will be amusing. Something to make me forget for a few moments at least."

Adderby sprang eagerly forward, grasping her outstretched hand.

"I came early, both because I couldn't wait, and also to avoid the crush."

'Friday is my day at home. Thursday is for my friends, and they are not overwhelming."

"And you count me one?"

"Perhaps," she laughed.

"Then it is only probation?"

"Probation upon good behavior."

She busied herself with the tea things. The time flew by rapidly, and they both started when a distant clock struck four. He held her hand as long as he dared at parting, and looked down upon her beauty with a fierce delight. Isobel went straight to her room, and, looking in her mirror, said simply:

"Isobel Leroy, you are the smallest woman that I know."

After that she sat down and read for an hour without once looking up. Her nerves felt rested.

Gradually she slipped into more and more friendly terms with Adderby. He spent two or three afternoons a week with her now. Occasionally they drove together, and at dinners, receptions and dances they often met. Frequently he sent her flowers, and it all amused her and helped her to break the monotony of her life. She always refused to think seriously, and constantly told herself that she was living for the present alone.

Adderby was not a bad man, as men go, but he knew the world well, and Isobel dazzled him. Had she been free, he would have married her, but a divorced Isobel would be a different matter, and he was worldly enough to be satisfied with the stolen meetings and trust to chance to drift.

The servant handed Isobel a note. She took it with a little shrug of surprise. Was Adderby wearied so soon? She opened it slowly.

"Dearest: All the fates seem allied against me, for I slipped as I was coming out and hurt my foot too badly to leave the house. I am suffering wretchedly with it, and I can't bear the added agony of not seeing your face. Darling, won't you come here and have dinner with me? You can manage to come, I am sure, if you try, and you know you can trust me. It would transport me to the seventh heaven of bliss. Don't refuse me; remember, I am not used to suffering, and I crave the sound of your beloved voice. As always,

"JACK."

It was the first time that he had ever addressed her in such a manner, but the effect of the past few months showed itself upon Isobel, for she neither tore the note nor grew angry. Instead, she sat down to write a gentle refusal. But as she wrote, she grew thoughtful. She felt a certain contempt for herself and her own pettiness. A wave of disgust swept over her, as she reread the note, and she turned to a fresh sheet of paper.

"Thanks. You have brought me to my senses. In the future, our paths lay in opposite directions. I. L."

As she addressed the envelope, the telephone rang, and she rose to answer it. Leonard's voice greeted her:

"I am so sorry, dear, but I will have to stop for a stockholders' meeting. Don't wait dinner for me, and perhaps you had better not sit up, as I shall probably be very late; we have a good deal of business on hand."

The words stung Isobel. She remembered that other meeting, and a feeling of helplessness came over her. Her eyes fell on the letter she had written, and she picked it up, holding it in the flame of the grate. Adderby was better than nothing, and it would be a sort of retribution. Three words would be sufficient and she penned them,

"At six sharp."

Isobel dismissed her own carriage in front of one of the department stores, and stood on the curb waiting for it to disappear. Her nerves already unstrung, were suddenly set on edge by the sight of that other woman. She picked her way across the street, brushing by Isobel and attracting general attention. A couple of men standing next Isobel turned to watch her.

"Quite a stunning woman."

"Yes. Western. Widow of some Montana copper king. All kinds of money

Say she saved the Upton Trust Company from going under about six months ago. Leonard had done a good turn for her husband some time or other, and she remembered it, and put about a quarter of a million into the concern at a critical time. Funny how—"

They moved away toward an approaching car, and Isobel repeated their words slowly to herself. What if—? She staggered with the thought. And she? What had she done? She remembered now that she had refused to let Leonard tell her of that new member. Had he tried and relegated it to shop, when she stopped him? She hurried to a telephone booth and took down the receiver. When Leonard answered, she asked coolly:

"Who is in consultation with you tonight, Harry?"

"Meachem, Shannon, Chrichton and Mrs. Scott."

"Isn't the new member there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Scott. Why?"

"Nothing, I just wanted to know. I am pretty tired, so I shall not sit up for you tonight, but be sure and come to me as soon as you get home. I—I feel a little upset."

She hung up the receiver and called a cab, sinking back into the corner helplessly. She had been so near. She shuddered. Leonard should have told her, any way, of course. He was a little to blame, but then, it all looked so different, and it seemed merely an oversight on his part. What if Mrs. Scott had not passed as she did? Then she ground her teeth as she thought of Adderby, and the note he must have received by this time. She had one task left to do there yet, and then, then she would bury the past six months and forget that they ever entered into her life, save for the wisdom gained. Thank heaven, there was nothing in them yet that she might not tell her husband.

Harry Leonard was only a man, but there was one time in his life when he did display exceptional tact. It was when he took his overwrought wife in his arms and kissed her tears away, taking the blame all upon himself and his own blindness.

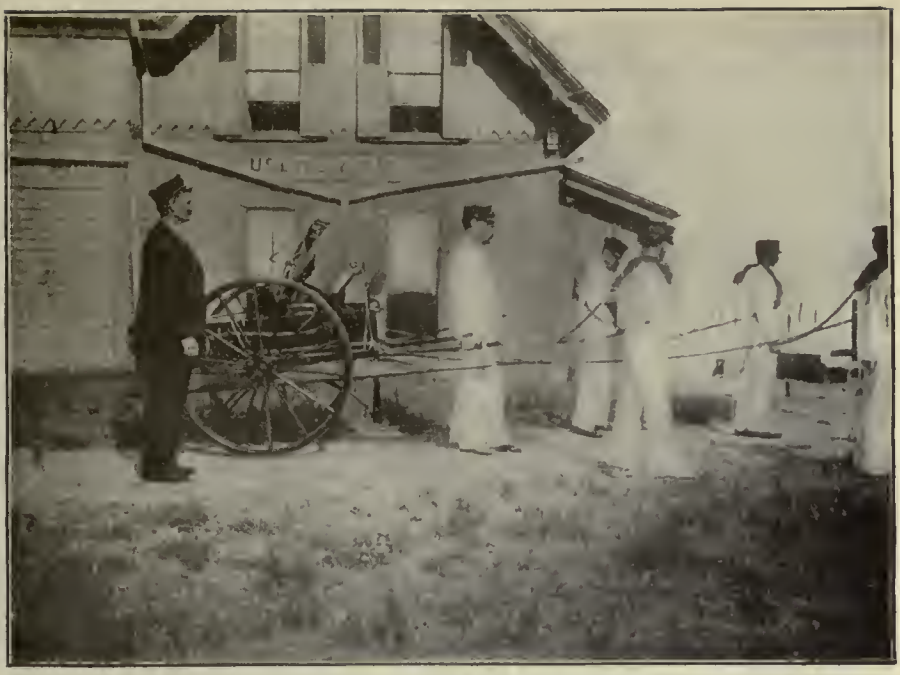
WHAT DOES THE GREAT WORLD ASK OF ME

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

What does the Great World ask of me?
I have not sought to right its wrong —
I only brew my cup of tea
And, pouring, sing a little song.

What does the Great World ask of me?
I have not, on it, frowned nor smiled.
I only sing my songs for three,
Myself, my Husband and our Child.

What does the Great World ask of me?
I only send my songs to roam:
That others, wheresoe'r they be,
May learn the joys of Love and Home.



" THE CAPTAIN AND CREW WITH THE BEACH CART "

A NOVEL LIFE-BOAT

By Katharine Stanley Nicholson

Photographs by the Author

ABOUT thirty years ago, the self-righting, self-bailing life-boat, an ingenious device which had been in use in Great Britian for a considerable period, was introduced into the United States Life-Saving Service.

By reason of its desirable qualities, it came to stay, though probably with improvements in course of time. Possessing great strength and buoyancy, and very difficult of being capsized, its superiority over the ordinary life-boat, for long trips, was very evident, and gradually it was put into use in a number of the United States Stations. Wherever found, it has added to the life-saving drill a novel and highly interesting feature, though one not as yet familiar to the general public.

The drill with this boat is a much more elaborate affair than that practiced with the ordinary one. In order to accustom the crew to prompt and intelligent action in case of capsizing, they are required to practice once a week, overturn the boat while fully manned, remain underneath it for a few seconds, and then allow it to right itself. When Uncle Sam's orders made this compulsory, some resignations from service are said to have followed, but on the whole the men at the Watch Hill Station, whom it was our pleasure to watch going through this exciting performance, seemed to consider it good sport, overturning the boat repeatedly, and taking the accompanying ducking as a trifling occurrence.

We were fortunate in having our cameras at hand, for it would have been impossible for a camera-lover to fully enjoy such an

occasion without them. For several weeks we had been endeavoring to photograph the drill, but without success, as it was an uncertain event, taking place at the most inopportune times. Eventually, however, the beach drill proved a welcome introduction to the other, and brought about the desired opportunity.

As we hurried to the shore at eight o'clock one morning, to watch the drill with the breeches-buoy, the captain caught sight of our cameras, and proceeded at once to business.

"Here, you with the big camera, I want you to stand right here and take our pictures. No, I don't want that little one," with a contemptuous glance at the other, "but you can both come along, if you like. Now, do you think you can do as well as that?" producing two or three medium-sized photographs. We humbly promised to do our best, and then hastened to clinch a bargain.

"If we do this, will you drill with the lifeboat, and give us a chance to photograph it?"

"Sure," was the accommodating reply. "I'll have the drill at three o'clock this afternoon, and upset the boat as often as you like."

Rejoicing in our good fortune, we set to work. About seventy-five yards distant a pole had been erected, to represent a ship in distress. Half way up, it was surrounded by a narrow ledge, reached by a rude ladder. Climbing this, to the ledge, one of the life savers took his place in the breeches-buoy, which was suspended in air by means of ropes attached at one end to the pole, and held at the other by the rest of the crew, who formed a picturesque group in their white suits.

"RAPIDLY HE WAS DRAWN ACROSS THE INTERVENING SPACE"

Rapidly he was drawn across the intervening space, the whole performance occupying only four or five minutes. Cases are on record where two minutes and a half have sufficed to complete the entire drill, from the rigging of the apparatus to the rescue, but such instances are rather unusual, and five minutes is the time required by drill-rule.

It was the work of only a few moments to procure a snap-shot and then, the apparatus having been loaded upon the beach-cart, to photograph the crew with it. Early morn-

"THERE WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE BOAT, EXCEPT FOR THE LOOPS OF ROPE WHICH HUNG LOOSELY ALONG THE SIDES"

"GRASPING THE ROPES, ALL PULLED STEADILY"

ing light is not the most favorable for such a proceeding, but when circumstances combine to facilitate matters, much is possible; a fortunate thing when one must either seize the present opportunity or forego it altogether.

A clear sun, with the added advantage of intense reflection, from the water, gave the necessary assistance, and accomplished what would have been less easy in different surroundings.

Rarely had it borne a more interested crowd than the excursionists, about two hundred in number, who happened to be waiting for a steamer, and who divided their attention quite equally between the cameras and the maneuvers of the life-boat.

There was, at first sight, nothing unusual in the appearance of the boat, except for the loops of rope which hung loosely along its sides. Their purpose soon became evident, as being of much importance in this style of craft

"RAPIDLY THE GREAT FORM TURNED OVER THEM"

At three o'clock that afternoon, the boat was launched, fully manned, and we stationed ourselves on a little pier opposite the life-saving station, the water between forming an ideal stage for action. The crescent-shaped bathing beach borders on Long Island Sound, the horn at the eastern end being formed by the rocky point upon which the light house and life-saving station are situated, and which makes a barrier between the calm waters of the Sound and the open sea.

Directly opposite the station, the pier, built as a landing for excursion boats, juts out about one hundred yards, and a better post for observation could hardly have been found.

At a signal from the captain, the oars were placed by the crew safely along the inside of the boat, and then, grasping the ropes, all pulled steadily, their feet braced against the opposite side of the boat, which was quickly on a level with the water. Rapidly the great form turned over upon them, until, with a mighty splash, it struck the water, and all were engulfed, and held voluntary prisoners underneath.

It was done in a few seconds, and for several more the boat remained bottom up, hiding the men from view. The excited spectators held their breath, but presently had leisure to notice certain peculiarities of struc-

ture, namely three round openings in the bottom of the boat, by means of which the self-bailing is accomplished.

In the boat's floor, which is so placed as to be on a level with the water when it is manned, are several openings, each connecting by a metal tube with one in the bottom. As water cannot rise above its own level, and as each tube is closed, at the floor level, by a valve which opens downward, no water can pass up into the boat, while any responding swiftly to the men's manipulation. It is when we work along the lines laid down by nature that the greatest achievements are possible, and the most difficult labor lightened, and it is in obedience to one of her greatest laws, that of gravitation, that the remarkable boats are built and operated.

In order to procure the self-righting quality, each is furnished with a heavy iron keel, and well provided with ballast. If overturned, it is impossible for the boat to remain so, on

"ALL WERE ENGULFED AND HELD VOLUNTARY PRISONERS UNDERNEATH"

dashing in from above is at once shipped through the tubes. So quickly is this accomplished that a full boat can empty itself in about half a minute. A valuable quality, indeed, for braving heavy seas, sometimes in the wildest storms, and one that adds greatly to the safety of the occupants.

But now the men loosened their hold on the ropes, and the boat's power of righting itself was demonstrated. Left to its own devices, it rolled easily back into position, while the drilling crew climbed over the side and prepared for another upsetting. The whole affair was managed so easily and naturally as to seem almost sport, the great boat account of the elevated air chambers in the bow and stern, and as it rolls upon one side, the ballast and the iron keel, which by its own weight must naturally seek the water, quickly force it back into position.

The captain made good his word, going through the same performance repeatedly, till we had sufficient opportunity to photograph every step of the drill, he appearing particularly anxious to have a good view secured of it when entirely overturned, showing the openings of the baling-tubes.

At length, even the most rabid camera enthusiast must have been satisfied. The sympathetic excursionists took their departure,

"THREE ROUND OPENINGS IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT, BY MEANS OF WHICH THE SELF-BAILING IS ACCOMPLISHED"

and slowly the boat was rowed back to the station, and drawn up the gangway, while we watched it regretfully, feeling that we had indeed spent a pleasurable hour, which there might not soon be the opportunity of repeating.

It was about the middle of the last century that these self-bailing, self-righting boats were first put into general use, and the world owes a debt of gratitude to Great Britain for a device that has been the means of saving many valuable lives and much property.

As early as 1785, Lionel Lukin, a London coach-builder, attempted the construction of an "insubmergible boat," and succeeded in improving considerably on anything in use at that time. To him belongs the credit of having built the first life-boat, and having thus been instrumental in much life-saving. A few years later, more improved models were furnished by William Wouldhave and H. Greathead, the latter of whom had built before 1804, thirty-eight boats for England, Scotland, and other countries. It was not till about 1851, however, that designs for a self-righting, self-emptying boat were presented, in a contest for a one hundred guinea prize, offered by the president of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for the best model of a life-boat.

Two hundred and eighty models were sent in, from Great Britain, America, France, Germany and Holland, that presented by Mr. James Beeching of Yarmouth gaining the prize, and with slight modifications becoming the foundation of the boat now in use.

Since this was first introduced into the United States service, thirty-seven have been furnished to our stations, the majority being modeled after a boat sent by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. Their record is a good one; in four hundred and seventy-one trips they have capsized but four times, and but one life has been lost for every one hundred and seventeen saved.

As has been stated, the value of this style of boat lies in its especial fitness for use on long trips or in heavy gales, when there is constant danger of sinking or capsizing. Under such circumstances, it is unquestionably much safer than the ordinary surf-boat,

though on account of its greater weight and consequent unwieldiness, it is less fit for transportation over long stretches of heavy sand, such as are so frequently found on the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey, and is not convenient for rescue work near shore.

But here, as in other lines of activity, inventive ingenuity has been at work, and this difficulty bids fair to be overcome. Already one make of surf-boat has been improved by the addition of the self-bailing property, and efforts are being made to satisfactorily apply the property of self-righting also, without an increase in weight.

When this important feat has been accomplished, the result will be a life-boat pre-eminently fitted to meet the varying conditions of the service, and highly efficient in the great work of life-saving.

Mr. Sumner I. Kimball, general superintendent of the United States Life-Saving Service, suggests that, with such improvement, there should be a wider field of usefulness for boats provided with these qualities. That is, that they should be furnished to all steamers and other vessels carrying passengers, in place of the ordinary life-boats used by them.

Such a provision would indeed be a welcome one, and should arouse a widespread interest, as any innovation which provides more effectively for the protection of life and property can be a matter of indifference to none, but must appeal forcibly to all classes of humanity.

"LEFT TO ITS OWN DEVICES, IT ROLLED EASILY BACK INTO POSITION"

THE TOWN HALL

By William Hemstreet

WHO that has been raised under its influence can forget its glories? Its walls have cradled and re-echoed the genius of our land. It has been the forum of the only genuine democracy. It has made our country all it is; it has been the inspiration and strength of our progress, the germ and budding of all leadership, the "ballast to the sail" that Macauley could not see in our institutions. There the people have clarified all problems, redressed all grievances, defined all principles, weighed every aspirant and set their seal on every fame. The public mind brought squarely to bear upon a proposition burns up its dross as the sun does the miasma of a night. Our political regression in the cities has come from the absence of the town hall principle and practice, and the first step in reform must be its restoration. Mrs. Humphrey Ward said, "A republic means discussion." In that ours has already passed its trial and been found wanting. The people will not apply the test; they are kept apart and away from the political and civic initiatives by both their love for money, society, ease and pleasure, and by the tricks of the politicans. In the cities we have no place of assemblage for election districts or small constituencies. The politicians have limited the caucus district to the state's election district, which is of such small territory as not one in fifty can have a public hall. They dread public meetings as imps of darkness do light. In an open, equal, democratic conference, general and special politics and every other subject of public concern, big and little, find their solution, and there the representatives of the people become instructed. In this is based the superiority of village over city government, in economy, neatness, comfort. In the populous centers abstention from politics and the complex technique of party organization and procedure have left our average citizenship as far removed from making laws and lawmakers, as any European serf or back village Filipino. We have actually circuited back of where we started from in 1776. A careful, matter-of-fact census shows that even our churchmen, as a mass, are as ignorant and helpless as babes in politics. It is the ugly concrete that half a dozen of their neighboring gin-mill political heelers are worth a whole congregation in the making of a ticket. In a great democracy, whether of a government or a party, it is votes only that count. A great general has said he would as lief have a monkey as a man for pulling a trigger; so a politician would rather have the vote of a bum than a bishop, because more dirigible. Patriotic orations, sanctimonious reform committees, good government leagues, with all their tomes of literature, have proved to be only sea-foam, vanishing at a touch or evaporating if left alone. With the best of intentions, the greatest of abilities and generous outlays, they have, year after year, formulated theories and promulgated tickets only to be ignored or derided by the parties. They begin at the mouth of the river to purify what the politicians corrupt at the fountain head. If they had tussled on a level with their fellow-citizens in the organized and normal caucuses, they would have accomplished something, because the people are with them, ten to one. But they have all had at heart, snob treachery to our democratic institutions. All their devices to evade the caucus are but displays of class instinct.

The civic virtue and power of *ALL* the people must be applied at the customary party initiatives. There is the only full test of democracy. That test we have never yet fully applied in the face of the world. There is where the boss gets his advantage. Voting at a general election only affirms party prejudice and is like an ox pulling a load by his tail. As we have not yet developed into a pentecostal stage of political concurrence, we must get bodily together for pre-convergence of wills and pre-arrangement of plans. All other combined human effort is that way.

The state could not do a greater practical good than to erect or lease permanently, under control of the board of elections, a hall in every caucus district in the cities for the use of party caucuses, primaries, independent movements, conventions, and every other local concern. That would give opportunity, keep public spirit agitated, ventilate all proposals and cure the present political stagnation which has made this land, politically, only a sterile desert of weeds, ravening beasts, stinging insects and crawling reptiles. At these convenient places of public criticism all omissions, fakirs, nuisances, grafts and eager self-seekers could be pointed out and corrected. This would be a general and steady grand jury system, for the ever-alert and astute American people. There the press would get abundant, true and nourishing pabulum. In them are latent civic gold mines as yet unexploited. Then only the fittest would survive to stamp their impress upon the state and the world. This is the very soil of our political and civic stalwartism. The constraints, formalities and griping necessities of the cities arrest men's civic development. Politics is now hedged by a roaring line of salty breakers requiring a "breaking into politics" by honest people. But every leader in state and national politics, with one phenomenal exception, is country-born and bred. In the city the mass seems to be in a haze and daze. A complete illustration for all may be found in that suicide city—the Borough of Brooklyn—who, having topographical and natural advantages above all other cities, a million of people and an insular position, yet through its habit of political negativeness, its lack of civic nerve centers, surrendered its self-government; so that now the nearest touch they have with their masters is the alderman, who represents fifty-five thousand people and ninety miles of streets. He cannot come down to grievances of small localities, which, after all, embrace all that make life comfortable or miserable, but when he is cornered and promises relief he is confronted by an alien majority, and an over-bearing centralized power "across the river." This would never have come about with the habit of free and frequent local discussions and, consequently, officials capable of protecting home interests. So Brooklyn is ever handicapped with political upstarts of no public adaptation, and also at times, with an insincere press—because editors must lay up something for old age, like the rest of us. Brooklyn is "The City of Churches." It has a plenty of religious centers. If it had more political centers it would not have to compete so unsuccessfully with Sunday rum centers.

The absence of halls for public conference has been encouraged by politicians, while they can meet in a back barroom or private parlor and there initiate with fatal effect. They are invincible because organized; the people are a mob and the politicians depend upon them for a ratification of their tickets through the people's blind partisanship. This politicians' initial caucus in the city, corresponds to the country town meeting, but the people give it the go-by in the cities. In this, all cities are getting their punishment in high taxes, graft, official bungle, jobs and their audacious repetitions, monopolies and their impositions, dead-letter ordinances, sinecures and high salaries, indecent bill-boards, unrestrained public profanity and hoodlumism, fat police, food adulteration foul cellars, Sunday saloons, European Sabbaths, brutal strikes, waste of public charities, cow bells, street railroad nuisances, bedlam noises, a general hardening of public moral sense and lowering of ideals, general distrust and increasing "Latin" tendencies. It has been said that the king is the fountain of honor. We have no such fountain, because, having sent away the king, we have not done the kings' duty. Into these caucuses, which should be the hillside springs of politics, is flung every corrupting power. If a man wants a job for his carts, or if a bevy of smart engineers and contractors want to handle millions for "public improvements" against the common sense, or politicians want to make an early "deal" for offices that they cannot fill, they begin in a September caucus when the majority of the people is away upon the summer vacation. Thus the caucus comes suddenly, silently, swiftly, darkly, like a thief in the night, and makes private and public fate for the future. Between the job hunters and the legislature, the people grunt. Personal politics and public politics are as wide apart as the poles; the former arouses the latent demonism in a man, but the latter would bring out the new man.

Now the state has created a majestic elec-

tive machinery but omitted a *nominating* machinery, which is more important. Our forefathers made a good constitution for three millions of people, but fell short for eighty millions. So the parties have, by a natural evolution, formed a voluntary system, that has become an unwritten constitution that should now be adopted by the law. A large people must be focussed by art and method. As under martial law, the state enrolls men and puts its hand upon them, so it shall be compelled to do in political duty. Left to merely voluntary act, our nominating system has become a scandal. The caucus is the crucial hour, the nick of time that concerns our government. Right there, while the state is asleep, its gnawing enemies are active, and from there they are permeating every function of society with their cunning and selfishness, as in gambling. The politician is de-socialized and under moral stigma. One has just said that his companionship with this writer joepardises his job, that "the machine will stoop to anything and come up under a man out of deep water." We might opportunely quote the classics here. Hawthorne said:

> "I want nothing to do with politicians. Their hearts wither away and die out of their bodies. I have gained by this Custom House experience to know them. It is a knowledge that no power of thought or sympathy could have taught me, because the animal—or the machine, rather—is not in nature."

And Thoreau took a shy at them: "What is called politics is so superficial and inhuman that, practically, I have never recognized that it concerns me at all." But what those philosophers complained of was the *perversion* of politics from the magnanimity of the whole people, to the selfishness of a few as a private vocation.

Politicians are an empty, rattling lot, filling the newspapers to the exclusion of all social and business substance of the state.

Self government, partially shared, is the worst kind of government. In our cities, that are nearing the bulk of our population, it is already a proved failure. Left to sporadic and mere voluntary interest politics appeals to all the latent meanness in human nature. It goes beyond that and reaches to auxiliaries in secret lodges whence a candidate who has not yet felt his weakness enough to grab for a "brotherhood" life rope receives from there a silent arrow. Universal application of the suffrage is the only means of detecting and batting back egoism as well as mysterious combinations.

In the party caucus every trick is invented and matured to defeat the people, an enumeration and description of which would take too many pages, but all of which could be promptly dispelled by popular interest in an official caucus. There the youth would find patriotic stimulus, and the wisdom of maturity would find useful application. There the boss could no more thrive than the devil in a church. There socialism and democracy would have their field and effect without their stings. The caucus is as important as an election, or even as the legislature, for it is the power behind the throne. Also, there the office would seek the man, instead of the man seek the office.

To erect this basic caucus system, the state would not need to invent anything complicated, or new, but merely affirm, regulate and control what is already familiar to the people. The territory would have to be redistricted, making larger caucus and primary districts than now, so that a delegate to each manageable convention, little and big, could be elected directly by the people. There should be one caucus district somewhat larger than now, for conventions within the county, and one larger caucus district for conventions larger than the county, although taking more than one day for the vote. The time and expense would be rewarded by the direct nomination principle and practise of getting good conventions and distracting and confounding the bosses. No convention should ever be allowed to elect delegates to another convention, for there the mischief of the machine, the bosses and deals comes in. We must never lose sight of the fact that the masses are always disinterested.

This official and popular caucus system having been set up, it should avoid the old tricks of the politicians. These following rules would not destroy "organization" but they would destroy the bosses. The chairman or president should not be allowed to name the committee for nominating the ticket for the various delegations, but it should be freely nominated in open meeting, recorded by the secretary, and then each voter vote on

a secret ballot for as many committeemen as required. No man who receives money from the public treasury should be upon any committee or convention. All voting should be by secret ballot, for it is the viva-voce vote or the delivery of a district's vote by its chairman that the boss uses as a whip. These secret ballot votes would all come right from the hearts of the people, where patronage, bribes and deals can never reach. This would be our final test as to whether a government of, by and for the people shall perish from the earth. This plan would ensure always a majority government with its power and majesty, and would perfect the civil service. Every publicist and teacher should assist in framing this new law. Then a new political sun would arise, and the millennium appear. But the wisest observers are now foreboding; they say our climacteric is due early in this century. Our time is short. Come back to the hard pan of our fathers—personal interest in the initiatives or skip for Canada. This must be done either voluntarily or by compulsion, probably the latter. All politicians say the people will never voluntarily come out to the caucuses and primaries. *Let us have the district halls forthwith.*

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

By James L. Elderdice

WHEN fades effulgent summer's light,
When woods are leafless, meadows bare,
With fleet wings cleaving pathless air,
The birds of passage take their flight.

By strange impulsions urged, they go,
Leave northern, transient haunts behind,
A southland zone to seek and find,
Where tropic flowers perennial blow.

Unerring instinct guides their quest,
Brings, with a sense that never strays,
Direct, through the uncharted ways,
The restless migrants to their rest.

Life's budding spring, its summer strength,
Its dreams and hopes too swiftly pass —
As fades the leaf, as blights the grass:
And Autumn Age comes on at length.

The soul has promptings, too, as well,
An intuition that discerns
The Paradise for which it yearns:
Immortal longings naught can quell.

O never yet hath instinct erred;
The winged travellers reach their goal,
And thou shalt find thy rest, my soul,
For man is more than beast or bird.

MISS JEDITHA'S THANKSGIVING

By Ora Sheffield

MISS JEDITHA said that the wind began it, and John declared it was the pie, but anyway it was, and that's the main thing either in life or in a story. But we will let Miss Jeditha tell the story herself, and then you can judge.

* * *

"The instant I opened my eyes that morning I said to myself severely, 'Now Jeditha Simmons, this is Thanksgiving Day, and of all people you surely ought to be thankful. There are hosts of things for you to be thankful for.

"'Here you are as well and strong as can be, for what does a wooden foot and a crutch signify when one has learned to manage them? And after all it is almost an advantage, for that foot is never cold and the other often is.

"'Then you have money enough to keep you nicely, what with the lace work and the mending and other odd jobs people give you to do; and the rent is not high, and with two rooms one can be as comfortable as a queen, if not quite so elegant, and after all it is a good deal less work than to keep a big house in order.'

"Now there is rich Mrs. Ormsby with her fine home, and she told me the other day when I took the lace spread home, that she quite envied me my independent life, for with the trying time she had with poor servants, and sometimes no servants at all, she led a perfectly miserable existence.

"I asked her why she did not give her large house away then and take a small one, but she said 'Oh, Miss Jeditha, I owe it to society to keep up a position, and I shall do my duty if it kills me!'

"But this is a long way from that Thanksgiving morning and all the things that I had to be thankful for, and really there were so many of them I began to feel almost guilty to think I had so much more than many people. There were health and strength and food, (and, after all, plain food is so much more healthful and nourishing) and only the other day Mrs. Ormsby had given me her last Winter's bonnet, just as good as new. To be sure, she is large while I am such a little thing, and it is a trifle trying to know one looks like a walking mushroom, but after all, there is always a back seat one can slip into, and it is really more edifying to have one's thoughts on what the minister is saying than to be thinking of one's clothes.

"Then everyone all over the house is so good to me. Just for example: Mrs. Oldstar knows how fond I am of babies, so she always leaves little Paul with me when she goes up town. Of course it puts me back a little in my work, but I just stay up a little longer at night, and after all, it isn't good to get set in one's ways, and that is a drawback in being an old maid, one is apt to grow odd and narrow and hard to get along with; though, after all, I have noticed a few married people who were that way too.

"I never dreamed when I was young that I would live to be an old maid, and I remember how indignant I was one night when brother Charles teased me about being so fond of cats, and said that I would be an old maid yet. And John, who happened to be there, spoke up in his quiet way, 'not if I can help it, Charles.' And then, — but I can't tell you the rest, only that I was the very happiest girl in the world that night, with John's ring on my finger and John's good-night kiss on my lips.

"Ah me! little I knew what lay before me, and even after the accident and all the pain and suffering, I was happy, for John was so kind to me and in the spring I was to be his wife. But before that time came I was in the hospital and knew the worst, that I should be a cripple for life. No, that was not the worst, there was John, my strong, handsome John; should he be burdened with a crippled wife?

"And Mind said, 'You must give him up,' and Heart said, 'I cannot, it would be giving up life itself.' And so the two warred against each other until I nearly died. But I can't

bear to talk about that time even now, when—but I haven't come to that yet.

"I gave him up and lied to do it. It was my first lie and I hope and trust it may be my last. Many a night have I lain awake and worried over it. But there was no other way. I knew John and I knew he would never give me up but for one thing; and so I told him I did not love him!

"I was a little better then, but only a little, and when he turned his white, set face upon me and said, 'Are you sure, Jeditha?' and I answered (God forgive me) 'Yes, I am sure,' I turned my face toward the wall and hoped and prayed to die. But death doesn't come just when it is wanted, and after all, God knows best."

"And I don't allow myself to think very often of what might have been, for when I do the future stretches out so long and dreary, or it did, I mean, before—but I am not come to that part yet. And really I don't know just where I am, I have digressed so much, as the story books say, so I'll just start a-new with the wind which was something dreadful that morning, sharp and cold and biting, but that wasn't the worst of it for me, but the fact that it was from the east, and when the wind is from that quarter I may as well decide to fast, for cooking is out of the question, and there is more smoke in the room than goes up the chimney.

"What to do I didn't know, for there were the pies to bake and the turkey to roast and no stove to do it in. I wouldn't have cared for myself so much but I had invited company to dinner, poor Mrs. Jones who lives in the second floor back, and supports herself and five children by going out washing, leaving the children locked up for safe keeping.

"And knowing how selfish and miserable I am tempted to get on Thanksgiving Day, I determined to get ahead of myself for once, and in doing my best to make others happy, I would leave no time to be miserable in; so I had rashly invited the whole six to dinner, and bought a good sized turkey, for if those children were to eat Thanksgiving dinner with me they should have a square meal. And I never once thought of the wind.

"I ran down to the second door back and found Mrs. Jones just locking her door. 'Sure ma'am,' she said apologetically, 'I thought I could be after doin' a wee wash and thin be back in toime for the dinner party.'

"I told my story. The good soul's face fell. It was going to be a great disappointment to her as well as to the 'childers.' Then her long face broadened into a smile. 'I'll tell yez, ma'am dear. I wash for the gintleman which does his own cooking on an ilegant ile stove, and I'll just be afther getting it.' 'But how will he cook his own dinner?' I asked, not exactly liking the idea of asking a strange 'gintleman' for his stove.

"Nary a dinner he'll cook today, ma'am, for he told me himsilf as how invited out he was, and ivery day he might go I belave, for its quality he is.

"Is it the lame gentleman with the long beard?" I asked, interested at once, for whether it was the lameness or not, I had taken a fancy to the unknown, as I called the stranger to myself, and I hoped he had a gentle little wife at home who loved him all the more because of his infirmity. 'The very same, and a dear good gintleman he is and quiet like; that spends his time a-writin' of a book all about some furrin country. But I'll jist run along ma'am and be back in a jiffy.'

"And sure enough, back she came, rosy and breathless, but bearing the oil stove in triumph. So we had our Thanksgiving dinner after all, and the five little Joneses ate enough turkey and pie for once in their lives.

"The mother carried the stove home after dinner, reporting the owner as still absent. We cleared up the things, the Jones family trooped off home happy, and I was left alone. And then I did two foolish things. When I made those mince pies in the morning I made one apple pie too. Not because I liked apple pie, for I don't; not for the little Joneses for they liked mince pie best. But simply and solely because in the old days dear John had been fond of my apple pies, and some way all day in spite of my work and worry my thought would fly back to those old days and John.

"So here was the pie and no one to eat it, and I thought, 'Why not send it to the Unknown?' He would never know who sent it, and it might be pleasant to think some one remembered him on Thanksgiving night. I called to Charlie from across the hall, who did errands sometimes for me, and gave him the pie, telling him to put it at the gentleman's door and come away. Then I did the second foolish thing, I sat down and cried.

"The wind still blew. I could hear it moan among the leafless branches of the trees under

my window, and a cold rain that was almost sleet struck me in the face when I opened the window and leaned out. It was growing dusk and the lights in the houses across the way were shining out here and there. I could fancy the happy home scenes behind the screening curtains, and a great wave of loneliness swept over me. I closed the window, drew down the shade, stirred the fire to a brighter glow, and had just seated myself before it with the firm determination to settle Jeditha Simmons once and for all, when a man's step sounded in the hall, and a decided rap fell on my door.

"I distinctly remember opening the door, and my surprise on seeing the Unknown standing there, hat in hand and carrying a paper parcel, but I am not quite sure of all that followed. A pair of eyes from which the glasses had been removed, looked down at me inquiringly, and a voice I never thought to hear again said softly, 'Jeditha! Jeddie!'

"After all, there are times that don't bear talking about, and this was one of them. But after a while when things had grown calmer and straightened out a bit, he told me of his life in Australia, and how, after losing his own limb, he began to understand (or fancied he did) what he had never understood, the reason why I had told him I did not love him; how he had returned home but found no trace or sign of me until tonight, when on his return home he had found a pie at his door.

"But I don't see," said I, "how a pie?—"

" John reached over to the table and picked up the brown paper parcel. As he leisurely untied the string and removed the paper his eyes twinkled mischievously, and then turning the plate upside down he showed to my astonished eyes a paper neatly pasted on the underside bearing the words 'Jeditha Simmons.'

"I had sent a pie on that plate to a church supper. 'So you see,' said John, 'we owe our thanks to the pie, little woman!'

"But after all I think it was the wind."

THE CIRCUS UP IN THE SKY

IN the hush of the summer twilight,
Mother and Ned and I,
From our seats on the broad veranda,
Watch the circus up in the sky.

A maple bough is a tiger
With a gleaming star for an eye,
And the bears hide deep in the shadows
In the circus up in the sky.

The waving elm tree branches
Are lions that crouch and spring;
In the top of the tall old chestnut
The monkeys frolic and swing.

The apple tree is a camel
With its back humped up so high,
And the tall pine trees are soldiers
In the circus up in the sky.

And every night we watch it,
Mother and Ned and I,
Until it grows too dark to see
Our circus up in the sky.

Marie Morgan Finch

THE MOONSHINER

By Hunter Farish

AS Simon Bedders entered the Sanders Inn, the two men who had stood with their elbows resting upon the bar observed that he had been a Union soldier, since the buttons of his coat were like those which adorned the Federal uniform. Their inference was correct, and was further supported by the fact that Simon had only one leg—the other had been left somewhere in the Shenandoah Valley during Sheridan's memorable raid. The people of Pikesville, among whom Simon had chosen to make his home, had never looked upon him as a "carpet bagger," and there was not one among them who had a sincerer contempt for those scavengers who followed in the wake of the victorious army than Simon himself, and many of the villagers declared that it was hard for them to believe that the kind hearted Simon could ever have been a Yankee soldier. Their respect and regard for him greatly increased when he declined to accept the position of postmaster; because in doing so he would have displaced a woman, and their only regret concerning his appointment to the position in the revenue service was the fact that it necessitated his leaving Pikesville.

"Won't you jine us in a drink, stranger?" asked the younger of the two men who stood by the bar.

"Heads it's on me; tails it's on you;" replied the newly-appointed revenue officer, as he tossed up a coin, which showed the image of the American eagle as it fell to the floor.

"It ain't no use fur you to order none fur me," said the older of the two Confederates, who looked as if he might have been a veteran of the Mexican war, as well as the war between states. "You damned Yankee!" he continued, "Ef I had the arm I lost at Shiloh, I'ould thrash you fur axin' me."

"An' ef I had the leg that I lef' behin' Phil Sheridan, an' you was ten years younger, we could have it out." Simon replied in a good-humored way. "What!" exclaimed the old man. "You got the impudence to mention sech a name in my presence, sah; you insult me, sah."

The old man paused a moment for an answer, and receiving none, he left the "Inn" mumbling to himself as he walked across the street to the corner grocery, where he sat on an empty soap box and whittled a stick which he held between his knees. "Don't pay no 'tention to him, stranger," said the other soldier of the "Lost Cause." "The poor ol' fellow is done nigh los' his mind."

"I'm sorry I hurt his feelin's," said Simon. "You gents know I didn't mean no harm by axin' him to drink." Then he stretched his long lank arm out to the shoulder of the new acquaintance, and as he raised the small glass of brandy to his lips, he said as a toast: "I 'spects to live down here in these parts, an' ef I marry, an' the Lord sen's me a boy, I'm goin' to call him Phil Sheridan; an' ef they come twins, I'm goin' to call the other one Fitz Lee."

"Is you goin' to aim to keep them twins in the same crib, stranger?" asked the inn-keeper, as he gave back Simon's proffered quarter, saying that the treats were on the "house."

"I say pard," said the Confederate soldier, addressing Simon, "they tell me that thar's a 'Yank' in Pikesville that kin play the fiddle nigh as well as ol' Jubal Early could cuss; does you know him?"

"Got a fiddle?" asked Simon. "Let's see ef I is him."

"Jim Linkum," said the southern veteran to the inn-keeper, "git yo' fiddle, an' let dis gent try his han'." Then he turned to Simon again and continued, "Jim's got a fiddle here whar he bought from that ol' fellow whar was in here when you come; an' sence he los' his arm thar aint been no fiddlin' in Sandersville; his name is Shiflet; he used to be the greates' fiddler in these parts. Thar warn't no tavern 'round about whar he warn't known,

an' the tavern-keepers never charged him nothin' fur stayin'; all the stages use' to let him ride free, an' thar warn't no dance that was a dance, 'ithout ol' 'Shine-eye Shiflet' was thar. His cap' let him take his fiddle 'long when he went in the army, an' sometimes the officers use' to have him at headquarters to hear him; they say that the night befo' the battle o' Shiloh, he sot 'roun' the camp-fire playin' 'Home, Sweet Home,' an' as General Johns'on rid down the lines, the general stopped an' axt him to play it over ag'in." The face of the soldier of the "Lost Cause" showed deep emotion as he continued. "An' that was the las' tune he ever played; an' de fiddle that you see Jim bringin' in is the las' that Gen'ral Johns'on ever heared. I was here on a furlough when he came home, an' my frien', 'twas a sad sight to see ol' Shine-eye come home with his fiddle swingin' in his lef' han'; 'twas a sad sight."

As the two men sat down and tilted their split-bottom chairs against the wall opposite the bar, Simon proceeded to examine the old instrument.

"This fiddle has been well taken care of, even if it has seen active service," he remarked.

"Yes," answered his comrade, "the ol' fellow loved that fiddle, an' besides, 'twas his only way of makin' a livin'. But it warn't no use to him when he come back in sixty-two; so he sol' it to Jim, an' went back to them mountains over yonder, whar he was born, to go in the 'moonshinin'' business, like his father was befo' him. He los' mighty nigh all he had 'bout two years ago, when the revenue officers put him out o' business, an' sence that time, he's jes' been knockin' aroun' Sandersville, doin' any little job that he can git; but his brother Jake is mighty good to 'im; he ain't got much, but he shar's what he's got with ol' 'Shine-eye'."

The man ceased speaking as Simon drew the bow across the old instrument, which had lost none of its sweetness of tone by the silence of a few months more than five years, and he looked at the Vermont mountaineer with admiration and amazement, as under his magic touch the familiar strains of the "Arkansas Traveler" flowed out from the old violin.

The stick had fallen from between the knees of the grizzled veteran across the street; the knife lay open on the box beside him, and his feet kept time to the music, while a smile came over his care-worn face and a kindly light into his piercing eyes.

As he listened to the music, he saw the passers-by go into the "Inn" one by one, until the crowd numbered a dozen, perhaps; then he could resist the temptation no longer, so he joined the crowd himself. Hardly had the old man stepped in from the street, when the enthused musician began to play "Dixie," and for a few moments the strains of the violin were lost in the "rebel yell" that resounded through the old frame building.

Not a sound mingled with the notes of the violin as Simon finished playing the inspiring southern air, and then, without removing the bow from the strings, he changed into "Home, Sweet Home."

"'Twas the las' tune I ever played, boys," said "Old Shine-eye," as his eyes filled with tears, "an' 'twas the las' he ever heared."

"Stranger," said he, addressing himself to Simon, and caressing the old violin as if it were a child, "this here have done seem to mek peace betwixt us."

In the early dawn of the following day, Simon started on his mission out into the mountains west of Sandersville, as the secret officer in the revenue service, with instructions to locate and report all illicit distilleries in that section of the country. He stopped for breakfast at "The Old Tavern," which for years had dispensed hospitality to travelers through the village of Horseshoe, where it was situated; and then proceeded on his mission, while he masqueraded as the agent of a nursery, and expounded the merits of the many varieties of apples which were brilliantly illustrated in the catalogue that he carried.

The Federal buttons on his coat were not a bar to his welcome at the simple homes of the mountaineers, for their interests had not been vitally touched by the issues of the great conflict, since there were no slaves in their immediate section; and as to "States Rights," they knew nothing—cared nothing.

Simon had traveled many miles through the rugged section around Horseshoe, when he reached a little clearing that looked as if it might have been dug out from the side of the mountain. An old log house stood in its center; a row of sun-flowers looked over the rude picket fence that enclosed it, while marigolds of many colors adorned each side of the path leading to the front door, which

Photo by Dewey

CATTLE GRAZING IN NORTH DAKOTA

NORTH DAKOTA

By Joe M. Chapple

SNUGLY ensconsed in a Pullman, I carried out the long-cherished hope of again looking upon North Dakota at harvest time. What a contrast and what a revelation it was, compared with the scenes of years ago—when I made my first trip to Dakota, filled with youth's ambitions and aglow with enthusiasm! How well I remember those chilly February days spent in the freight car, so packed with household effects that we hardly had room to move under the leaking roof. Here was the little old melodeon, there the seeder, the disk harrow and the treasured old rocking-chair, to say nothing of good "Ladybird" and "Fan," the horses. With them as our companions, sleeping upon the grain sacks, feeling the chill of the early spring months, we bumped over the switches on our way to Dakota. For variety, there was the watering, and caring for the horses; and the scenes witnessed from the side doors of the freight car were then quite as wonderful to me as any since seen from the window of a special train or a Pullman.

* * * *

I distinctly remember guarding in one corner of the car the seeds once garnered in the old attic at home, the golden "keys" of the maple trees, under which we had all played as children—those seeds that I was to plant on the prairies of Dakota. At night when I lay down, how I recalled the young friends left behind, the playfellows of my boyhood; what a sad parting it was on that rainy, dreary spring day when we left home for Dakota.

Traveling in a freight car is not so bad after all. It was not long before we rode triumphantly into Fargo—the gateway to the Golden Northwest. Those were the days of mud—the real blue gumbo—it stuck. It was the sort of mud we had always associated with the bed of the Nile, never supposing that we had its equal in our own country. There was a mighty rush of people from all parts of the Union for the free lands of Dakota, and all the rough-and-tumble experiences of frontier life were visible, even from the side door of freight car, number 1213. Yes, there were troublesome moments at division points, when the switching interfered with slumber never so quiet or comfortable as we might have wished for; yet every hour of the jour-

ney was replete with that pleasure of anticipation which makes it almost a hallowed memory.

"*White-handed Hope . . girt with golden wings,*" *beckoned us on.*

From Fargo, out on the "Southwestern," the great rolling prairies seemed to intermingle with the sky-line and be interminable. They were strewn with the great skulls and whitened bones of the buffalo and the "wallows" and "sloughs" were filled with water. What a picture it was! I had seen in boyish fancy that great landscape covered with blossoming golden fields, where really was nothing but the sere, yellow prairie-grass, with great patches of black and brown, where the fierce prairie fires had swept away toward the Rockies.

* * * *

Arriving at La Moure, then the terminus of the railroad—every town had its day as a "terminus"—there was a hurley-burley to get unloaded, before making our way to the Garfield hotel, where the landlord—in common with a hundred other landlords scattered through the state—drew graphic, glowing pictures of the coming railroads—the railroads that were so sure to come, raising the value of corner lots in a night, so that "lots" sold at fifty dollars one day jumped to one hundred and fifty dollars the next. Nothing could detain us; we were off for the free farm. On Section 30, township 163, range 64, west, on the southwest quarter, we found a mound on which was planted a white stake, indicating the section corner. Another mound half a mile further east marked the limits of our quarter section. It looked like a beautiful farm—even then. The few straggling cottonwood trees about the lake were a great relief to the eye, and added a restful charm to the picture of the prairies of the West.

* * * *

There was a house to build; and we were soon at it, erecting a structure ten by twelve feet, hauling the lumber twelve miles across the soggy bottoms of the "Valley of the Jim." Then there was a well to dig—in the meantime, the water in the sloughs did service. When the house was built and the melodeon placed in the most suitable corner, we really began to live. Through the long spring evenings, how the wheezy bellows of the old instrument brought out the music of the songs we had loved at home. Of course, we had with us the old bound magazines and some of the favorite books.

We thought spring had arrived; but in the midst of it all came a blizzard—a great, raging blizzard of the early days of Dakota; but it was a "sugar snow"—a final bit of snow moisture, and soon there was sunshine and plenty of it, and always the free ozone of the grand Northwest. In those days we were buoyed up by hope and the desire for discovery, as we remembered that we were marching on toward the unknown future, and that here a farm would be made, and over there toward Cottonwood a town would soon be built.

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Then came that long night when "Old Fan," the horse was sick, and wearily wore through the hours of darkness, as we walked her around the stable built of sod walls. Some day, I felt that I would tell others the story of my struggles as a pioneer in North Dakota—and possibly find sympathetic listeners at my own hearthstone—it might be my wife and children.

The spring came, all at once, bright and balmy. "Breaking" was done; the virgin sod was turned, harrowed and disked, and then I ran our seeder from sunrise to sunset, and finally discovered that I had forgotten to open the valve of the machine—not a kernel of seed was sown—but I had a good day reading, and talking now and then in a colloquial way to Ladybird and Fan, to keep them going. This experience rather discouraged me in pursuance of a career as a farmer, but how I loved to wander over the prairies in the early morning, each day bring its own distinct message. How I recall the sweet trill of the mating upland plovers, and the gusts of the wonderful, stirring wind, the "Dakota Zephyr," which filled one with the wine of energy and conscious strength.

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My career as a farmer was necessarily brief, but I had grown a crop of friends. There was Chris Diesem and Al Franks, who ran the store. They were always ready with a word of good cheer and very generous with credit for those who needed it. There was Salie, who had much to tell of early days in the state of Maine, and his part in the sea-fight of the fated Cumberland and Congress,

against the mailed Merrimac, and of the storming of Fort Fisher. There was Colonel Plummer, the silver-tongued Democritus of Dakota, and George Weaver, the neighbor over Cottonwood way, and others whom I can never, never forget or fail to wish long life and prosperity.

Realizing that my talents as a printer were not being properly utilized, I looked about me for the chance to employ them, and having acquired an elderly white horse, with teeth so long that she couldn't eat comfortably—I had to feed her with soft food—I conceived the idea of trading her off. So I drove this ancient equine to Grand Rapids and found a newspaper which I thought needed a new editor and proprietor. Never can I forget the kindly way in which Charlie Cleveland and, later, C. C. Bowsfield looked upon me as an aspiring newspaper editor. After I had parted with the old white horse, I was installed with an old army press, printing a newspaper, but when the subscribers would come into the office to see how the paper was getting along, they would remark,

"You may be coining epigrams; you may be uttering the wisdom of Solomon in your paper, but—we *can't read it!*"

It was too true. The cold weather and the ink did not agree with the press, and then that old army press had a way of "hopping," when it ought to have been printing. Ah! those were dear old days ; Chris used to come in with an extra column of advertising and six pages of encouragement, when the time arrived that he had reason to suspect the income of the editor required enlargement.

* * * *

Then came the days of the county-seat fight. 'Twas a hard-fought battle. I will not recite the details, because we of Grand Rapids lost—but, "thereby hangs a tale—"

On the night the county records were stolen and removed, I was calling upon a young lady, who then resided on the banks of the Jim river. Imagine my consternation on my return to find, standing in the corner, ready for all comers, the old gun—but the records which it was supposed to guard were gone, and with the removal of the records departed our hopes for the county-seat.

Even the removal of the records, however, did not discourage me in one determination—a desperate step resolved upon after a "batching" career during which I had accomplished the preparation of my own meals in the printing office, ringing the changes between bacon and potatoes and potatoes and bacon, and the touching description of my woes wrought on the sympathetic heart of the young lady on whom I had been calling the night the records were stolen. I think a single view of my batching apartments was sufficient to bring her resolution to the same point as my own—and—well we decided on an early date.

You all know how those sweet memories of how you first set up your little household outlive most of the later achievements of life. Ours was a simple little "shack" on the plains of North Dakota—but it was Home! The winds and snows sometimes swept in upon us, but we were happy together before the fire, reading those beloved books which had been brought from the old home, or listening as the melodeon wheezed away the happy hours, drowning the echoes of the wild winds.

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On press days I ran the old Washington hand press, to supply subscribers, and across the "forms" stood the young helpmate who started with me, and how she kept me hustling! But it was not all lonely happiness, or effort, for in pioneer days the social feeling was strong and tireless. I can never forget the dear old friends, the kindly faces of those days; the operas, dramas—nothing was too difficult for us to undertake to produce in the bare halls of the deserted courthouse.

* * * *

Now we were about to celebrate our wedding anniversary and return to those dear old scenes! We arrived at Fargo, but the mud, "the gumbo," was all gone, and instead were fine paved streets, with shade trees and parks, beautiful homes and every modern convenience—one of the most thriving cities in the country, equipped with schools, and churches, and all that civilization demands. We did not linger long at Fargo, but pressed on to Jamestown,now having 5000 inhabitants. Here fifty automobiles were running about on daily errands, between the country homes of the owners and the business streets.

As we went westward, over the Northern

Pacific, to the wild stretch of open country—where were the yellow prairies of years ago? On every side stretched away to the horizon the wide expanses of burnished, golden shocks of corn and wheat, or the prairies were checkered with rich crops of flax, oats, barley and millet. Everywhere the landscape was one unbroken, endless scene of cultivated prairie or enclosed pasture fields; and tall trees, like an avenue, lined either side of the railroad. These had been planted at an expense of thousands of dollars by the Northern Pacific, to serve as snow breaks. There were cattle and sheep peacefully grazing, and no contrasts could be stronger than the picture we now looked upon, and the wild scene that memory drew of the old boyish days, and the view presented from the door of freight car, number 1213.

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At Jamestown, we planned to go down the valley, where we had often driven in the stage or wagon—waiting and watching for that railroad to be built. At one time, I remember, we had twelve railroads in prospect, and it seemed as though we waited a long time after the grading was done before the famous Jim Valley railroad was built. Since those early days, I have visited many famous valleys: the Valley of the Rhine, the Valley of the Po, the Valley of the Nile, the Valley of the Thames; but nothing was ever more beautiful to me than the ride that morning down the Jim River Valley. We went whisking along where the oxen had brought in our supplies years before. There was the old river, with its snake-like curves, fringed with the same old trees, and on either side the valley benches sloping down from the bluffs, where the great expanse of grain began. It was a picture that thrilled us, and I doubt if any landscape painter could have done it justice. I told the conductor I wanted him to stop at Grand Rapids. He said:

"It is a blind station."

"Never mind—stop at the 'blind station,'" I said. So we got off at the old station, with its windows boarded up, and here, alas, I was reminded of Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," for I looked out upon the site where the town once stood. There were a few little urchins in the station, who had watched the train come in, and I felt inclined to greet them all with a kiss—for were they not residents of Grand Rapids? I looked about me for the clump of trees nestling near the bluffs, near the coolies. This was where I had lain in the rich summer's golden hours and said, "Here I will build my home." Well, the trees were there—that was all.

* * * *

Then we met the young lady with a carriage—a young lady now, but a child when we had last seen her. What a dinner that was with Al Franks at the old store—for there is just one store remaining, and Al Franks, philosopher and sage, still holds forth at the old stand. I looked across to where the old office used to be—a sturdy village blacksmith was hammering out a song to soothe the farmer's woes. I looked down to where the little cottage once stood, on the banks of the Jim river—which our wooing had made an elysium—nothing remained but a story of the hopes that blossomed and faded in those homes, or have come to fruition elsewhere. Those little maple seeds that had been planted years ago have grown to great trees, and we were filled with emotion as we looked upon the scene. I said "the temple may be removed, and 'not one stone left upon another,' but the sweet and cherished memories of those days can never be effaced as long as life shall last." Even in our new country there is pathos in a deserted site, though we know that for good reasons the wave of progress has flowed on to some more suitable location.

Do you know what it was that most impressed me in this hour of my return to Dakota? It was not the great development of acreage; it was not the abundant wealth of the crops;—it was the simple fact that it was possible to grow trees in North Dakota When you have lived in a country where you have had to fight and struggle and protect every hour of the early growth of a tree, you will realize how they are appreciated when they no longer need this careful nurture; for the trees grow to wonderful strength on those wide plains.

* * * *

I found that Salie was no longer driving his oxen. He was plethoric with "hard cash," the owner of thousands of dollars, the peer of Henry Neverman, who, I was

told, is worth sixty thousand—everybody had become rich, contented and happy—since I left.

Another singular thing was that the whole climatic conditions in North Dakota seemed to have changed within the past ten years. Where formerly the prairie fires were running every year, and left a line of burned and bare land, from which the blizzards blew the snow into the coolies and off the level land, now, since the soil is well cultivated, the snow is absorbed. The farmers, too, cut their crops with "headers," leaving a tall stubble which holds the snow, and as it melts slowly away the soil holds the moisture for the next crop. Since these changes have been made, there has never been any trouble from the drought in North Dakota, as in my time. In fact, it is said that grain will grow without a drop of rainfall, from the time it is seeded until harvest, the moisture furnished by the great snowfall—heretofore wasted—being all that is needed in the way of water.

* * * *

One cannot witness and study the unparalleled growth of this state, even within a few years, and look out upon the unbroken seas of cultivated prairie, and fail to realize that this is the greatest grain state of America, with a wealth per capita larger than any other in the Union; with a budget of not less than $750,000; with schools, churches, homes and a net yield of fifteen dollars to each cultivated acre of ground in the state, of which almost every acre is tillable. Can you realize that out of this soil one of the wonderful young giants of statehood is arising, nurtured by the wealth pouring from the land?

Dakota is now largely settled by farmers from Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Ohio, who have been quick to see that it is only a question of a few years of development and cultivation, before these great stretches of North Dakota land will become just as valuable in their products as any soil in the more extensive and better known fields of the middle West and East. With the state gridironed by railroads, which have been truly the making of this great Northwestern territory, furnishing a market as accessible as can be found in any of the older states, with a fixed and certain income, it is no wonder that the land which I sold on the southwest quarter, section thirty, at six dollars an acre, now brings twenty dollars No wonder that the thousands of settlers are pouring in and purchasing these lands, which a few years ago were given with a free hand by Uncle Sam to voluntary settlers.

* * * *

About one-third of the settlers today are sturdy Scandinavians and one-third Russians, Finlanders and other races who have proved a fine class of farmers, and there is not a better race of people anywhere than the one-third of the real pure American stock. In all my travels in Dakota, I could not find such a thing as a poorhouse. While none may be fabulously rich, all have enough and to spare; and what more can be asked for in this world? The growth of farming in North Dakota has, perhaps, been more nearly reduced to an economic science than anywhere else. Crops are grown at proportionately a much smaller outlay. There is no more stacking of grain—it is fed right into the threshing machines. I heard of men taking a trip to Europe after they had sown their crops, and returning in time to harvest them, and I was pleased to learn of some friends growing crops in Dakota in the summer and spending their winters in California.

* * * *

As we were making our anniversary honeymoon tour over the old trail, we went on to the capital, at Bismarck, and there met many old friends. We could not feel that we had seen Dakota unless we had looked upon the sturdy form of Alexander McKenzie, and had spent a pleasant evening with Mr. J. W. Foley and his charming wife and mother, in their home surrounded by stately trees. Then we made a visit to the old Capitol on the hill, where we had struggled and fought over the county-seat bill. Of course we went to see the handsome Bismarck railroad station, which has been built of the chips of marble from the state house in St. Paul.

There was a visit to the secretary of agriculture and the emigration commissioner, W. C. Gilbreath, who has done more effective work in his line than any other man I know of. He has achieved great results in getting new settlers into the state, and has added notable wealth to the state—for every good settler is accounted as riches, and is worth at least $1,000 to the country.

We visited with Mr. Kellogg, of the "Alert" an old friend in Jamestown, the good man who always was ready with his "sorts" in the old days, and also Attorney Marion Conklin, who had much to do with showing me the way out when I wanted to leave Dakota in the dark days of drought and discouragement. I enjoyed an automobile ride, which seemed like a dream, passing over the places where a few years ago we began our life career in the Jim River Valley in North Dakota. It is here that the full power of American initiative finds its fruition. It is well, for many reasons, that young men should go to young states, and there establish themselves with the sure and certain prospects of fixed advancement in values for the future; and if the present ratio of growth continues, North Dakota will become one of the largest and most powerful states of the middle West. Even those Missouri river lands out in the Coteaus des Missouri, which were looked upon as far beyond the range of agricultural possibilities, have now blossomed into beauty. While there are on every side opportunities for investment in improved lands, there are still millions of acres upon which settlers may dwell and carve out their own fortunes. Of course it would not be fair to say that it is all ease and comfort in building up a home in a new state, but everything is possible to the man who perseveres.

One notable change in the crops of North Dakota is the general cultivation of flax on newly-broken ground; and enthusiastic farmers predict that the rolling prairies will be cultivated with automobiles or machinery of some kind in the future, rather than with horses, doing away with the good, old-fashioned, primitive methods of farming used in my time.

* * * *

If you ask me what I love and admire most in North Dakota, I will say it is the people. In every city and country village alike, may be found sterling worth, vigor and abounding vitality—the sort of people who have gone out to wrest a living with their hands from the naked soil, who have the vivacity of the old "tumbleweed," that bounds and leaps across the wind-swept prairies, and yet the firm solidity and pluck of the trees of their home state, which, in order to withstand the sweeping winds, must be rooted firmly and deeply. These are the people who are making a brilliant success of the dairy farms so frequently met with throughout the state.

* * * *

Now, I am going to exercise my old-time prerogative, when, at a very immature age, in the columns of a little Dakota paper, I never failed to give my readers a lot of good advice as to how to farm—which came very appropriately from one who had gone through my unlucky experience on Section 30. The one thing which I would ask of my old North Dakota friends today is to raise trees—next to the raising of sturdy sons and daughters, it is the all-important thing. Do you realize that when a little grove of trees comes up on your land it adds four or five dollars an acre to the value of your farm? Do you realize that this is the one thing which catches the eye of a stranger looking at the picture? When the prairies of North Dakota blossom with groves like those of Illinois, Indiana or Iowa, then the value of the land will come up, as sure as night follows day.

* * * *

I am about to make a strange request, but some day I expect to make another trip to Dakota, and I want every child—boy or girl—in North Dakota who reads these lines to plant at least one tree—if you can plant more, so much the better. Call the tree after anyone you wish, and if you set a second and a third, you can name them, if you so desire, after the National Magazine. After you have planted your first tree, send me a postal card, giving the location and date and your name, for, when I come again to Dakota, perhaps in ten years, I am going to visit as many of these trees as I possibly can. I hope I may have the pleasure of standing in many groves, ten years old, when I make my next visit—trees that have been planted by the hands of the little North Dakotans of today.

I hope that everywhere this message about the trees will be carefully read, for to me it will be a greater distinction to be the means of having trees planted in North Dakota, than was bestowed on "Johnny Appleseeds" of pious memory, who went about the country in Ohio, planting apple seeds and urging everybody to do likewise, until in a few years

the apple crop became a powerful factor in the wealth of his native state. As Balzac says, "Whatever is put into the soil will come out of the soil," and this is as true of North Dakota trees as of any other crop. So let the prairies, which so short a time ago were designated as the "Great American Desert," blossom with the verdure of the green pillars that are part of God's own temple, and never cease planting trees until each field in the state is fringed with waving branches.

Now, do not fail to send in a postal card, with particulars as to the planting and be sure to give your own address, because I wish to send you a copy of the National. Suppose you plant the first tree in honor of President Roosevelt, who you recall spent the sturdy days of his youth in North Dakota; his old cabin or "shack" is a cherished relic of the Great Golden Grain State. Follow up with one tree for every friend and acquaintance to whom you wish to do honor. When I drive along avenues of trees, planted by the little hands of our younger National readers, and listen to the whispering symphony of the branches rustling in the winds of harvest time in the great grain-growing state of the Northwest, I shall be perfectly happy.

In one short decade I shall hope to see in North Dakota the same startling revelations which the past ten years has unfolded—schools, churches, academies—and also expect to find many pleasant groves. The winds whistling in trees and field has ever been a pleasant sound to me; it is God's own breath creating a vigorous, deep-lunged people, happy and content in their own homes. Of such strength and sinew all great nations are made.

Photo by Dewey

STOCK SCENE IN NORTH DAKOTA

FACTS ABOUT NORTH DAKOTA

CONSIDERING the conditions in North Dakota in the closing decade of the last century, no state has made in the past five years such remarkable increase in population, commercial development and agricultural industry. Its population in 1900 was 316,938, and today it is easily 500,000. Its increase in wealth is still more wonderful, and the constant and rapid influx of new settlers, which continually add to property, has swelled the valuation to over one billion of dollars. The rapid growth of cities and villages and the innumerable towns that are springing up along the new lines of railroads, as well as the proposed ones, indicate a degree of activity that is marvelous, as well as encouraging.

No one can comprehend this development without actually visiting the state. Hundreds of thriving towns have sprung into existence within the past few years, where before were only miles upon miles of prairies.

These towns are substantial and have come to stay. Settlers pour into these towns as

soon as they are platted; elevators, stores and bank buildings are erected, and before the track-laying gang is in sight business is in full operation.

North Dakota is piling up wealth in a remarkable degree. It is no longer the land of mortgages. The mortgages have been paid, and now the older farmers have money in the bank. In 1900, the state had only twenty-seven national banks with deposits of a little over $5,000,000. It now has over one hundred national banks with deposits of over $18,000,000. There are over three hundred state banks, whose deposits far exceed those of the national banks.

As an index to its agricultural and industrial shipments, the fact is cited that while North Dakota does not have a city exceeding in population 18,000, yet it has fully forty shipping points on one railway line whose freight receipts each exceed $100,000 a year. This indicates how wealth is being accumulated. In a limited space it is impossible to describe in detail the many natural advantages which North Dakota presents. To epitomize her vast resources, innumerable opportunities and her wonderful agricultural, industrial and commercial development, the reader's attention is called to these facts.

North Dakota leads all the states in the production of spring wheat, and is known as the banner wheat state.

Notwithstanding the enormous increase in population, there are still over 102 acres for every man, woman and child living in this state.

There are many artesian wells in the eastern and central parts of the state, and numerous springs in the western portion.

This state has three transcontinental lines of railroad—the Northern Pacific, Great Northern and "Soo," the latter connecting with the Canadian Pacific.

Tame grasses are productive crops, and each year hundreds of acres are added to the total acreage.

Bear in mind that the average first year's crop usually pays for the land on which it is grown.

No country in the world produces such nutritious natural grasses as North Dakota.

Providence in its wisdom underlaid the greater portion of the land in the western part of the state with a fuel (lignite coal) which is free for its digging.

Unlimited supplies of beautiful and durable stone for building purposes can be obtained in this state without money and without price.

Abundant field and garden crops have proven the fertility of our soil.

North Dakota is really the center of North America, and is at the head of the most fertile valley in the world.

North Dakota lies at the beginning of the Mississippi - Missouri river system, within whose boundaries are produced the greatest variety of staples for the use of man found anywhere on earth.

It has sources of wealth and undeveloped industries which the world has not yet begun to know or appreciate.

The cattle, horse and sheep industries will continue to be elements of prime value in the long future.

The value of North Dakota farm products in 1905 aggregated about $150,000,000, or an average of nearly $3,000 to the farm.

The dairy products of this state in 1905 were about $5,000,000. There are ninety creameries in operation, to say nothing of home dairies.

Live stock on the farms and ranches in 1905 had a value approximating $60,000,000.

In the total value of all forms of farm products in this state, each man, woman and child has a ratio of nearly $350 each, an average in excess of any other state in the Union.

This state has 25,000 square miles of lignite coal fields, with ninety or more mines in active operation. In 1905 the annual output was over 200,000 tons, and it can be multiplied by ten and yet find an active market for more.

In health, North Dakota heads the list. The census shows the death rate to be seven to each 1,000 persons, while the birth rate was thirty-six to each 1,000 persons.

Its school system is one to which every citizen can turn with pride.

North Dakota will grow beautiful trees and luscious strawberries.

Apple trees are growing in various sections of the state as far north as the Canadian boundary.

At the St. Louis exposition North Dakota received more grand prizes than any other state, except California, and ranked sixth in number of gold medals and eighth on silver medals.

SPIRITWOOD LAKE, NEAR JAMESTOWN, N. D.

In North Dakota macaroni wheat has passed the experimental stage and has come to stay.

F. I. Whitney, passenger traffic manager of the Great Northern railway, says that "North Dakota is all right. The records of the scale beam, the overflowing elevator bins and the balances on the right side of the bank ledger, all show remarkable growth and prosperity."

It is a state without a millionaire and without a pauper.

Ten-dollar land will produce as much or more than $100 land in the East.

Don't rent and pay high rental, but come to North Dakota and get a farm of your own and be your own master.

There are over 1,000 churches in North Dakota, valued at over $3,000,000.

North Dakota received the highest award for general agricultural exhibits at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Oregon.

The mills of North Dakota were awarded gold medals for hard wheat flour at Portland last year.

North Dakota's wheat production for 1905 gave 160.6 bushels per capita and averaged fourteen bushels to the acre.

The average yield of oats for 1905 was about forty bushels to the acre. The estimated yield was 43,568,000 bushels.

North Dakota produced in 1905, over 2,000,000 bushels of corn, and the approximate average was twenty-five bushels.

DAKOTA IN HARVEST

NO more may the bard be a prophet;
But in the great future, to me
There gathers a dim, hazy mirage
Of what thy full glory shall be:
When thy elm-bordered rivers full-flowing,
Wind ever through oceans of grain;
When the sound of thy herds, gently lowing,
Rise like murmurings soft of the main;
When the spires of great cities rise skyward
From the grain-chequered disk of the plain:
What star in our flag shall outshine thee,
Dakota?
Dakota! Proud Queen of the Plain!

C. W. Hall

Photo by Dewey

SEEDING WHEAT ON BUCHANAN FARM, NORTH DAKOTA

FAIR FIELDS OF NORTH DAKOTA

By U. S. Senator H. C. Hansbrough

IN the opening years of its history, it was too often the case that those who took upon themselves the privilege of telling of the resources of North Dakota, were prone to indulge in exaggeration. It was then a new country, and the people who came here were not to the manor born. Moreover, a great many of them, especially those who wrote about the state, were in a measure merely transients and did not go to the bottom of things. In view of this situation, many fabulous stories have been circulated, which, while they were designed to help North Dakota, really were an injury to it. But the period of exaggeration has passed, for two reasons: First, because those who now write most about North Dakota are prominent residents thereof, and know whereof they speak; and second, because no pen, however facile, can exaggerate conditions as they prevail today.

In population, North Dakota this year passed the half-million mark. Twenty-five years ago its population scarcely reached 40,000. It would be tiresome to go into statistics to show what there is here now or to predict future possibilities. Whereas once it was believed that farm products could not be successfully raised beyond the western edge of the Red River Valley, it has been demonstrated that almost every foot of soil in the state as far west as the Montana line is susceptible of the highest state of cultivation. Where, fifteen years ago, the bulk of population and wealth was in the Red River Valley, now it has poured over the undulating hills toward the west, until the great majority of the people of the state live west of a line drawn north and south through Devils Lake. Where, fifteen years ago, there was an abundance of government land to be had without cost, now there is very little government land left, and the prices for lands held in private ownership have advanced from five and ten dollars to twenty and forty dollars per acre. While these latter figures appear to the average Dakotan as being somewhat high, nevertheless when it is understood that an acre of North Dakota land will produce as great value as an acre of Illinois or Iowa land, no one will be found beyond the borders of the state who will complain at even the highest price mentioned, because lands in the middle west are now selling for from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. It is a realization of these facts which is bringing to North Dakota at the present time an endless stream of people from the middle and eastern states. At the rate of settlement going on today, North Dakota will have a

million population by 1915, and even then lands will be much below their real value.

The non-resident will naturally inquire, what is it that brings people to North Dakota in such numbers, and why the great rush to buy lands therein? The answer to this has already been hinted at, namely: that an acre of land in North Dakota will produce as much value as an acre of land in Illinois, and can be bought today for less than one-fifth of the prevailing Illinois price.

The inquisitive-minded person will inquire further into the nature of the products of North Dakota. It seems a like waste of time and energy, because the whole world must know it by this time, to say that North Dakota is the greatest wheat growing state in the Union. At the lowest estimate, the wheat crop of the state this year will reach the enormous sum of eighty million bushels. In addition, there is the usual amount of barley, oats, millet and other grasses, and a vast area of corn.

Perhaps the most profitable crop in the state is flax, and, at the risk of being classed as an optimist, it is wholly within the truth for me to say that from twenty to thirty dollars per acre have been realized in many instances in this state from a single year's crop of flax, an amount, indeed, sufficient to pay the entire cost of the land and something to spare. It is reasonable to anticipate a twenty-million bushel crop of flax this year. Last year North Dakota grew two-thirds of the flax-seed crop of the United States. The great bulk of this product is shipped away to the linseed oil mills of the country, and there is no reason to doubt that before long these mills will be established in great number throughout the state. There are already several linseed oil mills in successful operation within the state.

In the earlier years we frequently heard complaint that there was no fuel in North Dakota, and, indeed, a quarter of a century ago but few men could be found anywhere who would certify that there was any coal in the state. As time has gone along it has been demonstrated by government surveys and examinations that there are almost thirty thousand square miles of coal in North Dakota. True, it is a lignite coal, but of a very superior quality, and so far superior to the best wood for fuel and steam purposes that it is constantly growing in demand. Lignite coal for some years past has been used in all of the public institutions of North Dakota, and it is fast coming into general use. There are vast regions of land underlaid with heavy veins of lignite coal, above which are found the most wonderful fire clays that have been discovered anywhere on the continent. The time is not far away when pottery will be one of the great industries here.

In the western part of the state there are numerous manufactories of fire brick, and the demand for these brick is already in excess of the present means of supply. Shipments of fire brick made from North Dakota clays are going to the Pacific coast, to Canada, to Mexico and elsewhere. There is today an exhibit of pottery and queensware at the capitol building in Bismarck, made from North Dakota clays at a New Jersey pottery, that will bear the closest comparison with like products from any part of the world. Men with capital for investment in this line will before long discover the great advantages for their business in North Dakota, where vast tracts of coal and clay may be found together.

In addition to the advantages thus far enumerated, there is, of course, the well-known adaptability of the country to stock-raising. Here, especially in the valleys along the rivers of the state, can be grown the finest quality of alfalfa, red clover, brome grass, timothy, and in fact every kind of forage for stock.

It is a discouraging sight to see the straw produced from the vast crops of flax, wheat and other grains destroyed by fire in the fields, and the time will come when all such material will be utilized in the manufacture of valuable and salable products.

At the present writing no gold mines have been discovered in North Dakota, but with the wonderful possibilities in agriculture, stock-raising and the manufacture of pottery and brick, no gold mines are necessary to make North Dakota the richest section of our country.

Photo by Dewey

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA

DEVELOPMENT OF JAMES RIVER VALLEY

By W. R. Kellogg

THE development of North Dakota is particularly noticed in the central portion of the great James River Valley. This is called a valley, when, as a matter of fact, it is an upland region whose name is given it by the little, winding and now almost dry stream called the James river, named by a Northern Pacific railroad engineer, while camping on its banks at "the crossing" in Jamestown in 1873.

All this upland region shows a great increase in the price of land in the last ten years. In counties where before the plow became so generally in play the dwellers were discouraged by frequent droughts and poor crops, and lands could be had for a song. Many settlers who built their little shacks, cultivated a few acres of ground and failed to get enough returns to live on, sold out their claims or mortgaged them for what they could get, and left the country. Lands were begging for buyers. About five years ago the upward turn began in earnest, and within the last two years farm lands have more than doubled in value, and are now in many parts of this valley selling rapidly for three times what they were at the time of the upward trend referred to; new settlers are coming in on all sides, occupying and rebuilding the once deserted claim shacks, bringing in stock, putting land under cultivation, starting new homes and getting on the road to financial competency. The older settlers who were forced to remain and who held their lands, have seen them raise in value and have become independent of the world thereby.

North Dakota had more farmer visitors in the South and in California last winter, according to population, than any other state in the Union.

Jamestown, North Dakota, the natural metropolis and railroad center for the James River Valley, has more automobiles than any other city in the Union of equal population.

Stutsman County, one of the numerous James River Valley counties, is typical of the growth and prosperity of all. It is forty-eight miles square; it contains almost one million, five hundred thousand acres of land; is generally rolling prairie, with a black surface loam, and clay sub-soil. The county is well drained with streams, formerly filled in the spring, dry in the fall, and now mostly dry all the time. As yet not one-half of the tillable area of this county is under cultivation. It produces all the grains mentioned

Photo by Dewey

A BUNCH OF STUTSMAN COUNTY HORSES

as grown in the state, and its vegetable productions are marvels of fertility and variety.

In Stutsman County there are about fifty elevators at different points. The bonded debt is only $44,000. The population has almost doubled in the last six years, and at the present rate of increase in 1910 the county will have about 30,000 population. Its area is capable of supporting 100,000 population. In 1905 Stutsman County raised over 2,225,000 bushels of wheat, doubling the productions of the previous year. Of oats there were 1,350,000 bushels; flax, 600,000 bushels, valued approximately for that one crop at $2,617,000, and raised from the soil by a comparatively few farmers in one short season of 100 days. The county's crop production and money returns for 1906 will far exceed that of 1905. These figures are given to show what one county is doing in the new state of North Dakota, and, as said before, is typical of the production of the other counties of this great central region of the state.

NORTH DAKOTA INSANE ASYLUM AT JAMESTOWN

As typical of other towns in this portion of the state, the growing, prosperous city of Jamestown may be noted in this reference to North Dakota.

Jamestown began as a prairie town, and the camp of the Northern Pacific graders at the crossing of the James river. It had a Virginian patronymic. During the first years of the settlement of the adjoining country, after the completion of the railroad, the village grew and flourished like the green bay tree. It reached a point where perhaps three thousand people dwelt in the town, and there watched and waited for the great development that its promoters and early residents knew full well would come. They believed that it would be the metropolis and leading city of the central part of the state. For twenty years after its first growth had reached the apex, the town remained stationary, and only was prevented from losing in population and in business by the Northern Pacific railroad making it headquarters, and giving occupation to a large number of railroad employes.

This same condition of early growth and subsequent stagnation prevailed in nearly every other town in the state during that period, but the last five years have shown a remarkable growth; the town has doubled in population and new buildings are going up on every hand. The manifest advantages of schools, colleges, amusements, business enterprises attract residents who cannot find a place of abode, so crowded is the city with new comers. Jamestown is the railroad headquarters for branch lines that pene-

trate and supply a rich country 100 miles to the north and to the south, and connect with two other transcontinental lines. It is a distributing point for products brought from a belt of country from 150 to 200 miles in area. It has electric lights, city-owned water works, and the best high school building in the state and a celebrated flour mill whose product goes to Europe and sells for a higher price than the famous flour of Minneapolis. It is the seat of the state hospital for the insane; has long distance and a complete local telephone service, while new lines are being added to complete this service to all parts of the county and state. The city still needs many new enterprises, and offers openings for eastern people that are not to be found in any other city in the state.

Jamestown, as an educational center, is coming into wide notice. It has a large academy conducted by the sisters of St. Joseph, called St. John's Academy, and buildings for the accommodation of the pupils can scarcely be erected rapidly enough. A large special building for the home of the Elks Lodge, to cost some $40,000, is now nearly completed. There are good hotel accommodations, a fine opera house—one of the finest west of St. Paul—a free reading room, city hospital, and churches of every denomination; clean, well-graded streets, beautiful drives in the vicinity of the city, and in every way it is a town that strikes the stranger favorably both for residential, business and educational advantages.

One of the great advantages of North Dakota is her immense deposits of brown lignite coal, which is only mined as yet in a few localities and in an imperfect manner. In the

MORRIS BECK

past year its coal miners, handicapped by lack of experience and machinery, mined and sold native coal to the value of $424,778. It is mined principally by ranchmen. It is useful for many purposes and supplies farmers with cheap fuel obtainable at all seasons of

RUSSELL-MILLER FLOUR MILL, JAMESTOWN, N. D.

the year. The average price of this coal in 1903 was one dollar and a half per ton, and it is now generally sold at the mines at one dollar per ton. Railroads charge a little more than the price of the coal for hauling it one hundred miles.

The possibilities of North Dakota in food production are yet but dimly realized, even by her own people. Grain vs. Corn has been the case. Corn sown in rows and grown for fodder purposes only, has heretofore been the rule. Now corn is becoming a northern plant, modified and developed by evolution; its ears lengthening, and nature is adapting it to a quick maturity of growth to conform to the growing season. Pork is being raised more generally, and grain-fed pork, like grain-fed cattle, is the sweetest in the world. Hogs are fed and fattened on speltz, barley and rye, instead of corn.

In any grain region, poultry thrives, and does so here. The prairie hen, a native of the prairies, whistles to her neighbor, the farmyard fowl. Butter, eggs, vegetables,—all secondary farm products,—are only beginning to be raised and sold for a profit. There is practically no end to their output, and markets more tempting than ever before are opening up. Alaska takes a car of butter a month from the Jamestown creamery. The northwestern mining towns, the new cities of Puget Sound demand our farm produce at fancy prices. Refrigerator cars bring the fruits and fish of the Sound country to the towns of the farm state. The fir lumber of Oregon and Washington is now the only dimension stuff to be had. The Minnesota pine is almost gone. North Dakota furnishes flour and feed for man and beast; Montana wool and minerals and stock; Oregon and Washington, fruit, lumber and fish; the great Northwest is self-sustaining, taking into consideration the Minnesota manufactories of the other necessary commodities that are required on the farms. The Northwest is an inland empire, containing within itself all that is required for the development of a great race of people.

COURT HOUSE AND JAIL, JAMESTOWN, N. D.

Last year and to some extent this year, have witnessed two remarkable phases of the rapid development of the James River Valley. Such immense yields of grain have been found that farmers could not get teams enough to haul it, when threshed, to the elevators or the loading platform by the railroad right-of-way; the railroads were confronted with a traffic that they could not handle with the desired promptness, and, as a consequence, great piles of wheat, oats and other grain were left by the threshers on the ground in the fields, and remained there for weeks at a time, without serious loss or damage. The traffic on the three transcontinental lines that

traverse the state of North Dakota had increased to such an extent, that the roads were and still are unable to handle the business offered in spite of greatly increased facilities.

velopment. The state may never become a region with large cities, or where great manufacturing industries will be seen; but from the primary importance of a food-pro-

A FARM SCENE NEAR JAMESTOWN, N. D.

The elevators were filled to the roofs and could receive no more.

These statements show that North Dakota has cast off its swaddling clothes, and has taken the first step forward in rapid de-

ducing state, North Dakota bids fair to become easily the leading state in the Union, and is today the state that produces a greater per capita of wealth for its population than any other in the United States.

was arched by vines of luxurious morning-glory. The wind-falls must have been few in the orchard on the side of the mountain beyond the house, for it was protected from storms in all directions; but from the little smoke that emanated from the hollow above, it was clearly evident that some had fallen on account of other reasons.

There was no one at home; for Simon called several times only to hear the echo of his own voice as it reverberated through the rugged coves. For obvious reasons, he did not venture beyond the house; nor did he closely examine the little stream across the road, which seemed to have the odor of fermenting apples, but after watering his horse, he proceeded on his way back toward Horseshoe.

His whole environment reminded him of his home in the Green Mountains, and as his imagination carried him to his native state, with its trusting, kind-hearted people, he wondered what they would think if they knew he was "Acting one thing and doin' another," "All for money—all for money," he repeated aloud, and continuing his soliloquy. "Who would 'ave thought that Simon Bedders could be hired to lie." He was thinking of "Old Shine-eye" perhaps as he said, after a pause, "The moonshiners in these here parts ain't the meanest people in the worl', an' if I reports that one up yonder in that hollow, I'll feel jes' like I had robbed a bird's nest. But I reckon it's my duty." He would, perhaps, have continued, but he heard the voice of a woman just ahead of him, as she talked to a panting collie that walked beside her.

"Good evening, Miss," said Simon, as he raised his hat and pulled his horse to the side of the road. "Could you tell me who lives in that house about a mile above us on the right fork?'

"My dad," the girl replied quickly.

"But," said the officer, "I know no more now than I did before. What's his name?"

"Jake Shiflet," she answered, as she pushed the tresses of auburn hair from her tanned but pretty face.

"What is his business?" interrogated the officer.

"I don't know that that's any of your business," she answered quickly, as she raised her large blue eyes to his. "But if you want to know—he—I don't mind tellin'—he raises apples an' corn an' pigs an' chickens an' me."

"Well, I don' know 'bout his apples an' corn an' things, but Gord knows he raised a mighty pretty girl." He blushed profusely as he saw the dimples play around her mouth, which seemed not less pretty because there was a ring of berry stain around it.

She rested her basket on the ground beside her, then, leaning back against a tall hickory tree by the roadside, she remarked, "Yes, I'm prettier than the pigs an' chickens, an' the white turkey gobbler, too." She laughed merrily as she stroked the dog with her berry-stained hand, and continued, "An' I'm the only one he's got too, ain't I, boy?"

"I—I didn't think he could have any more the like of you." Simon stammered, as he let his horse graze by the roadside.

"Your horse seems awful hungry; he hasn't had any dinner, has he?" asked the girl.

"We are use' to goin' 'ithout dinner sometimes; an' we'd rather do it than to bother people," replied the man who was ashamed to confess that he had carried a lunch for himself.

The girl gathered a handful of clover from the side of the road, then holding it to the horse's mouth with one hand, while she stroked his mane with the other, she said: "Both of you would have had dinner if you had come to my house, an' we had such a good one today, too, because it was my birthday."

"How old were you?" asked the man.

"Eight-teen," she replied, "an' Dad gave me a new book, an' he didn't work 'till after dinner. You say you jus' come from there?" she continued, and there was a wistful look in her eyes.

"Yes," replied the man. "I'm sellin' fruit trees through the country." He saw her face brighten as he spoke; then he asked, "Would you like to see my catalogue?"

"Oh, what a pretty book!" she exclaimed, as Simon drew the highly-colored catalogue from his saddle-pockets. "No, I won't touch it; my hands would stain it," she remarked, as the man handed it down to her.

"'Twould make it worth that much more, if they did," interjected the officer.

Simon turned the pages of the catalogue upon his knee, while the girl viewed them with interest, at the same time remarking upon the many varieties with which she was familiar. She thanked him as the last page was turned, then, noticing the brass buttons

upon his coat, she asked, "Are you a soldier?"

"I was a Union soldier," he proudly replied.

"Oh, I love Union soldiers," she exclaimed. "I never did think slavery was right. Will you give me one of them pretty buttons?"

"Cert'ny," Simon replied, as he clipped a button from his coat and gave it to her.

She thanked him graciously as she received it, then ventured, "I hope you are going to be at the frolic tonight.' Simon had observed that morning that preparations were being made at the "Tavern" for some festive occasion, so he asked, "You mean at the Tavern?"

"Yes," she replied. "I'm goin' to be there, an' I'm goin' to wear my new dress, too."

"Well, that's a great inducement," the man answered. "I didn't inten' for to stay, but I b'lieve I'll change my min' if you will be sure to come; but I can't dance but mighty little on my wooden leg."

"I'll be there," she said, as she picked up her basket of berries. "An' so I'll see you again. Goodbye."

He cast a long lingering look after her as she started on her way to the little cove in the mountains, then he pursued his journey to the "Old Tavern" at Horseshoe, where he registered for the night.

"The Old Tavern," as it was familiarly known, is according to tradition, more than a century and a half old. Nobody knows when or by whom it was built; it is a long rectangular frame building, with three large dormer windows projecting from its shingled roof, which has long been covered with a green moss. Galleries, one above the other, extended the full length of the building, and at some time in the distant past they were enclosed by neat railings, but now only enough of these remained to show that there had been a railing there.

Great were the preparations that had been made for the mid-summer festival; the floor of the dining room had been carefully prepared for dancing, the lodgers were compelled to eat their evening meal upon the lawn, since all of the tables had been removed except the two which were placed at the end of the room as a platform for the musicians, while the chairs and benches were placed along the sides of the long room, for the comfort of those who did not dance.

All of the counters and shelves in the adjacent office were packed with contributions for the supper, which had been sent in during the day by the many families who were to attend; while the barrel of sweet cider which had been provided by Jake Shiflet was placed out on the gallery so that the dancers might have access to it during each intermission.

Just about twilight the guests began to arrive. Some of the dames were smoking their corn-cob pipes; some were nursing their infants; some wore sun-bonnets; some wore wide-brimmed hats which their own deft hands had woven, and the girls were arrayed in all the ribbon and "finery" that the village store could supply. In the costumes of the young women could be seen as many shades of lawn and calico as the seven spectral colors could furnish, and if Charles Darwin could have seen the many bright-colored birds and feathers with which they had adorned themselves, he would have written another chapter to "The Descent of Man."

The men, both old and young, were either smoking or chewing, and most of them were provided with well-filled bottles, from which they had freely partaken. Some of them wore cravats of flaring colors; and some wore none at all; some wore long coats; some wore short jackets, while many of the older ones were in their shirt sleeves.

About eight o'clock the orchestra, consisting of two fiddlers, ascended the platform, and a ripple of applause went round the festive room; it subsided, however, when the elder of the two musicians came to the front of the "stage" and, after making a very low bow, proceeded to speak with great dignity.

"Ladies an' gent'men, in fifteen minutes de horn will blow an' you kin git yo' pardners fo' de firs' figer. De women folks will please not kick up sich a racket while we tune de fiddles; an' de gents will please not spit terbacco juice on de flo', as 'twill make it disergreeable fo' dancin'."

The musician made a low bow as the second ripple of appaluse died away, and then proceeded to tune his instrument. Each fiddler then alternated in drawing the bow across the strings, and, after repeating this three or four times, they placidly laid down their instruments and left the stage, presumably to get a drink of water, but a little time only had to be allowed to prove that they had taken something stronger. Upon their return, the younger of the two gave three shrill

blasts upon an old ram's horn, then the elder one came to the front of the stage and made the following announcement.

"Ladies an' gent'men,—de dance will now begin, an' you kin git yo' yo'selves in a roun' circle an' give yo' right han' to yo' pardners."

Then, with no overture, they struck up the "Arkansaw Traveler," and as they played this familiar tune, they made an awful noise as they kept time with their feet upon the floor.

In the first figure, according to instructions, the dancers arranged themselves in a circle as large as the room would allow; the ladies gave their right hands to their partners, and, as they danced around the circle, they extended their left hands to the next gentleman, their right to the next, and so on around until they met their partners whom they recognized by making low bows. The gentlemen go in the opposite direction, and, of course, meet their partners at the point from which they started, when the figure is ended. It may, however, be repeated as often as the musician may designate, and when he desires to change it, he gives the order, "Promenade all," at the next meeting of partners.

The dancers kept perfect time as they moved in and out around the circle, and the mountain dames looked upon the scene with many admiring glances, as they saw their daughters tripping by, taking as many fancy steps as they possibly could. Simon danced with Sally Shiflet, and the noise made by his wooden leg as it came in contact with the floor sounded like a broken bass drum being beat in perfect time to the music. The elder of the two musicians, familiarly known to the young people of Horseshoe as "Fiddling Jim," was now throwing his "whole soul" into the music; he reeled from one side of his seat to the other, and without looking up from his instrument called out "Promenade all."

After a short intermission, during which the ladies were refreshed with some of Jake Shiflet's sweet cider, and the gentlemen with some which had been through the worm; "Fiddling Jim" announced that the next figure would be, "You love me, or you love me not." In this figure the gentlemen retained their places, and the ladies moved to the right, showing their preference for any particular man by extending both hands and turning him, or with some coquettish movement of the hands, withdrawing unto the next, and so on until they reached their respective partners.

One of the young mountaineers had claimed the hand of Sally Shiflet for this figure, and Simon reluctantly procured another partner; his eyes following Sally as she danced around the circle without noticing any of the men, and he eagerly waited for her to dance in front of him; and when she did come, she extended both hands and gave him her sweetest smile as she "turned" him. Simon recognized the compliment with a low bow and an all-pervading blush, and Sally passed on around the remainder of the circle giving her hands to no one else until she reached her partner, when the figure ended.

After the usual intermission, the first figure was repeated, Simon and Sally were to have danced together, but on account of the advent of two new couples who were very eager to dance, they magnanimously gave up their place and decided to "sit it out" near a window on the side of the room.

They gaily conversed about how they had met, and about when they would see each other again; the truth was, that in the hearts of the revenue officer and this mountain girl there was a mutual fondness, which grew greater as they knew each other better, and which was destined to last.

All went well until the figure was over and the promenade ordered, when the respective partners crossed their hands and in a jumping kind of a polka danced around the room. A few couples had tripped by Sally and Simon, when on came a large mountaineer, who was somewhat unsteadily dancing with an awkward girl. They were making gigantic strides down the side of the room, bumping into all the couples who were near them, and so close did they come to the seats of the spectators that many long-stemmed pipes were brushed from the mouths of those who happened to be enjoying them, and this enraptured knight of the mountains did not even stop to pick them up. On came the couple until they reached Simon, when the man tripped upon Simon's wooden leg, which projected slightly out into the floor, and fell heavily, pulling the girl down as he fell. Pandemonium reigned supreme in the crowded room, and the mountaineer, before he had even helped his partner from the floor, sprang up and in a voice full of rage, said to the un-

fortunate soldier: "You done it on purpose, sar, an' I'm goin' to thrash you right here and now." He then proceeded to take off his collar and cravat; then his coat, and he was making his final preparation by rolling up his sleeves when he felt someone touch him on the shoulder. He looked to see who it was, and recognized the small figure, the bearded face and the piercing eye of Jake Shiflet, who in a clear, calm voice said, as he pointed his finger at Simon, "It ain't nobody goin' to pester that ar gent'man as long as Jake Shiflet's gun is full o' balls. So you better git out o' here."

"Big Ace," as this man was known to the people of Horseshoe, had lived there long enough to know that Jake Shiflet meant what he said, and without any further words he gathered up his discarded apparel and left the room. Simon blushed profusely, and made all manner of apologies as he helped the girl from the floor, but she was much more concerned about breaking her ribbon belt than she was about her embarrassing position. Sally, however, came to her rescue, and gave her one of the numerous ribbons with which she had adorned herself, and when "Fiddling Jim" called for the next figure, the dance went on as if nothing had happened. After this unfortunate occurrence Simon did not care to take part in the dance, and fearing that his misfortune might cause another couple to fall, he suggested to Sally that they withdraw to the lawn.

For a few moments they sat in silence, upon the stile-block by the wall, and gazed at the moon, which was just peeping over these beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains; then Simon, as if moved by some irresistible impulse, put both arms around the object of his love and falteringly said, "Sally, I love you; I have loved you since I met you this morning, and that is why I stayed here tonight."

The girl made no reply, and as he drew her closer to him, his voice trembled with emotion as he continued, "Do you love me, Sally? Will you promise to marry me? Answer me. Oh, answer me, Sally!"

She let her head rest gently upon his shoulder, and in the moonlight Simon saw tears in her large and beautiful eyes as she said, "I—I do love you." As she answered him, Simon kissed her, and whispered, "Oh, you have made me so happy, so happy." Then releasing her from his embrace, and taking one of her hands in his, he said.

"Sally, I am a revenue officer of the government. I came to Horseshoe because I heard that there was an illicit distillery in one of the caves near here. I found it, and it has proved to be your father's. I was on my way back, firm in my determination to return and raid it, when I met you; that changed all. In a few minutes I must leave you, for I must report at headquarters in the morning." As he said this the girl grasped his other hand, and Simon declared his love for her again and kissed her as he continued:

"Tomorrow I shall resign my position. I know that I am sworn to do my duty, and that it is my duty to prosecute your father's case, but my love for you is too great; I can't do it."

"Tell your father," he continued, "that I shall never report him, and tell him that we love each other, and ask him to meet me here at the 'Tavern' one week from today."

He then kissed her again, as he bade her goodbye; then they walked slowly back to the dancing room, where he left her with her mother.

On the afternoon of the appointed day, Simon Bedders was sitting upon the gallery of the "Old Tavern," exchanging war stories with a Confederate veteran, who was also a guest. They smoked their pipes as they talked of the days when they fought on the opposite sides in that great conflict, and, although Simon loved to talk of the exploits and hardships of his army days, he was now deeply concerned about another matter; he was growing impatient on account of Mr. Shiflet's failure to appear.

"I came here today to meet a man by the name of Shiflet. Do you know him?" inquired Simon of his soldier acquaintance.

"I been knowin' Ol' Jake all my life," was the reply. "You know he's a sort of trapper an' 'moonshiner' together; I heared it talked about this mornin' that the officers was on his trail a few days ago, an' maybe he's layin' low; but I jes' tell you this—if Jake Shiflet tol' you he was comin' here today, death alone will keep him away. His little place, up at the head of the hollow, is steep an' rocky, you know; it ain't got nothin' on it but some apple trees, so he makes brandy in the summer time an' ketches fur animals in winter; that's the only way he's got of makin' a livin'. He makes good brandy, an' sells it fas' as he

makes it, but if he ever hears of a man gettin' drunk, he'll never sell him any more. Don't you tell anybody about his still."

Simon assured him that he would keep the secret, and then in the twilight they saw someone slowly coming toward them. It was Jake Shiflet, and Simon went out to meet him. They greeted each other cordially, and as the long-bearded distiller tied his mule, he threw a sack over his shoulder and asked Simon to walk to the mill with him, as he wanted to get some flour, before the mill closed.

Although the stars were now beginning to appear, the light, filmy clouds which hung motionless over the western mountains still possessed the golden coloring given them by the evening sun, and they were an unspeakably beautiful background for the towering white-oaks and poplars that stood along the road. The partridges in the freshly cut stubble were sounding their "curfew" to their broods, while the whip-poor-wills were singing along the fences and the screech-owls were weirdly hooting from their homes in the massive oaks; and as the two approached the mill, they saw the reflection of the evening star in the clear waters of the mill-dam, and since the falling of the water over the old over-shot wheel could not now be heard, they concluded that Moses Terny, the miller, had gone home, and at the suggestion of Mr. Shiflet, they turned back.

"So you've done fell in love wi' my little gal, 'Sal', have you?" said the distiller, as they walked back toward the "Tavern."

"I would give my very life for her," was Simon's reply.

"I al'ays call her my 'little Sal,' not because she's little, but because she's my baby, you know," said Mr. Shiflet; then he continued, "I'll tell you this, ther' ain't no nicer gal in these here mountains, than her. Ther' ain't no man never been 'bout her, 'less me or my ol' lady was right thar; an' I knowed nothin' 'bout you a-settin' out on that 'horse-block' wi' her, till she tol' me herself. 'Big Ace' is been tryin' to go wi' her for some time, but she don't like him an' neither does me and Nancy, an' so, after I made him leave the frolic the other night I thought Nancy could see 'bout the rest of um, an' so I went to play 'seven up' wi' ol' Mose Terny. I 'spect Nancy was anxious fur Sal to be ther' wi' you, as you was to be ther' wi' Sal; an' that's the reason she never pestered you. I ain't a blamin' you, an' I don' believe I 'ould a said nothin' if I had knowed it, 'cause you seem to be a mighty nice sort of a gent'man; but I jes' tell you—we have to watch these here mountaineers jes' like a hawk watches a chicken.

"Sal was 'spectin' for me to be sort er mad wi' her 'bout it, but on the way home, she tol' me an' Nancy all about it, an' we couldn't get mad wi' her—she don' know what a cross word is."

They had now reached the stile in front of the "Tavern," where Simon and Sally had sat on the night of the dance, and as they sat down, Simon said, "It was right here that I told her that I loved her, and asked her to marry me. I expect she has told you about that, and by now you have decided whether or not you will give your consent. It was for her sake that I gave up my position as a revenue officer, and (although I think your business wrong) I want you to remember that Simon Bedders will never report you."

"Sal ain't tol' me nothin' 'bout you bein' a officer; an' if she had, I wouldn't 'a' been here tonight; God bless her," said the old man, as he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his eyes. "You've been mighty good to me," he continued. "You could ar took me on to prison tonight, an' done what the other officers is been afeard to try."

"I have only kept my word to her, Mr. Shiflet," replied Simon, "and you see she has trusted me."

"Well, I loves her better 'an all the res' in the worl', and now I rec'on I can trus' you, too; so if Sal is willin', I s'pose I'm boun' to be. She ain't but eighteen, you know; but that's old enough to marry, an' I hope you won't take her 'way from 'roun' here. I don't b'lieve me an' Nancy could live long without seein' her sometimes."

"I thought about buying the 'Beech Tree' hill,' said Simon, "but we'll all talk that over together tomorrow when I come up to see her."

"Can't you go up wi' me tonight, an' see her?" asked Mr. Shiflet.

"I expect I had better wait 'till tomorrow; she won't be looking for me tonight, you know," Simon replied, then he cut another button from his uniform and said, as he handed it to the old man, "Give her this, Mr. Shiflet, with my love."

"I'll sholy do it," was the reply, "an' I know Sal 'ill be glad to git it; she's been wearin' that'un you give her the other day, ever since, an' she even had it on at the frolic.'

The old man then mounted his mule, and was about to leave when Simon said to him, "Mr. Shiflet, I'm going to save you the trouble of coming back down here tomorrow, and get you some flour from the store."

"Well, my son," replied the distiller, "considerin' what I give you, I think you owe me a barrel or two." Simon laughed then and the old man said more seriously, "Thar ain't a dust at home; but I got wheat in Terny's mill, an' I'll pay you back when you go to housekeepin'."

Simon bought the flour, and a red "bandanna" handkerchief which he presented to Mr. Shiflet, saying, "This handkerchief is for you, Mr. Shiflet, and I have pinned a note to it for Sally—be sure to give it to her tonight—goodbye."

"Good night Simon," said the old man, as he grasped the hand of his future son-in-law. "You'll make her a good husband, you will. Goodbye."

Mr. Shiflet had ridden only a short distance up the road toward his home when he returned and called Simon out to the "Tavern" gate, saying in a low voice, "Simon, I've jus' seen 'Big Ace's' coon dog down in the road, so he mus' be roun' here somewhar; he's been actin' mighty ugly for the las' week, an' so you better keep yo' gun handy an' don' let him git you foul."

"I'll be ready for him, Mr. Shiflet," Simon replied, "but still I'm obliged to you for warning me."

Then they bade each other good night again, the distiller wending his way homeward and Simon returning to the "Tavern" to resume the conversation with his Confederate friend.

It was not long before the soldier bade Simon good night; but Simon was in a frame of mind not conducive to sleep, and instead of going to his room, he went out to the stile and watched the waning moon, as it sent its light into the many caves and hollows. He was thinking of his home in the beautiful Green Mountains of Vermont, and of those simple, God-fearing people with whom he was proud to claim relationship; for he loved the life of the mountaineer, and when he thought of the time when he was a leader in their favorite sport, he almost heard the echo of the old horn which he hung upon the wall of his little room when he joined the army; and each cave and hollow, each stream and forest passed before him in orderly review.

He heard the barking of his favorite dogs, as the trail grew warm after the running game; he heard the resounding echo of the ax; the crashing of the falling tree, and felt the delight so often experienced when a bear or a coon was captured. In the midst of these reveries it was hard for him to bring himself to a realization of the fact that the great conflict had disabled him forever; but while his thoughts reverted to the many loved associations of his far-away home, it was the old violin that he hung upon the wall in his attic room that he longed for most; for like all highly sentimental souls, he was a lover of music, and he wished to speak through the notes of the old violin the thoughts that came to him. For hours he had thus been lost in revery; and it was now the early morning. A solemn silence, broken only by the echoing voice of the flying kildee or the weird hooting of an owl, pervaded the place, a beautiful silvery gray mist clearly defined the course of each mountain stream, and the mountains on all sides resembled clearly defined clouds against their beautiful blue, star-flecked background. The corn in the few pieces of cultivated ground was now unrolled and the moon made diamonds of the dewdrops in the homes of the little ground spiders which weaved their silken webs in spots over the grass in the "Tavern" lawn. It was two o'clock, when Simon returned to the "Tavern". It was his intention to lie down for a while, but as he took down the old crooked-handled gourd to get a drink of water, he observed hanging beside it the fiddle of Fiddling Jim." This took all desire for sleep away from him, and cautiously taking it down he returned to the stile.

He played the hunting songs of the Green Mountains, and he thought of the little group that gathered at his home each autumn Saturday night; that little band of mountain boys who, alas, could never meet again. He played the hymns that were sung at the little Unitarian church, and he heard the voices of his mother and sisters. He played the "Star Spangled Banner," and he thought of the great battles in which he had taken part, and of the disbanding of that great army in Washington. He played "Dixie" and

"When the War is Over, We Shall Wear a Crown," and he thought of the Lost Cause and his newly made friend, who, from a window was listening to him. Then he played "Home, Sweet Home," and he did not try to restrain the tears which dropped upon the old instrument. Simon stopped as he finished the second verse, and as he was rubbing a piece of rosin over the bow, he heard a distinct sob which seemed to come from one of the "Tavern" windows. It came from the dormer window at the north corner, and Simon knew that it was the young missionary whom he had met the evening before; so going near to the window Simon said to him, "Did I disturb you with my music?"

"Indeed," the young man replied, "it sounded like a voice from my Georgia home. I enjoyed it; I wish you would play "Away Down on the Suwanee River.'"

"I wish I could play that," Simon replied, "but I have only heard it once, and I can't play it as it ought to be played; you know I'm from Vermont."

"Then please give me 'Home, Sweet Home' again." said the young man.

Simon sat at the foot of a giant white-oak that stood near the window, and swaying back and forth as the music moved him, he granted the request.

As the soft strains of the beautiful old classic floated out from the solemn stillness of the fresh morning air, the young man to whose heart it so appealed was overcome by the tender thoughts of his far-away home and friends, and he tried to sing the song; but his voice was choked with emotion, and he buried his face in his hands upon the window sill. Simon, too, let fall a tear, for the bravest are the tenderest, and he also was thinking of the loved associatsions that he had left behind.

The shadows cast by the moon were now growing fainter, and the morning notes of the field-lark gave welcome to the new day; the morning-glories, which bloomed so luxuriantly over what was left of the railing along the "Tavern" porch, were opening their delicate, bell-shaped blossoms, and the sunflowers which grew along the fence were raising themselves to meet the morning sunshine. In the light of this beautiful early dawn, Simon stood for a moment under the white-oak, and as he turned to take the violin back to its place in the "Tavern," he was met by Sallie Shiflet, who embraced him as she exclaimed, "Oh, I knew that you would not deceive me. Oh, Simon, Pa didn't get back last night, an' mother thinks you've taken him to prison; an' I came to see, an' oh, I found him on—" then she fainted in Simon's arms.

Simon placed his coat under her head, as he laid her down at the base of the great tree. Then he called to the soldier. The young minister had seen what had happened, and when he came to offer his assistance, Simon said to him, "Something has happened to her father on his way home, and she's fainted before she could tell me. You know what to do for her, an' I'm going to get that gentleman I met last night to go with me in my buggy and find out what's the matter with the old man."

In an abrupt turn of the road, where the narrow little highway had been dug out of the mountain-side, they found him; the faithful mule stood by the side of the road, near him and the old man had gotten to a near-by tree, against which he was resting. He had tied the handkerchief which Simon had given him the night before around his neck, and the little note which Simon had pinned to it was still attached, but it was red with blood, and was evidence that the old man had been dangerously wounded in the neck. He could not speak, but a faint smile and a tremor of the lips greeted Simon and his friend; then with his right hand he pointed to his neck, then to his pistol, which lay beside him, then he pointed to the cliff below. As the old man did so, the pitiful howling of a dog was heard down in the rocky cleft, and the soldier, recognizing it as "Big Ace's" dog, went down to see what was the matter. There he found "Big Ace" lying among the rocks, with the dog piteously howling over him and pawing him, as if trying to awaken him; but the unerring aim of Jake Shiflet had done its work.

As the young missionary and the girl appeared, it was apparent to the two soldiers who had seen so many men wounded, that the old man was rapidly sinking; but at the sight of his daughter he seemed to rally a little strength, and, after she had kissed him, he beckoned to the minister, to whom he faintly whispered, "Marry 'em 'fore I go."

The minister spoke to the girl for a mo-

ment, and then to Simon; then he bade them clasp hands directly in front of the old man; then raising his eyes, which were filled with sympathetic tears, to heaven, he said:

"Almighty God, in Thy presence, and before these witnesses, I do solemnly proclaim this man and this woman, husband and wife."

Then he bade them all kneel, and, raising his hands upward in invocation, he repeated that beautiful little part of the marriage prayer from the Apochrypha—"Mercifully ordain, Oh God; that they may grow aged together."

Then the first morning sunbeams found their way to the turn in the little road.

THE MORNING AFTER THE DANCE

By Frank Putnam

THE dance broke up at two a. m., we reached our beds at four,
At five o'clock the farmer's fist was rapping at our door;

"Wake up," says he, "your breakfast waits—we're most uncommon late;
The hogs are squealing 'Give us corn,' the cows are at the gate."

We heard his heavy tread retreat along the naked floor,
Six steps it may have been, or seven—and then we heard no more.

Sleep's touch that sealed our eyelids down was feather-soft and sweet;
Our dreams were all of sparkling eyes and little twinkling feet.

Again we waltzed Matilda Jane and Annabel and Sue,
And chasséd down the middle of the parlor, two by two;

But, just as we were bowing our partners to their chairs,
The farmer's cowhide boots again were heard upon the stairs.

With sighs and groans, we fumbled and grumbled in the gloom,
For shoes and such etceteras that carpeted the room.

The frost was on the drowsy corn what time we drove that way;
The moon still lit the silent vault, as when we came from play;

The reedy ponds were garmented with gossamery lines;
The stars were blinking sleepily above the somber pines;

The sun was gilding Boston's domes a thousand miles down East,
And evening seemed a thousand years away from us, at least.

A thousand years from two of us—Bill's thoughts were lighter-toned;
He grinned and gaped and chuckled while we yawned and husked and groaned.

"Which one?" says Jim, "Matilda?" and Bill replied, "It's Sue;
And every ear I'm husking now I'm husking it for *two*."

Quoth Jim: "Congratulations—but, before this day is done,
I reckon *I'll* be mighty glad I'm husking 'em for *one*."

The K·K·K

By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

CHAPTER XXIX

WHICH TELLS OF A CAROUSAL AT THE JAIL AND A SOBERER GATHERING IN THE WOOD

THAT evening the pious old gentleman whose reverential manner had won the flattering endorsement of his attorney, took occasion to celebrate the decided legal victory achieved, by a visit of congratulation to his affectionate son in prison. He went armed with a letter from his lawyer, saying he hoped the courtesies of the place might be extended to Mr. Ankerstrom of Chicago, who was a gentleman in every way deserving any attention that could be shown him. This was fortified by a note on the back of the paper from the sheriff, instructing the jailer to let the visitor have a conference with the prisoner, Ankerstrom, and to give the two a private room if one could be spared for the purpose in the establishment. The devout old gentleman purchased a liberal supply of liquor, which he concealed in the folds of his overcoat, and when the shadows of night had been chased away by the electric lights of the city, presented himself at the jail door and handed in his credentials. The decision of the supreme court in Ankerstrom's behalf was considered by all the officials as the practical ending of the case against him, and therefore the keeper of the prison had less hesitation in relaxing to some extent the rigidity of the rule that required his constant confinement in very contracted quarters. Moreover, the pious demeanor of the old gentleman, and the fact that he stood particularly well in the community from which he hailed, induced the jailer to be as indulgent as he possibly could, and he ushered Mr. Olof Ankerstrom, after he had read his letters of credit, into an apartment about ten feet square, with a small cheap table and two or three rather rickety chairs for furniture. The single window of this room was heavily grated, as was the door that led into it, though there was a wooden door also that closed

from within, so that the occupant—if he was of vivid fancy and refrained from looking out at the window—might imagine himself to be in a snug apartment of an economical hotel. Mr. Olof Ankerstrom seemed to take this cheerful view of his surroundings, for when he had followed the jailer within he rubbed his hands toward the little grate where the fire ought to have been, and exclaimed heartily: "Ah, dis ish nise, dis ish nise."

"It's the best we can do," replied the jailer, and he told the truth. There were other and better furnished apartments about the house, but they were for visitors who would not be tempted to abuse the hospitality of the host and forsake the premises without taking formal leave.

Presently Johan was brought in, and on even his scowling features there was something like a grin, for he considered himself almost a free man once more. The old gentleman was effusive and shook hands with his son, and danced around his son, and gave other tokens of extravagant esteem, though he met with no more response than if he had been doing homage to a wooden image. Johan seemed to be a little amused at the monkey antics of his demonstrative parent, and to entertain at the same time an undisguised contempt for him, but he displayed not the slightest evidence of affection or appreciation of the sacrifices the latter had made in the effort to save his worthless neck.

When the turnkey had locked the door behind him and left the two alone, the elder Ankerstrom drew from the deep side pocket of his overcoat a flask containing a pint of liquid, and so fashioned that the top part of the cover being removed formed an excellent drinking cup. Depositing this carefully upon the table, he drew from the opposite side pocket a smaller phial labelled "Cocktail Bitters." Placing this by the side of the flask, he next extracted a half dozen lemons and some lumps of sugar. Having thus unburdened himself, he withdrew a step or two from the table and lifting both hands surveyed the whole with affectionate admiration. The apartment was rather contracted for a festal hall, but it was evident the old gentleman had come to make a night of it. "Ve haff no ise," he said presently to his son, when he had poured out a drink, "but the shentleman haff locked us up in his ise-house, vich vill do shust as vell."

With this facetious remark, the old gentleman handed his son as liberal a drink as the cup would hold, which the latter gulped down without a word. Then the devout old man himself swallowed a draught of the liquor, and was about to cork the bottle, when Johan reached forth his hand and grunted for more fire-water. The request so graciously preferred was cheerfully granted, and the old man then set down the flask. For an hour or more they talked, or rather for that length of time the old man's loosened tongue ran, and again and again when they found the evening growing dull, they resorted to the flask and the cocktail bitters to cheer their flagging spirits. When the flask became exceedingly light and a look of apprehension overspread Johan's countenance, the old man drew from another pocket another flask, and holding it triumphantly aloft, reassured his offspring. What subjects the two discussed, or rather upon what topics the old man held forth, in the course of the evening, 'twere long to tell, and the reader would find it dull entertainment if 'twere set down. The old man spoke in a low tone—for walls have ears—and often spliced out his meaning with gesticulation and expressive shrugs of the shoulder. He informed his son, for the latter's comfort, that he would stick to him till he was once more a free man, though it might be some time yet before that consummation would be reached.

"Dey vil park at you, my zon, and vill haff your neck in te tam noose anyhow, if so be dey kin. Dey are bad peobles, bad peobles, dese tam hill volks, and vill not respect de law like coot zitizuns. Dere vill pe otter trials, mine zon, and more tam vitnesses, and more talking uff lawyers, and hell to pay shinerally, but te Ankerstrom vambly vill pull troo dis throoble as dey haff pulled troo many anotter throoble; haff no vear uff dat. If dere vas von man out te vay, I vood sleep vell dis night. I vould sleep hearty and sound dis night, s'help me, if dot tam Perryerson vas in te otter vorld, vere he belong. He push dis pizness too fur. He meddle vid vat do not concern him. Mine lawyer, Perlaffer, he zay dere voot pe no otter trial if Perryerson vould be quiet. Ah, mine zon, but he vill not pe quiet, mark dat. He vill not pe quiet, mine zon, oonless soompody giff him someding to quiet him."

The son here blurted out a fierce oath,

and growled an inquiry that brought the old man in an instant to his feet. He threw up his hands in alarm, and uttered a warning sh-sh-sh. Then he sat down again by Johan's side and spoke in a whisper: "Zay notting, zay notting, mine zon. Ve vill attend to de case uff dis man Perryerson. I haff a frient, a coot frient, uff de name uff Kervackenparse, but dey calls him Alabam' Zam for short. He is a coot doctor for dem vat meddles vit otter peoble's pizness. He is a coot man, dis Alabam' Zam, and mine true frient. I vill lay de plan for to quiet dis Perryerson, and Alabam' Zam vill do de vork; so be if throoble comes his neck vill go in de halter and not mine. Pizness is pizness. Keep a still tongue in your head, mine zon, keep a still tongue in your head, like as you haff done up to dis minit. I kiff you de praise for dat. Do not visper, do not talk in your sleep, do not zay a single vord against dis coot man Perryerson, and de next time your case goes to de shury, you may luke all ofer de court-room, but you vill not see him "

The old man here arose, and walking backward as far as the contracted space in the room would allow, kept nodding to Johan, who was sitting stupidly in a chair with his elbows resting on the table. More liquor was poured out, and they both drank again. The old gentleman before he drained his glass, held it high and gave this toast: "Here's to de man vat meddles mit otter peoble's pizness. May he live long and pe 'appy—in some otter vorld."

He was a little unsteady upon his pegs as he gave utterance to this sentiment, but did not lose his caution, as was demonstrated a moment later, when the turnkey unexpectedly opened the door and entered the room. The old gentleman, who was standing at the time with his feet rather wide apart, bowed politely to the newcomer, and with his unemptied cup still in his hand, addressed him as if he had been an assemblage.

"Shentlemen," he proclaimed, speaking in a louder tone than he had used before, "I drink to de law. De frient uff de guilty and de terror uff the innocent."

"You are getting a little mixed, old man," replied the goodnatured official.

"Ah, s'help me," answered the old man, after he had swallowed his liquor. "I zee, I zee. Peg pardon, peg pardon. I said de frient uff de guilty and de terror uff de innocent, wen I should haff said de terror uff de innocent and de frient uff de guilty. Anyvay, I shake your hand now, mine frient, and tank you for your osserbertality. If so be you should effer come my vay, I vill return de same, s'help me."

With these kindly assurances, the old gentleman took leave of the company and went his way to his lodging in the town, and thence next morning to other parts. His son was dragged, more asleep than awake, back to his cell, and left to snore off the effects of his carouse. There he remained for many days and many weeks, for it was not known how the unruly hill folk would take the reversal of the verdict against him, and if they displayed an ugly temper he would probably be safer locked up at the capital of the state than if incarcerated elsewhere.

Randolph Pearson, as the reader may easily imagine, was in no humor for jollifying on the evening of the important decision in the Ankerstrom case. He saw at once that it meant almost inevitably the final discharge of the prisoner without punishment for his fearful crime. Most probably the court itself had not realized that this was the necessary consequence of the decision rendered. In the vast mass of testimony included in the so-called bill of exceptions there might be ground for conviction after the statement of the murdered woman was excluded; at least it was impossible for the court at the time the decision was rendered to say to the contrary. The attorney-general for the state had hardly dipped into the evidence in his brief argument, and Palaver's skillful summing up of the facts disclosed by the voluminous record was of course taken by the experienced judges *cum grano salis*. When the case was reversed and remanded, the judges had only disposed of the single legal question presented. Pearson, however, knew their decision was equivalent to a verdict of not guilty, and as he took his way homeward, late on the same evening, he bitterly reproached himself for having interposed between the life of this brutal murderer and the vengeance of the mob. The train reached the station nearest his place of abode about nine o'clock at night. He mounted the horse he had left in waiting there, and rode forward in the darkness, all alone, to his residence, several miles away. As he went, he revolved the whole matter seriously in his mind, and before he retired

to rest his plan of action was determined upon. Pearson was a man who had the courage of his convictions; and, like the Apostle Paul, when once convinced that he had been in error, he lost no time in changing his course and setting forth with zeal in a new direction.

Teddy McIntosh was summoned next morning, and after a brief interview with Pearson, rode over to consult the dignified and deep-voiced young man who held the distinguished position of Grand Cyclops of the Klan. Without his approval, indeed in absence of his direct order, there could be no summoning of the members of the secret order to meet in council, and young McIntosh now was the bearer of a message from Pearson requesting that a meeting be held at some date in the near future. Later on several riders were quietly going from house to house in different localities among the Marrowbone Hills, and before the following night had far advanced, the entire brotherhood was notified.

The season was too inclement to admit of a gathering in the open woods, and the klan, therefore, was summoned to assemble at an old deserted log house, in the chimney place of which a fire could be built, and whose dilapidated walls and roof would afford some protection from the weather. Snow began to fall early in the evening set for the gathering, and fortunately continued far into the night, so that the track of those summoned to the rendezvous would be lost before next morning. Nearly all were present; many had come on horseback, some on foot, and at the appointed hour they stood huddled close together in the single room of the old log building, bespeaking each other in low tones and stamping their feet to keep their blood in circulation.

When the opening ceremonies had been concluded, each member present being robed now in sombre black gown and cap, the Grand Cyclops informed the attendant hobgoblins that the supreme court of Tennessee had reversed the Ankerstrom case, and remanded the same for a new hearing to the court below. He had summoned the klan for the purpose of imparting this important intelligence, and to ascertain their further will in the matter. A member then moved that the case of the murderer, Johan Ankerstrom, be taken up by the klan for immediate consideration. This being unanimously adopted, there was a moment's silence, and then a motion was put, and unanimously carried, that the case be at once referred to the Dreadful Ulema for its decision. It was evident that all were aware of the fact that some decisive action was to be taken tonight, for there was no hot discussion, no debate of any kind. The proposition to refer to the court of the order was promptly adopted, and all awaited in silence the final rendering of that tribunal.

The delay was not long. There was a brief conference of the three members of the court in an old stable a little way off from the house, and this over, they solemnly filed back into the room where about three dozen serious men awaited their coming. Pearson was the spokesman, and announced the conclusion of the court in clear, steady tones: "We find that Mrs. Susan Bascombe was murdered in this county nearly two years ago, by a man known among us as Cross-eyed Jack, but whose real name is Johan Ankerstrom. We find that this murder was done at midnight, and that it was brutal, cowardly and unprovoked. We find that the regular legal tribunals of the country, in consequence of certain rules by which they are bound, are incapable of dealing with the criminal as reason, justice, and the preservation of order in this community demand. We, therefore, conclude that the time has come for this brotherhood to act, and in announcing our decision we call God to witness, that our conduct is not the result of passion, but springs from the deliberate conviction that our homes and our good women must be protected at all hazards. For the murder of a good old woman at midnight in a peaceful community, we adjudge Johan Ankerstrom to be worthy of death, and our sentence is that by such means as may be hereafter determined upon, he be taken from the custody of the regular authorities who have held him so long, and at the spot where his brutal crime was committed, be hung by the neck until he is dead."

In a solemn silence, this decision of the high court of the order was read, and not the slightest demonstration followed its conclusion. In accordance with the regulations of the society, the finding of the court was then submitted to the members for their

ratification. A small box containing white and black balls was carried through the crowded assemblage, and each of those present took therefrom two balls of different colors. The attendant then stood with his empty box near the judges, and the hobgoblins, in silence, and robed in black, approached one by one and dropped a single ball into the receptacle. The sliding door was moved back as each drew near, and closed again when the ballot had been deposited. When all present had voted, the attendant drew the balls singly from the box and held it up in the feeble light for inspection. A single white ball drawn forth would, for the present at least, have annulled the decision of the court. The count was awaited with the utmost anxiety, and when it was concluded a deep sigh of relief went through the black-robed assemblage. By unanimous vote, Johan Ankerstrom had been adjudged worthy of death.

It was one thing for the klan to resolve that the prisoner in the Nashville jail should be sent out of the world for his misdeeds, and another to take the necessary steps to carry this resolve into execution. The whole matter was left to the discretion of a committee of which Pearson, while not named as one of the number, was the real head. It was determined that no violent attempt to break into the jail should be made, but that, by some stratagem, custody should be obtained of the criminal's person. This might require some further delay, but with the understanding that all reasonable diligence should be used in the furtherance of this purpose, the resolute regulators were content to wait. The die now was cast. At some date in the near future the scattered members of the klan would again be called together, this time to witness the execution of the wretch who, by taking advantage of the "law's delays," and the technical rules that hamper justice, had so long escaped the fate he richly deserved.

Before the assembly dissolved, Pearson spoke a few words to his neighbors and friends gathered about him in the cheerless room. They were words not of apology, but of justification for himself and others in postponing so long the action that had just been taken. Mob law, or the infliction of punishment for crime by unauthorized citizens, he repeated, was conduct not to be justified in a community until it had been abundantly demonstrated that justice could not, or would not, be inflicted through the medium of the courts. Where the laws were capable of dealing with crime, where the courts could be relied on for the speedy administration of justice, mob law was never justifiable. It was almost suicidal, for when good citizens resorted to illegal violence they encouraged the disorderly persons among them to pursue the same course. Moreover, when the good people of any community took the law into their own hands, they advertised to the world that their laws were inefficient, or that they had no confidence in the officials whose duty it was to administer them. No matter how monstrous a crime was, good citizens would always leave its punishment to the proper authorities, if they believed an investigation would be speedily held, and the guilty offender promptly made to pay the penalty. For these reasons, he, and those who agreed with him, had hesitated long before advising that the murderer Ankerstrom should be dealt with by others than the legal authorities. Nearly two years had now passed, and apparently the punishment of the murderer was farther off than anyone in the neighborhood had supposed it could be at the outset. The chances were all in favor of acquittal at the next trial of the prisoner before a jury, and even in the improbable event of his conviction, an appeal would again be taken by his attorney, and this would postpone the final decision of his case nearly, if not quite, a year longer. No blame at all was to be attached to the officials, said Pearson, who spoke calmly and temperately throughout his brief address. They were good men; the judges were conscientious, and undoubtedly learned in their profession. The trouble seemed to be that the law itself was not abreast with the times. In this business age, to say that a guilty man cannot be punished until two or three years have elapsed after the commission of his crime, is to say that justice is not to be administered without radical change in our laws. He, the speaker, believed at the outset, that the murderer of the Widow Bascombe would be speedily tried in open court and punished for his crime. So believing, he resisted to the utmost any attempt to interfere with the due course of law. Now he saw his mistake, and as such crimes could

not be permitted to go unpunished, he recommended with a clear conscience, that the wronged people of the community take the law in their own hands, and deal with the evildoer as he deserved. "Mob law," said Pearson in conclusion, "is to be avoided, my friends, as long as possible, because of the terrible mistakes it sometimes makes. Because of the fact that passion, and not sober reason, dictates its decrees. Because it begets contempt for the law in the minds of the evil-disposed, who can only be controlled by respect for the law. Because it proclaims to the world that the community which resorts to it, or upholds it, is not wise enough to provide a regular method for the prompt punishment of its criminals, but must accomplish this end, if at all, by spasmodic effort, made in a burst of passion. Mob law, wherever it may be found, and whatever the provocation that calls it forth, is a thing always to be deprecated by sober citizens. It is never to be justified except upon the ground that there would be otherwise a failure of justice, and whenever this excuse is offered, it necessarily reflects upon the community in whose behalf it is presented. It is, therefore, with the utmost reluctance that I have at last consented to the execution of the plan upon which we have all agreed here tonight. I congratulate both you and myself upon the fact that our course has not been determined upon in haste, but after the display of so much caution and deliberation, that there is reason to fear the lesson of the murderer's punishment will be lost upon the community. Many, no doubt, will be ready to censure us for our long delay; but wise people will see in it only our great re-reluctance to interfere with the law and the constituted authorities. I trust the time will soon come in Tennessee when a man may be arraigned for crime, given a prompt hearing in the courts in a plain, common-sense way, and speedily liberated or punished for his crime, as reason and justice may dictate. When that time comes, every good man will be glad to uphold the law, and the secret order of the K. K. K. may be disbanded forever."

The dull fire in the old house was entirely extinguished. There was the hum of low voices for a few minutes, and then the members of the klan disappeared and went their several ways in the thickly falling snow.

CHAPTER XXX

THE UNGENTLEMANLY BEHAVIOR OF ALABAMA SAM AND DE LITTLE OLE WHITE MAN AT THE ABODE OF PATSEY KINCHEN

TEMPLETON had not been present at the meeting of the klan described in the last chapter. His home was in another county, and consequently it was not often he could be with his friends and brethren of the order at their gathering by night. He was a member in good standing, however, and very popular with them all, for he was generous, truthful, and, though a trifle impulsive, could always be relied on to exercise both courage and discretion when these qualities were needed. A fortnight or so after the klan had determined to take action in the Ankerstrom case, he paid a visit to the Marrowbone Hills, remained all night and most of the following day at the Habersham habitation, and then, being somewhat of a lady's man, as the reader knows, rode over to pay his respects to Miss Sue Bascombe. Templeton had a high respect for Miss Bascombe, considering her a fine girl with no nonsense about her, and, besides, she was associated with him in the K. K. K. hobgoblin league upon some dreadfully mysterious footing, which the author of this chronicle fully understands, but which he is not at liberty to divulge.

When the young man reached the abode of the lady whom he proposed to honor with his call, he was not particularly pleased to find a horse, with a man's saddle, hitched at the rack. He thought perhaps it was Slowboy come again—for he had heard of the former visit of the lawyer, and his startling adventure in the hills; but upon entering the house found his sober friend, Randolph Pearson, comfortably settled in an arm-chair by the fire. Pearson bade him a cheerful welcome—though he looked a little disconcerted at his unexpected appearance—and the young lady greeted him with a cordial hand-shake, which led him to con-

clude she was really glad to see him.

"We were discussing an interesting matter when you came in, Mr. Templeton," remarked the girl, after the three were seated, "and would like to have the benefit of your judgment upon it. Last year, as you will remember, my horse was stolen by a rather singular, old man, who passed himself off as a farmer. Not long before that, your nag and Polly Habersham's saddle-horse were both taken on the same night by a singular old man, who, I think, passed himself off as a Bible agent."

"No more o' that, if thou lovest me," cried Templeton, calling Falstaff to his aid.

"But it was so," continued the young lady. "Now, nobody at that time could imagine who this little old man was, or where he came from, or what was of more importance, where he went to immediately after concluding each of these business transactions. It was as mysterious—the sudden appearance and disappearance of this old gentleman—as the adventure that befell my friend, Mr. Slowboy, up yonder in the hills some time since, of which I suppose you have heard."

"I have heard all about it," quoth Templeton, breaking into a hearty laugh, "and I'll tell you what's the fact—"

"Coming back to the point," resumed Miss Bascombe, "this same old man, or some other old man answering to his general description, has been dodging about in this neighborhood again of late, and we're very sure he can be after no good. He has turned up at three or four farmhouses as a peddler, though he seems to have retired from the Bible business. Once or twice he and a tall, black negro have been seen skulking together up in the hills, and only last night the two went to the house of Patsy Kinchen—the wife of Sandy, whom they hung—and got supper there. Patsy came over just now to tell me about it. She is in the kitchen now."

"Fetch her in at once," cried Templeton. "I want to get on the track of that old Bible peddler, if the thing can be accomplished. If I had him out to one side now, I'd make him think the Turks were a merciful people."

Patsy, being summoned, presently appeared at the front door of the residence. She scraped her feet a good while on the mat there before venturing in, and finally trod as lightly as possible through the hall, slowly turning the knob of the door that led into the company room, and introducing her person sideways into that apartment.

"'Devenin', ladies and gen'lemun," said Patsy, politely, when she had closed the door behind her. "'Devenin', Miss Sue. 'Devenin', Marse Ran. 'Devenin', Mr. Unbeknowns." (Patsy had no acquaintance with Mr. R. L. Templeton.)

"Come in, Patsy," said Sue, "and tell us about the visit of the little, old, white man and the negro to your house last night."

"Must I tell it ag'in, jess like I told it to you?"

"Yes, begin at the beginning, and tell it all."

"Wal, den, if so be I must," began Patsy hesitatingly, "and dar ain't no help for it, neither one way nor t'other, I s'pose I'd jest as well begin, and go right straight along wid it. Last night, den, ladies and gen'lemun, and Miss Sue, and Marse Ran, and Mr. Unbeknowns, whiles I was a sittin' in my room, wid my cob pipe in my mouth—supper having done been ett—and my boy Pete, like he in jineral do atter supper, was sittin' up in de corner 'sleep; and de dog which dey calls Jineral Beauregard, sich bein' his name, was likewise up in his corner 'sleep; de fust thing I know'd he riz, de dog did, and turn his ha'r de wrong way and growled. I say to myself, I say, 'Why hi! what dat dog growlin' at?' De words hadn't hardly got out'n my mouth befo' de door open—'twa'n't latched — and in comes de little old white man—what I told you 'bout, Miss Sue—and Alabama Sam clost at his heels. 'Coot efenin', laty,' say the little old white man, a-bowing mighty low." (Patsy bowed herself here to the company, to show how the little old white man had bowed.) "'Coot efenin', laty,' he say; and de very minit he called me lady, I know'd he wa'n't no gen'lemum. In dey bofe comes do, and Alabama Sam, which is given up to be the meanest nigger in all de country, he took a cheer widout bein' asked. Den de little old white man he bow ag'in and spread his hands, and smile, and sidled over into de corner, and took anodder cheer. And after he done took his cheer, he riz up all of a sudden and say to me, 'Laty, coot you giff us a pite to eat?' I got right up for to wait on him, bekase I seed he was some kind of a furriner, and I

was minded of dat furriner what got Sandy into his scrape. Whiles I was a-fixin' supper, de little old white man and Alabama Sam dey drawed dar cheers close togedder and talk kinder low to one anodder. Ev'y now and den I could hear a word, and Pete heered nigh onto ev'y word dat was spoke. Pete had done woke up, mind you, but he didn't let on dat he was woke up. De sum and substance of it all was dat dey was fixin' to do sumpen what was gwine to raise hell in de country no sooner'n 'twas did." (Whether the profanity originated with Patsy, or was intended as a free quotation from the conversation of her visitors, did not appear.) "What dat sumpen was dey was fixin' to do, dey didn't zackly say, but from de roocus dey was spectin' it to kick up, it was bound to be wusser'n any common devilment. I went on fixin' de table and never said nothin', 'cause I know'd Alabama Sam was a mean nigger, and de little ole white man what kep company wid him wa'n't no better'n him. Atter while dey bofe sot down to de table and ett up all de vittles dar was in reach. When dey got up, de little ole white man bow low ag'in and spread his hands and say, 'Cot pless you, mine frient,' which was mighty small pay for the vittles dey had 'stroyed. Den Pete he woke up, sho nuff, and say we axed a quarter for supper. And Alabama Sam he says to Pete, 'We charges a dollar apiece for our company, and de fust time you git de change, you kin hand me be balance wot's comin' to us.' Den dey bofe sot by de fire and smoked a while, and when dey riz to go, de little ole white man he say to me:

"'Vere your husspund, laty?' I say he was dead.

"'Dot ish pad, dot ish pad,' de little ole white man say. 'What make your husspund die? Vot de doctor say vos de matter?'

"I never say nothin', and Alabama Sam he spoke up, and say, 'De damn white folks in dese parts hung him kase he was a nigger.'

"At dat de little ole white man flung up bofe his hands and shook his head and say, 'Mine Cot, vot a coontry, vot a peobles' Dem's de very words he spoke. And atter dat de little ole white man and Alabama Sam took deyselves off, and I hain't seed nary one of dem sence."

When Patsy had concluded, Mr. Bob Lee Templeton rose and remarked, "That's the very infernal scoundrel that took my horse. Patsy has hit him off to a T."

"I think," chimed in Miss Sue, "he's the very scoundrel that took my horse. Patsy's account corresponds well with the description given by Uncle Davy of the little old white man who rode Dandy Jim off through the middle of the town in broad open daylight."

"I think," said Pearson, who had been sitting by the fire musing, "I am safe in going one step farther and saying I know pretty well who the little old white man is. If I am not much mistaken, I saw him on the steps of the state capitol, the day the supreme court rendered its decision in the Ankerstrom case. He there used the very words Patsy has put in his mouth—'Cot pless you, mine frient'—and she has mimicked his tone and described his obsequious manner to perfection. The man I heard using the expression was addressing Palaver, Ankerstrom's lawyer, and Palaver told the friend with whom he was walking, that the old gentleman was the father of his client, and a most exemplary citizen in the state from which he came."

"The devil!" says Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"Ladies present," remarked Miss Sue.

"De reason I come to tell you," resumed Patsy, "was bekase I seed dat nigger and white man was up to some devilment. And bekase dey 'stroyed my vittles widout bein' invited. And bekase dey bemeaned our white folks by chargin' up to dem, what was did by dat low-lived furriner, Cross-eyed Jack. And bekase de little ole white man called out, 'Mine Cot, vot a coontry, vot a peobles' right dar in my house, and I wa'n't used to sich langwidges. Dat's de reason I come."

"You did exactly right, Patsy," quoth Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, "and here's a dollar to pay for the vittles the two scoundrels destroyed. Now the next question is, which way did they go?"

"Dat I can't tell you," answered Patsy. "Whar dey come from I dunno. Whar dey went to I dunno."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Mr. Templeton. "Pete found the scoundrel they call Cross-eyed Jack—"

Pete and Jineral Beauregard done dat," interrupted Patsy. "De dog found him fust."

"Very well," said Templeton, "Now let Pete and Jineral Beauregard find Jack's daddy, and there's two dollars apiece for them here in my pocket. That is," explained Mr. Templeton, "there's two dollars for Pete, and two dollars more, you understand, to be expended by Pete for the dog's benefit."

"Dat's right," said Patsy; "for de dog do need a brass collar, same as other gentlemanlike dogs has on."

"Do you think Pete and Jineral Beauregard can find 'em?"

"Dey ain't to tackle 'em atter dey come up wid 'em?"

"No; just to find 'em and let me know where they are. I'll do the tackling when I come up with the little old white man."

"You see, Patsy," explained Miss Bascombe, "the little old white man has in his possession several Bibles for Mr. Templeton, which he has failed to deliver."

"That's all right—that's all right," replied Mr. Templeton goodnaturedly. "You tell Pete to take his dog and go hunting for Alabama Sam and the little old white man, and as soon as he finds 'em, Patsy, to come back here and let Miss Sue Bascombe know where they are stopping. He can find 'em without taking any chances. If he came close upon them they wouldn't hurt him."

"Dey ain't gwy ketch him," said Patsy, "unless dey kin run mighty pert. Pete and de dog I b'lieves kin find out whar dey lodges, ef you and Miss Sue and Marse Ran wants to know dat much about 'em."

"I would like very much to know, Patsy," replied Pearson, "and I think your son can get this information for us more readily than anyone else, and that too without his running any risk of getting hurt."

"And de news is wuth four dollars to dis here Mr. Unbeknowns?" inquired Patsy.

"It's worth five," replied the generous Templeton. "I'll make it five, Patsy. Two for Pete, two for the dog, and one for you."

"Nuff said," replied Patsy promptly. "Ef Pete and de dog kin make dat money by tromping round de country, I'll see dat dey do it. Dey been tromping all dey lives for nuthin'; now dey kin tromp a while for money."

Patsy having withdrawn from the room, there was an earnest discussion over the intelligence she had brought. That the little old white man was a horse-thief and a bold scoundrel generally was pretty certain. He had done much mischief in the neighborhood, and was back presumably to do more. The jail was the place for him, and if he could be located his apprehension would soon follow. How he and his gang had secreted themselves and smuggled horses out of the country during the preceding year, was still an unfathomed mystery, but one that would probably be solved if the ringleader could be caught and safely locked up.

The fact that the old man was the father of the prisoner, Ankerstrom, would make the whole community especially glad to get hold of him, and the three persons who were now discussing the matter could not resist the conclusion that his presence in the immediate neighborhood of his son's crime had some connection with the future conduct of the case. Templeton would return to his home on the following day, and Pearson was about to take a trip to St. Louis on business which would probably detain him a week or more. It was therefore resolved between the three who sat in council, that as soon as anything was learned of the whereabouts of the old man and his negro companion, Sue Bascombe should promptly notify some member of the K. K. K. brotherhood, and the arrest of the two villains should follow at once. Templeton was for having them before a called meeting of the klan, and stringing them both up to a limb as soon as the formality of a moonshine trial could be gone through with. Pearson, however, set his foot down emphatically on this proposition, and as he outranked Templeton in the order, the latter was bound to acquiesce in his decision. Sue Bascombe sat by quietly while the rather heated discussion was going on, and took no further part in it than to remark that if the gentlemen desired to hang the old scamp who had stolen Dandy Jim there was a rope very handy in the barn

CHAPTER XXXI

AN INTREPID LAD AND HIS DOG, HAVING TRAMPED ALL THEIR LIVES FOR NOTHING, CONCLUDE TO TRAMP A WHILE FOR PAY

WHEN Patsy Kinchen reached her humble but snug abode in the hills, she lost no time in notifying Pete and the dog of the high trust that had been reposed in them by the members of the conference in Miss Sue Bascombe's parlor, and also of the liberal remuneration that awaited them in case of the successful performance of the allotted task. Patsy was honest, and explained to Pete—and also to the dog, who sat by and gave strict heed to her words—that five dollars was the sum promised for the faithful discharge of duty in the present case, of which she was to receive a single dollar as promoter of the enterprise, while Pete and the dog were to divide the remaining four equally between them. It was explicitly stated, for their edification, that it was not their duty to engage the enemy, if they came into close quarters unexpectedly, but they must rather consider themselves as a scouting party, which was expected to obtain needed information at small risk, and which should always stand ready to beat a hasty retreat whenever an inclination for combat was discovered upon the opposite side. While combat, however, was to be avoided, and danger to be shunned, Pete and Jineral Beauregard must bear in mind that their task was not accomplished when they merely came in view of Alabama Sam and de little old white man, for Patsy herself had achieved this upon the preceding evening. These worthies were to be tracked to their den, and word brought back, if possible, showing precisely where they hid when not engaged in depredating upon the community, and whether or no any other evil-minded persons consorted with them.

These matters being properly understood, Pete, with pardonable pride at being entrusted with so important a mission, set himself diligently to work to discover the whereabouts of Alabama Sam and the little old white man. If he could once get on their trail he anticipated no trouble in tracking them down to the place of their abode, which he made no doubt was at some of the many lurking places in the hills. He and Jineral Beauregard had scented out rabbits, coons, foxes and other varmints, starting often on a very cold trail, and to trace so clumsy an animal as a human being to his retreat would be an easy job, compared with following up a wary, four-footed beast of the wood. The first trouble, however, was to once more get wind of the two marauders who had come uninvited to his mother's house at night. Here he had more difficulty than he had anticipated, for though he rambled the country over for some days, he neither saw nor heard of their having been at any other house, nor did he come upon either of them, as he supposed he would, tramping upon some one of the few roads in the country. The boy asked no questions, for to have done so might have disclosed the fact that he was interested in the movements of the two vagabonds, but he kept his ears open, and his eyes open, and sought faithfully for a clue that followed up would introduce him once more to their acquaintance. Unless they had taken themselves entirely out of the country, they must obtain food somehow, and this could only be done by openly applying for it, as at his mother's house, or by depredating at night, which would certainly occasion a stir when the theft was discovered. They might have laid up, like the thrifty squirrel, a winter's supply in some hole, but Pete hardly thought this was probable, as they had not been heard of in the community until a few days previous, and they would have no motive that he could see in establishing permanent headquarters in the neighborhood. No horses had been stolen lately, no other wrongful appropriation of personal property had been made recently, except the larceny of a few shoats from a farmer's fattening pen: and this had been traced directly to the door of black Dave, who had owned up like a man and excused himself on the ground that he was short of meat.

Pete was about to conclude that his game had sought another range, when one clear night—it was a warm spell in March, and the moon was shining bright as day—as he and General Beauregard were wending their way homeward, they both, about the same moment, became aware of the fact that some individual on foot was approaching from the opposite direction. Quietly dropping out

into the bushes, they waited for the pedestrian to pass, and as he went by at a long, steady stride, the urchin was overjoyed to recognize in the traveler the identical colored gentleman who a short while before, at his mother's residence, had placed such an extravagant estimate on the value of his own society. The unsuspecting footman passed on, and Pete, with Jineral Beauregard at his heels, as soon as it was prudent to do so, dropped into the road behind him, determined to follow whithersoever he went. He was evidently bound for some particular spot, which was clearly fixed in his own mind, for he walked straight on, and did not saunter like a man who is not very particular whether he gets anywhere or not. The lad and the dog had no trouble in keeping on his track, for he deviated not from the road, and did not seem to fear observation, as was evidenced by the fact that he passed close to two or three farmhouses which sat immediately upon the roadside. He walked, too, so firmly that Pete, when he stopped and listened, could catch the sound of his footsteps, though the latter was careful not to get so nigh that the man he was shadowing could see him if he chanced to look back. After a tramp of three or four miles, Alabama Sam left the main highway and took another road that led off to the right. This was a much less frequented route, but Pete was familiar with it, for he had made tracks along nearly every highway and byway within ten miles of his mother's house. He could now hear the steps of the man in front more distinctly, for the route was getting stony, and he and Jineral Beauregard kept on cautiously in pursuit. Presently the sound of the footsteps died out at about the point where Pete knew a little stream crossed the road. Advancing with more speed down to this stream, Pete laid down and, placing his ear close to the ground, listened for some moments. He heard no more steps on the stony road, but was surprised to hear a gentle splashing in the water above, as of someone wading up the creek. Picking his way along the bank, he stopped again, after going a short way, and became convinced that some object was wading up-stream. It might be a cow, but if so, what had gone with Alabama Sam? And if 'twas Alabama Sam, what motive could have induced him to wade up the creek, when the dry land was better and speedier walking? Pete was not like Hamlet, a youth with whom "the native hue of resolution was often sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought," but was wont to act promptly in his business concerns without much cogitation either before or after the event. He now made a short detour, with the dog close at his heels, and, traveling more rapidly than it was possible for the man in the water to do, reached a large rock close to the mouth of the cave from which the stream issued. Behind this friendly shelter he and Jineral Beauregard hid themselves and awaited developments. It was not long before Alabama Sam hove in sight, wading as deliberately as if he had been a kingfisher in search of a meal. The moon shone down brightly enough on the space immediately about the opening of the cavern, and Pete had no difficulty in recognizing the long black African as he took his way upstream over the slippery stones. When he reached the mouth of the cave, he did not step out onto the dry, sandy space within, as Pete had supposed he would, but kept on wading straight upstream. The lad crept down close to the creek, and, lying flat on the ground, watched the man he had shadowed for more than five miles. When he had disappeared in the utter darkness of the cavern, Pete crossed over the stream and made his way forward along the dry bottom, on the left edge of which the little creek ran. There was no danger now of being seen, for he and the negro in front were both in total darkness. He had been the route many times, and knew precisely where the cavern forked into two channels; the one broad, and easily trodden, leading far back into the interior of the hill, the other, low and narrow, and its bed entirely covered by the rushing stream. He had supposed, of course, that the man in front would here leave the water and follow the broad passage trodden by all who cared to explore the cave. No one that he knew of had ever ventured far up the narrow opening through which the swift current of water wound its way, and the general impression was that at a short distance above the volume of water filled the entire channel and rendered it impassable for any creature. As the lad, trusting to the favoring darkness, pressed forward more rapidly, he came near being discovered, for at the parting of the ways Alabama Sam halted and struck a

match. The light illumined the cavern for some distance back, but Pete slunk into the deep shadow, and watched him. He had drawn a small lantern from his bosom, which he proceeded to light, dropping the match into the water. The lad observed that he had taken off his shoes and trousers, having these tied about his neck. Pausing here only a moment to light his lamp, the negro man, to Pete's astonishment, instead of proceeding along the main passage of the cave, continued wading on up the stream, and soon disappeared behind a curve in the channel.

Pete Kinchen had in him enough of the stuff that heroes are made of to induce him in this particular emergency to sacrifice all thought of personal safety to the cause he had rashly espoused. As soon as the lantern of Alabama Sam ceased to cast its rays along his path, he promptly stripped himself of every rag of clothing he had on, and made ready to follow, regardless of consequences. He calculated that as the man in front expected the water would be deep enough to reach his waist, it would probably come up to his (Pete's) neck, and made arrangements accordingly. Before setting out on this exceedingly hazardous venture, Pete Kinchen took the precaution to grasp Jineral Beauregard by the throat and administer to him a choking that carried much further would have extinguished life. By this seemingly unnecessary act of cruelty, he admonished his friend and companion that in the future conduct of the expedition the strictest secrecy must be observed, and perfect silence maintained whatever might befall. Pete had frequently before choked his dog into silence when the latter was in the act of becoming noisy upon inappropriate occasions, and thus an understanding was readily arrived at between them that whenever it was inexpedient for the dog to use his voice, this fact was to be signified to him by putting him for a while in a condition where he couldn't use it. If the choking was moderate, and of short duration, Jineral Beauregard understood that for a brief while he was to refrain from loud demonstration. If it was severe and prolonged, he was to emit no sound of any kind until Pete himself had broken silence, and thus served notice on him that the restriction was removed. In the present instance, the choking was the most determined that had ever been administered and made, as the event demonstrated, a profound impression on the recipient.

Pete Kinchen, having choked Jineral Beauregard, as he thought, sufficiently, concluded by patting him gently on the head to assure him that the punishment had not been administered as a chastisement for fault committed, but by way of caution to him in the regulation of his future conduct. He then took his dog in his arms, and, without the slightest hesitation, waded up the swift creek after Alabama Sam. He was quicker of motion than the older negro, and more used to water, so that before he had waded many minutes he came in sight of the light again, or rather of the ray it threw upon the solid stone wall ahead of him. Sometimes he lost this ray, then again he found it, but he proceeded straight upstream all the while without halting, for there was no danger of missing the way. Once or twice he got a little nearer than he wished, but the man he was pursuing never thought to look back. The wading of the lad up the stream behind him did not attract his attention, for the splashing of the water against the sides of the cavern drowned all else. On the two went, or rather the three, the man unconscious that he was being watched, Pete determined to follow him to the end of his journey, Jineral Beauregard shivering from cold and the novelty of his position, but mindful of the injunction to remain dumb, come what would.

After many windings and turnings, the light in front came to a stand, and Pete, peering cautiously forward, saw Alabama Sam sitting upon what he knew must be dry ground, drawing on his trousers. The lantern was deposited by his side, and, noting the surroundings closely, the lad discovered that here was another dry passage, while the channel through which the stream flowed led off in a different direction. The negro man now put on his shoes and took the time to tie them. Then he stood up, and, drawing a bottle from his pocket, held it to his lips long enough to swallow a considerable part of its contents. Having thus refreshed himself, he deliberately corked the bottle and replaced it in his side pocket. All this while Pete Kinchen viewed him with a critic's eye, and Jineral Beauregard was an interested observer of his movements. They both regarded him narrowly while he remained by

the water's edge, and Pete moved promptly forward as soon as Alabama Sam picked up his lantern and started away. The light was sparkling some distance ahead when the lad reached the water's edge and released Jineral Beauregard, who could not refrain from cutting a gladsome but noiseless caper when he found himself once more on dry land. Guided by the friendly light, Pete followed with but little difficulty, and was as close upon it as he dared to go, when it suddenly disappeared from the passage. But though the lantern itself was lost to view, the passage still remained dimly lighted, showing it was not far away. Observing now great caution, the lad crept forward and had advanced but a little way when he heard the sound of human voices. He paused and listened, and then crept on again on his hands and knees. He could tell plainly now that the voices came from a side room, or niche, near the main passage. A dim light also struggled from this inner recess, and partially dispelled the darkness of the passage without. Creeping nearer and nearer, and very slowly, the lad reached a point at last from which he could spy into the rough apartment from which the voices came. Here sat two individuals—Alabama Sam and the little old white man—by a slow wood fire, which had almost died down to coals.

When Pete Kinchen saw them sitting comfortably by the fire, he suddenly became aware of the fact that he himself was shivering violently, and, rising in his place, he quietly moved his arms rapidly over his head and twisted his body into all sorts of unnatural positions, thus forcing his blood into brisk circulation, and working himself into somelike a glow. He was hardy as a pine knot, and the interior of the cavern was less trying upon him than the open air without would, at that season of the year, have been. After having administered to himself a sharp lesson in gymnastics, the lad crouched near the entrance way into the recess and sought to catch the drift of the conversation between the two men. They spoke in low tones, and yet were not particularly guarded in their utterances, since neither dreamed that an interloper was near at hand.

"Wal," said the negro, "I ain't in much fix for takin' de road ag'in, but if dis here thing's to be did at all, it's got to be did tomorrow night. Dat man's a-comin' home on de train tomorrow evenin'. He'll ride by his lone self from de deppo, along de ridge road, to de place whar he lives. Dat much I done found out, and dat much kin be depended on. If we don't git him on dat ride, we'd better clean out from dis country and let him alone for good an' all. For my part, I don't hanker arter dis job, no how, and I'd a heap ruther throw it up right here, and now, than to go furder with it."

"Lizden at dot," replied the little old white man. "I didn't know you vos pigeon-livered, Zammy."

"I don't like dis job," replied the negro. "Dat's what I said, and I sticks to it."

"Vell, vell," said the little old white man, shaking his head, "vill vonders neffer cease? Mine frient, Kervackenparse, show de vite fedder. No! no! Tis is some otter person I zee pefore me, and not mine frient Zam. Mine frient, Zam Kervackenparse, iss a prave man and no coward."

"Who said I was a coward?" inquired the negro in a blustering way.

"No von, no von, Zam," replied the old man. "Vooeffer sess tat iss a liar, and de trute iss not in him."

"You stick to dat," said Sam, "and you won't miss it fur. Dar's plenty of jobs a man don't hanker arter, and yit if he's passed his word, he'll go through wid 'em or die. Leastwise, he will if he's de right kind of a man."

"Ah, tat iss Zam Kervackenparse talkin'," replied the old man earnestly. "Tat iss mine frient Zam." He drew a long black bottle from the heap of straw near him and held it high in his hand. "I trink to mine frient Zam," he exclaimed. "Vooeffer puts der troost in him vill not pe dizzerpointed."

The old man here took a swig at the bottle, and passed it to the negro, who, though he had just imbibed, took another long swallow.

"Git my gun ready," said the negro, seemingly emboldened by his liquor. "If this thing's got to be did, I must be off tonight."

"Vot exclaimed the old gentleman. "Not tonight, Zam?"

"I done told you," replied Alabama Sam, "dat dis here mad Pearson is a-comin' home termorrow night widout any fail. He's done writ a letter back tellin' 'em to send his hoss to de deppo, and termorrow mornin' a boy is gwy take his hoss to de deppo and leave him dar. De boy will come straight back

in de day time, and termorrow night Ran Pearson will ride home by hisself in de night time. Dat is, he will ride part of de way home. Whedder he'll make de whole trip is anodder question."

The old man here clapped himself on the thigh and laughed softly. "Tat iss Zam Kervackenparse talkin'," he cried. "Tat iss mine frient Zam."

"Now," said the negro, "if dis thing's to be did, dar ain't but one way to do it, and dat's de right way. Ran Pearson, I done told you, will ride de ridge road, and de lonesomest part of dat road is de long hollow about five miles from the deppo. Dar is a great big sycamore tree standin' close to de road, and a man behind dat tree kin git a good range on anodder man ridin' down de road to'ds him. Right dar is de place to fix him, if it's de plan to fix him at all."

"Don't say if, Zammy," replied the old gentleman. "Leaf off dat 'if,' mine frient".

"Well, den, dar's de place to fix him," said the negro. "And if I'm de man what's got to do de fixin', I'd oughter be at de place by daylight termorrow mornin'. I'd oughter travel to de place in de night time, and not in de day time, and I'd oughter hide dar in de bushes all day, so as to be rested by de time dis here Ran Pearson comes along. When he rides up to dat sycamore tree, I want to be fresh and at my best. And when I've sent a ball through his head and made sho he's dead as a mackerel, I want to skip out from dar and run like hell. Dat's me."

"Dat iss mine frient Zam Kervackenparse talkin'," replied the old man. "Vooeffer calls mine frient a coward iss a liar, and de trute iss not in him."

"Dey won't s'picion me," continued the negro, "if nobody sees me gwine to'ds de place and nobody sees me comin' away."

"Dot iss ver' tru," replied the old gentleman.

"Dey'll say, too," continued the negro, "dat I didn't have no motive for killin' Ran Pearson, and, sence I come to steddy 'bout it, damn me if I have got any motive for killin' him."

"Zam," said the old gentleman seductively, "dot iss de ver' reason vy you should kill him. If I'm took up for murter, te tam lawyers vill say, 'He haff a motiff', and dey vill hang me. If you pe took up, dey vill zay, 'He haff no motiff;' and zo you vill go free as te 'appy pird. Dot pein' zo, mine frient, you must do de killin', and I must make retty to prufe a hallerbi. Let effry man tend to his own part uff de pizness."

"All right, boss," repleid the negro. "I ain't never flickered yit when I was called on to do my part of a ugly job, and I ain't apt to flicker dis time. I must be fifteen miles away from here by daylight, and dat means I got to walk all night. I've walked already a good ten miles today, and my legs will be tired when I gets to dat sycamore tree on de ridge road. I kin give 'em a long rest though, tomorrow. Dar's some comfort in dat."

"Mine frient Kervackenparse," said the old gentleman, rising and bowing respectfully "I haff to zay dot I admires you ver' much do, s'help me. Your sgin iss plack, Zam, but your 'art iss in de right blace."

After extending this neat compliment, the old gentleman walked round the fire and shook hands cordially with his friend. The two now made hurried preparations for the departure of the negro, who rejected all invitations to stay longer in the cavern, saying he would rest from time to time on the wayside as he journeyed that night. After the assassination of Pearson he and the old gentleman would meet at a designated spot beyond the borders of the State, to which point the negro was to hurry. tramping likewise all of the following night.

"Zam," said the old gentleman by way of parting injunction when the negro was ready to start, 'pevare uff te pottle. Trink iss coot to cheer te zoul, but dere iss times, mine frient, ven de head needs to be gool more tan de zoul needs to be cheered. Keep gool, Zammy, keep gool, mine frient."

Seeing they were about to depart, Pete and his dog stole back along the passway toward the stream. They kept ahead of the light as the two men emerged into the passage, and at one of the many broken places in the cavern wall the boy crouched low, for the negro and the old man to pass. They went by engaged in talk, the lantern throwing its rays straight ahead. When they had reached the water's edge, the negro again disrobed himself to the extent of taking off his shoes and trousers, tying these around his neck as before. He then took the lantern in his hand and bade the old man goodbye.

"Zam," said the old gentleman as he wrung the negro's hand affectionately—"Kervackenparse, mine frient, vateffer iss vurt doing at all iss vurt doing vell. Make no mistake,

mine frient; make no mistake. Vix him zo he vill not meddle mit otter people's pizness neffer ag'in, Zammy, in dis vorld."

"You 'pend on me, boss," replied the negro. With this parting assurance, he stepped into the swift stream and began his slippery walk down the current. The old man watched him till the glimmer of the lantern no more lit the thick darkness of the cavern. After the light had entirely disappeared, he sat down by the water's edge and communed with himself a while before returning to his more cheerful quarters by the fire.

"Ah, me, tis vorld iss full of throoble and onpleasantness. I vish dat people in dis vorld vould mind dere own pizness and not meddle. I do, s'help me. Dere vent avay shust now, mine colored prudder and mine own thrue frient. Vot for mine colored prudder and mine own thrue frient go out and tramp de lonesome road dis night? It iss pecause de tamn man, Perryerson, vill not mind his own pizness. He vill meddle, meddle, meddle; and dat iss vy mine frient Kervackenparse, must tramp de lonesome road dis night and do de shob he haff promise. Meppe dis night vork vill git mine frient Kervackenparse into throoble. Meppe so, meppe so. If zo, I vill stand py mine frient Kervackenparse, like a prudder and a shentleman. I vill, s'help me. I vill stand py mine frient Kervackenparse, till hell freeze ofer. I vill, I vill. If dey gits him in de shail, I vill hire me a lawyer for him, if it cost pig money. I vill hire me a coot lawyer vot vill speak de law plain to de shudge and de tamn shury, and tell dem trutes vot dey should mind. If so pe de tamn man, Perryerson, as he coom along raise his arm to svitch his 'orse, dot vill pe sel-luff devense for Zam. If he shake his head, tviddle his fingers,make any common motion, dot vill pe sel-luff devense, for nobody can tell, mind you, vot he haff a notion to do next. Dot iss de p'int. It iss not so much vat a man do, mind you dot make sel-luff devense, but vat he may haff a notion to do next. And if zo pe te tamn man, Perryerson, do not'ing at all; if he coom along vast asleep, and Zam shoot him dead, dot vill pe inzanity, for dere vill pe, mind you, no motiff dat peoble can zee, and de absence of motiff go alvays to show inzanity. Dis vot de coot lawyer vill say to de shudge, and te tamn shury, and if dey do not lizden to him, de coot lawyer vill not mind, for dere vill still pe leff de plessed hallipi and de onreasonable doubt. So valk on, valk on, mine frient Kervackenparse; valk on, mine colored prudder, and do de shob vot you promise, and haff no fear. I vill act like de shentleman, if throoble come, and hire me a coot lawyer for you, and stand by you, mine frient Kervackenparse, till hell freeze ofer. I vill, I vill."

The old man's voice here died away, and for some moments longer he sat in silence by the water's edge. Then he resumed his soliloquy in a less confident tone:

"But vot for I zay vot I say? If mine frient Kervackenparse do de shob vot he promise, and dey gits him, he vill neffer zee de shail. He vill heff no need for de coot lawyer vot I hire; for de tamn mob vill hang him so kevick as hell vould scorch a fedder. Mine Cot, mine Cot, but dis iss a heathen coonthry. Valk on, valk on, mine frient Kervackenparse; valk on, mine colored prudder; but if dey gits you, you vill pe in von hell of a vix. Ah me, I vish dot effry man in dis vorld vould mind his own pizness. I do, s'help me. But dey vill not, and dat vy my frient Kervackenparse must valk de lonely road dis night, and do de shob vot he haff promise, and take de conzeke-vences. Coot-py, mine colored prudder; if de tamn mob hang you up like a dog, I vill not forgit you. Coot-py, coot-py, mine own thrue frient; your sgin iss plack, but your 'art iss in de right blace."

CHAPTER XXXII

TERRIFIC COMBAT IN THE CAVERN BETWIXT PETE KINCHEN, JINERAL BEAUREGARD AND THE LITTLE OLD WHITE MAN

FROM his post against the cavern wall, Pete Kinchen had watched with interest the proceedings by the water-side, and heard every word uttered either by the two before parting or by the little old white man in the melancholy soliloquy set forth in the

last chapter. When the light had entirely disappeared, he rose, tired of his crouching position, and stood close against the wall, with his dog at his heels. There was no danger now of observation, and as soon as the little old white man had returned to his dram bottle and his fire, Pete would follow Alabama Sam down the creek, and, after resuming his raiment, would proceed without delay to give Miss Sue Bascombe the benefit of the highly important information that had come into his possession. He shot his arms out in the darkness again and gave himself another lesson in gymnastics as he stood waiting the time when the coast would be clear, and he might set forth, with his dog in his arms, on his wet, winding and slippery journey to the outer world.

Some time in the pitch dark, the little old man sat by the water's edge, soliloquizing occasionally, revolving deep problems in his mind, warmed up, no doubt, by the liquor that had gone down his throat. Finally, in pensive mood, he rose and set forth on his return to his quarters, being minded when he got there to take one more stout drink for a nightcap and then to tumble into bed. He knew the route perfectly well, but as he went, thrust his hand out at every few steps, to touch the wall on his right, and thereby avoid butting his head against some rough projections that he remembered to be on the left side. It came to pass after he had thus steered his course a short distance, that as his right hand went forth on one of these errands, he laid it in a friendly way on the body of Pete Kinchen, who was standing close against the wall with not the slightest idea that such a misadventure was about to befall him.

When Robinson Crusoe came unexpectedly upon a human footprint in the sand on his desert island, he was appalled, and rashly concluded that the devil had put it there. Crusoe made his amazing discovery, be it remembered, in the broad open day time, and had leisure to stand and moralize on the singular spectacle that had arrested his attention. What was his experience compared with that of our worthy old friend, who, groping his way toward his lonely couch, suddenly encountered in the thick darkness and dead stillness of a cavern some cold, slick, quivering object concerning which he could feel assured at the time of nothing more than that it was alive. Did any of you, my friends, in the ups and downs of life ever meet with just such an adventure as that? I dare say not, and if not you can no more imagine the old gentleman's sensations at the moment than I can describe them, which I shall not be rash enough to undertake to do.

As for cogitation on the subject of his discovery, there was time for none, for as the old gentleman laid his open hand unwittingly on the cold, slick something, his fingers unconsciously clutched in the effort to grasp it, and on the instant Pete shot out his right fist with such vigor as to cause the little old white man, though a half-mile underground, to see stars.

All alone, and in pitch darkness, the old gentleman, if strictly sober, would most probably have turned and fled from his unknown adversary. But he was, as the reader knows, a little the worse, or rather, a little better, for liquor, and his courage, therefore, considerably outran his discretion. I do not mean he was drunk, for the old gentleman was not drunk, but simply that he had been elevated into that frame of mind which makes a man do and dare lofty things. Whatever our prohibition friends may say to the contrary, I maintain, with St. Paul, that good liquor, taken in moderation, is excellent for the stomach, and likewise worketh well upon other parts of the system, making a man oftentimes bold at a moment when it is incumbent upon him to display valor. This was exactly the case on the present occasion with the old gentleman, and, finding himself assaulted without provocation, he struck out blindly in the dark on his own account and tried to give the party of the second part—whoever or whatever it might be—a Roland for an Oliver. Thereupon the two clinched, and tussled, and shuffled, and strove mightily, up and down, and sideways, and every way, in the terrific blackness of the cavern. Now it would have seemed to the casual observer — if a casual observer had been possible — that Pete was getting the better of the exciting contest, and now it would have seemed that the little old white man was slightly in the lead; but they fought and fought with varying success and unabated vigor, and, of course, without the slightest encouragement from outside sources to brace up either one or the other.

In penning the last paragraph I wrote without reflection. Jineral Beauregard, when hostilities began was crouching betwixt Pete's legs, shivering violently, and turning over in

his mind such matters as presumably would occupy the mind of a dog in his peculiar situation. As soon as he became aware that a fight was in progress—and it took him not more than an instant to grasp this fact—he mixed up in it with the full intent to aid his friend as much as he could and do the enemy all the damage possible. In furtherance of this laudable purpose he sidled round and round the combatants, avoiding Pete's lower extremities, and making snatches at the little old white man's legs as often as he could with safety seize upon one of these. At first he naturally made a few mistakes, and more than once got a taste of Pete's meat when it had been his design to forage upon the enemy. After a brief experience, however, he was enabled, either by the help of instinct or reason, to avoid such awkward mistakes altogether. His nose no doubt was cunning enough to detect the flavor of Pete's legs, and to restrain his mouth as soon as he concluded to subject the latter to the guidance of the former. Moreover, his friend's legs were bare, while those of the enemy were clothed in the usual habiliments of the masculine human. The combat, therefore, had hardly passed its incipient stage before Jineral Beauregard knew as well when and where to use his jaws, as if someone had been standing by with a candle to enable him to act with discretion in the matter. Fortunately for the little old white man, he wore next to his person a thick buckskin undersuit, which he had adopted as a protection against the raw atmosphere of the cavern, and which now served him as a safeguard against the vengeance of Jineral Beauregard's teeth. That heroic animal waged incessant war upon the lower extremities of his antagonist, who was so busily engaged otherwise that he could take no other notice of the dog's repeated assaults than now and then to give a vigorous kick at him in the dark. Finally, discovering that his bite was not doing as much damage as he contemplated, the four-footed combatant rushed in upon the biped he wished to embarrass, and, fixing his teeth firmly in the woolen and buckskin leggings of the latter, held on thereto like grim death. Jineral Beauregard was a dog of great firmness and singleness of purpose, and when he fixed his mind on a thing, directed all his ideas and energies in that direction to the complete oblivion of everything else. So having firm hold now on the lower habiliments of the little old white man, he shut his eyes tight—though he could not have seen a wink if they had been wide opan—clinched his jaws with a lasting grip, and made ready to stay by his antagonist to the end of the combat, and not to turn loose then until he was choked off. He tugged and tugged, swung round and round with the struggling bipeds, and seemingly had no more idea of losing his hold than if his mouth had been a patent time lock that would only come open at a certain fixed hour in the future, no matter what effort might be made to unkey it sooner.

At this stage of the engagement, I would call the reader's attention to an important fact which gave no small advantage to Pete and Jineral Beauregard, and militated greatly against the little old white man in the combat.

Pete Kinchen knew precisely who it was that was engaging his attention at the moment; beyond all question Jineral Beauregard understood it was human legs he was operating upon; but the little old white man had not the slightest inkling as to the nature and fashion of the creatures that had so unexpectedly beset him deep down in the bowels of the earth. There were two or three circumstances which, as the reader must agree, were calculated to add to his perplexity and raise in his mind a reasonable doubt as to whether his foemen, either or both, were of the human species, or, indeed, were creatures of this earth at all.

Imprimis, not the slightest sound had been emitted by any of the participants in this curious combat. The little old white man himself refrained from giving voice to his distress because he knew he had no friend in the cavern, and to cry aloud might bring down on him legions of other creatures similar to those he was now contending with. Pete Kinchen persistently held his tongue, because he appreciated the advantage he was reaping by keeping the little old white man completely in the dark as to who and what his antagonist was, and because he feared if he spoke his opponent would recognize the voice of a child and be emboldened thereby. Jineral Beauregard maintained profound silence for the sufficient reason that he had been given to understand—by the choking process heretofore mentioned—that he must be literally a dumb brute until his commanding officer had given notice that his vocal organs might be once more be brought into play. So they all went round and round, doing such mischief as they could, but raising no other noise in the cavern than that of a light scraping upon the loose sand of the floor. Presently the fact that this most

astounding battle was being waged altogether in silence, became deeply impressed upon the mind of the little old white man, and it awed him.

Another circumstance which added to the perplexity of the hard-pressed tenant of the cavern—who felt he had rights there, if anybody had rights—was the singular method of waging war adopted by the two creatures who were leagued against him. The creature at his heels he might have taken for some varmint, but what varmint was it that, emitting no cry, would attach itself to a man's raiment, and seem content to live and die in that position? The little old white man was not a backwoodsman, but he had never seen such a varmint, and did not remember ever to have heard or read of such a one. But again, what awful, slick, cold, slippery thing was this that now he held in his arms, and now he didn't, and that fought as never human creature fought on this planet since time began?

I would have the reader bear in mind in this connection, that Pete Kinchen, while conducting this engagement, was—as we Latin scholars would say—*in puris naturalibus* which signifies, being interpreted, in his birthday suit; or, to put it even more pointedly, stark naked. His method of fighting was not uncommon among the negro boys with whom he usually consorted, but it was brand new to the old gentleman with whom he was now struggling for the mastery. The little old white man was tough, and, while undersized, was strong and active for one of his years. He had been in his time somewhat of a scrapper, and thoroughly understood the Queensbury rules and all the other rules that govern gentlemen who have been trained in the noble and manly art of fisticuffing. He could box with the best, would not sully his reputation by striking his antagonist below the belt, and in wrestling could give the man in his arms such a squeeze that it would crack his bones. All these achievements were easy to the little old white man, and consequently when drawn into a personal encounter he usually began in confidence and concluded in triumph. But what of this unmannerly creature that never had heard tell of the Queensbury rules, or if familiar with them considered himself for some reason at liberty to disregard them all? What kind of thing was it that bit, scratched, butted, pounded, tripped and all the while skipped about with such marvelous agility that violent hands could not be laid on him at all? What kind of a thing was it that did all this while emitting no sound, and that was likewise soft, cold, slippery and smooth upon the surface? It was not shaggy. It was not a wild beast. It was not a sea lion escaped from a menagerie. It could not be a snake skipping about in this mad fashion. "Py Apraham und te prophets, vot is it?" exclaimed the mystified old gentleman to himself, but, mind you, altogether to himself, for he spake no word above his breath.

I remarked a few sentences back, that good liquor taken in gentlemanly doses had a tendency to elevate the soul and infuse manly courage into the human breast. I have likewise been informed by those who claim to speak from experience that it will make the best man in the world a little unsteady upon his pins. However proudly he may carry himself, and however confident he may be of his ability to achieve wonders, there is always danger that he will find at the critical moment his lower limbs not readily responsive to his will, so that it behooves him at all times to bear in mind the scriptural injunction, "Let him that standeth beware lest he fall." Now our worthy friend—known to the Kinchen family as "de little ole white man"—had been considerably emboldened by the strong waters that had gone into his stomach, and had thus been induced to do battle manfully against unknown creatures in the dark, but he did not possess perhaps that agility which he might have displayed if his head and heart had both remained entirely cool. He fought with more vigor, but without the discretion that he would otherwise have exercised when contending against shifty foemen. It therefore came to pass that when, at a certain stage of the combat Pete Kinchen, with his heel, knocked one of his feet forward, and Jineral Beauregard at the same moment by hard tugging pulled the other backward, the old gentleman was thrown from his balance and fell, considerably to his own surprise, flat on his back upon the ground. No sooner had he sustained this serious reverse than Pete Kinchen boarded him and began feeling for his neck with the evident intention of throttling him, and at the same instant Jineral Beauregard released the hold he had so long maintained upon his trousers leg and sprang upon him as if he had been a coon just dropped to earth from the limb of a tree. If these two zealous coadjutors counted, however on making a finish of their

prostrate enemy there and then, they reckoned without their host. The little old white man was wiry and muscular, and had no notion of ending his existence ingloriously in the black depths of a cavern, and at the instance of two such foes as he found himself pitted against. Hardly had he measured his length upon the ground and felt Pete's clutch about his windpipe, before, with vigorous effort of both arms and legs, he hurled into outer darkness the creatures that had been atop of him, and, springing nimbly to his feet, ran swiftly toward his private apartment, not very far off in the cavern.

No sooner had the little old white man deserted the field and turned his back ingloriously upon the enemy, than was demonstrated in those who had made a combined assault upon him the difference between instinct and reason. Pete Kinchen, being mentally able to weigh facts and draw conclusions, did not believe that the little old white man was fleeing in terror, but rather that his purpose in retiring was to arm himself and renew the combat with deadly weapons. He therefore, as soon as the old gentleman set out, took to his own heels in the opposite direction and endeavored to wided the distance between them as rapidly as possible. Jineral Beauregard, however, being incapable of balancing probabilities in his narrower mind, followed blind instinct and gave chase as soon as he found the object of his fury was endeavoring to escape.

Pete Kinchen did not rush forward with reckless speed, but, keeping his left hand always in touch with that side of the cavern, he made all the haste possible, and did not even slacken his gait when his feet and bare legs became submerged in the swift current of the stream. He went on—plunging down the current in the darkness—and had turned the first decided curve when he heard the sharp report of a pistol ringing through the narrow corridors of the cavern. Almost at the same moment, Pete Kinchen heard another sound that brought him to a halt at once and caused his heart to give a great leap in his bosom. It was the agonized cry of a dog, and that dog he knew was Jineral Beauregard.

Promptly the lad turned back and waded upstream again until he reached the sandy bottom of the dry passage. Here he waited a long time, but not the slightest sound of any kind fell on his ear. Once or twice he whistled very softly to notify the little dog he was in waiting, but his faithful companion did not respond. Then the truth forced itself home on the mind of the child, and he bowed his head and wept bitterly, but in silence. His dog was dead. The trusty little fellow, he knew, would not have uttered a sound had not the cruel bullet forced a cry of anguish from him· and even then, bad life been spared, he would have crawled down the dark passage to the water's edge, to join there the companion whose kindly signal had summoned him. His dog was dead. The companion of many a tramp through field and wood, his closest friend and playmate, he would see no more.

Turning his steps again downstream the boy, choking with sobs and scarcely conscious of whither he was going, took his way through the winding channel and reached the spot where he had left his clothing. Hastily he resumed his two or three garments and passed onward to the mouth of the cave, and thence down the declivity to the road that ran beyond. As he went his grief overmastered him, and, unable to restrain himself, he quickened his pace and ran, sobbing and crying aloud, a long way. Then he halted and sat down by the root of a large tree, where he and the dog had rested more than once before. Against this he leaned his head, having no heart to rise and go further. His burst of grief was over, but broken sobs again and again escaped him as he reclined his head against the rough bark of the tree and bent his heavy eyes aimlessly into the shadows of the night.

In one of the most pathetic passages of holy writ we are told that when the Savior of mankind sought a few of his companions at the darkest period of their cheerless lives, he found them sleeping for sorrow. It is a blessed provision of our frail nature that whenever in the hour of some great trouble keen misery bolds and racks us beyond the power of human endurance, our overwrought faculties at last find relief in slumber. Out in the lonely wood, stretched now upon the cold, bare earth, and wrestling with his grief, the negro boy fell asleep. In his troubled dreams a sense of misery haunted him for a long while, and from time to time a broken sob escaped him as he lay. Then deep slumber banished even this lingering phantom of the mind, and with all his senses locked fast from the outer world, sunk in complete unconsciousness, he slept a blissful sleep.

(*To be continued*)

THE REVENGE OF THE PRINCESS

THE Princess, on her flat rock just above the half-moon of damp, foam-flecked sand, was drowsily, almost inaudibly, singing:

"One little, two little, three little scratches,
Four little, five little, six little scratches;
Seven little, eight little, nine little patches,
Ten little patches brown."

The Knight glared at her, a fierce frown wrinkling his berry-stained face, but the Princess, apparently unconscious of scrutiny, was dreamily eyeing a herd of white clouds fleecing across the sky overhead, so he returned to sullen meditation. Now and then the bramble-covered cliff to the right drew his eyes (one of them slightly the worse for too intimate contact with said cliff) and he gazed most moodily at the two paths, one of them long and gentle, the other short, rough and appliqued with scraps and threads strangely like his own Buster Brown suit.

"Why don't you say 'told you so,' and be done with it?" he snapped so suddenly that the Page fell over in the sand.

The Princess looked down at him with mild surprise in her blue eyes.

"What about?" she queried kindly and with evident interest. But the Knight's purpled teeth clashed firmly together. Words, indignant, scornful, sarcastic, all failed him, but inside somewhere he raved. The Princess on her rock—he in the sand: the Princess serene in immaculate dress of white—he dirty, torn, scratched and stained, clad in the wreck of this morning's natty suit, had both climbed the cliff of forbidden pleasure—not together—for the Princess chose the long, easy path while the Knight, manlike, eager for a struggle, despite the warnings of the Princess, clambered the rougher, shorter way, tumbling, slipping and catching at the brambles. And then, as panting and triumphant, he climbed over the last rock, there was the Princess, airily dodging the waving brambles and daintily diving for the luscious blackberries.

It never occurred to the Knight that discretion was the better part of wrong doing, even though a constant example was ever before him in the person of the Princess. It simply angered him that the Princess should be so "lucky."

Presently the indignation, boiling and seething in his heart, lifted again the cover of silence and he growled:

"You needn't think you're so smart. You ain't nothing but a girl, and girls can't do noth—" He ended suddenly, his eyes popped open and fixed on a round object the Princess

was coolly coaxing from her pocket. It was a "pinky apple." The Knight's eyes sought the sand; he closed his ears to the cheerful munching, his nose to the intruding odor.

"Have a bite?" the Princess asked genially, rescuing the apple from the Page's willing onslaught. But deafness had fallen upon the belligerent Knight. The pinky apple tree was the tallest, straightest and hardest to climb of any tree in any orchard around, and the pinky apples embraced the mother branches with an affection truly touching. And that morning the Knight, his own short, fat legs defeated in their attempt to scale the trunk, had been forced to stand miserably underneath the tree and catch in his hat the shower of fruit thrown down by the Princess.

All the while that the Princess nibbled and Page gobbled, the Knight, a martyr to his anger, sat silent, his unloyal mouth watering for just a single bite. Only one thing would save him—he must quarrel.

So he fastened an air of stony scorn upon the Princess and said calmly and coldly:

"You're a fool."

The Page gasped. "Hush!" he whispered. "She'll unknight you."

"Don't care if she does. I'm tired of being her old knight, anyway—it's no fun," and kicking clouds of sand, he strode away.

The Page's peaceful, sympathetic little face was clouded.

"Never mind," he condoled, "he didn't mean it. He just got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning. I do sometimes, myself. And he will come back."

He was half consoling the Princess, half pleading for the Knight. Such wanton insult could never pass unnoticed, and the Princess' punishments were unique and unexpected—but always ladylike.

But the Princess patted him on the head, evidently as indifferent to the guilty party's absence as to his insulting words. Behind the rock was the loadstone which would sooner or later bring back the erring one—the well-filled lunch basket.

When the Knight conquered his anger and pride he came back pricked with an uncertainty as to his reception, prodded by remorse and hunger and an awful fear lest the Princess should take him at his word.

Well he knew that there was not another youthful admirer in the whole village but what envied him his high position as honored follower of the exclusive Princess, and would right promptly step into his shoes.

But the Princess greeted him gaily, merrily. The Page gazed at her anxiously. Could the Princess be sick? Could she have forgotten an insult so soon? The Page was perplexed, and the cracker sandwich was half neglected.

The Princess languidly brushed a crumb or two from the rock and announced, "I've got a story in my head—a love-lee one."

Past the chunk of buttered bread blocking the Knight's mouth, a contented sigh forced itself. Not only to be forgiven without a reproach, but to be received like the prodigal son, with the fatted calf of the Princess' imagination! The Princess told the same story but once, and with a little judicial pruning and grafting those same stories could be palmed off as the Knight's own productions, winning him exceeding commendation and fame. After all, it was just as well for a fellow to show his spunk once in a while.

But the Princess was commencing:

"Once upon a time, on the shore of the ocean, there lived a little boy and his nurse, who was so awfully black that she didn't dare touch little Bobby for fear she would rub off. Little Bobby's mother wouldn't let him have a fast black for a nurse because of the effect it might have upon the innocent child. So the black old woman was only used to black the stove and to frighten Bobby into being good by threatening to kiss him.

"But one day he escaped her, and ran down to the water's edge. There, sticking his head out of the water, was a monstrous whale.

"'Come along, little boy,' he shouted, and seized Bobby and whizzed away through the waters to a big palace under the water, where all the sea gods live.

"Then a loud voice like the booming of breakers demanded, 'Who is that!'

"'Name's Bobby, and he ran away from his good, kind old nurse.'"

The sea-gods gazed at the little sinner sternly.

"'Let him be devoured by thirteen green sharks at once.'"

The tense figures of the Knight and Page wriggled a little with expectancy of the twenty or more fearful adventures and hair's breadth rescues of the victim Bobby.

"The whale stood on his tail and bowed

and called loudly for the sharks to be brought forth. Then, shivering, Bobby hid his eyes so as not to see the red, wide-opened jaws dripping with—"

Page and Knight hung with breathless anguish, but the hands of the Princess, which had been graphically pantomiming, dropped limply, her eyes closed, and the only continuation of the tale was a gentle snore. The Princess was avenged.

Naomi Hale Cook

ONE BABY'S PRAYER

"Please God, and give to my Dolly a soul:
So, if she gets broken and dead,
There'll be somethin' left to fly up to heaven."
One night-time my baby girl said.

Next morning, a call from the rose-wreathed porch,
Of, "Mamma, do see! do see there!"—
I looked where a burnished-winged butterfly
Was alight on the dolly's hair.

"I prayed for my Dolly to have a soul,
And God has sent down from his sky,
A little doll-angel to bring her one
And that angel's a butterfly."

Cora A. Matson-Dolson

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

PICKLES

By Mrs. Blanche Jackson, Batesville, Arkansas

Select cucumbers when about two inches long. Wash and cover with boiling water; let stand four hours, then wipe perfectly dry. Place an onion filled with cloves in bottom of fruit jar and fill with pickles.

To one gallon of cider vinegar add one scant half-cup salt, one tablespoonful of alum, one cup sugar and one long red pepper. Sprinkle spices through vinegar mat, fill jars and seal. Good in two weeks.

SOUR MILK TO CLEAN SILVER

Mrs. C. W. Tilden, Los Angeles, California

(1) Cover your silver with thick sour milk and let it stand for half an hour; wash and rinse and see what beautiful bright ware you have. Every little nook and corner is shining—the parts so hard to clean and —with no wear as when scoured.

(2) The contents of the inner vessel of a double boiler will cook much more rapidly if the water in the outer compartment is salted in the proportion of half a cup of salt to two quarts of water.

(3) Melted alum may be used for uniting metal and glass. Melt the alum in an iron spoon over the fire.

(4) To remove tea, coffee, or chocolate stains from table linen, sprinkle with borax and soak in cold water. Then stretch the stained part over a bowl and pour boiling water directly upon it. The stains will soon vanish.

(5) It is said that sawdust thoroughly moistened with lemon juice laid upon ivory which has become yellow, will restore it to its original whiteness.

—

KEEPING ENAMELED KETTLES CLEAN

By M. W. Amer, Laurel, Montana

After washing, rub the bar of soap over the bottom of the kettle before putting away. It is ready for use and can then be set over the fire if occasion demands without burning the kettle.

A NEW OMELET

Place omelet in hot buttered spider and shake over the stove as you would a corn popper until the edges are set. Then put in the oven to finish cooking. Very light and puffy.

—

CITY-RAISED CUCUMBERS

By Sarah Isham Coit, Roxbury, Connecticut

Living on the north side of a double house in the city, with no garden or yard, we sawed a barrel in two, filled each half with rich earth, set them each side the back steps, planted cucumbers in them, and raised all we could use on our table and had several jars of pickles. They were no trouble, looked well growing, and more than paid for the time spent in training them. Try it next year.

—

USEFUL ITEMS

By E. J. H., Maybell, Colorado

A good substitute for lemon pie can be made by using vinegar, two tablespoonfuls, and a teaspoonful of lemon flavor, instead of lemons.

Weakened vinegar rubbed on the range with a cloth will remove grease. In blacking a stove use some vinegar also.

Strong salt water will relieve soreness from mosquito bites.

—

A DELICIOUS SAUCE

By Mrs. S. C. Morrison, Brunswick, Maine

A delicious sauce may be made by taking sweet apples and cranberries; cooking until soft with sugar to taste, using half the amount of cranberries to the apples. Pears may be used instead of apples. Can the sauce while hot for spring use.

—

NEW WAY TO CATCH THE FLIES

By Mrs. Jno. T. Douglas

With two hat-pins, fasten a shset of flypaper on the outside of the screen door. The flies are caught before coming in.

PREVENTS STARCH FROM STICKING

By E. A. DeB., Oakland, Maryland

To prevent starch from sticking to the irons, add a pinch of sugar and let it come to a boil.

MENDING BROKEN CHINA

To mend broken china, tie the pieces tightly together and boil for a few minutes in sweet milk.

—

A CLEAN TEAKETTLE

By Mrs. V. Mc., Oberlin, Ohio

Keep a clam shell in the teakettle and lime will not form on the sides of the kettle.

—

CORNMEAL MUSH

By M. A. G. H., Fruithurst, Alabama

Make the mush in the inner vessel of a double boiler by sifting slowly with the fingers enough cornmeal into salted boiling water to make as stiff as desired. Then set the inner vessel into the boiling water of the outer vessel and it can be left for hours without attention and there will be no danger of burning.

BLUEBERRY PIE

Blueberry pie is much improved by adding the juice of one-half lemon to each pie.

DYEING STRAW HATS

Straw hats can be dyed any tint desired by diluting artists' oil paints with gasoline and applying with a bristle brush.

—

ROUGH HANDS

By D. F., Rockingham, Vermont

For chapped or rough hands use lemon juice and glycerine in equal proportions. A little rose-water and alcohol added to this mixture is nice. The alcohol prevents the lemon from souring and will keep it fresh for any length of time.

CANNING BLACKBERRIES

To prevent blackberries, when canned, from being hard, fill the jars with the fruit, then place them in a kettle and cook until the fruit is soft. Remove from the fire, fill with a hot syrup and seal.

—

DRIVES AWAY ANTS

By M. A. C., Brookline, New Hampshire

Sprigs of arbor vitæ scattered around the shelves where food and sugar are kept will drive away black ants.

—

EASILY FOLDED CLOTHES

By Helen Hunt, Glover, Vermont

Leave the clothes on the grass or clotheslines until the dew has fallen considerably at night, then fold for the morrow's ironing. In no other way can they be dampened so easily and so well.

—

RELIEF FROM HICCOUGHS

By Miss A. Burke, West Point, Virginia

A lump of sugar saturated with vinegar will cure hiccoughs.

INK STAINS

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth.

AN ORIGINAL REFRIGERATOR

By E. L. B., Golden, British Columbia

When one is living in small quarters, say in a "flat" or apartments for light house keeping, and has no refrigerator, a good substitute is to take a good-sized tin, say an old coal-oil can. Lay some empty pint bottles (beer or porter) lengthwise on the bottom, place your ice on top of them and as the ice melts the water will run into the bottles and keep the ice much longer. You can then place your food, butter, milk, etc., around the ice and have it fresh and cool.

—

TAPIOCA JELLY

By Mrs. L. D. Eaton, Mount Dora, Florida

Tapioca jelly is excellent for an invalid. Soak one breakfast-cupful of tapioca in three cups of water over night. In the morning put it in a double boiler, with a cup of hot water, let it simmer until clear, stirring often. Flavor with juice of half a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of wine. Pour in cups and set away until perfectly cold. Cream and sugar may be served with this jelly.

HINTS TO COOKS

To prevent fish from falling apart when boiling, add a little vinegar to the water.

Fish will scale more easily if dipped in hot water.

Grease the inside edge of the pan in which chocolate is being made, and it will not boil over.

Cheese may be kept from molding by wrapping in a cloth wet in cider vinegar.

The "taste" may be removed from wooden pails and bowls by scalding with boiling water and soda.

In making bean soup, add one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, rubbed together to prevent beans settling to the bottom.

—

SAVING SUGAR IN JELLIES

By Lillian Benedict, Pomona, Tennessee

In making jellies or jam, sweeten to taste and add three heaping teaspoonsful of cornstarch dissolved in a little water to every quart of fruit. It jellies beautifully tastes just as good and saves one-third of the sugar ordinarily used.

—

A NIGHT LIGHT

By Mrs. Emma Hart, Wardner, Idaho

A candle can be made to burn all night in a sick room or elsewhere when a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the blackened part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

COLD ON THE LUNGS

For cold on the lungs, use a poultice of roasted onions or poultice of hops and cornmeal.

To heal and expand the lungs, inhale steam from milk and water from the spout of a common teapot.

—

AN INEXPENSIVE HAMMOCK

By Mrs. T., Fairfield, Maine

A cheap and comfortable hammock may be easily made by taking two burlap sacks, two strong sticks the length of both sacks, and three sticks the width of the sacks. Put one at each end of the long sticks and the third about ten inches from one end. Fasten these to the long sticks firmly. Now take the sacks and pull one on at each end, and sew together in the middle with strong string, and the hammock is finished. A piece of burlap may be fringed and sewed to the sides if desired.

RECIPE FOR KEEPING BUTTER

By Mrs. J. H. Doyle, Granburg, Texas

Boil together three gallons of water, one-half gallon of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of saltpeter; boil three or four hours and when cool strain into a large stone jar. As the butter is made, wrap in clean cloths, in one pound or half-pound pieces, and keep a weight on, to keep under the water; butter will keep sweet and fresh for months in this way.

—

A SHOE HINT

By F. W., La Salle County, Illinois

To break in a new pair of shoes, that they may be comfortable at once to tender or swollen feet, put cold water in a large pan till the bottom is covered for one-half or three-quarters of an inch. Place both new shoes carefully in the water; let them stay ten minutes. Take out shoes, wipe the soles, put them on, and walk around for a short time. The shoes being damp on the bottom, will conform at once to the shape of the feet, and soon will be "as easy as an old shoe."

—

BETTER THAN HEADACHE POWDERS

By Mrs. G. M. Underwood, Dearborn, Michigan

To cure headache or stop pain in any part of body, wring piece of flannel out in hot water, apply and cover with heavy flannel. Alternate with cold water. This will ease any pain, and is better than headache powders and other dangerous drugs.

—

REMOVING STONES FROM PEACHES

By Mrs. G. B. Burghart, Canastota, New York

In preparing peaches for the cans, most people pare them *first*, then cut them in half, and they are quite likely to break in removing the pit. I find that by cutting them in half *before* paring, the pit is easily removed without breaking the peach.

—

A LAMP HINT

By Clara Wightman, Farmington, New Mexico

To prevent lamps from smoking, wash the wick thoroughly in warm water with a little soap dissolved in it; then rinse in clean water and let dry; after it is dry soak the wick in strong vinegar for an hour, then dry. If this is done every week, you won't be troubled with smoky lamp chimneys.

—

WHOOPING-COUGH CURE

By Lena A. Ripley, Poultney, Vermont

Boil one pint of molasses and one-half cupful of vinegar together for twenty minutes. Let cool; then add a dessert-spoonful of paregoric and a spoonful of laudanum, and bottle for use. Dose, a small teaspoonful, when coughing. If taken properly, this will cure a case of whooping-cough in six or seven days.

—

TREATMENT OF SEVERE WOUNDS

By Lucy Montgomery, Cavendish, P. E. I., Canada

Very often death from lockjaw results from the wound of a rusty nail in some part of the body. There is a perfect and simple remedy for such wounds. As soon as possible, smoke the wound well with a woollen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke will take the pain out of the worst inflammation arising from such a wound. This has been frequently tested.

WILL NOT CAUSE BOW-LEGS

By Mrs. Jas. Legris, Bay City, Michigan

Mothers, instead of using rubber diapers on your baby, try the following, and you will find that baby will not scald, and, moreover, you can leave him all night without changing and neither he nor his bed will be any the worse and that is something to a tired mother. Take a piece of flannel a yard long and about fifteen inches wide, (an old blanket is the best) and, after putting on baby's napkin, set him on the middle of the flannel, double each end over, fasten under each arm with a safety pin, and again between his ankles, and you have something comfortable and not bulky, to cause bow-legs.

A PROTECTION FOR TABLECLOTH

In homes where there are children, and all eat at one table, take a piece of white oilcloth about a foot wide and the size round of the table, have the edges pinked or plain, and place under the plates. It can be removed after each meal, leaving the cover spotless and it is not unsightly.

—

RELIEF FOR NEURALGIC PAINS

By Mrs. S., St. John Glendale, Arizona

A certain relief for neuralgic pains will be found in the following recipe.

Heat one pint of salt—smoking hot—then put it into a cloth sack and insert into the salt one-fourth of an ounce of camphor gum. Apply at once to the part affected, instantly covering the sack with several thicknesses of cloth, to prevent the escape of fumes of the camphor, which escape like steam or smoke. The effect is almost magical. It is a fine remedy for earache.

—

TO PREVENT SLIPPING OF MACHINE BELT

By J. M. Conger, Duck Hill, Mississippi

If the band of your sewing machine is too loose and slips when sewing, put a few drops of castor oil in the groove under it, and it will be quickly tightened.

—

USES OF SALT

By Mrs. I. S. R.

Salt in solution is an antidote to many poisons.

A pinch of salt added to mustard prevents it souring.

Cut flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water.

Brooms soaked in hot salt water wear better and do not break.

Weak and tired eyes are refreshed by bathing with warm water and salt.

Lemon and salt removes stains from the fingers. Do not use soap afterward.

Weak ankles should be rubbed with a solution of salt water and alcohol.

—

SPICED GRAPES

Mollie Lockridge, Clarksburg, Missouri

Take six pounds of sugar and put in a preserve kettle with a quart of vinegar; let boil; flavor with cinnamon, nutmeg and mace and spice cloves. Take ten pounds of ripe grapes and put in jars; pour the syrup over boiling hot, seal, and set in a cool place.

—

KEEPS SALAD DRESSING FROM CURDLING

By Mrs. G. E. Sweet, Poland, New York

When salad dressing is liable to curdle, a small pinch of soda dropped in will prevent it from doing so.

GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE greater the rush and more strenuous the crush, the merrier the party; that seemed to be the spirit of the immense throngs which crowded the stations and packed the trains as we were whirled along to visit queenly Minneapolis and the Grand Army Encampment. We were not a young set of pilgrims in point of average age; indeed, over sixty years had whitened the locks of most of our companions; but age had not withered their hearts, and a gayer, more vivacious and genial crowd never went on pilgrimage, even in Chaucer's famous Canterbury cortege. All the men were "The Boys, the Gay Old Boys," among themselves —for the time being. The genuine spirit of comradery, loyalty, martial pride and glorious retrospection flushed their cheeks, and gave a new light to the honest, loving eyes of the women who, in the old days, were their sweethearts and are now the tender and true companions of their joys and sorrows.

On every train, in every city, at every lesser station, the neat blue uniforms, the bright G. A. R. buttons, gilt-corded hats and the flash of sword, banner and guidon; the insignia of the order, the gun-bronze star and its stars-and-stripes ribbon; the badges of an infinitude of posts, encampments and regimental and battery organizations, with the gayer decorations of the Women's Relief Corps, and like feminine associations, gave unwonted color, warmth and interest to the tide of travel. Hundreds of trains, like ours, were plunging into night's darkness and golden daylight, bearing from every state and territory—aye, and even from Canada, Mexico and islands and outlands beyond the sea, the grand old veterans who would spare no pains or cost to keep the tryst of the Grand Army, at Minneapolis. In years to come, when these wonderful gatherings are things of the past, historians will write and poets will sing of that heroic era, when the citizen soldiers of the Civil war, regardless of caste, class, politics, wealth or culture, gathered from the "four airts of heaven," in some chosen city, whose people craved the honor of receiving and beholding myriads of the surviving veterans of the greatest struggle in American history.

And Minneapolis—a mere outlying hamlet by St. Anthony's unfettered cataract in the days of their warfare—now the City of Mills, and of many manufactures; laid out on a broad and comprehensive scale; full of luxurious homes, noble buildings and busy merchants, brokers and manufacturers, welcomed "the boys" and their loved ones royally, and entertained and cared for them with true Northwestern hospitality. On every side committees labored unweariedly, but without fuss or worry, after the manner of the genial business men of that land, making little distinction of persons, and ready with ambulance, litters, beds and the best medical skill of the city not only to cure but if possible to avert sudden weariness or dangerous symptoms. Guides went unweariedly to and fro, directing, helping and pointing out with true local pride the many notable sights and beauties of Minneapolis.

* * *

I must stop here to confess that I myself had no just idea until this visit, of the date and circumstances of the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic. For the benefit of thousands of readers, who, like myself, admire and love this vast and charitable order, but who have never chanced to learn data, that all true Americans should hear and remember, I give the following data:

On April 6, 1866, the first G. A. R. post was established, through the suggestion of Dr. Benj. F. Stephenson, surgeon of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry. This post crystalized at Decatur, Illinois, not far from the home of Speaker "Uncle" Joe Cannon, and

in a short time the state department of Illinois was organized, the first on the list. A few months later, the first national encampment, with representatives from eleven posts and

R.B. BROWN, OF OHIO.
NEWLY ELECTED
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

states, was held at Indianapolis. In 1890 there were 409,489 members enrolled, which was the high water mark, for since then the ranks have been thinned and must continue to diminish until the final roll call is heard. Every year since then a national encampment has been held in some part of the United States, choosing a different city each time, with a view to unify the spirit of fellowship and comradeship among the old soldiers and make it possible for all to attend at some one time.

* * *

All the hotels were turned topsy-turvy, and everybody was a G. A. R. man, for this occasion at least. Old comrades were looking each other up, and meetings and reunions with friends were occurrences of almost every hour, for here many a veteran met relatives and comrades whom he had not seen for years. It was hot, it was crowded, it was stifling; but the twinkle in the eyes of the old soldiers and their hearty "How d'ye do?" and handshake never indicated weariness.

At the West Hotel I met "Corporal Tanner," then commander in chief of the order. It was a crucial time for him, with the plaudits and tokens of affection pouring in upon him from a host of old comrades, yet he was alone in his sorrow, for only a short time before the wife who had given her love to him when mained and crippled for life, and had been his true and devoted helper through his early struggles and through the subsequent years of peace and prosperity, was suddenly killed in an automobile accident. On his table was a picture of the face that had been an inspiration to her soldier-husband. It must have been a joy to her in later years to see the earnestness and eloquence of Corporal Tanner appreciated, and know that he has been for many years the pride and delight of his comrades.

* * *

At breakfast one morning, I could not help hearing the tales told by two old soldiers

who had escaped from prison; I found it difficult to keep from smiling when one solemnly told the other that he had hidden over night in a well in company with ten snakes, in order to escape being captured by the

JAMES TANNER, EX-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, G. A. R.

Johnnies. The comrade courteously showed no surprise at the statement, but proceeded to tell his own story. Yet when the real truth was made known in the subsequent conversation and comparisons of experience, I felt rather ashamed of my doubts, for it transpired that the snake story was not untrue after all, the reptiles having been secured in a box and placed in the well by some circus people for safe-keeping, when the town was attacked. So if one such "snake story" is true, it is proof that others may be true.

Another old veteran recited his experience at Gettysburg.

"It was turrible. You know the ground shook so, that it stopped all our watches—and that scene at the "Bloody Angle"—it was a thing I could never forget. I used to dream of it o' nights for years."

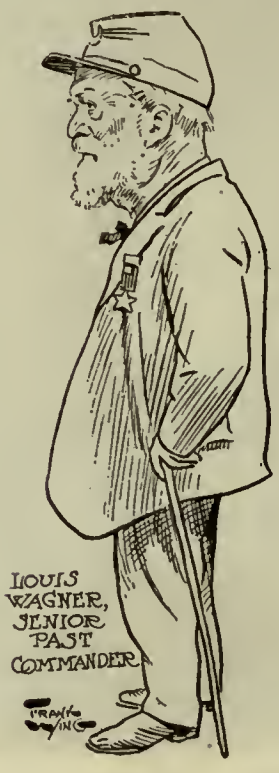
Another good, kindly-faced veteran remarked,

"Well, Bill, we did not have these whiskers in them days," and he stroked his long beard, "but I tell you, in spite of that beard of yours, there is something in your old eye that has the same twinkle as when we were together in the same mess."

* * *

What a delight it was to ride on Tom Lowry's street cars to Minnehaha and Minnetonka, and to visit other points of interest

in the city, for it would be difficult to find a more beautiful place than Minneapolis. It seems impossible that, until 1855, the present site of Minneapolis was held as a government reservation, and that it was not until 1872 that the new portion and the original



town—on the other side of the river—were consolidated into one city. With her broad streets and substantial buildings, Minneapolis is the delight of all visitors who go through the residential districts, and will remain a delightful memory to those who have seen her *en fete*. The great system of parks and parkways includes three charming lakes, Calhoun, Harriet, and the Lake of the Isles, which with the famous Falls of Minnehaha, constitute the nuclei of one of the greatest and most charming pleasure reservations in the world. A city of 270,000 inhabitants, endued not only with the strength and vigor of the Northwest and the virile spirit of the New Englanders who founded it, but with the sturdy force of her adopted citizens, largely Norse and German, who all take pride in this young giant of the Western states.

* * *

There is always something interesting in these great assemblies, representing all the states and territories, and it was indeed a pleasure to be at that time with my dear old father who had the vivid scenes of forty years ago recalled to his mind, as he met many of his old comrades. The first days were taken up with reunions and with the busy campaign for selection of a place of meeting for the coming year's encampment and officers. This work was absorbing, for an organization whose members have not a lively interest in its elections is in no sense of the word an organization—it must be in consonance with the spirit of democratic institutions in order to interest the average American, who likes not only to have his vote every year, but is careful to exercise his franchise in every association to which he belongs, so that, as an observing foreigner remarked:

"Americans are voters by habit, and nothing is quite right until the voters' prerogative has been exercised. Some day you will be taking a vote on whether or not you desire to go to heaven."

Saratoga was a candidate for the next encampment, and had the delegates well supplied with Saratoga water, a unique liquid departure in conducting lobby work. When the lobby can establish itself by drinking water—and water only—the corrupt election act will not be necessary.

The Women's Relief Corps and the ladies of the G. A. R. and Sons and Daughters of Veterans were there in force, to say nothing of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames and all the other kindred organizations that held receptions at this time.

The Army Nurses, Ex-Prisoners of War, Civil War Musicians, all had their receptions, and even the survivors of the Battle of Shiloh met on the date of that great three days' fight and "fought their battles o'er again."

* * *

The climax of the encampment was the parade, which vividly recalled that last great review of Grant's and Sherman's veterans at Washington, in which so many of these same men had participated. The day fixed for the parade was very warm, and many

an anxious daughter, wife and son urged the sturdy veterans not to attempt to march, but the spirit of what this day was to them could not be resisted, and they followed the same impulse and marched with the same spirit that urged them long ago to sign an enlistment "for three years, or the war."

For this parade, the Grand Army of the Republic and the Mill City, exhausted every preparation for effect and precaution against suffering among the veteran participants. Minneapolis was *en fete*, not only as to her great mills and factories, her stately hotels, office buildings and princely wholesale and retail stores, bazaars and municipal structures of all kinds, but mansions and dwelling houses by the thousands were lavishly bedecked, not only with the stereotyped combinations of bunting in red, white and blue, but in many cases with original combinations of color and design. The children had planted firmly on the lawns the tiny flags which mean so much. Even the humblest hovel was sure to have not only the "the flag," but some little decoration, which, however crude, showed that a human heart therein still glowed at the thought of what this gathering commemorated.

Every condition had been carefully weighed and impartially considered—the route to be followed, its length and diversities of grade, the best way of carrying the ranks unbroken from the beginning to the end, and the care of the veterans on the march. Ample arrangements were made to supply water and lemonade at short intervals on the route. Doctors and nurses by scores were ready for any emergency; the rich men of the Twin Cities sent in their automobiles to bear away to hotel or hospital any wearied or fainting parader.

During the parade, the Red Cross automobiles passed constantly up and down the lines, flying about to keep watch on the veterans; so that prompt rescue might be given to anyone who wavered from fatigue or was overcome by the heat.

A much smaller number than one would expect really needed these tender precautions, and there were thousands in line who bore daily in their several avocations, fatigues and exposures incomparably greater than those of the parade, but the provision for relief was wisely conceived and kindly and effectively carried out, if even one or two faithful veterans were saved from suffering or death thereby.

The several states mustered, with much contention of martial strains by brass bands and strenuous drum corps; much galloping to and fro of mounted officers and policemen; a very jam of humanity even in the wide streets and on the ample sidewalks; and a continuous echo of cheers and hand-clappings as one body and then another greeted each other or passed by to its allotted station.

At last the head of the line started out behind its close-set escort of mounted policemen, ploughing its way slowly through the dense crowd which always prefers danger in the street to safety on the sidewalk. Sweltering in the crowded grand stand, I saw the advance sweep toward us through the cheering, applauding crowd, a battalion of gray-

haired, white-bearded men, proudly following the faded and torn flag which leads them in march and festivity, and covers the casket when some old comrade is indeed "mustered out." The stamp of old age was upon form and visage, but they bore themselves full soldierly, for the most part, and many were indeed men still fitted to lead and not follow in the battle of life.

When the first colors dipped in salute,

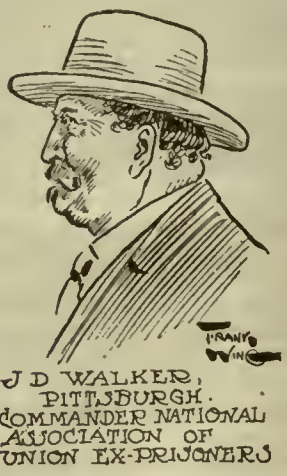
amid the strains of martial music ringing out above the roar and the clapping of myriads of hands; when looking neither to the right nor to the left, the heroes of uncounted battles and skirmishes swept by us, saluting silently; when tattered battle colors and missing limbs accentuated the realization of what

this great pageant commemorated; the blood of the beholders rose to fever heat, and the tears started unbidden to many an eye, "unused to the melting mood" but not proof against this incarnation of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." After the first half-sob of repressed emotion, the beholders entered more fully into the spirit of the day, noting the many novel features in uniform and equipment, the mascots, and the children attached to different posts and corps, the cheerful vagaries of such parades—as the carrying of curious or unusual things or displaying rare activity, as when one veteran danced a double shuffle from time to time, showing that with him at least "age is as a lusty winter, frosty yet kindly." The old songs of the war were often sung with thousands of spectators joining in chorus or refrain—"My Old Kentucky Home," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' "Marching Through Georgia," and other old war songs, such as the National seeks to collect and preserve in its forthcoming book, "Heart Songs."

Here was a lesson that nothing else could teach so well—for here were the men who had made history, and cemented the Union with their blood, and women whose tears had nurtured patriotism. Here also marched a Wearer of the Gray, proud of the splendid valor and endurance of those who fought under Hood, Jackson, Johnston and Lee, and he received an ovation as he passed, for the American veteran loves to meet in amity and love the man who so sternly and unyieldingly withstood him "on the other side." One of the most active members of the citizens' committee, which managed the reception and entertainment of the Grand Army, the chairman of the Committee on Public Affairs, was Mr. B. F. Nelson, a Confederate veteran.

One splendid feature of the review was the school children of Minneapolis, neatly dressed and drilled so that they made a "living flag." How the cheers and the "Star Spangled Banner" pealed out as they passed. The Denver Zouaves, young ladies who went through all the military evolutions as they marched along — formed into a cross in passing the reviewing stand — and the band struck up "Onward Christian Soldiers," which was a fitting climax to a great parade, showing not only the patriotic spirit but a sturdy response to the spirit of the "Christian Soldier" and all that the cross signifies.

Each post was indicated by a guidon, and it was plain to see as each state passed what was the nativity of the majority of the spectators at any given point, because everyone hurrahed for the place in which he was born.



It is very noticeable that each person seemed to have a particular and uncompromising enthusiasm for his native state, and I found that when the men of my state passed, I was hurrahing and hooting with the best of them, despite all my study of the industrial activi-

ties of the times and what they are doing to obliterate boundary lines between the states. There is still a deep-seated pride of statehood in each commonwealth, though each state is a part of the great republic.

* * *

Sitting near us were two young ladies, who were watching eagerly for a familiar face to come down the line. The bearded veteran was their grandfather, and they frantically waved their parasols trying to attract his attention, but he kept on, looking neither to the right nor the left. With an occasional "eyes right," to keep the rank straight and soldierly, he marched until he reached the commander and made the salute. But the young ladies were not to be denied; word was passed along the line; there was a pause, and stern military discipline wavered, while the veteran who had overlooked his granddaughters, "broke ranks" and was brought back to see the delighted girls, who had come from the East to meet their grandfather and see him once more marching in line. How proud he was of them, and how proud they were of him!

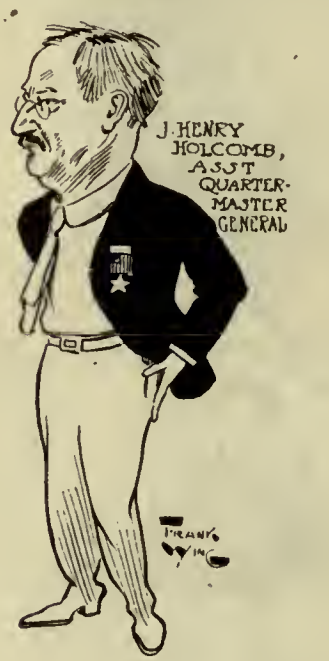
A more pathetic incident occurred when one of two old comrades had to drop out of the line and was taken away to the hospital, while his friend carried the cap of his fallen brother all through the parade, awaiting his recovery from the fainting spell, not knowing that it had been fatal, and that even as he fell, he died. The sad fact was not known to his comrade until the parade was ended.

GEN. CARR GREETING HIS OLD SCOUT, CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD

* * *

One of the most touching scenes ever witnessed at any encampment was when the commander in chief had almost concluded his annual address, and in his recountal of the year had reached the date when Mrs. Tanner was killed in an automobile accident at Helena, Montana. A hush of deep sympathy swept over the room as he naturally closed

the record of his official tour, with the story of the sad tragedy that ended it. The tears were rolling down his cheeks and he could hardly see to read the concluding lines, when suddenly he became aware that all in that great concourse had risen noiselessly to their feet, and stood as if in prayer and sympathy for his irreparable loss. Almost immediately as he entered on this part of his recital, one person rose and waved a handkerchief, and in a



twinkling the whole assembly was standing. Then, with singular taste and sweetness, the Chaplain in Chief of the G. A. R. briefly led his comrades and voiced their hearty sorrow and affection in prayer. Then sweet-voiced, one-armed Johnny Gilman of Boston, gave the signal to a thousand bearded veterans, and as one man, they sang softly and tenderly, "Nearer My God to Thee."

Tears rolled down hundreds of bronzed and weather-beaten faces, as they sang those immortal words "full of hope and yet of heartbreak" and the incident was closed. But nowhere in history can be found so exquisite an expression of the unstudied, affectionate loyal sympathy and respect for a comrade's affliction. It illustrates the pathos, delicacy and wholesome sentiment of true American character.

* * *

The day following the march was, perhaps, the very hottest of the whole year. It was indeed fortunate that the parade was not fixed for that date, for it is certain that no matter how hot the weather, the men who had marched and fought shoulder to shoulder under the blazing skies of the South so many years ago, would not have shirked a present duty. As it was, the meeting of the Grand Army at Minneapolis reflected honor on all concerned; the parade was a notable one, and probably resulted in no more fatalities and accidents than would have attended a field day of the like number of regular troops.

When all was over, "the boys," many a little wearied and ready for home, but others anticipating a pleasant visit to some old neighbor or relative on the way back, gathered at the trains and with many thanks and good wishes, parted with their Minneapolis entertainers—most of them forever, so far as this mortal life is concerned.

All had had a good time, and their hearts had tasted anew the immortal wine of that divine afflatus, which comes in some measure to every man who has willingly devoted all that life is and has for the good of others. Once more they had felt something of that boundless courage of self-devotion, which two-score years ago ennobled the lives of hundreds of thousands, and cemented anew the bonds of that Great Republic whose birth and growth has brought a greater freedom and happiness to all the nations of the earth.

* * *

Do you know the one insistent thought which came to me again and again? It was the dream of a united encampment, in the early future, of every veteran in the United States—a union of the Blue and the Gray. What could be a greater event in our national history than an encampment of all the soldiers of '61 on the fields near Washington—a national encampment near the scenes of the conflict of years ago?

I observed, when the G. A. R. encampment was held in Washington, that there were no more cordial and hospitable hosts than men connected with the Confederate forces. I know, too, that a hearty welcome has always

been accorded to Confederate veterans by the posts of the North, and as long as this spirit exists, what a tremendous power would be represented by this voluntary unification of all the veterans of the country in one great encampment! It would indeed be a sight worth seeing to behold the veterans of Stonewall Jackson and Beauregard marching shoulder to shoulder with those of Sherman, Grant and Sheridan. Would it not be a wonderful parade?

These lines of men are the living links between the great past and the active present—they are the links in the chain which is being forged to hold fast the anchor of our national unity. It seems to me that such an encampment as I have suggested would not only be a national but an international event, which would furnish a lesson of amity and goodwill for all the generations to come. This belief gives me the courage to submit this suggestion here and now, formally, both to the G. A. R. and to the Confederate veterans, that they join together in the year 1911 and have a grand reunion encampment at Washington, and prepare now to celebrate the semicentennial anniversary of the date when the great Civil War was began. April 12, 1911 will be just fifty years since the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and this would be a delightful time of year for the encampment at Washington. I would suggest beginning the encampment on April 12, the fiftieth anniversary of the date of the beginning of the war, and keeping it up until the twentieth of April, the day when the war ended at Appomatox, forty-six years ago. This would be a peaceful consummation of the old-time struggle, and

it would be fittingly and gloriously celebrated, amid the flowers and the soft spring breezes of the capital city of the nation.

THE MILLING DISTRICT OF MINNEAPOLIS

A SHRINE OF KNOWLEDGE

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHILE I tarried in Springfield the other day, one of those good intentions I have had in mind for several years came to the front and demanded attention. Where is the person, a school boy or girl of the past or present, who does not remember the old, leather-bound dictionary? There it lay on the teacher's desk, the veritable and basic corner-stone for all learning, and there it remained as the court of last appeal, even from the all-wise and all-sufficient knowledge that the scholars generally supposed was possessed by the teacher. Where is there a newspaper man that could have the temerity to "edit" without a copy of Webster's Dictionary? Not only the spelling, but the syllabication of words and their definitions need to be considered; and how often Webster's authority has settled the heated arguments in the society debates, when it has been necessary to confront the disputants with the dictionary testimony in regard to the vexed point in question—but when Noah Webster is brought forth, it is all settled with a flavor of finality that forbids farther discussion.

* * * * *

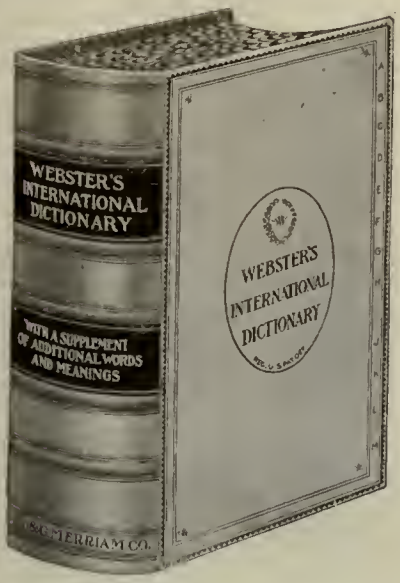
I remember my very first visit to the town where the dictionary is "at home," and how I inferred that everybody must speak in dictionary English. I remember how I wandered on up the street until I came to the great publishing house which has made this dictionary famous the world over. As I walked along I somehow had an indistinct remembrance of a man named Noah Webster, and I thought of Samuel Bowles, and recalled how, one hundred years ago, Webster must have been laying the foundation for the great undertaking that has since made his name a household word. Webster was a confrere of Jay and Hamilton in the adoption of the Constitution, and was one of the most prominent men in the history of that time; yet I was amazed to learn that a friend of mine, intelligent and well-informed, living not far from Springfield, was surprised to learn that Daniel Webster had nothing to do with the dictionary, and that it was Noah—he of spelling-book fame,—who undertook a work in which there had been no real progress since dear old Dr. Johnson sat and brooded over life and eternity and matters in general, as he munched his Cheshire cheese and drank his tea—or good old ale—sixty years before Webster entered upon his life work.

The new country demanded a work of erudition, and no man was ever better fitted for such an undertaking than this learned and tireless worker. For twenty years he labored constantly until, in 1828, the splendid monument was presented to the world in two bulky volumes, which sold for twenty dollars. Thirteen years elapsed before another edition was produced, although only 2,500 copies were originally printed. In 1841 another edition was prepared, and again only a small sale was obtained for it. In 1843, the great scholar passed away, before his mighty work had reached the zenith of its fame as a world authority.

* * * * *

About a hundred years ago, two country printers came from western Massachusetts and toiled early and late to build up a business as retail booksellers in Springfield. Their first publications were the "Child's Guide" and "The Village Reader," compiled by the older brother, George Merriam, and thus it was that the firm of G. & C. Merriam became established Soon after the death of Noah Webster, the young publishers purchased the unsold edition and publishing rights of the dictionary, and employed Professor Chauncy A. Goodrich, Mr. Webster's son-in-law, to re-edit the book, and it has been re-edited almost every day since then by the best scholars of the country, in order to keep the work absolutely up-to-date. The edition published in 1847, in one volume, at six dollars, brought the work into popular

favor, which has since steadily increased, and the Webster family were paid in royalties something like a quarter of a million dollars, although the copyright for the unexpired



THE BASIC AND VERITABLE CORNER-STONE FOR ENGLISH EDUCATION

term had been purchased at $3,000 by G. & C. Merriam.

In 1850, a copy of Webster's Dictionary was placed in every school in Massachusetts, after a hard-fought battle, in which Professor Noah Porter, the veteran of Yale College, conquered local prejudice. Finally, it was settled that Webster's Dictionary should be the school standard—3,035 schools in Massachusetts having voted for Webster as against 105 for competitors. New York state followed with a purchase of 10,000 copies for her schools, so that one might almost say that the great American standard for the public school system is Webster's Dictionary.

There were dark days, however, for the three brothers (Homer, the youngest, had afterward been added to the firm); but they pushed forward pluckily, believing in the great life work which they had undertaken. In 1864, the well-known Unabridged Dictionary was produced, and all the other editions were then withdrawn from the market.

Then came the battle and discussion on spelling, spreading throughout the country. Spelling classes were held and were much in vogue, and the question of a fixed authority became a vital point. The work of revision went on continually, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars. Specialists gave attention to every detail, keeping step with modern scholarship and the development of business; and all this has been not only a phase in dictionary making but has become an inseparable part of the history of the country. Tables and statistics have been added, new words and meanings have been included, the analyzing, digesting and assimilating process goes on daily; even the slang phrases of the day receiving careful consideration from the dictionary makers. All this has always meant constant and alert attention. The present editor-in-chief is Dr. W. T. Harris, late United States Commissioner of Educa-

Homer Merriam
Taken on my 93d birthday
August 27, 1906.

tion, and one who enjoys an international reputation for scholarship and ripe judgement.

Well, as I entered the office, I met the presi-

dent of the company, Mr. O. M. Baker, who began his work there in 1877, and has been closely identified with the great successes of the company in later times. The last of the three brothers, Mr. Homer Merriam, did not retire from the presidency of the company until he had reached the ripe age of ninety-two. He is still living. I had no sooner seated myself opposite Mr. Baker, and begun to tell him of the inspiration which impelled me, as a young editor, to come and find out more about my dictionary, than a pleasant-faced, cheerful man, with full beard, bright blue eyes, and evidences in his face of a sunny, genial disposition was mentioned. I remarked that this gentleman is known to his friends in the West as Major Cheney. After this remark, Mr. Baker fell into a reminiscent mood.

"Why, we taught school together, Mr. Cheney and I, out in Wisconsin, and all that you say of him is true. His long experience as a school teacher is invaluable."

I could readily understand on meeting Mr. Baker, why the Webster Dictionary is so inseparably associated with the American schools, for if there ever was an ideal schoolmaster, such as one would love and look up to, it is none other than this president of the G. & C. Merriam Company.

Not many years ago; a reunion of his scholars of forty years before was held in Milwaukee, and a most interesting event it was. It was a pleasure to see the tall, stately master of almost half a century standing, meeting with former scholars, now middle-aged men and women, and calling them by their first names. This suggests that it would be a good idea for public schools all over the country to have their reunions regularly, as the colleges and academies do, for does not all the basic force and aggressiveness of the nation come from the public schools?

It was fascinating to hear Mr. Baker talk of his early years in the West, when he went out a young man to Cleveland and spent two years as purser on the Great Lakes. Ever since that time he has kept constantly in touch with the great moving, throbbing advance of the country.

The affectionate regard in which this master of forty years ago was held by those pupils and students at that reunion—the first of its kind, I think—demonstrated the undying influence of school days, and to me had an important bearing in establishing not only the intellectual but the vital relationship which Webster's Dictionary enjoys among the American people. It is human; it has a record; it is a true chronicle of advancement and of pronunciation as determined by the people, rather than by perfunctory, isolated, scholastic boards. This dictionary is the best fruit of the best brains in the world. Every ideal has been considered, and there is unvarying harmony and co-operation between the editorial and business departments; both combining to make the best possible

O. M. BAKER, PRESIDENT OF G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY

article for all classes, reaching out to the great reservoirs of knowledge to insure perfection on the five cardinal points for a dictionary—accuracy, fullness, convenience, clearness and attractiveness. With these five fingers to represent the hand of knowledge, it would seem that anyone who can read has no excuse for ignorance, at least on every-day subjects. The carefulness of the indexing, the ingenious arrangement of the matter, all keep pace with the convenience of the modern systems of card indexing—in fact, it might be said that all modern business methods have been modelled from the arrangement of Webster's Dictionary.

An interesting fact was brought out in

connection with a reference made to the President's proclamation regarding simplified spelling and the pamphlet sent out by the government printing office. Few people are aware that nearly all the matter contained in that little booklet is already to be found in Webster. It may be truly said that a dictionary is a record of the people's verdict and the scholars' conclusions as to the inevitable laws of advancement, rather than an arbitrary manifesto of what shall be said or written; and it remains with the people whether the "nu speling" shall go down as

OFFICE OF G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, WHERE WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY IS "AT HOME"

a record or not. Even the most radical advance and change in spelling and pronunciation seem to be intuitively anticipated by the editors of Webster's Dictionary.

Did you ever realize how much information is stored between the massive leather covers of that much-used book? Suppose you are trying to think out a proposition or an idea; have you ever discovered how wonderfully it is illumined by taking down the old volume and looking up the definitions and synonyms for the word you are considering? I often puzzle over some difficult matter, and then have a little conference with Webster, and lo! Everything is clarified. This book brings out those subtle meanings and suggestions that intensify the picture, and act as a sort of telescope, so that your mental vision will see farther than it ever could have done if you had not gazed thorugh the glass, supplied by the thought of others, focused for you in the pages of Webster.

I remember, years ago, reading heavy articles in the quarterlies, and how I used to stumble constantly on difficult words that had no meaning for me; and how I would lay down the magazine and make a dive for my good old Webster. Now I can see what an advantage was gained in those days by learning exactly what the definitions were, instead of passing the words carelessly by and guessing at the meaning, in the nervous way that is too common at the present time. In the old days, how our fathers and forefathers reflected as they read—there was not the hurried, wild stare at the newspaper in the morning, and the dull, uninterested glance at it in the evening. To them a book of any sort was a work of art, to be cared for, cherished and, above all, to be read and digested. It seems to me as though every teacher should impress on pupils the importance of understanding what is read, and of early acquiring the habit of consulting the dictionary for

BUSY ACTIVITIES CO-INCIDENT WITH THE PUBLISHING OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

those special meanings and quotations which throw a light on any given subject, suggest ideas and widen the horizon more than can be done in any other way. Dr. Charles William Eliot, president of Harvard University, describes the dictionary as "a wonderfully compact storehouse of accurate information."

As I sat at the desk and looked about me, and saw the busy activities coincident with the publication of this work, I felt almost as though I were visiting a shrine of education. I remembered how, only a few months previous, I had looked with more than ordinary interest upon the dictionary sheets as they were being printed in the Riverside Press; and how the great volumes impressed me as they were being bound and brought forth ready to go to the remote parts of the earth. Here is embodied the record of a language

which may be described as English, but when the foundation, the root meanings, of the words are considered, it will be seen that the language is a composite and a derivative from the languages of all time, although now condensed into over two thousand pages. In fact, one might say that Webster's Dictionaries, in these days, represent compressed tablets of information. If we are to live on compressed food tablets, be propelled by compressed air engines, and recognize in compressed electricity the possible motive power of the coming airship age, why may not the stately Webster's Dictionary remain, more than ever, our favorite form of compressed education? Is it not the one democratic book, which even the learned professor must consult and to which he must bow, even though it remains the criterion of propriety for the enthusiastic school boy? Is it not the aid to knowledge for everyone who hesitates over awkward spelling and syllabication or the difficult pronunciation of English?

* * * * *

The afternoon had gone—the hour for the closing of the office had passed—before I bade good-bye to Mr. Baker, feeling that, could I only have had my readers enjoy those hours as I had, and could they come into personal contact with the makers of the great language authority, perhaps the volume would possess a more abiding and warmer place in their affections than ever before—the dust would no longer accumulate on its covers, for every day it would have a message for them.

If you are young and ambitious, study this book as an example of supreme concentration. It is an authority at Oxford, in England, and I was surprised to learn of a distinguished educator who recently visited the old university and inquired if Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was still used. It is related that the guide straightened up to the height of his full six feet and replied:

THE RELATIVE SIZE OF "LITTLE GEM" AND THE SEAL BOUND, THIN PAPER, "COLLEGIATE," TO REGULAR SIZE

"I beg to inform you, sir, that Webster's International Dictionary is the recognized authority at Oxford and is adopted for use in this university."

It is also the authority in Canada, Australia and all the American colonies, as well as in Africa, India, Japan and wherever the English language is spoken—a fact that stirs the hearts of patriotic Americans so deeply that the tourist feels like singing "The Star Spangled Banner" when he hears Webster quoted as an universal authority for the language which the world has come to recognize as the one great force in the march of civilization.

KEEP UP THE HAPPY HABIT

By the Editor

ONE reader has written in very good-humoredly, to know where the laboratory is in which I conduct my experiments on the happy habit. I may as well be frank and admit that it is in my own home. Even in our own dwellings, we cannot escape our moments of exaltation and moments of depression—there are times when we are happy and times when we are sad—the only remedy I know of is to preserve the balance as evenly as possible. Still, I find that gloom is sometimes a more persistent visitor than sunshine; and it is always well to be ready to dispatch him, for he is one of those "old men of the sea" who need no encouragement to take up a permanent abode in the mind or the home. I discovered the other day another simple means of producing cheerfulness—raise the chin—with the chin up, the whole mental attitude is changed. If you feel a bit blue or discouraged, just raise your chin, and you will find that things look different; whereas the mere appearance of a man with his chin down suggests that he is disconsolate. I am sure that this is not a new remedy—it has been in vogue ever since the human race held up their heads and began to conquer the brute creation. When they shrank and cowered, the beasts conquered them.

We all wish to be successful, at least in getting the most out of life, and we are bound to succeed better with our chins up; and if the moments of depression come, up with the chin a little higher. This may look a little "sot up", but it is the attitude of success. I know a cashier in a bank, and he tells me that he can almost gauge the balance of a depositor in the bank by the manner in which he carries his head. True, these mannerisms are mercurial and fleeting, but the attitude of the body usually indicates the condition of the mind.

* * * *

I have had a snow-storm of letters in reference to the suggestion made last month, and I am afraid some of the looking glasses had a severe strain, but from the tone of the letters, I should judge that each one of those readers had a brilliant success in the effort to raise the corners of the mouth. The ranks of the happy habiters are certainly enlarging at a rapid rate—entrance to the noble order costs nothing, except to be happy. If anyone of our enrolled members is discovered violating the rule to at least make an effort to remain happy and goodnatured, he is subject to instant expulsion until such time as he can prove that he has reformed. If I knew of such a recalcitrant, I would suggest immediate study of the molding

close to the ceiling of his room, or careful consideration of the frieze, if the wall happens to have one, for I understand they are "out of fashion" this season. At any rate, it will do him more good to study the chandelier than the floor. I don't say that this is an infallible recipe for the dispersion of gloom, but it is the attitude designed for man by the Creator; as He has been good enough to make man the only creature on the globe who carries his head up, why not keep it so?

* * * *

I was in New York the other day, and stood by the old Astor House to watch some of the derelicts drifting along Broadway—they seemed to me fit inmates for the old house that has only the ghost of its departed grandeur. It was early on a beautiful autumn morning, and even in the street the glory of nature could not be entirely hidden. I could see the tower of the Tribune building, that has added many stories to its height as time has gone by, and near by, the great gilded dome of the World building, but most interesting of all were the people who, while the day was yet young, came thronging across the park. I could not choose but study the faces of the workers who were hurrying to their daily toil, and contrast their expression with that of those who came later, the nine and ten o'clock people. The early workers had all the fresh glory of the autumn morning, while the faces of the late comers betrayed the jaded weariness which we usually associate with city streets. Yes, there were the Italians who shine shoes, and they were invariably cheerful, though their hours are undoubtedly long. The eight-hour day is all right, but when the early morning is missed, the inspiration of the fleeting glory of the dawning day is lost.

With me was an elderly friend, a man who has succeeded in life. He has a happy spirit, a jovial and genial disposition, and he remarked that after all a great deal of the glory of life is lost in not learning how to get up early in the morning, for what can equal the inspiration of the glorious beauty of the dawn; "the wild freshness of morning!" No one can calculate the loss sustained by the man who drags himself down to breakfast with a yawn at the noon hour. So the conclusion is—keep your chin up and get up early.

* * * *

When the world is all awry, keep a-singing —
When the mists are in your eye, keep a-singing.
You can't set this old world right,
But you can keep your own spot bright
And put up a mighty fight
— Keep a-singing.

Lucy M. Lewis

LEGISLATION
FRANK WING

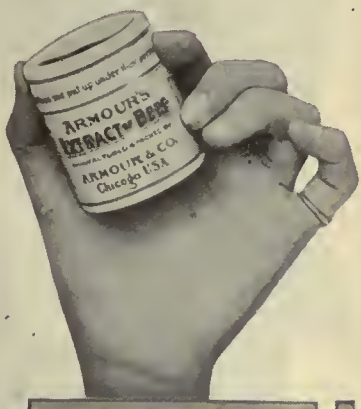
I FOUND "The Builders," by Willis George Emerson, in the accumulated mass of books and correspondence which always awaits my home-coming, after a protracted absence. Its bright crimson covers glowed amid the flotsam and jetsam on my desk like a bit of red coral in a mass of green seaweed; and the old-time stage-coach in the Rockies which illuminated them seemed to promise a real treat, even amid that accumulation of work.

I was not disappointed. The fortunes of Fred Rockwell, special correspondent of a great New York daily, and sent out to investigate and report on the shortcomings of western promoters and the uncertainties of mining development, is the theme of a stirring comedy whose stage and properties form such a panoramic scene of northwestern life and development, as I have never before seen presented in any one volume.

The action of the story moves swiftly and the interest never lags. The buoyant enthusiasm of Mr. Emerson's description of the West takes hold of the reader and draws him on until he becomes interested, even in old Grim, and feels as if he had been one of the investors who put money in the mine, of which the story treats so graphically, that when success draws near one feels as though he must have some of that stock right away. The book is no ordinary western story and made me feel something of the virility, enthusiasm and realism that I have felt in talking with a friend who has seen this personally.

Many years ago, in Chicago, when my literary ambition was budding, I found in Willis George Emerson, a man who proved himself a thoughtful, generous friend. He often found time, though engaged in business operations, to write stories, sketches and poems, to deliver speeches, and to faithfully attend to his daily work. If there ever was a man who has made the most of his life, and utilized all of his abilities, it is Willis George Emerson, and he is today a striking example of what can be accomplished, by improving to the utmost the mere fragments of "odd time."

Yes, I well remember his portrayal of an Idaho town, one so effective that before I left I owned property in a town thousands of miles away; a place I had never seen. At the time there was there Bernard McCaffrey, usually called "Barney," with gold-rimmed spectacles, quick, genial ways and a smile that was worth $10,000. You can imagine what a delight it was to find many of the old friends suggested in the characters of the book. **Even J. Arthur** Boast, the young man who wanted to be "real devilish, you know," and would talk continually about going to the devil and try to ape the ways of a seasoned toper, was there. Every page glints with humor, with geniality that is all Emerson's own. The portrait of Ben Hilliard, the old Virginian, who clings with uncompromising tenacity to the fortunes of the Shonbar was familiar. The picture of the young newspaper reporter who in the zenith of his power as a correspondent, is sent West to report the actual conditions of the mine, is well drawn. One sympathizes with him as he falls under the spell of the enthusiasm of a real estate boom and pictures what he believes in as actual facts, but the conser-



GIVE a Meat Zest to the home cooking without the inconvenience of making perishable stock.

Armour's EXTRACT of BEEF

is always ready, rich and savory—and keeps indefinitely. A jar of it upon the pantry shelf enables the housewife to give, in an instant, to the home foods, that delicious relish which has won world-wide fame for Italian cooking. A meat zest—that is the secret. It has usually been done with meat stocks—tedious to prepare.

No need of complex preparations. Rich sauces require time and patience, and often make food indigestible.

Armour's Extract of Beef gives to the simplest, most inexpensive foods, aromas and flavors which cannot be equalled by the most elaborate sauces. Variety is endless by combining with other simple seasonings. This is wholesome diet.

Here is an example of how a meat flavor improves a simple food:

Tomato Soup Italienne

Two teaspoonfuls Armour's Extract of Beef
1 can tomatoes
1 quart water
bit of bay leaf
2 cloves
1 teaspoonful paprika
1 tablespoonful sugar
1 teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful soda
2 tablespoonfuls butter
2 tablespoonfuls flour
1 teaspoonful finely chopped onion

Directions for Preparing

Strain the tomatoes, add the water, and cook 20 minutes; add soda, salt, sugar, and Extract of beef; bring to boil on quick fire; bind with butter and flour; add seasonings. Serve with croutons.

Include Armour's Extract of Beef among the regular pantry supplies.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

vative and almost antagonistic managers of his paper misunderstand him and misjudge his motives, and he is promptly discharged; but, like many a disappointed man, his troubles give added zest to his love story.

HON. CHRIS. DEISEM, RAILROAD COMMISSIONER OF NORTH DAKOTA

Ruth Hillyard is the heroine and is a beautiful type of girlhood. Her devotion to her father and his mining exploitations is wonderfully drawn, and through chapter after chapter the author swiftly leads us, from the scene in the stuffy room of a New York hotel, on out through the broad prairies of the West, through the varying fortunes of a real estate boom and mining exploitation, until we finally reach the last successful blast, and the "pay ore" and happy denouement are at hand.

The book emphasizes the remark often heard, and not lacking truth, that an eastern man never amounts to much until he has been West, nor an Western man until he has been East. The metamorphosis of Fred Rockwell, the Eastern newspaper reporter, into the rugged type of young man that has made the West what it is today, very fully illustrates one part of this epigram.

In his earlier books, Mr. Emerson gave promise of just what he has revealed in The Builders. He writes in the spirit of that same indomitable energy and courage which has always been reflected in every line of his work. The keynote is optimism, and his writing is done in a spirit which sets the blood tingling in the veins with a desire to be up and doing. The atmosphere of the book is kindly, with the keenness of the rugged rocks and the breadth of the great stretches of the plains—the unhampered life of the West is most strikingly portrayed in this volume.

The pages scintillate with the epigrams for which Mr. Emerson has always been famous, and that have delighted all those who have had the pleasure of conversing with him, for he can always find words that mean just what he desires to say. Anyone who has had the opportunity of knowing Mr. Emerson in all the ups and downs of a very strenuous career, will remember him as always the same sweet, genial, companionable fellow that he is now.

During the last year he has been associated with mining operations at Goldfields, where

GOVERNOR JAMES H. DAVIDSON OF WISCONSIN

he met people who "struck it rich," and this fact gives an added touch of reality to the book he has written; but during the many years I

The Music Master

discovers the secret of the Happy Home —

COLUMBIA
Graphophone

"I WHO teach the music have had always much sympathy for those many others who cannot have the music in the home—those who know not to play one single instrument.

"Now I have no more regrets. Every home can have the music—**The Columbia Graphophone** has arrived. I salute him, me.

"I am a music master, Truly. But he is the **Master of Music.** Me, I play but three instruments only. He plays *all* the instruments, *all* the music. I sing nothing. He sings all the songs in all the languages.

"I am astounded, I am charmed. For he makes the real music.

"The sounds of the mouth organ, the jew's harp—I call not that music. And I find these other machines only make a sound like many mouth organs—many jew's harps.

"Listen! "I am a critic of the music. I say to those who possess any make of talking machine, use only the Columbia Records—they are the best—they have the soul. They have the real music, of a sound sweet, of a tone pure, of an execution brilliant, that is alone of the Columbia."

Before buying either a talking machine or records, insist on hearing the Columbia, and be convinced, like the Music Master, that they are the best. We are the only Company that gives a written guarantee—perfect goods make this possible. You can buy on easy payments if you desire. Stores in all the principal cities. Dealers everywhere. Write for catalogue and address of nearest dealer.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., GEN'L.

90 & 92 West Broadway, New York

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Grand Prix Paris 1900 **Double Grand Prize, St. Louis 1904**

have known Mr. Emerson I have always understood that his life work and energies are concentrated on literature. All other things have been more or less incidental.

Mr. Emerson now resides in Los Angeles, Cal., in a cosy little bungalow, and will devote himself almost entirely to literary pursuits for the future; and certainly his choice is justified. He is to be congratulated on the success achieved in his latest volume, and in all the lists of fall publications, few books will receive more widespread attention than the handsome volume, published by Forbes & Company, Chicago, called "The Builders."

WHENEVER I tour Upper Canada, the itinerary is not considered complete unless a stop is made at Hamilton, Ontario, whence an electric line brings me to Grimsby for a visit with Mr. John Hewitt, president of the Miehle Printing Press & Manufacturing Company of Chicago, the cars skimming along the shores of the lake, through great orchards reaching far back to the towering bluffs. On the rim of the picturesque hills Mr. Hewitt was born, and small wonder that he loves to spend as much as possible of his time at the place where the happy days of boyhood were enjoyed. What a wonderful fruit valley is this fringe of land along the shores of Lake Ontario. There are berries in early spring, there are "kittykinnies," peaches, pears and grapes, to say nothing of apples, till the days of "frost on the pumpkin." Every foot of this soil seems to yield an unparalleled fruitage. During the summer months the electric line takes car after car of produce to the markets, and even the supplies of the large canning factories at hand seem to make but small inroads on the enormous crops that here come to perfection year after year.

Back from the street, behind the old pear orchard, is the retreat where Mr. Hewitt spends his summer days. At the rear of the house is a large area of stock preserves, and here deer and buffalo enjoy the wide range, and are so tame that the animals will feed from the hand. Side by side are the sometime inhabitants of the forests of the North, and of the Western plains, in strange contrast to the sturdy plough horses and the other domestic animals. The wild animals are the aristocracy of Mr. Hewitt's pastures, and seem to look with haughty disdain on the workers.

In the old farm house, and in the surroundings of his Grimsby home, which is always filled with friends, Mr. Hewitt appears to feel even greater pride than in the great Chicago institution in which he has done much effective work. The Scotch settlers of Ontario have the sturdiness and integrity characteristic of the ancient Covenanters—an element that appears in the institutions which these modern manufacturers have built up.

The day at Grimsby was all too short.

JOHN J. LARGE, PRESIDENT IOWA BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

We got peaches right off the trees, and Mr. Hewitt went to the top of the tree to get them down for us—I notice that he has a way of getting speedily to the top of the ladder, whether he is in pursuit of peaches or absolute perfection in the various parts of a printing press.

IN a railroad train, speeding to Chicago, I revelled in "The Scarlet Empire," written by David M. Parry. It was a handsome volume, in lurid red binding, published by Bobbs-Merrill of Indianapolis.

The Victor Company announces the production of Verdi's Masterpiece, "Il Trovatore", complete from the opening chorus to the finale of the last act, by the principals, chorus and orchestra of the La Scala Theatre, Milan, Italy.
Now on sale at all leading Music Houses and Talking Machine dealers, full score in 20 Records, $21.60, or single selections as per catalogue.
THE VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J. U. S. A.
Berliner Gremophone Co of Montreal
Canadian Distributers
$10 to $100

This book is one of the keenest, cleverest satires written for many a year—suggesting the sharp shafts of Dean Swift in "Gulliver's Travels."

The conception of the story i original, the interest absorbing from the opening pages giving the biography of a young man—saturated with socialism—discouraged and baffled in his struggles with life—who jumps

WILLIS GEO. EMERSON

into the sea and is carried far, far down to "The Scarlet Empire." He awakes to find himself in the land of Atlantes, a country fathoms deep beneath the ocean, bounded by the great swelling waves. This strange empire of lurid hue is pictured as the Utopia of socialism. In time the new arrival discovers a monotony and irksomeness even in this apparently ideal existence. The prim rule and measure of his new life chafes his spirit, although he was once an enthusiast in his dreams of socialism. He finds that this dead level of smoothness has a positive draft toward a condition of things as unbearable as that of prison life on the upper earth.

The everyday life of every individual in the under-ocean empire is regulated—our young man has to take prescription number 7214 if he has a cold—he has to get his hair cut in a certain way—he must marry whom the state designates—he must have his whole existence, his eating, drinking, and sleeping, "regulated," and I am not sure but that even his very dying moments are to be measured off by the official undertaker.

Mr. Parry has long been known as a manufacturer, and president of the Manufacturers' Association. He is an uncompromising foe to the present method of conducting labor unions as an interference with the rights of the American workingman in following the guaranteed liberty afforded by the Declaration of Independence.

While the reader may not agree with all Mr. Parry's conclusions, there is not a tedi-

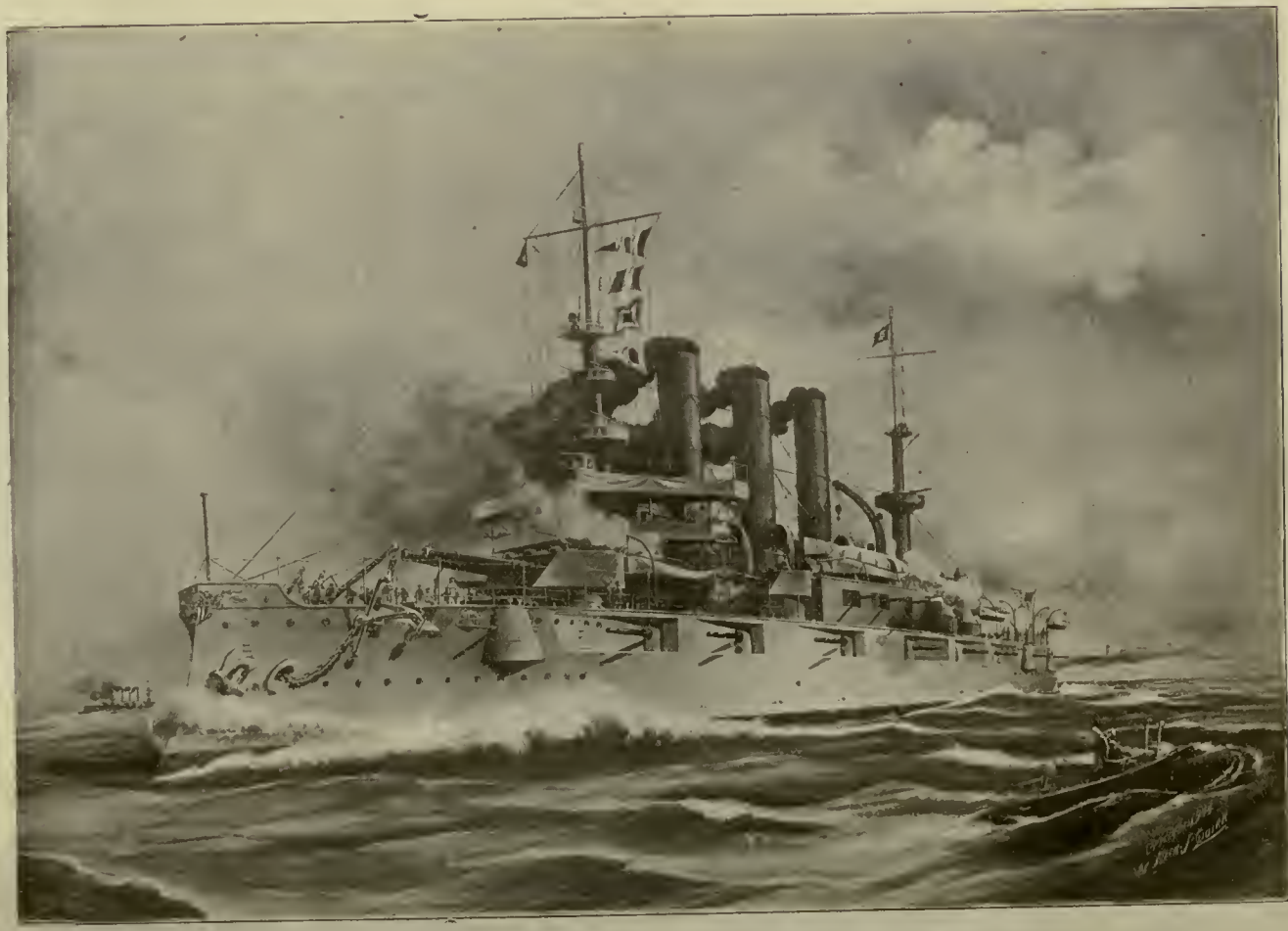
DAVID M. PARRY

ous line in the book, which is creating a great deal of thoughtful interest and admiration, even among those who may not agree with Mr. Parry in his well emphasized convictions.

"The Scarlet Empire" is a forcible book and as such commends itself to those who are interested in the varied opinions upon the current questions of our time.

Permission of Barney & Berry

THE SKATING SEASON
HAS OPENED



THE NEW FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "LOUISIANA," PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FLAGSHIP ON THE VOYAGE TO PANAMA

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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IMAGINE how eyebrows would have been lifted in Washington, not so many years ago, if the notice were posted on the White House door:

CLOSED.
THE PRESIDENT HAS GONE TO PANAMA.

Theodore Roosevelt has a way of eliminating precedents and events have conspired to assist him in doing so. Right after the November elections, Washington, for the first time since the capital was established on the Potomac, will not possess the presence of the president. For once "history will not repeat itself," for the president has gone to Panama. As one cabinet officer facetiously remarked:

"He has gone on a holiday visit, and his mission is undertaken in the spirit of Christmas-tide."

It was not long ago that Uncle Sam awoke to find the Republic of Panama established, and the possibility of having a canal a reality —put into Uncle's Christmas stocking—as it were, by events. Now when the president and the congress get down to work, during the last session of the Fifty-Ninth Congress, the chief executive will know what he is talking about when he mentions Panama.

Although not from Missouri, he has the propensity of "wanting to know," and "wanting to be shown," and if he cannot be shown he has a way of seeing for himself. One of the pre-eminent ambitions of the president is to have the Panama Canal an assured achievement chronicled as an event of his administration.

* * *

ON the first Monday after the first Tuesday in December, the president's message will be presented and it promises to be one of the most interesting state papers ever issued; its interest will not be confined to this country alone, for the problems handled in the presidential message concern not only the nation, but the world at large.

The congressional elections were certainly a handsome endorsement of the somewhat radical measures passed at the last congress, and show plainly that public opinion is closer to Congress today than ever before, and that every two years the people of America realize the opportunity to change the entire political complexion of the country on short notice. In fact, now-a-days, it is difficult to distinguish the various shades of "complexion", once so clearly marked, for the faces of the political parties seem to be blending into one general healthy tan, produced by the sun of prosperity. The people have, too, a way of "tanning" public measures and public servants that are not up to the standard desired. While in some instances this may have been carried to

extremes, the general political complexion of the country, despite the disintegration of party lines, is, in the opinion of a dispassionate observer, most wholesome.

The state campaigns have all been tinged, more or less, with the spirit of restlessness that comes with prosperity rather than discontent, but the student of public life does not find in public sentiment today, that there is anything that portends the passionate spirit of hatred or personal ambition sometimes cloaked in the guise of "reform". Fortified with accurate information as to every possible public and private enterprise, the people have a chance to quietly think for themselves and register their conclusions at the ballot boxes.

* * *

THE congressmen are gathering at the Capitol, and are busy talking over the incidents of the campaign.

A tribute was paid to advertising as a proof of the genuineness in the investigation of adulterated food products. It was safe to assume that a pure food always appeared with the name of the manufacturer, who would be sure to place his address on the article offered to the public, if the quality was all right. The adulterated articles which have been offered for sale have usually appeared without a manufacturer's name or address, unless the maker has hidden his identity behind a fictitious appelation when he has prepared an inferior article for the dealer to offer as "just as good" as the real thing. Who can imagine choice, superfine butter without the maker's name, or baking powder or olive oil that are fit for use, largely offered by a maker who veils his identity from the public. Probably this practice of adulteration has stimulated what may be called the "package idea," and it is even being carried so far now that milk is delivered in some places in sealed jars.

Speaking of milk—I was interested in learning that preservatives in this valuable food product may be easily detected, by leaving it for twelve hours or so in a warm place, in a clear glass vessel. If the lower layer is yellow in shade, it is pretty safe to say that artificial coloring has been employed. A few hours at Professor Willey's laboratory is a liberal education.

There are many simple tests for the detection of adulteration. Boiling water poured over cream of tartar will dissolve it completely, while if lime, chalk or flour have been used in the preparation, they will remain in suspension under this simple test. Sugar and salt should be completely dissolved in cold water, and any sediment remaining denotes impurity.

By evaporating vinegar over boiling water, a residue is obtained which readily tells the character of the vinegar, whether it be pure cider or malt. In the latter vinegar—which is the cheapest kind—the residue will be very little, and that will be hard, dark in color and have little odor, but what remains of cider vinegar after the test will be soft or semi-solid and will contain numerous air bubbles.

Genuine coffee will float and impart a color to the water in which it is immersed only after it has been wet for several minutes, but when chicory and other adulterants have been added, they settle to the bottom and leave brown trails of color in the water.

To detect adulteration in borax, add to a sample in a saucer one or two tablespoonsful of vinegar, and the pure borax will give no change, but if sal-soda, bicarbonate or other adulterants are contained in the sample, fizzing takes place.

I suppose I could go on with numerous other suggestions, for many are being sent to us for the Home Department, but these few examples indicate how thoroughly the subject of adulteration is being investigated in Washington. It is safe to assume in a few years that American products will jump from the lowest to the highest level, and that we shall have standard products to offer in the world markets; because there is a determination on the part of the administration to make American manufactures of as high a standard as the flag under which they are produced.

* * *

I WANT to tell you a little story about a man named Johnson. I never tire telling of the men who have succeeded against what might be called overwhelming obstacles, and in listening to the story of this South Carolina congressman, I was interested to know that he was one of the boys who once drove oxen through the streets before and after college hours, in order to help defray

SENATOR KEAN OF NEW JERSEY

his expenses at the institution of learning. The men who have achieved, are often the boys who have cut cord wood, picked cotton or done some similar labor that constitutes the basis of modern life, for the man who is afraid of work is not the man who "gets on in the world."

It was a splendid compliment paid to the congressman from South Carolina when Senator Tillman said that he would likely be in

Congress for thirty years. Joseph T. Johnson, just plain Joe Johnson, is a name that sounds well in the South, and his established popularity as a congressman is not confined to his district in South Carolina.

CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH T. JOHNSON OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Few members of Congress have attended its sessions more faithfully than Mr. Johnson; it is said there has never been a session convened that found Joe Johnson missing from his place, which is a most unusual record in these days. He was given a handsome endorsement in his district this fall. Despite the demands of public life, Mr. Johnson remains the same conscientous, persevering, tireless worker that he has always been known to be by his friends and neighbors of the South.

Mr. Johnson is a very enthusiastic advocate of the industrial awakening of South Carolina, and in his more mature days is living up to the sturdy ideals of his young manhood.

* * *

THE popularity of Henry W. Savage's play of Sam Houston, now running in New York, calls to mind the very eloquent speech made by Robert Minor Wallace, of Arkansas, on the occasion of the acceptance of the statues of Houston and Austin by the state of Texas. His tribute to the picturesque personality of Houston and to his "stern virtues and diversified occupations" is forceful. Mr. Wallace said, "In private life he was gentle, chivalric, and courtly. In Texas he wore buckskin breeches and a Mexican blanket, which tempted General Jackson to remark: 'There is one man at least in Texas, of whom God Almighty, and not the tailor, had the making.'"

He told of how the pioneer started on a lawyer's career in Nashville, Tennessee, later forging on to the frontier and making an immortal name as a military leader. Mr. Wallace seemed to thoroughly understand the character of Sam Houston, and grasped the fact that his powers of analysis were not confined to the court room, nor to debate; but that the same faculties were markedly apparent in all those campaigns which did so much toward the creation of

CONGRESSMAN CAMPBELL OF KANSAS

the great Lone Star State. The climax of Mr. Wallace's speech was reached when, amid hearty applause, he said:

"Oh, a mother's courage, a mother's love! They stumble not where man falls; falter

not where man fails, and over the wreck of his earthly ambitions and the night of his earthly woes, shine as a beacon of destiny, a star of inspiration and hope."

"That was the voice that haunted Sam Houston all his days, from Tohopeka to San Jacinto, where immortality crowned him as her own."

It is refreshing to go over the humdrum record of congressional debates and find these little flashes of eloquence, picturesqueness and inspiration that occur here and there, as the true story of the nation is told.

* * *

A PROMINENT English business man recently made the remark:

"Uncle Sam has every kind of specialist elected to Congress. Scarcely a phase of business life but is represented." He grimly added, "You have your very brilliant men represented, and you have your very foolish men, too."

Reference to specialization, calls up the

CONGRESSMAN FRED LANDISS OF INDIANA

splendid career of Charles M. Fowler, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. Mr. Fowler has been given a handsome endorsement in his re-election in New Jersey, in spite of the political earthquake there. His long service and devotion to special subjects that have claimed his attention will bring him pre-eminently before the coming session in relation to one of the most important matters to be considered during the coming sessions.

JOHN HEWITT OF THE MIEHLE PRINTING PRESS AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO

The currency question, and the periodical stringency of the money market call for some sound legislation and a substantial manner of relief for such conditions, which shall provide currency adequate to the tremendous expansion of business. This question of increasing the currency calls for the close attention of business men, as well as students and financiers throughout the country. The banks have analyzed the statistics along this line, and these matters are adjusted and deliberated in the committee room, and all this discussion will, no doubt, crystalize in the coming sessions into banking and currency legislation which will afford relief for the present unsatisfactory conditions. To be short of money in the days of abundant prosperity and activity is an anomaly, and a state of affairs which the genius of such men as Mr. Fowler is called upon to relieve.

Mr. Fowler is one of the quiet, thoughtful men who never speak without due deliberation, and Uncle Sam's directors have no more efficient banking expert than the present chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

* * *

THIS story is related of a wealthy congressman, who had been enjoying the summer at his new country home, which possessed every modern convenience and of

MISS MARGARET SHONTZ, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT SHONTZ OF THE PANAMA COMMISSION

which he was extremely proud. He took great pleasure in showing his friends about the house and pointing out to them the stately portico, the piazza chairs of improved design, the hammocks, the push buttons that brought anything you wanted to your side without further effort on your part, the automatic lights for the gas, the hot and cold water in every room—in short, every comfort and convenience that money could provide; but his den was the place of all others in which he took most delight, and here he conducted a certain friend of his to rest in one of the deep-seated easy chairs, with tobacco, cigars and pipes within easy reach, and holders,

MRS. THEODORA PERRY SHONTZ, WIFE OF PRESIDENT SHONTZ

MISS THEODORA SHONTZ, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT SHONTZ

matches and everything else at hand just when needed.

"What more could the heart of man desire?" exclaimed the admiring friend.

"Ah! but the best is yet to come," replied the proud owner. "You see, I can sit right here in my chair, when I come in from my bedroom in the morning, and, if I do not feel inclined to leave the room, my bath comes in to me, filled with salt water, just as I like it."

As this was said, the friend looked up and smiled quizzically, inquiring whether this arrangement worked only in the morning.

"Oh, no," said the host. "It comes in any time I push this button."

"Push it now," said the visitor.

The button was pushed, the doors swung silently back, and the white, handsome bath swept majestically into the room. But in it sat the horrified lady of the house. Needless to say, the removal button was hastily pushed, and since that time the congressman has had little to say about the "modern conveniences" of his new house.

* * *

AT a Gridiron banquet in Washington, I sat beside Congressman Hinshaw of Nebraska. It is surprising how much of one's biography may be learned in a few passing remarks at a dinner table. While I have always had a great deal of admiration for the sturdy son of Nebraska, after hearing him relate his early struggles as a school teacher on the prairies of his native state, I felt that here indeed was another example of the opportunities which continue to be unveiled for the benefit of our American youth.

Mr. Hinshaw hails from the district which produced Buffalo Bill, and he told me of the history of those earlier times when the school

SKETCH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

masters ruled with a rod on one side of the desk and a gun on the other. It was peculiarly appropriate that Mr. Hinshaw should remain one of the prominent members of the Committee on Indian Affairs, for if there is anyone who knows the real truth about these things, it is the men who have been upon the plains of Nebraska in the early days, before and during the construction of the Union Pacific.

Mr. Hinshaw was at one time superintendent of public schools, and somehow, there

CONGRESSMAN ROBERT W. WALLACE OF ARKANSAS

is a something that clings to a man in after life and shows or suggests his avocation in the more youthful and malleable period. I was not aware of the fact before talking with Mr. Hinshaw that he had followed the calling of a schoolmaster, but in his close analysis of the subject under discussion, his manner of speech, and other evidences of careful thinking, I made up my mind that here was a man who had taught the "young idea to shoot," literally as well as figuratively.

The representative from Nebraska was at one time candidate for the United States Senate, and has won in many a hard fought battle with the fusion candidate, representing a combination of Democrat and Populist. His work on the Committee of the Merchant Marine and on the Patents Committee has utilized his methodical, logical manner of investigation.

* * *

NEW tales in the cloak room are incubating. This one got the start of the rest, told by Congressman McCleary, of how often people are puzzled as to the why and wherefore of titles. At the hotel where he was stopping there was a man called Judge, and with the natural curiosity of Americans, everybody wanted to know just why he bore that title. It was suggested that he might have been a judge at a horse race, or perhaps judge at an agricultural show. He didn't look the least bit like a judge, and they could know no peace until they found out just why he called himself so. At last, all other sources of information exhausted, the matter was referred to the colored bell-boy, who undertook to get the information.

After a time, the boy came back, silent and with a nonplussed air.

"Did you find out why he is called judge, Jerry?"

"No, ca'ant find out; didn't find out nothin'."

"But there must be *some* reason why he adopts such a title."

"Ca'ant say, sah; ca'ant say, onless," and evidently a brilliant thought had struck Jerry, the force of which held him silent.

"Unless what?" What is the reason, Jerry?"

"I don't know, sah, onless it is becase he jest *is* judge."

* * *

THERE was a time when only a very small fraction of the representatives of Congress were natives of the district which they represented. In the Sixtieth Congress there will be a large representation of native sons. Among these is a bright-faced young man from Portsmouth, Ohio. Congressman Bannon, was born in the state and the district which he now ably represents. On the banks of the Ohio he watched the rise and fall of the great river, and since those early days he has been a careful observer of the rise and fall of industrial conditions in the district in which he lived. His service during the last session of Congress was such as to give him a hand-

some endorsement in re-election. I have met few young men who were more in earnest in their desire to be of service to their constituents. Mr. Bannon has served on the Elections Committee, and the Committee on Railroads and Canals. He is a typical hustler, and he might be called a man who knows how to get around and do things.

CONGRESSMAN BARTHOLDT OF MISSOURI

WHEN St. Louis is spoken of in the cloak room, in the corridors, or in the aisles of the House, one instinctively thinks of a modest gentleman known by the name of Bartholdt, who hails from that famous city. He has sometimes been confused with the Frenchman who presented the statue of Liberty to the United States, but his individuality is not easily confounded with any other by those who have ever met him. When it comes to an all-around, good congressman, Mr. Bartholdt need not press his claims; they are self evident.

Recently, when I was in St. Louis, I discovered that Bartholdt there, at home, is just the same Bartholdt one has met in Washington. He is always the same big, broad-minded, generous-hearted man, who feels as proud of his mission as a congressman from St. Louis as if it were the highest office within the gift of the people.

He was prominently identified with the

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM B. MCKINLEY, OF ILLINOIS

international peace conference, and he had charge of the foreign delegates during their stay in this country, during those famous deliberations.

Mr. Bartholdt was born in Germany, and came to this country as a boy. He learned the trade of a printer and was active in newspaper work, and represents a splendid type of our adopted citizens. It is not necessary to know him intimately in order to understand that he is American through and through, and yet it is beautiful to hear his tender tribute to the fatherland, of which he is justly proud.

In my pilgrimages this summer among the congressional homes, I found when I visited St. Louis, that Congressman Bartholdt has

apparently a life lease of his election as a member of Congress, as long as he continues his efficient services to the people of Missouri. It was Champ Clark who remarked that a congressman from Missouri has twice as

CONGRESSMAN HENRY W. PALMER OF PENNSYLVANIA

much responsibility as those from other districts, for he has not only to make his declaration of his principles, but has to "show" the people what he can do, for the Missourians still insist on being "shown" as in the good old days.

* * *

DINING a few days ago with a schoolmate of Secretary Taft, he told me a story in a casual way, which deserves to be recorded, of a class dinner in New York.

During his residence in the Philippines, a cablegram was sent to the secretary by his old chums, who had heard of his illness. On the occasion of the dinner this little token of remembrance was in his mind as the secretary rose to speak. He looked into the eyes of his old friends, of whom he had such pleasant and sweet recollections, and tried to find words which would express what he felt. Even his ready tongue and quick brain seemed unequal to the task of choosing adequate words, to tell of the friendship and affection which he felt toward the classmates who had so kindly remembered him in the far away Philippines. Just as he had reached the climax—as they thought—in his effort to encompass in words all the meaning of this comradeship — one of the boys arose and waved his napkin. He knew the word his friend wanted.

"It's love, Bill; it's love!" he cried.

And it was love—the love of early days—that beautifies even political and business struggles in our busy modern life.

* * *

SPEAKING of the secretary—then Judge Taft — I can never forget the scene I witnessed in the old cabinet room, just before he departed for the Philippines.

I was waiting outside in the anteroom to see President McKinley, for as I entered — up the steps of the White House came the burly form of the Cincinnati judge. He was ushered in, and the rest of us waited. The interview lapsed into half an hour, into an hour—the impatient waiters left one by one,

CONGRESSMAN EDWIN DENBY OF MICHIGAN

but I was determined to remain. At a late hour, after all the clerks had left, the tall judge appeared, towering over the smaller form of the president. They stood together on the red carpet, the gentle blue eyes of the president looking into the face of the man who

was being sent on an intricate mission concerning the unknown problems of the Orient. As they stood for a minute, with hands on each others shoulders—they made a picture of human affection and friendship such as I can never forget; for, in sending Judge Taft to the Philippines, President McKinley felt he was sending his friend on a more perilous mission than that of the soldiers; for the clanking sword and gorgeous epaulettes represent the martial power of the nation, whereas the emissary of peace stands for the heart and soul of America—and Judge Taft carried on his broad shoulders the good-will of the people toward their neighbors.

* * *

WHEN Congressman Henry W. Palmer of Pennsylvania confided to me, one night at a dinner at Vice President Fairbank's, that he was a Heart Throb prize winner, I immediately felt he was within the family circle of National readers, for while every congressman reads the National, he happens to be the only one who has the distinction of having secured a portion of the ten thousand dollar appropriation.

I think of all the honors that Judge Palmer has had bestowed upon him—and they are many—he takes more pride in the fact that his name occupies a place in the back pages of the Heart Throb Book, where the names of the contributors appear, than he does in any other one thing.

As one of the members of the Judiciary Committee, he enjoys the title of judge, for every member of this committee is forthwith and thereafter addressed as "judge," even if he be a minister, a doctor or a common newspaper man.

* * *

Judge Palmer is one of those delightfully pugnacious men who will fight to the last for a proposition which he believes to be right. He was a corporation attorney, and was elected in a large labor district immediately in the wake of the coal strike; in his election the people seemed to appreciate the integrity of the man as shown in serving his clients, no matter whether they happened to be large corporations or Uncle Sam's corporation of the people.

His record in Congress has proved him quite as zealous in championing the rights of his constituents, as he ever was in protecting the rights of a corporation.

* * *

NOW that I have visited so many congressmen in their homes, I feel that I know them just a little better than ever before, and one of the most interesting courses of summer study I have ever taken up was the consideration of what each congressman is doing in his own home. In Illinois I found what the pleasant-faced, blue-eyed representative of that state does when he is at home. He bears the distinguished name of William

"EVERYTHING SERVED RIGHT, SAH!"

B. McKinley, and has truly earned his right to bear that illustrious name—with an additional initial. The district which he so ably represents may well be proud of a man who has created such an achievement as the Illinois Traction Company.

While in Illinois territory, I took a trip over the Illinois Traction Company's line, which Mr. McKinley projected in a modest way, some years ago. Beginning with the street car lines of Champaign, Decatur and Danville, Illinois, he pushed on until he is now at the head of one of the most complete and efficient electric systems of the country. The company will soon complete their terminals in St. Louis, and have a direct air line to Chicago.

THE PRIDE OF CENTRAL ILLINOIS

Leaving St. Louis at eight o'clock in the morning, I took the Corn Belt Limited over this line to Springfield, a distance of ninety-nine miles, which is covered in about three hours, half or quarter of an hour more than the fastest express train travels. This train consists of a handsome car, fitted up with lavatory, buffet, dining-apartment, observation and smoking rooms, and all else that travelers can desire. In fact, it might be called a "compressed tablet" of luxurious railroad traveling. The road goes through a rich corn belt of Illinois, and is managed and equipped in the same way steam roads are operated. There are very few grades, and it was thrilling to speed through fields of golden corn, only stopping at the principal cities but reaching some towns which are not tapped by any other road.

It is an interesting economic fact that the farmers can now transport their corn and other products electrically, and standard grain and coal cars are handled by this electric road. No journey can give a more comprehensive idea of the country, for the steam cars do not offer equal advantages to the sight-seeker, who, as he speeds across the fields and almost into the dooryards of the farmers, has the feeling that he is enjoying a ride in an automobile or carriage, combined with all the comforts of swift transit and the elimination of cinders and dust. The block signal system is utilized, making travel as safe as possible.

* * *

Many isolated villages reached by this line have awakened into new life since the electric road has come their way. What such a company means to the farmers is beginning to be apparent, for every rail of electric line had its own value revealed by the conversation of the young people in the car, who were telling of how they had attended the theater in the city and reached home—twelve miles distant—in a shorter time than people who lived within the boundaries of the city. This indicates the excellent service rendered, and brings to mind that quaint paragraph recently published—showing the passing of the country girl; for it is the country girl now who is in close touch with the real new things not so easily obtained by her isolated city cousin—who lives but a few squares away, and yet finds city advantages less accessible than they are to those districts which are covered by a reliable interurban service. Only

From photograph copyrighted 1906 by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE LATEST PICTURE FROM THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, HAVANA, CUBA. SECRETARY TAFT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY BACON AND GOVERNOR MAGOON. THIS PICTURE WAS MADE SHORTLY AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF MR. MAGOON, WHO SUCCEEDED SECRETARY TAFT AS GOVERNOR OF CUBA

those who have experienced it, know what it means to have a carriage ready at just such stated hours, standing at the door to convey the passenger to any desired place in the quickest possible time, and this modern carriage runs, as a rule, every half or quarter hour during the waking hours.

I made the journey with the General Superintendent, M. L. Harry, and this added much to my information in studying the equipment of the line throughout. The tracks are lined on either side with a forest of strong poles, on which are painted black signals, indicating at considerable distance the approach of a switch or curve, a method which obviates as far as possible the danger attached to passenger traffic.

The power house, located at Riverton, is one of the finest in the country. It seems impossible that out of those turbine dynamos, occupying but a few feet of space, the gigantic horse power to operate hundreds of miles of railroad is secured. Side by side with these were the old type engine-driven dynamos, mounted on heavy masonry. The enormous voltage sent out from this central station is reduced and re-transmitted at various stations along the line, so as to give the most perfect distribution of current possible.

The motor man guards the turning of the switch, and everything connected with the current, with the same eye to the record of his car that the stoker displays in watching for his coal supply, for once the car is under way, he throws off the switch and utilizes all the force possible to increase the momentum of the car, and also casts a furtive glance to see that the lights are turned on none to soon or too late, remembering the fact that five sixteen-candle-power electric lights represent one-third horse power. It costs as much to make the five lights as one-third horse power represents under the old steam engine methods, but electricity is so reduced in cost that power may now be obtained at reasonable rates for general service.

In the matter of terminals, ticket offices and all that the traveler expects in a well equipped steam railway, this road has taken pains to arrive at perfection, and it offers conveniences not possible to the train propelled by steam. For instance, it is an easy matter for the farmer whose machine breaks down in the field to stop the car, get on and go to town, ten or twelve miles away, in almost the same time that he would need to catch and harness a horse in former days. This constant service at all hours of the day, furnishing mail and other luxuries not formerly available, is not to be over-estimated in the advancement of remote districts, and probably presents the solution for the problem of how to avoid the overcrowding of the cities.

The tremendous wealth of these broad acres of Central Illinois includes the corn fields and the prodigous crops reaped from them, as well as the unfailing supply from the great beds of coal.

The vice president and general manager of the Illinois Traction Company is Louis E. Fischer, of Danville, who has been connected with the company since its inception, and a brainier and more progressive man never lived. Up to this time I did not understand why the railroads gather to themselves and control the best talent of the country, but I now see that there is no other occupation which is so widely varied in its demands, and it is natural for it to draw to itself diversified talent. There are claims to be handled, expenses to be provided for, rights of way to be secured and the public to be dealt with at all times, to say nothing of individual shippers and passengers. Then there is the constant caring for the operation of the road and the handling of employes; in fact, there is scarcely a human relationship that is not touched upon in some way by the railroad system, and the same is true of a large electric, interurban corporation.

The extensions of the lines are being pushed rapidly, and it will not be long before one can take an electric car from St. Louis to Chicago, and dine on the train or rest in a sleeping car, for it is quite evident from the wonderful advancement made in electric interurban service in recent years that it will be the logical and natural adjuster of the vexed question of railroad rates. The basic rate on electric cars is two cents per mile, which makes them formidable competitors of steam at a charge of three cents. It is only a question of time when all steam roads will have their trolleys, suburban and urban, overhead —in fact, some lines are building now.

Congressman McKinley may well be congratulated upon the success of this great enterprise, which has grown from a small and unpretentious beginning to be a line of great importance.

A SMALL bearded man, full of dynamic force, Mr. Strauss is one of the new members of the cabinet. I met him many times in company with Senator Hanna, when he was actively and earnestly engaged in the work of city federation in adjusting labor troubles throughout the country. Moreover, he is the first Hebrew who has ever been in the president's cabinet, and it is peculiarly appropriate that he should be placed in the Department of Labor and Commerce; for here he will have an opportunity to utilize his information on the subject of labor with which he has become so familiar, and of which he has made a scientific study. He is equally well versed on the subject of commerce, with which he is familiar as a practical businessman and he may also be depended upon to fully investigate the subject of emigration.

The other new member of the cabinet is Mr. George Von L. Meyer. He has made a splendid record as ambassador in Italy and at St. Petersburg, and his career in Massachusetts has done honor to the old Bay State. I remember him especially, because of the kindly interest which he manifested in the early days of the National Magazine.

The coming of Mr. and Mrs. Von L. Meyer to Washington will be welcomed in diplomatic society circles, for she is noted for her receptions given both in Europe and America. Her originality in the art of entertaining, and her genial womanly courtesy and tact will add much to the gaiety of the social season.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON ON HIS WESTERN TOUR, AND MAYOR SHERBURN BECKER OF MILWAUKEE

THIS IS THE AUTOMOBILE IN WHICH MAYOR BECKER AND HIS SECRETARY, W. F. HOOKER, RAN FROM MILWAUKEE TO "SAGAMORE HILL" TO CALL UPON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

DR. JOHN GOODFELLOW

OFFICE UP STAIRS

ROOFED o'er by the blue of the near-bending sky,
And walled in by the gray of grim mountain-peaks high,
Bryson, a mountaineers' village, stands stiff —
With its front to the highway, its back to the cliff;
A smithy it has, a postoffice, a store,
And lo! its inhabitants simple and shy
Live close to the soil — and live close to the sky.

Many long years ago — yes, fully a score,
A stairway outside of the quaint village store
Led straight to the bare dusky room just above —
Like a highroad of hope to a haven of love;
And down at the foot of that stairway there swung
A battered old sign, and this message it flung
To all who were burdened with ills or with cares:
"Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Up-Stairs."

"Dr. John Goodfellow!" Lowly was he —
Out at the elbow and out at the knee;
But though he was tousled and tattered and old,
His sinews were steel and his heart was pure gold.
Seldom a storm roistered by in its might
But it found him abroad on the road — day or night;
Never a tortuous trail, but it led
To some sick woman's side or some little child's bed.

"Office Up-Stairs!" Ah, that small, dusty den
Was the home of the saddest and gladdest of men!
His thoughts were his children, his wife was the Wild —
And his heart overflowed when in summer she smiled;
No gold had he gathered, no gear had he won —
His wealth was the mem'ry of noble deeds done;
But he bottled up gladness — and sold it in shares
Signed: "Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Up-Stairs."

He died,— as the best and the worst of us must!—
And his friends bore him out of the dusk and the dust
Of his squalid surroundings, and laid him to rest
In the lap of the Wild he had always loved best;
Then they sold at vendu, as a matter of course,
His meager effects,— his poor bony old horse,
His black saddle-bags, his few books! — to defray
The expenses incurred when they laid him away.

Gone! Gone and forgotten! Ah, no — no! Instead,
As they loved him when living, they loved him when dead;
And his grave must be marked,— though no tablet or stone
Marked a single low mound of their blood or their own.
But, untutored and crude, they were quite at a loss
How to letter his name on the rude rugged cross
At the head of his grave,— how to carve a scant line! —
Till the thought came to them of his battered old sign.

That battered old sign! Ah, they took it and nailed
It high on that cross, but they stupidly failed
To note that it served as a sign-board of love
On the road leading straight up to heaven above!
Inspired were they, but they knew it not then —
Inspired of God, those poor primitive men!
For that old sign announced: — as the Scripture declares! —
"Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Up-Stairs!"

So there in the heat of the midsummer noon —
And there in the chill of the midwinter moon,
Marking the foot of the Ladder of Light
That ends in the Land of Omnipotent Right,
Still swings that old sign — as in seasons of yore
It swung at the side of Jim Milliken's store;
Still offering solace and answering pray'rs:
"Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Up-Stairs!"

James Ball Naylor

A BIT OF MISTLETOE

By L. Hennion

DEAR Grandmother and the Bachelor Maid
Plans for the Christmas festivities laid.

With pencil and pad the Maid wrote them down:
Grandmother helped with a smile or a frown.

"House Decorations," the Maid gravely read;
"Grandmother, what shall we put 'neath that head?"

Then Grandmother threw her dainty work down,
Roused beyond merely the smile or the frown.

"Why, holly and trailing green things, you know;
And don't forget, child, the old mistletoe."

The Maid looked up with a glance of surprise.
"Why, Grandmother dear, I thought you too wise

"To think that that nonsense could ever be true."
Grandmother smiled. "I am older than you:

"But things of the past it is hard to forget,
And old-fashioned notions cling to me yet;

"In with the woof of the long, long ago,
I cannot but weave the old mistletoe."

"For your sake alone," the wise Maiden said,
"Mistletoe, then, we will put 'neath that head."

"Better the other way," Grandmother smiled,
"The head underneath the old mistletoe, child."

The plans, so well laid, were well carried out,
Grandmother thought, as she wandered about.

Bowers of beauty the rooms had become,
And soft-shaded candles lightened the gloom.

"The soul of an artist," Grandma said low.
"But where has she put the old mistletoe?"

Hark! on the stairway, light, airy steps fall.
Someone else hears them, below in the hall;

Someone is clasping a Maiden, and lo!
Over their heads hangs the old mistletoe.

HALF AND HALF

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.

CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

AFTER the eating of a plum pudding that looked like a ball of blue-blazes and smelt delightfully, they all went to the pantomime with the very queen of landladies, who chaperoned her princess of a daughter; and when they were safe home again, the company sat down to cold slices of that self-same pudding and ate heartily—not that there was the slightest excuse for so doing; but, you see, it was Christmas, and there was much to talk of, and somehow it seemed more like Christmas to talk with one's mouth full of pudding and plums, and harlequins and columbines, and sprites and fairies; and of numerous theatrical adventures, as just witnessed by the ladies in question, together with their escorts and boarders and lodgers and humble servants, Messrs. Tom, Dick and Harry.

You see they were three chums, Messrs. Tom, Dick and Harry, occupying chambers that opened into each other through doors that were never known to be shut. The landlady used to say, that if she knocked at Tom's door, she was sure to be answered from the window in Dick's room, where Tom and Dick were on the lookout for the arrival of Harry, who was, of course, overdue; he being the slowest of the three fellows, who were, to be sure, a trifle fast. And, later, if she rapped at Harry's door, she was answered by a chorus of three, who were celebrating Hal's arrival at Tom's sideboard; and that was the way Tom, Dick and Harry passed their off hours, when the stupid business streets were deserted and there was nothing left for them to do but be perfectly jolly.

As Christmas drew on apace, the three chums had the greatest difficulty in keeping the secret of their gifts to themselves. Tom told Dick what he was intending to bestow upon Harry as a holiday token of his love; Harry divulged to Tom the mystery that was to be a surprise to Dick; while Dick and Harry left Tom in profound ignorance of a joy that was in store for him; thus they each managed to puzzle one another to such an extent that it made all three of them supremely happy. There was a girl in the case; there always is a girl in the case; how could there be a case worth mentioning unless there was a girl in it?

Rosebud wasn't her name at all, but T. D. and H. used to call her Rosebud and take turns in loving her a little better than any-one else they knew of. Rosebud was as pretty as she was useful, and seemed more like a sister than anything else in the house: she tidied the three rooms when Tom, Dick and Harry were busy in their several offices; and there was an unanimous vote of thanks passed immediately upon the return of the young gentlemen, and a great many complimentary allusions were made to her during the evenings, the very whisper of which should have caused the ears of Miss Rosebud to tingle deliciously—as no doubt they did. Such was the fate of the landlady's pretty daughter!

Tom admired Rosebud for her good heart and her amiable disposition; he was as happy as possible when she found time to talk to him; and the two other fellows noticed a finer moral tone in his conversation, and more gentleness of manner in Tom whenever he rejoined them after one of those private interviews.

Dick thought Rosebud the most useful little body it had as yet been his good fortune to fall in with; she was ever ready to repair his bursted gloves, or to embroider a neat monogram in the triangle of his handkerchief. Once, when he was ill, she served him with cups of tea and delicate slices of beautifully browned toast, made with her own little hands; she trotted about all day

and seemed never to get tired; and then she was so useful and convenient that Dick began to think she had been sent by some ministering spirit into his life and that they were affinities; he wanted everything done for him, and she wanted to do everything for somebody, so it naturally seemed that the two were born for one another—they must be affinities! how could it be otherwise?

Harry was more self-reliant than either of his friends; and he was slower of purpose and surer of heart; he had to get up steam gradually and little by little make headway, at first; but once started, he was as certain as sunrise, and there was really no resisting him.

It was Christmas night, after the pantomime; Tom, Dick and Harry sat nibbling at cold slices of plum pudding, talking of the pantomime they had enjoyed that evening and thinking of Rosebud. Rosebud's mamma, a very Christmas-like landlady—albeit she was a little sleepy—presided at the head of the table, for propriety's sake; she looked the picture of a dear, delightful pudding, with two large plums for eyes; there were unctuous wrinkles under her chin, as if the pudding bag had been tied there and left an indelible impress; then her little round mouth suggested a wee rupture in the richest and plumpest of puddings, and all over her good-natured face there was a kind of spirituous and sauce-like glow.

Rosebud's mamma thought cold pudding not wholly satisfying, she therefore mixed a savory cup that passed merrily around the circle, and five glib tongues wagged almost incessantly in that cozy supper room back of the chambers.

I believe the whole of the pantomime the pleasure-party had just witnessed was rehearsed, with more or less detail, at least three times before it grew at all tedious to listeners or narrators. Young Harlequin was made to go over his steep and thorny path of love in a very picturesque and delightful manner. Columbine danced again and again in the graphic verbal descriptions of Tom, Dick and Harry to say nothing of their occasional amateur terpsichorial efforts—due possibly to the liberal libations of the hostess and her daughter. Rosebud's mamma had a good word to say for the juvenile Frog of the pantomime who nearly swallowed a man—but not quite. As for the Rose that all were praising, though but a bud, she was as good to one friend as another, so that you could not have possibly told which one she liked best.

Well! They sat there until it was evident that no long-lost son could return from the stormy seas, in the manner of the long-loved Christmas story, with a proudly beating heart and several chests filled with fabrics of priceless value. It was also too late for any good fairy, disguised as a witch, to knock at the door and announce glad tidings—because it was getting on toward daybreak and all of these pleasant things belong to the midnight hour and follow in its track. So they refilled their beakers for the last time and said "Good Night" and "Merry Christmas" very frequently—in fact quite as frequently as was unnecessary—and then the young fellows meandered away to their chambers, locked fondly arm-in-arm.

I never knew exactly how they got to bed for they seemed rather indifferent to circumstances; but God is good, and Mother Nature is His housewife; so they all slept suddenly and heavily and heartily, and they all dreamed dreams; but it is Hal's dream that should interest us most, and this is what he dreamed:—

He was instantly and in the most miraculous manner transformed into a Harlequin, with a charming suit of skin-tight garments, in pattern much like a crazy-quilt. Rosebud was Columbine, and seemed to have suddenly blossomed into a white rose, bedewed with star-like spangles. Who should be Clown and Pantaloon, but the undeniable Dick and the unmistakable Tom.

At this discovery, Harlequin Harry became greatly agitated—to the moan of ominous music in the orchestra—indeed, he was quite at a loss what to do next. Discovering his confusion, Clown and Pantaloon suddenly seized him, and with surprising dexterity made him fast to an enormous pasteboard rock at the rear of the stage; there he was doomed to witness the despair of Columbine, who was evidently nauseated by the unwelcome attentions, not to say amorous devotion, of Clown and Pantaloon. She had all the while secretly loved Harlequin, as anyone could plainly see with half an eye. O! the utter blindness of love before it gets its eyes open!

Now, it seems, that Clown loved Columbine

for her domestic accomplishments; and Pantaloon for her amiability and beauty and the other delicate traits, peculiarly feminine—some of which seem to be quite out of fashion in these sad days. Neither would yield her to the other, and thus it became necessary to divide her and let each one take his half—which was the better-half, I wonder?—and depart in peace. At that most opportune moment a gorgeous cloud descended upon the stage and, lo! Solomon in all his glory, who had arrived in his air-ship, stepped majestically forth and with one stroke of his jewelled scimiter, he instantly and without pain, smote Columbine in twain at the waist; he politely handed the head and shoulders to Pantaloon, the arms and legs to Clown; the glow of wisdom suffused his radiant countenance and a smile of entire satisfaction wreathed his venerable Old-Testament features, and tripping lightly into his golden chariot of clouds, he was hauled up into his canvas heaven forever.

Pantaloon at once had Columbine's torso beautifully mounted upon a pedestal of a convenient height, with castors, so that he could push her along with him, when e'er they took their walks abroad; he could also shift her about so that she might enjoy an occasional change of scene. All this happened in an instant, for it was in the pantomime, you know, where every unexpected thing happens in the most surprising manner. Thereupon, Pantaloon began to hold charming and instructive conversation with her, and of a very familiar nature, too, right before the face and eyes of Harlequin, who, being wrought in the extreme, wept aloud and in his agony shook the pasteboard rocks like a young earthquake. Clown had a neat little table-top, with a cabinet at the far-side of it, riveted to the waist of his half of Columbine. Her front leaf was down like an apron, and she at once began pirouetting about the stage in the most cheerful manner; having two small knotholes in the upper part of the cabinet for eyes, there was no fear of her bumping into anything and upsetting the dishes, while she was actively engaged in the "Ballet of Domestic Economy."

No words can do justice to the torture of mind and heart to which Harlequin was subjected in this saddest hour. He was chained to Caucasus, as it were, with the vultures preying upon his liver! To his horror, he realized how sad a case it was. Had Clown won the whole of Columbine, he would have had no need of her pretty head and face and all the graceful curves of her tender and supple body, or her warm, trusting heart; he needed only a couple of willing hands and two tireless feet, ever ready to supply his many wants. In fact, he had all that was necessary for his comfort and satisfaction, and he at once began the new life—shall I call it the simple life?

He ordered dinner for one, and away went the dainty walking-machine, without a word, as willing as a bride; back she came in a moment with a tablecloth spread over her lap—I mean her leaf. There was a bowl of bouillon, a broiled bird with sauce and entrees. There was marmalade and sweets upon the shelves of the cabinet, and a cup of fragrant tea as hot as hot could be; thereupon Clown began eating as heartily as a man who is just married can eat.

Harlequin watched this exhibition of human depravity while great, honest, pitiful tears stood in his eyes, for they saw a vision of the future that well nigh broke his heart. In his mind's eye, which was also tearful—you know it is written even the heart hath its tears—he saw the thankless clown, mindful only of his own comfort, waxing fatter and more selfish year by year; he saw poor, dear Columbine growing rusty and decrepit in his service; her leaf warped, her shelves stained, her varnish considerably defaced; she could scarcely see out of her two little knothole eyes; and she was sometimes caught running into something and slopping over and spilling things off herself; or, perhaps, she backed up into a corner, when no one was looking, and tipped over against the wall, as though her days were numbered, and then she wished she were dead.

What joy could she look forward to in the hereafter? There is no paradise for second-hand furniture; she seemed thoroughly to realize that; you couldn't help seeing it in the hopeless expression of her legs; they were growing loose at the joints and seemed inclined to straddle awkwardly; she was beginning to let her leaf dangle in a pathetic way, as if a hinge were loosened—a thing she would not have been caught doing for worlds in the month of her honeymoon. No wonder; she was going all to pieces, just as if she didn't care to be useful any longer. She felt that when her hour came—when all

of a sudden, perhaps on some bright day, her leaf should drop off, or a leg snap in two, or wrench itself out of its socket, and she fall to the floor all of a heap, dishes, dinner and everything—she felt that then she should pass quietly away and go to some sort of purgatory; a cheap one, probably, where she could be nothing but a wingless and harpless and crownless, anatomical angel through all eternity. Oh she was sorry enough and it wasn't her fault at all. By this time Clown had finished eating and Columbine had fled to her kitchen, which was also her boudoir, and having rid herself of the *debris* of the banquet, as speedily and conveniently as possible—by merely making a low bow and letting things slide—she returned again to await any further orders from her lord and master.

"Ah! cried Harry in his own natural voice, forgetting for the moment that he was Harlequin, "Ah!" cried he; "and this is to be the fate of Dick's half of Rosebud!" and after his prophetic vision of the possible future Hal actually hated Dick — a thing he had always believed himself incapable of doing.

Then Harlequin turned to Pantaloon, who was still holding sweet converse with his half of Columbine; they were happy enough for the time being, but love-making and nothing but love-making, soon grows monotonous. By and by Columbine began to feel the pangs of hunger, and she delicately suggested that something in the line of light refreshments would be most acceptable. Pantaloon was by no means practical; he had laid in no store for the winter of his discontent, which was sure to follow the summer of his love; nothing but warmth and artificial warmth at that, could save him after the fire in his heart had abated. Columbine would have saved herself, and Pantaloon also, had he not permitted her more useful members to be taken from her; in truth, he objected to her coming down from the beautiful and highly ornamental pedestal where he had enthroned her, and the consequences were direful to a degree.

The prognosticating Harlequin again cast his sorrowful eyes into the future, and saw stark poverty staring that unlucky couple in the face. Unfed, unclad, unloved, the little housewife died a spiritual death, and, before the remains could be decently interred, Pantaloon slunk away into obscurity and was lost to view. There were a few ominous flashes of red fire in the wings at the side of the stage, and several small devils, looking very much like brownies, with bat's wings under their arms, played leap-frog for some moments and then vanished in the wake of Pantaloon. So the end of that domestic episode was come in very truth.

Then Harlequin arose in his wrath; he was now driven to frenzy; and, bursting his chains asunder, he again and again called upon Solomon to come down out of his mighty cloud and mend the idol of his heart. But Solomon was a wise man; much too wise a man to attempt to undo any thing he had done, albeit the result of his act was dreadful in the extreme and not at all what he had expected; for he knew well enough he would at once have lost his reputation for wisdom had he acknowledged his mistake and attempted to mend matters and things.

Harlequin, no longer able to endure his tribulation, seized his wand—it was like a thin slice of a barber's pole—and seizing Clown and Pantaloon by their loose garments, paddled them lustily until the rafters rang again and the dense and delighted audience rent the air with tumultuous applause; then gathering the fragments of his loved one in his arms, he bore them up a rose-colored height and entered the realms of bliss quite out of breath. Above him there was an azure firmament fretted with golden stars; and every conceivable delight in the shape of large gauze flowers with no perceptible perfume; limelights shining forever with blinding brilliancy, and a great multitude of padded fairies with unenviable dispositions, for they, also, were underfed and sat up very late o' nights on shockingly small salaries.

At that moment came a dreadful crash that woke Harry from his dream; it proved to be the loud knocking of the Christmas landlady at his door; she was announcing with some concern the exceeding lateness of the hour, Tom, Dick and Harry arose and went forth to the duties of the day; they felt not over well. Hal looked dark-browed and suspicious; he had not yet recovered from the bad effects of his dream. Poor Tom and Dick seemed to have something upon their minds; could it be that they too had been dreaming, and that they had all dreamed the same dream? A crisis was evidently approaching, and each seemed anxious to con-

fide something of importance to the other, but none knew just how to begin.

Well, Tom told Dick that he was quite miserable, and had an important something on his mind; Dick advised Tom to at once seek Harry and find relief, for Harry, of all men, was best able to comfort and advise in all serious cases. Tom, having poured into Hal's ear the story of his love—how Rosebud was the one girl in all the world for him—was quite overcome, and withdrew to the sideboard for that soothing anodyne that comforts, temporarily at least, a troubled heart. Then followed Dick ,who repeated the self-same tale, but left Tom out of the plot, calmly stepping into Tom's shoes, as it were; they seemed to fit him as well as they did Tom—at least he apparently thought so, as he joined Tom in the liquification of his infatuation.

It was mighty hard on Hal. He not only had his own passion to conquer—his bosom was on fire with love for her—but he must needs have heaped upon him the combined emotions of his two friends—dearer to him than brothers—and must console them in their sorrows. The memory of that dream still haunted him; he needed no Joseph, come out of Egypt, to interpret its awful significance. Were his own happiness alone in question, he felt that he might, in time, learn to endure it; and so he would almost willingly sacrifice his hope of bliss for the sake of either of the dear fellows who had confided in him and appealed to him for advice; he would yield to them and go his lonely way with a dead heart but a clean conscience. But Rosebud must not be sacrificed, either to the selfishness of the one or the improvidence of the other. He would save her this martyrdom; yes, by heaven! he would spare her this—even if he had to marry her himself! After all, why not save her in spite of everything, including his sense of honor? Or, better still, perhaps, why not lay the case before her, each arguing for himself in turn, and leave the verdict to Rosebud?

This plan was no sooner suggested than unanimously adopted. Tom, Dick and Harry seated themselves on three chairs, facing the sofa in Hal's chamber. Enter Rosebud, the incarnation of a living blush. Enter Christmas landlady, looking good enough to eat.

Dick opened the argument. He loved Rosebud because she had done so much for him; he felt that he was not half the man without her, that he was when basking in her smiles. For his sake, inasmuch as his salvation depended entirely upon her prompt acceptance of his hand and heart, he thought she should be his. Rosebud glanced tenderly and pityingly at poor Dick as he sat down with a look of confidence and self-satisfaction on his beaming countenance, that, to say the least, was provoking and premature. Tom worshipped her for herself alone. This he re-iterated with his hand upon his heart—one of them, the other in its embarrassment had sought shelter in his trousers pocket. He would make a queen of his Rosebud—"Queen Rose in a rosebud garden of girls," he might have added, but he didn't. He casually referred, in his picture of their future, to carriages, and liveried servants; artistic receptions, also; likewise summer resorts, a yacht, Europe, etc. Tom subsided. Rosebud's eyes were half-filled with tears, but whether of joy or sorrow I know not.

Then Harry stepped forward to make his plea. His face was a study; for once in his life he was weighing and measuring his bosom friends with a sternly critical eye. Tom and Dick changed color; they had expected nothing of this kind from the lips of one whom they had grown to look upon as the most loveable of created Harrys. To save himself from the reproaches that were evidently lying in wait for him, he related with no little dramatic effect the nightmare that galloped after the midnight supper of plum pudding and something to wash it down. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of!" said Hal, while he sawed the air and swung to and fro as one inspired, and scarcely able to avoid rising upon the tips of his toes at every particular climax, surprising himself as much as it did anyone else present; indeed, he was delighting himself with the sound of his own voice, and was as bold as a criminal lawyer. It was evident to himself that he was almost irresistible, and therefore he spoke longer than he had at first intended, as irresistible speakers are very apt to do for the sake of the fine feeling with which their bosoms are infused during their unaccustomed flights of oratory.

All this time the Christmas landlady was gleaming and glowing as if her swelling cheeks had just been inundated with the richest of

sauces; while those plum-like eyes of hers seemed likely to pop out of her pudding-face at the very first opportunity.

Then the meeting adjourned, and the verdict was not to be rendered until a later date. Meanwhile, Tom, perfidious Tom, entered into a conspiracy with the landlady, and at a moment, when least expected, he proposed out and out to Rosebud, while kneeling at her feet in old-fashioned, true-lover style. When he returned to his chamber with a cheerful and benevolent cast of countenance, Dick and Harry felt just a little bit like companions in misery; but Tom whispered a word in Dick's ear that sent him flying to Rosebud, who was tatting like a dear little thing as she sat by the window in the landlady's parlor. Tom's face was blank, and Hal looked puzzled until Dick returned, apparently quite virtuous and happy. Dick nodded at Tom, whereupon both the boys seized Hal by the hand and, in a kind of impromptu duet, they wished him all the happiness in the world with his rosiest of Rosebuds; the fact is Hal's eloquence was so convincing, they had both been led to see the error of their ways and each had said the best of good words for him to Rosebud —even pleading his case with her, and so Hal won the much-coveted prize without having the bother of popping the question at all. They assured him over and over again, with heartfelt emotion, that to no other bridegroom under heaven would they willingly have entrusted so precious a bride; whereupon, they sought the sideboard with wild enthusiasm, feeling an almost irresistible desire to hug everybody in creation. So Hal married Rosebud to the joy of the whole house, and nothing happened after that but congratulations, mingled with a shower of old shoes and a tornado of rice.

Dick never married. He thought it safer to live by himself; and so he lived, until Tom one day discovered a treasure, and secured it. Then Dick, like a good fellow, went to end his days with Tom and his wife, and he proved to be just matter-of-fact enough to strike a balance in the domestic circle, and it never once got out of shape; so they lived happily ever after.

Tom wrote Hal a long letter all about domestic felicity, and declared in several places that he was very very happy, in fact, much happier than he deserved to be; and that as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Hal would call on Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Mr. Tom would take the greatest pleasure in introducing a perfect little fairy with a face like a cameo, and who, to tell the whole truth, could be none other than the veritable Mrs. Tom herself.

Rosebud's mother grew more and more puddingish, until at last, like a real good mother-in-law, she actually died of richness. So, on the whole, the amount of joy that came of that Christmas pudding was only equalled by the amount of misery everybody escaped, by doing just exactly as he did or she did; and I believe the whole of it may be credited to the eating of that particular pudding, and the eating of it cold, in slices, and the pantomime, all of a Christmas night.

IMPARADISED

GOD'S angels sing and stun my ears,
God's angels shine and blind my sight.
Ah, wife, to hear your human voice,
And kiss your lips by candlelight!

God's amaranth is 'neath my feet,
God's asphodels are round my knees.
But oh, to see the grass of earth,
The daisies dancing in the breeze!

Yet heaven's ways are passing fair,
Its roads are beautiful and white.
I walk them and forget the earth,
The little roads of green delight.

Honora down on earth alone,
I cannot, cannot go to thee—
Alanna, bring the child in arms:
Come up the white, white roads to me!

Edward Wilbur Mason

A CHRISTMAS ROUNDUP

By Catherine Frances Cavanagh

GRIM, gray and as inhospitable as the November twilight which had fallen about it, stood the home of the Verdant Valley Volunteer, so christened because it was the weekly paper of Verdant Valley, and as its humorous owner and editor had informed his friends back East, because it often volunteered information for which it was neither thanked nor paid.

On this particular evening—the Saturday after Thanksgiving Day—the editor sat at his desk, his feet upon it, adding fresh scars to the already battered headquarters of news, his latest issue in his hands. Gathered 'round the red-bellied "Morning Glory" stove was a circle of his friends and acquaintances, composed for the most part of young men who had ridden in from the neighboring ranches for the week's news. They were reading it now, occasionally with comments uncomplimentary either to a party mentioned in "Concerns of Our County," or to the editor for his opinions expressed editorially under the heading—"Verdant Valley Volleys."

"What rot!" growled a stout, well-built blonde, from the point of preference directly in front of the open door of the "Morning Glory," as he slapped a certain item on the sheet before him with the back of his hand. "Listen, fellows, this is what Editor Layton says of me. Wouldn't it jar you! It's under the head of 'purely personal,' and you can bet he gets too darn personal at times—

"'Tommy Pratt, but four months removed from the flesh-pots of Princeton to the bean-pots of Bears Ridge ranch, spent a most delightful Thanksgiving Eve and Day communing with Nature, tramping over the encompassing mountains in this vicinity. There are times when Tommy makes us believe that he was a horse-thief in his previous existence and went to heaven by way of the halter; so adverse he seems to making use of that noble beast, the horse. How about it, Tommy?'" Tommy paused, and the other young men gave a wild yell, as they echoed, "How about it, Tommy?"

"How about it, you seasoned centaurs," replied Tommy, falling into the style beloved by the country newspaper—"well, in the first place, I didn't happen to be born either a Virginian or a jockey, and in my youth had no particular predilection for horseback riding. Before coming out to the happy hunting grounds of the greasy grangers, I took kindly to the rubber-tired, gasoline-fed method of transportation, when I wasn't using Shank's mare and—"

"Got that much of this news item down?" interrupted a thin, bronzed young fellow, turning in the direction of Editor Layton.

"No, Erb, I'm waiting until he finishes. Until he does, I cannot decide whether the item belongs in the sporting column or the society column."

"Or in 'purely personal,' suggested Ralph Berkley, who had been hit when Tommy made reference to the horse-loving Virginians. "If you want an item for that column anent Tommy, Layton, you might say that since your latest issue—"

"Thanks, glad you didn't say *last* issue, as some folks are fond of doing to remind me of my shaky condition," said Layton.

"Oh, I choose my words carefully, even if I am not from Boston," said Berkley, with top-lofty pride, giving a wink in the direction of another young man, who had long ago dropped the country sheet and was lost in the depths of the October Arena. "How about it, Old Harvard?"

As if he were addressed by his Christian name, the reader of the Arena, who long ago had been dubbed "Old Harvard," because of his constant devotion and persistent reference to his Alma Mater, looked up and replied,

"I never did believe that one should change his grammar because he has changed his environments, or his occupation—"

"Is that so?" snorted old Bill Darney, the

dean of the ranchers. "Well, I tell you kid, you'll change your tune if you remain out here very long. You'll find, pretty darn quick, that some words you used in Boston have no meaning out here, and some words totally needful for your projection out here, would land you in jail in your dainty, old-maidish Boston."

"For instance," said Erb, with a drawl, "you wouldn't dare say, 'Damn Thanksgiving,' in Boston!"

"I should hope not," replied Old Harvard, "I wouldn't damn anything in Boston, especially Thanksgiving, that sacred, New England institution. Now, as for the manner in which Thanksgiving, and all other holidays and holy days, are celebrated out here, I think they merit my damning them—a little—out here!"

At this bold statement, a wild yell came from the others, who, as if on drill, arose to their feet, waved their arms and gave forth that vigorous approval well known to all collegians in America, and sung to the tune of "My Country 'Tis of Thee"—

"So say we all of us! So say we all of us!
So say we all."

When they were seated again, Tommy became confidential.

"I guess you fellows don't blame another fellow for walking like a sawduster on a thousand dollar wager on Thanksgiving Eve, and all day Thanksgiving, just to shake off thinking of the good old times he used to have on such days back home. Think of the masked balls on Thanksgiving Eve—think of the games on Thanksgiving Day—think of the dinner—think of the dear, sweet girls—"

"Ah, shut up!" came a protesting howl from the editor, Berkley and Erb, collegians all, and keen on remembering the good days back East; days when the West seemed to promise them wealth, which, Chinese-like, they were to hoard and then go back East to spend.

" 'It is truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things!'"

fervently quoted "Old Harvard."

"Ah, and you shut up!" wailed Erb. "How do you know but that *she* used to quote that to us?"

"What! to all of you? the fickle filly!" exclaimed old Bill, who was enjoying the boy's play.

"No, to each one of us his own sweet girl may have said it," explained Erb seriously.

"Then," went on Old Harvard,

" 'Drug thy memory, lest thou learn it,
Lest thou put it to the proof,
In the dead, unhappy night—'"

"What are you giving us now, sonny?" asked old Bill. "How can anything be dead and unhappy?"

"Bill," replied Old Harvard gravely, "you put too much stress on sense and lose all the beauties of sound. It is evident that you have never loved the poets."

"Not much," agreed Bill. "You boys didn't come out here soon enough, that's what's the matter with you-all. If you had come out before you had come into possession of either a college eddication or a sweetheart, you-all wouldn't be so all-fired restless and poeticky. Now, me and my Molly hadn't gone half-way through the common school when our folks came out here—and 'twas quiet here for fair. Why, 'Lantic Ocean! we were glad for anything from a Methodist revival to an Indian uprisin' at times, to create some excitement. That's how it come Molly and I 'loped, just to stir up things some. But we ain't never regret it. It was a hard struggle at first getting along, as our sensible families—they weren't poeticky, either, said that as how we was so smart to start out that way, never letting on we even cared for each other, we was smart enough to get along by ourselves, without any help. And we did—just to show them! I often think we wouldn't have the richest ranches in this state if it weren't for the fact that we set up so all by ourselves, and no thanks to anyone. Boys, don't let those sweethearts of yours keep you waiting too long, nor you them. If anything makes me doggasted mad, it is to see the way some fellows keep a girl waiting, waiting, until they has enough to buy a ranch, a forest reserve, a yacht, a dozen automobiles, fifty round-trip tickets to Europe and such things, before they hitches up for life. Some gals gets thin and pines away before that day comes, and others get so fat they can't climb the Alps they intended to when they went to Europe on their wedding tower, and—well, it's a mistake. I tell you, boys, don't you do it!"

"Oh, Great Scott! Pap," exclaimed the editor, dropping into the affectionate way the boys had of addressing him at times, "who'd want to bring a cultured woman out here—on nothing? I'm too old, or too young, I don't know which, to acquire a sweetheart; but I have a dear old mother back in Maine, whom I'd love to have with me, and I know she'd like to have me with her—but I don't think we could be happy together out here. It's all right for me, but not for her."

"Why don't you try her and see?"

"It's too expensive a try just at present," said the editor. "Just wait until this outfit pays me, just wait until that bright some day, when in my prospecting I strike it rich—and then—"

"Maybe your mother won't be where she can take a train and come to you," said the old man gravely. "Why don't you take a trip to her about Christmas?"

"Why don't I take a trip to the moon? There are times when I believe that wealth not only has wings, but that wealth *is* wings."

"Right you are, Layton!" exclaimed Erb. "Oh, had I the wings of wealth I would fly to—"

"You are misquoting," interrupted Old Harvard.

"Who in the dickens said I was quoting," said Erb, half-savagely. "I am saying—*I*—not any of your sniveling old poets, or scribes—or pharisees, either—I am saying, or was about to say when you interrupted my flow of thought—Oh, had I the wings of wealth and I would fly—or steam to a certain city in New Jersey—"

"Didn't know New Jersey had cities," interrupted Tommy, with malicious intent, "I thought it only had colleges, corporations, towns and mosquitoes."

"Then all I have to say, Tommy," retorted Erb, "is that you did not improve your time at Princeton."

"Oh, didn't I?" asked Tommy. "Well, I'd like to know! Why, man, I surely did. You should see the sofa pillows I have, worked by no less than seventeen sweet ladies."

"And not one of them cared enough about you to smooth a plain white pillow for you if you were sick, I bet," sagely remarked old Bill.

"Alas, for me, Pap, I never took time to get sick and test their sympathy," sighed Tommy. "Never mind, Pap, my one girl has not come along yet, but when she does, I'll be content if she makes me a pine pillow, picking each balmy needle with her own slender, white fingers."

"You are a selfish old bat!" snorted Pap. "Why, don't you all know that it's a day's work to pick a full-grown pine pillow?"

The others howled with glee, for Pap had failed to see that Tommy was guying him; not knowing that Tommy had never been able to induce any of his admirers to undertake such a task as making a pine pillow for him.

When the howls had died away, Pap, looking at them in injured astonishment, remarked: "Well, of all the lunacky boys I ever did see! You think you can't larn anything from an old man, but you can. I tell you, Tommy, when the girls comes along that's willing to pick a pine pillow for such a lazy, good-for-nothing galoot as you are, well, I'll just tell Ma that we must open up that spare room and let you-all come there to spend your honeymoon."

Amidst the laughter that followed, Tommy replied: "Thank you kindly, Pap, but when that day comes, you can wager that the sweetest she and your abused Tommy are going to travel over every road in this U. S. that permits traveling by automobile. I don't think we'll linger long in this part of the country."

"How about your ranches, young man?" asked Pap severely. "Do you mean to tell me that just when you are getting along so finely, you are going to ride off in an automobile when you should be riding round, keeping an eye on your interests. Just remember, every year ain't such good fodder-time; the waters don't flow over this part of the earth always so plentiful; the cattle ain't always so fat and contented on being alive, nor so ready to be killed, either; why, doggast it, you young shoots is clean spoiled. Aren't they, editor?"

"I rather think so," replied Layton. "But aren't you taking it too much for granted that Tommy is to meet the soul-satisfying She in the near future. And Pap, what are you scolding us for—we aren't plotting to go East, or to bring someone out into the West. I told you my case—only mother! As for Erb—"

"Yes, it's high time Erb got in a word edgewise," put in that individual. "I just started to say, about an hour ago that, had I the wings of wealth, I would steam into a certain place—will that suit you, Tommy? and from that said place, which numbers some thousand souls, I would subtract one, so that New Jersey would be one inhabitant less—"

"Land," put in Pap, who was mildly impatient, "don't be so cloudy in your remarks, Erby—what you going to do—kill a man!"

"I would subtract," proceeded Erb, determined not to stop before he had finished, this time, "a certain sweet girl who has done me the honor to promise to be my wife—"

"Oh, you mean Miss Elsie Chapman," said Tommy. "Shake, old man; my sister, Loretta, never stops talking about that same Elsie. They were chums at Vassar, just as we were at Princeton, and a jolly pair they were. I wish we had them with us right now!"

"Or even by Christmas," sighed Erb. "Darn holidays, anyway We have just escaped through a blooming dull Thanksgiving only to run into an equally dull old Christmas!"

"Just like escaping from the chickenpox, only to get the smallpox," remarked Berkley. "I've been through one year of it, boys, I *know* I'd never spent a Thanksgiving, or a Christmas, outside of old Virginia until last year. It was fierce! Talk about being homesick! If I'd a had the stomach of some of my fine old ancestors, I'd have 'drugged my memory,' all right! Thanksgiving's bad enough, but Christmas out here—it certainly is enough to send a fellow either to the devil or flying toward the old home; even if he must make all his Christmas dinners hereafter off of corn bread and bacon. Future wealth—gracious, you feel that it is the dirt beneath your feet compared with a canter over the hard, red roads of Virginia previous to a Virginia Christmas dinner!"

"Or a sail along shore in Maine," supplemented the editor.

"Or a spin in a motor over in Jersey," sighed Tommy, "with one of the sweetest girls beside you, her hair making homeward-bound pennants in spite of her bulgy old veil, sometimes sweeping straight across a fellow's cheek."

"Shut up!" howled Erb, "Oh, darn it all, we'll be blubbering soon. I want the dearest girl in all the world; Tommy's looking for his, and not getting her, wants his sister; and Layton wants his mother, to make him incomparable pies, I suppose—Berkley wants to be back in old Virginia—"

"Or to have a certain young Washingtonian come out to the West, since I dare not go East until I've shown her old Wall Street bear of a father I can do something worth money," said Berkley.

"And who do you want, Old Harvard?" asked the editor, beaming over his glasses at the young man who had put aside his magazine, feeling it impossible to digest problems while all this talk went on.

"If you are sure you will not put it in your personal column, Layton, I'll tell you what I long for most of all."

"Out with—we promise not to breathe, even if you have a wife hidden in the gloom of Boston."

"No, like yourself and poor Tommy, I have not as yet found the soul-satisfying She. But I have, wearing their youth and spirits away teaching in a Washington college for young ladies, as it is styled, a widowed aunt and her daughter. I lived with them until after my uncle's death, when they removed to Washington. They seldom go beyond the Blue Ridge on the west, and time and again have I heard them say that they wish the opportunity would present itself for them to see what life is on a big ranch. Well, it may not, this year, but I live in hopes that I can see the way to treating them to a visit here."

"And have you more than a cousinly feeling for the sweet coz?" asked Erb, "Come, now, own up, while we are all confessing."

"If you mean a love-affair, no. I am as much in love with Aunt Alma as with my cousin, Jeanette, I assure you. She doesn't look a day over thirty-eight—just eighteen years older than her daughter. They are more like sisters than mother and daughter. The mother comes from your state, Berkley."

"Glad to hear it! By the way, my little sweetheart, Miss Taylor, is going through her senior year at the same college where your dear ones teach. I wonder if your aunt can be the Mrs. Preston, the teacher of literature—I've heard so much of a dear, little Virginian, a widow, who teaches Latin there."

"One and the same person," said Old Harvard, precisely.

"I am getting material enough for a page on the relations, tender and otherwise, of the bachelor ranchmen of Verdant Valley," said the editor, as he arose from his desk-chair and turned the damper of the "Morning Glory," which the boys knew was a sign that the office and lounging-room of the Verdant Valley Volunteer was to be closed for the night. "Say, Pap, what an item I could have, what a full page, rather, if all those friends and relatives were to turn up in Verdant Valley."

"You'd have to print a scarehead in red ink," said Tommy.

"Yes," crowed Erb, "something like this:

"ANGELS VISIT VERDANT VALLEY!"

"After that piece of alliteration, which I consider it a malicious travesty on my most taking style, I beg that Tommy and his confederates vacate the premises," said the editor, with mock indignation, "or I may be compelled to ask my bell-boy to show you out."

"Call in the old cow!" yelled Tommy, as he sprang up, overthrowing his stool, "bring in old Brindle; the editor and owner of the Verdant Valley Volunteer wants the onliest bell-boy he has."

"Remember the gender," cautioned Old Harvard.

"I don't know about the gender," said Pap, as he made for the door, "but I do know that some college folks think they're mighty smart calling a cow a boy."

With the laughter that followed came the turning out of the one light, the closing of the front door of the "Morning Glory," and a general stampede for the door.

After an hour's ride, Pap Draney arrived at the stables not far from the great rambling log-house built on this, the favorite of all his several ranches. As he turned his horse over to one of the men, he found himself sighing to think how long a time had elapsed since the great house was filled with young people. He recalled the times when the half-dozen chambers built around the great sitting room were filled. That was before his children, two girls and three boys, had married and settled in homes of their own. Now and then they came back in flocks, to have a home-gathering, then fly away again, leaving the old home more lonely than ever. He and his wife spent a quiet, dreary Thanksgiving, as none of the young people could manage a visit just then, and what was worse, said that it would not be possible to come for the Christmas holidays. Pap had noticed how "Ma", as she was lovingly called by all, had sobered and silenced since those letters came. She, who once never complained of loneliness, now seemed to feel it so.

"It ain't right," said Pap, as he tramped through the darkness to the back door of the house, "being so lone in such a big house like that, and somewheres folks is just a-dying for a chance to be in such a cosy home. It strikes me that Christmas time, particularly, folks would like to be in such a big place and have a royal good time. Hello, Ma!" he said, peering through the purple light and walking rapidly down to the big gate. "What you doing down here, with only that tiny shawl over your head, too?"

"Oh, Pa," said the plump little old woman, "that you, is it? Why, I was just looking for—"

"Not for me, Ma," he said, catching hold her plump arm. "Who was it, Ma? You aren't expecting company, are you?"

For a moment she did not answer, then, "No, not that I know of, Pa. But I wish I was. I feel so blue after the Thanksgiving passing and no young company. I don't see how we can endure it till spring when the children said they'd come up."

"Now, Ma, you come right in and we'll talk things over. I've heard about as much mooing over being blue around holidays as I can endure without trying to right it some. Those boys that are trying their luck out here at owning ranches, mines, papers, and other reliable and unreliable things, were mooing like a lot of lost calves down at the Volunteer tonight. Everyone of them has someone out East that they wish was here—and, Ma, if you help me, they'll be here all right for Christmas. I'll have one grand roundup of folks, if we never see another before the general roundup, Judgment Day."

As soon as they were comfortably seated at either side of the great fireplace, Pap Draney told Ma every scrap of the conversation which took place in the office of the Verdant Valley Volunteer, and then sprang the startling suggestion that they invite the editor's mother, Erb's sweetheart, as well as Berkley's, Tommy's sister and Old Harvard's aunt and cousin out there, to spend a month,

at least, beginning with a few days before Christmas.

"I am not going to do things half-way, either. Ma, you and I have more than we or our children need to have, and be morally healthy, and I'm just a-going to buy those lonesome boys a fine Christmas surprise. First off, we'll write, you and me, Ma, and ask each and everyone of those ladies if they will come, and then I'll telegraph them expenses for the trip. I suppose some of them, such as Tommy's sister and the girl whose father's in Wall Street, and Erb's sweetheart, won't want to take the money, but I'll tell them they can't come unless they do—it's my treat. It's to be a secret, too, and they mustn't even scratch a hint of it in their letters to the boys. I've figured it out that Mrs. Preston can *chaperong* her daughter and Berkley's girl, if the girl's father is willing she should come. She can just tell him she is going for the trip with Mrs. Preston."

"But, Pa, would that be right? Perhaps he won't like for her to visit so near to Mr. Berkley."

"Now, Ma, you and me ain't going to thwart Love in our old age, are we? I'll see she gets back to school allright, don't worry. She's not likely to think she's escaped from a convent, like those foreign girls. And then, Ma, I might suggest to Mrs. Layton that she meet Miss Pratt—Tommy's sister, you know, and Miss Chapman, she's Erb's girl, you know, in New York, and she can see that they get here all right. Now, Ma, don't you think we'd better drive into town tomorrow and get the school teacher to write the letters for us? We'll invite her up, too, and that fellow she's engaged to, down Snooping Branch way."

"Just as you say, Pa. Why, Pa, you are getting up a regular surprise party. I do hope, Pa, like some surprise parties I've known, it won't be a surprise by its failing, don't you?"

"Oh, it won't, Ma. I feel it in my bones it won't."

And it was not. Within a week, telegrams came from all the parties addressed, accepting the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Draney to spend about a month at their ranch, "Hopeful Home," as the old couple had called it years ago, when only a tiny log hut stood amidst its acres and acres of wild hay. Several days later came letters telling that the writers were more than thankful for the old couple's invitation and admonishing them, playfully, not to let even as much as a cat's claw peep out of the bag—it would be such a delightful surprise for the dear, homesick boys!"

Three days before Christmas, Pap dropped in at the office of the Volunteer and found there all of the unsuspecting young men. They were blue, the air was blue with smoke from their pipes, and, had they not pledged themselves to refrain from using strong language while working out a fortune in the new country, they might also have added to the general blueness of the atmosphere by using what Pap was won't to call "sometimes necessary cuss-words."

Erb had just taken his finger off the big printer's calendar which hung over the mailing table. Tommy who had been eyeing him, called out—

"No use, Erb, it's fully two weeks since she has written, and she's got another fellow, sure. A beau on hand is worth ten in the bush."

"And your sister hasn't written, either?" questioned Erb, smothering his resentment at Tommy in his anxiety to learn whether Tommy's sister had written or said anything of her chum, and his own sweetheart, Miss Chapman.

"No," said Tommy, "she hasn't, but then, you know sisters are not supposed to be as anxious for our welfare as our sweethearts."

"Wait till you get one," said Erb.

"Oh, I'm waiting, Erby, dear boy. But I tell you I'll not stand upon the order of waiting, once I see her—"My Queen, My Queen!" he said, breaking into the refrain of the old love song.

"For heaven's sake, shut up, Tommy," cried the editor, shying his sponge penwiper at the tuneful youth. "I can't hear myself think, let alone write this letter to my mother. I'm worried about her, too; haven't heard from her for over a week, and she usually writes every other day."

"There's another, not a mother, in this aching heart of mine!" sighed Berkley. "I haven't heard from Washington of late, either."

"Something must be wrong with the mails," began Old Harvard.

"With the females, you mean," said Tommy. "I see it in your melancholy eye, Old

Harvard, that you have not had any letters of late, either."

"Oh, dang it all, dang it all, dash it all, and so again I say dang it all!" cried Erb. And then arose the wild yell of

"So say we all of us! So say we all of us! So say we all!"

"Of all the blamed lunatics!" said Pap Draney, when they had sat down again. "Now, boys, I tell you, you'll go plumb crazy if you keep this up. Now, boys, me and Ma had planned to have all of you to the house this Christmas. Needn't groan, neither! It's going to be great. You can come around Christmas Eve and hang up your stockings, if you've a mind to—"

"They're full of holes!" moaned Tommy.

"Ma'll mend them. But, boys, you have got to do something for Ma. She rather expects other company, and we want the old house to be at its best, so it's up to you boys to get the place fixed up. Now, stop your groaning over heart troubles, and just groan a little bringing in half the woods to make that place just as green as if 'twas a bit of summer woods brought out here from your old East, that's always worrying you."

"But we can't get any holly or mistletoe," said Berkley, "and what's Christmas without holly and mistletoe?"

"And what's the use of mistletoe, with no girls around to be kissed?" asked Tommy.

"Now, boys, just you go ahead and do as I tell you should. I'll see you don't have a blue Christmas, and let me see that I have a green house."

"We are with you, Pap," they cried. And then, for the next two days so willingly did they work that the great house was indeed like a bit of summer woods when they had finished. As they hung wreaths over the pictures in the chambers, they surmised that Ma must have invited a great deal of company, and Tommy was moved to hope aloud that there would be a girl amongst the visitors who would take kindly to him.

At noon, on Christmas Eve, the whole house breathed forth a spicy, warm welcome. Ma, in her second-best black silk, a snowy lace fichu around her neck and a small white cap with lavender bow upon her snowy head, sat at one of the north windows with her knitting. Now and then she stopped to look up the road leading over the hills from the railroad station, where Pap with one of the hired men, had driven some time ago to meet their eastern guests. She was glad that the young men had ridden off an hour before, voicing their intentions of making an afternoon of it in the nearest large town. It was impressed upon them, however, that they must be back in time for the seven o'clock supper, which, on this night of nights, was to be a feast in honor of Ma's and Pa's guests.

Ma looked up from her knitting for the fiftieth time, to see the coach coming down the hill. Pap was on top with the driver, and knowing that she was watching for them, waved his handkerchief as a prearranged signal, denoting all was well. Ma arose hastily, threw her gray shawl over her shoulders and went out on the covered porch, determined to meet her eastern guests with a welcome so warm that they would not feel strange in this strange land. The day was clear and cold, not with the penetrating cold of the eastern coast, but laden with invigorating tonic calculated to kill the most obstinate cases of malaria or ennui. Ma felt almost youthful again, as she walked down to the gate and smiled up to Pap on his high seat. In a second he was down on the hard road, had opened the door of the coach and was helping out the fair occupants, then hurried with them to Ma's side, saying:

"Ladies, this is Ma! Ma this—holding the hand of an elderly, thin woman in black, "is Mrs. Layton, the editor's mother." Then he took hold of Mrs. Preston's hand, "and this is Mrs. Preston, aunt of Harvard, as we call him, and this, " leading forth a pretty, rosy-cheeked brunette, who was a small edition of her young mother, "is her daughter, Miss May Preston. And this," indicating a stylish young blonde, well wrapped in furs, "is Miss Taylor of Washington, who came on with them. I believe Miss Taylor is a friend of Mr. Berkley's," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as he dropped her hand and then introduced the remaining girls, "Miss Loretta Pratt," who was slender, round, dimpling, with mischievous, dark gray eyes and curly, chestnut hair, and "Miss Chapman," a girl of about Loretta's age, but with smooth hair brushed back from a white forehead, and, in many ways as different from her chum, Loretta, as she could well be.

At the dinner which was awaiting them, the entire party felt at perfect ease. Ma and Pa, these eastern people told each other when

left to themselves, while Ma superintended some work in the great kitchen, were the most delightful old couple they had ever encountered. But, for all their delight in Pa and Ma, they were wishing that the hour before supper would roll around quickly, for then they would meet the young men for whom they had come many miles. An hour before the fated time, they had arrayed themselves in their prettiest and lightest gowns, even Mrs. Layton consenting to put aside her sombre black gown and don a pearl-gray silk, a present from her son the Christmas before last.

As Miss Pratt walked forth in a pink crepe de chine, she was met by her chum, Miss Chapman, who couldn't resist saying—"It's a pity to waste that dress on a brother."

"How about someone's else brother?" she laughed.

"Maybe that's what Miss Preston thought, too," said Miss Chapman. "Doesn't she look too lovely for anything in that canary-colored silk mull?"

"I'm sure it won't be wasted on Tommy," said Miss Pratt. "Tommy is sure to fall in love with her. And this," she said, with finality in her tone, "must be his last offence."

Promptly at half-past six, five young men rode up to the porch, dismounted, and turned their horses over to the stable man.

"It's funny they have the shades drawn in the big room," commented Erb, as he rapped on the door with the toe of his boot. It was opened promptly and the five filed in. For a moment they seemed blinded by the light from the lamps and the fireplace, then they came to, when Pa said in his smooth old voice:

"Boys, what yo' think of my Christmas roundup?"

Tommy was the first to get his breath after the first wave of surprise had receded. "Say, Pap, I wonder is there the slightest possibility of me getting that pine pillow?"

At this, the other young men laughed so merrily that the girls begged to be let in the secret, but they were not until their visit was up and they heard that Tommy and Miss Preston were engaged, and that she had promised to help him pick a pine pillow.

Pap loves to refer to the merry month that followed as "his Christmas roundup," but Ma, being a little more poetical and reflecting that no less than three engagements came of that occasion,— Mrs. Preston and the editor, Tommy and Miss Preston and Old Harvard and Tommy's sister, not forgetting to mention the ones which existed between Mr. Berkley and Miss Taylor and Erb and Miss Chapman; loves to speak of it as "Cupid's Roundup."

AT MARY'S DOOR

WHEN, by her door-stone, Mary slept,
Weary and spent with tasks of love,
Close to her feet the Christ Child crept
While near them winged a snow-white dove.

And, in her dreams, the Mother felt
Again that Angel Presence near
As when, in trembling fear, She knelt
The message from her Lord to hear.

Thus, through the golden sundown hours,
Love's presence kept her dreaming sweet,
While, nested in the lily flowers,
The Christ Child slumbered at her feet.

By Cora A. Matson-Dolson

THE RULES OF ORDER

By L. H. Hammond

IT was believed at the Westville Seminary for Young Ladies that the members of the College Preparatory Department always acted in unison. To the public eye, indeed—which is, being interpreted, the seminary eye—they presented an unbroken front; but they had their private seasons of excitement, when, to use the graphic language of the youngest freshman, that seemingly solid phalanx of girls was shaken and rent to its foundations. It is with an upheaval of the phalanx's foundations that this story is concerned.

It happened in April, when the early Southern spring reaches its most captivating stage, and the dogwood blossoms in purest white against the pale background of the greening woods. The dogwood blossoms and the great Professor of English Literature always arrived together. His annual course of lectures was conside ed Westville's greatest intellectual treat; and his distant relationship to the principal of the seminary gave an added luster to that select and fashionable institution. The professor was nowhere more popular. The verdict of many successive classes proclaimed him an "old dear;" and this year the girls had planned in his honor an entertainment which, while representing the entire seminary, should include a number small enough to enjoy personal association with the great man. They had decided upon a tally-ho party to a near-by cave, which, both for scenic and geological reasons, was considered one of the show places of that part of the state. An elaborate picnic supper and a moonlight drive home would complete an entertainment, combining the beauties ot nature, intellectual stimulus, creature comforts, and the charms of female society. The plan left nothing to be desired.

The College Preparatories, as they were called, were the only students in the seminary in ignorance of the approaching festivities. The chief aim of the institution, as set forth in the catalogue, was to give to Southern young ladies all the comforts and refinements of a Southern home, while fitting them for woman's true sphere—the creation and adornment of the home itself: but it had also, on sufferance, as it were, a college preparatory department for those whose ambitions led them further afield. This department, with its mere handful of pupils, was looked upon with pity by the seminary classes, full to overflowing with the fashionably elect. The college preparatory senior's brightest hopes were but that she might "scrape" some college's entrance examinations and start as freshman on another four-year's grind, from which she would emerge a confirmed and hopeless old maid; but the seminary seniors saw beyond the splendors of graduation day an entrancing vista of dances and receptions—a vista invariably closed in the middle distance by bridesmaids, a flower-decked altar, and a nebulous but altogether charming bridegroom.

The pity of the seminary girls, like a great deal of pity in this naughty world, was worse than wasted upon its recipients. For their part, the college preparatories modestly believed that they embodied a very large proportion of the brains of the institution. A second portion, not so large, perhaps, was conceded to the faculty, and the small remainder was chiefly credited to two or three unusually popular seminary girls. They felt no yearning whatever for the seminary's pity, and resented it whenever and wherever expressed. They also resented, with more or less inconsistency, the fact that they were regarded as a separate "set," and left out of many seminary frolics. It was this separation which had drawn them so closely together that class distinctions were almost lost among them. Each seminary class had its own organization, motto, colors and flower, and woe to the unwary youth whose attentions ignored these vital distinctions; but the

college preparatories knew but one color—that of the department; their president was chosen without regard to class; and the youth whose fancy was arrested by one of these intellectual maidens could send her, whether freshman or senior, an offering of white carnations, and rest secure from future cataclysms.

Naturally, the tally-ho party could not be kept a perpetual secret, though the seminaries did their best; and that the college preparatories—the real brains of the institution—should be kept out of anything offered as a school hospitality, was an insult not to be borne. A notice from their president, posted on the bulletin board one morning, and bearing in its frantic chiragraphy all the marks of haste and agitation, called them together at the noon hour. They sat in one of the class rooms, excitedly munching pickles and cake, while their chief officer expounded the situation.

"Everybody knows the professor comes to this school on our account," she declared, indignantly. "What does he care about seminary girls who expect to marry at the end of their first season and go to 'creating and adorning Southern homes?'" She waved this menial occupation from her with a fine scorn, and her audience clapped as well as they could for the pickles and cake.

"They thought we couldn't find it out till it was too late to do anything," she went on. "They asked the Doctor and Mrs. Doctor to chaperone, so, of course, he gave them permission, and agreed to excuse all the girls who go from afternoon recitations; and they have asked all the teachers they thought would kick, so they're settled; and they've elected girls from each class. When they found they had two or three vacant places, instead of giving them to us they put in some extra seniors. There isn't a hole left."

"How did you find out?" asked the vice-president. She was the only senior in the department, and secretly deplored the "vice" in her title; but then she had been president last year.

"Miss Smithers gave it away—dear old thing! I went to ask her my Latin grade, and I happened to have done extra well this time, so she asked me to sit down. It means something to sit in Miss Smithers' presence merely for the joys of polite conversation, so I stayed; and she asked me which of us were going on the tally-ho party with the professor. It most took my breath away, but I told her we hadn't decided yet, and asked her what she thought about having a thing like that, anyway. That got it all out of her, for she wasn't asked and doesn't approve of it; but the seminary juniors started it, so she didn't lay it up against us."

The president paused to chuckle, and the department looked at her admiringly. She was only a sophomore, and owed her present eminence to the very qualities which had enabled her to extract this valuable information from Miss Smithers in the nick of time. If it had happened last year—well, the vice was one of their brightest girls, and of course they were proud of having a Senior in the department (in their thoughts this word was always accorded a capital); but Julia May wouldn't have known a thing about it till she saw it in the paper the morning after it happened, if she had known she wouldn't have done anything, as her next words plainly showed.

"What can we do if the coaches are full?" she asked disconsolately. Perhaps she was not sorry to expose the futility of presidential enterprise. The college preparatories looked depressed.

"We can empty them," said the president, with the calmness of the truly great in the presence of an emergency. The department brightened vaguely.

"How?" persisted the vice.

"Here," said the president, with a glance at the clock and a sudden haste in her accents; "you all come sign this. You first, Julia May. Sign while I tell you about it. It's a petition, and Julia May and I'll take it to the Doctor after school. There's no time to read it, but it's no end palavery, and states that we're all yearning after the highest things—which means him and the professor—and that we're also an important part of the school. We'll cry if necessary; I know how, and I can pinch Julia May till she does it. We'll oust those extra seniors and get in ourselves. Meet here after school tomorrow, and elect our representatives." She snatched up the paper and ran, closely followed by the others, and was in her seat in the study-hall a full three seconds before Miss Jenkins tapped the bell.

The two girls went to the office after school. To them the situation was simple; but the

doctor saw clearly a number of objections to their plan. They consisted of the displaced seniors, all of them town girls with fond mammas and influential connections. He did not believe in stirring up strife, especially in the families of pupils of social prominence. But the families of the college preparatories were also of weight, and he was not without resources.

"I had no idea of this oversight," he protested, "or I would have rectified it at once. But it seems a pity to disappoint young ladies who are already arranging to go; I can make room for you without that. Miss James is invited, but is really too fatigued with her work to care for the trip—she is not very strong, you know. I think I can promise you Miss James' place. There are so few in your department that one representative will be an even more liberal allowance than is accorded the other classes. I am delighted that you brought the matter to my attention; we couldn't allow your department to be unrepresented."

He beamed upon them, standing with his hand on the door of the private office, where his stenographer labored, and where no pupil was allowed to come. He saw the disappointment on the faces before him and cocked his head attentively.

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, in answer to a call inaudible to his visitors. "Coming, Miss Stebbins, at once! Good afternoon, young ladies," and he disappeared in the den.

The girls looked at one another blankly. "Why didn't you stop him?" asked the vice, reproachfully.

"Because I didn't want to," answered the other, taking her ground with instant decision. "He's exactly right; one is all we are entitled to."

"Oh, very well," replied the department's senior loftily; "but if only one can go—" she hesitated, meeting the presidential eye. "It's a shame about Miss James," she concluded weakly.

"It's Miss James' business to be ragged around by the doctor and Mrs. Doctor," said Anne coolly; "that's what they keep her for. The girls just asked her for a dummy, so that if the Doctoress wanted a seat for a friend she could have it. Miss James knows well enough she isn't to go. It's Mrs. Doctor who'll get the nervous shock of losing the seat."

"Well, it will certainly jar her," laughed Julia May. "I'm glad it's the doctor who will have to break the news."

They laughed together, personal rivalry lost sight of for a moment, in contemplation of this triumph over their natural enemy. Half an hour later they separated affectionately, at Julia May's gate.

When they met in business session the next day after school, they were still the best of friends. But it was quite clear to the brain under Julia May's curly poll that the one and only senior of the department was its one and only eligible representative; while the presidential mind saw with equally unerring insight that the college preparatories could be properly represented only in the person of their highest officer. What the majority of the girls would think, neither of them knew. Both scorned electioneering; and each secretly hoped that her own claim to distinction was so luminously pre-eminent that attention could not be diverted in any less desirable direction. Each, however, was uneasily aware of the other's popularity, and felt that a delicate sense of the fitness of things should lead her rival to withdraw herself as a possible candidate for votes. But neither of them would have expressed such an opinion for worlds, or even for a gold fan-chain, which happened to be at the moment the dearest desire of each.

"Why don't the others come?" asked the president; "there aren't but eight of us here."

"Rosalie's sister has a reception this afternoon, and she and Lily Maud are to serve the punch. They couldn't stay, possibly."

The president and the vice looked serious. Neither of them knew which had lost the votes.

"Where's Janet Moss, then?"

"She had to go to the dressmaker's, Anne," answered her desk-mate. "You know she's to give a birthday party next week, and her dress is hardly begun."

"Mamie's sick," volunteered the sufferer's sister. "She woke up with an awful headache, and mother's had the doctor. Mamie was so worried she sent me down to tell you."

The president closed her lips. She was a robust young person herself, and scorned aches and the people who had them. Ethel, Mamie's sister, had been a college preparatory herself last year, and should be a senior at this very moment, thereby destroying the

uniqueness of Julia May's position; but instead of going on with her work as she should have done, she had indulged in so many ailments that her mother had taken her out of school for the year. Mamie was just like her. Her headache was doubly exasperating just now, for she was in all things Anne's adoring slave.

"Mamie cried over it, Anne," insisted her messenger, "but it just made her head worse. She's in bed."

"It doesn't matter," said the president loftily, her mind intent on her own difficulties rather than on the whereabouts of her suffering satellite. "Well, I suppose everybody's here that's coming. You all know we can't have but one representative, and we'll proceed to elect her at once. We want to be strictly parliamentary, so we'll have ballots. Everybody sit in a different row, so nobody can see what anybody else writes. I've made some ballots out of the back of my Latin exercise book. Here, Ethel, pass them around for us. Laura Belle, you sit up here and count."

Laura Belle came forward and sat at one end of the teacher's desk. She prepared her own ballot with ostentatious care, folding it, and pushing it with one finger to the middle of the desk, where it awaited the others, shaken solemnly from Ethel's hand bag. She counted them slowly and carefully, and announced the result:

"Four for Anne, and three for Julia May."

"Ethel Stancil voted!" exclaimed the vice, in a tone which she tried hard to curb to mere judicial reproof. "You're not a college preparatory, Ethel."

"Address all remarks to the chair," said the president, sternly. "I've told you all that no end of times; I wish to goodness you'd remember. Did you vote, Ethel?"

"Yes, I did. My being out awhile for sickness doesn't count; and, besides, Mamie told me to cast her vote."

"Mary Stancil knows perfectly well we've forbidden anybody sending in votes like that," exclaimed the vice with suppressed excitement. "We forbade it last year when the new president was elected." She looked at that officer with a pleasant sense of time's revenges. The ranks of her own followers had been depleted just then by an epidemic of mumps, and their ballots by mail had been barred.

The president rapped to restore order. She wore a virtue-at-any-price expression. She knew Ethel's vote had been cast for herself: she knew that the vice knew it.

"Of course you can't vote, Ethel, either for yourself or Mamie," she said resolutely. "Give them some more ballots and let's do it over."

"Well, I know people can vote when they're not there," said Laura Belle suddenly. "I don't know how it is, exactly, but you just get a proxy and put it in a letter. Father sent one to New York last week. I heard him say so."

"A proxy in a letter!" exclaimed the youngest freshman scornfully. "Who ever heard the like! Why, a proxy is a man, Laura Belle. Kings used to have 'em in the middle ages to go marry their wives and bring 'em home."

"Will somebody suppress that child?" asked Laura Belle wearily, leaning back in her chair and fanning herself with a ballot. "She thinks it's her little primer class in history."

The freshman sprang to her feet. She was a red-headed child, a cousin of Julia May's, who was considered by her relatives phenomenally bright, and by other people too pert for any use. Before she could speak the president's algebra thumped on the desk.

"Order!" cried that officer once more. "Sit down this minute, Olivia Randall. If you-all will keep still long enough for the chair to get a word in edgeways, this matter can be settled at once. Proxies—" she hesitated for a second. Privately she shared the freshman's opinion that proxies were gentlemen in satin trunks and velvet cloaks, utterly incapable of being folded into an envelope; but Laura Belle knew lots of things about business, and it behooved no chair to risk exposing her own ignorance . "Proxies," she repeated firmly, "can be used by those who prefer to employ such methods. But we have spread on our minutes a resolution that no member shall vote who is not present to cast her ballot in person. We will not discuss proxies further. Pass the ballots, Ethel."

Laura Belle counted once more.

"Three for Anne and three for Julia May. Why, it's a tie. You'd better have let Ethel alone. I'm in an awful hurry this afternoon."

"We must vote again," said the president, with weary but high-minded patience.

The vote was taken.

"Three for Anne and three for Julia May. My goodness, girls, are you going to keep this up all afternoon? Why don't some of you vote the other way?"

"Which other way?" inquired the freshman scornfully. "Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Order!" cried the president once more. "Will you never learn to speak to the chair? Just vote again."

Once more the vote was taken. The girls were growing excited, and Laura Belle's sudden pallor as she counted the ballots thrilled their tense nerves before she began in a dazed and reluctant voice:

"I can't find Anne's other vote; there aren't but two!"

"Julia May's got it, goose," said the freshman joyfully.

"She hasn't either. She—oh, I forgot to vote myself! Wait a minute!"

She scribbled a ballot in frantic haste.

"*Three* for Anne," she announced triumphantly, "and three for Julia May."

"You just stop that, Laura Belle Williams!" cried the freshman fiercely. "You can't put votes in after it's counted. Julia May's elected!" Her blue eyes snapped, and her face matched her hair.

"It wasn't counted," began Laura Belle, when the president rapped again.

"It certainly was not a formal count," she said, "so I think it was all right as far as Laura Belle's vote was concerned. But, girls, we haven't a quorum. I forgot all about it. It takes seven besides the chair."

"There are seven here," said Laura Belle, counting rapidly. "Why, somebody isn't voting! I do think that's a shame—when I said I was in such a hurry, too!"

"Who is not voting?" asked the president.

"You, principally," said the irrepressible freshman. "If you'd vote it would settle it, and it's the president's business."

"She needn't unless she wants to," put in Ethel valiantly. "If Anne—"

"Order!" The algebra thumped vigorously. "I think—" with a withering glance in the freshman's direction—"that the chair needs no instructions from new members in regard to the rules of order. The president votes when other means of decision are exhausted, not when some member is shirking her duty. Let the person who is not voting rise at once."

Julia May stood up. The president gave a little gasp.

"Why, Julia May," she said, "I didn't think. Of course you don't want to vote. Girls, let's adjourn till tomorrow and get a quorum without her."

"You've got a quorum now. There are seven of us besides you," answered the vice.

"Not seven voters, if you won't vote."

"I'm not obliged to vote. If I am here that's enough. We are not going to adjourn and you can just give the casting vote yourself. You've got to."

"But it isn't a quorum," persisted the president. "How can a voter be present if she doesn't vote? I think we had better adjourn."

"I move we stay till there's an election," said the vice.

"Second the motion," piped the freshman.

It was carried, and again Ethel collected the votes.

"Three for Anne, and three for Julia May," said Laura wearily. "We may as well telephone our mothers we won't be home tonight!"

"You just stop this nonsense, Anne Hyde," said the freshman angrily, springing to her feet. "Julia May knows more about the rules of—" she collapsed in her seat suddenly. A junior, also Julia May's supporter, had sidled along the bench without speaking and jerked her down by her pigtail.

"Do hush!" she exclaimed in a whisper distinctly audible. "Anne knows the rules and she plays fair. You're a regular nuisance."

A ripple of approval stirred the silence.

"I must say," Eleanor went on, in a tone intended for the entire department, "that I'm getting dreadjully bored. I've been voting for Julia May, but I think it's time for this foolishness to stop. She won't let us go home, and she won't vote; it's a perfect shame. I think it's up to her to vote or to withdraw; and if she won't, it's up to Anne to make her."

A wave of applause swept through the audience. Julia May tore a leaf from her notebook, wrote rapidly and crumpling it up in her hand threw it on the table.

"There!" she said angrily.

"Well, there's no use bothering with the others again," said Laura Belle, opening it; "we all know the rest of the ballots by beart. Thank goodness, this is the end of it—four for Anne and three for Julia May."

The president looked embarrassed.

"I wish you'd agreed to adjourn, Julia May," she said. "But you didn't need to vote for me. I think it was sweet of you."

"You made me," snapped the vice; "and you broke the rules to do it. I'm sure I hope you will enjoy yourself."

The president's eyes flashed, but she set her lips resolutely and marched out of the room without speaking, her head held high. She walked home swelling with injured virtue. Her mother was out, and in the absence of that best of comforters she sat down to console herself with a perusal of the rules she had so faithfully kept. Didn't she know her "Roberts" by heart? Apparently not. She read with growing haste and consternation. Then she flung the book aside, flew to the telephone and called up Julia May.

"Julia May, you were right about the rules. It was a quorum. I'm awfully sorry. I'm going to call up all the girls now, and we'll do it over tomorrow. And—oh, *that's* all right! No, I know you didn't. No, I don't mind a bit. All right. Goodbye."

The next afternoon ten excited college preparatories sat before the chair. The election—or non-election—was without precedent in their annals. Except for Mamie, still detained at home by an anxious parent, the entire department was present.

"Neither Julia May nor I will take part," the president was explaining. "We will sit together at the back of the platform. I will ask Rosalie to take the chair."

She retired in conscious sanctity. She could not bring herself to cut out the vote of one of her own supporters by asking her to preside, neither would she knowingly deprive her rival. Rosalie was one of the two girls whose preference she did not know.

The ballot was taken. The elimination of Rosalie and the two candidates left eight voters. Laura Belle counted the ballots and gasped.

"Four for Anne and four for Julia May!" She fell back limp in her chair.

"Rosalie Townsend, you can just settle it," said Eleanor. "I'm getting nervous prostration; I won't vote again!"

"I expect to settle it," said Rosalie sweetly. She paused dramatically, in full enjoyment of her power and the moment of suspense, while ten girls quivered with excitement. "I vote for our president, Anne Hyde."

The president turned regretfully to the vice. Why must somebody always be defeated? She held out her hand hesitatingly.

But the vice rose to the occasion. Anne had behaved very well, on the whole; and she herself had no mind to go down in the history of the department as a would-like-to-have-been-but-couldn't. She walked to the front of the platform.

"I think Rosalie's right," she said, "and our president is the one to go. I move we make it unanimous."

The red-headed freshman climbed up on the bench and cheered, waving her handkerchief frantically; and the others, catching her enthusiasm, cheered and waved too. As the freshman said afterward, it was a perfect ovation for Julia May.

But the president caught the vice around the neck and publicly buried the presidential nose in the vice presidential collar.

"Julia May Somerville," she exclaimed, 'you are the very *sweetest* thing!"

FROM THE SEA AT YULE-TIDE

NO holly nor mistletoe send I thee
With a message for thee and thine,
But shells and a weed from the old salt sea
And a whiff of the salt sea brine.

The weed for health, the shell for wealth,
A wish for prosperity.
From the ocean's side, this glad Yule-tide,
Comes a Christmas wish for thee.

Mabel Ward Cameron

A CONSOLATION PRIZE

By Alice D'Alcho

£100 REWARD

Whereas, some evil-disposed person, or persons, have tampered with the contents of letter boxes and other receptacles for mail matter: Her Majesty's Government will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the conviction of the offenders.

FOR some time past the above notice had decorated the post offices and police stations of London; inspiring its readers with an ardent desire to bring the evil-disposed person to justice; and on this particular Sunday morning, convincing two very enterprising youths that the £100 was theirs. They were of the genus loafer, a type very much in evidence in the city streets on Sunday.

The place was one of the short streets near the Strand; on one side a row of publishing houses, on the other the arched entrance to one of the old city churches. High up, outlined against the murky sky, the beautiful tower gave silent praise to the master-hand which planned it—but the two watchers below were as oblivious of Wren's genius as of the service to which the bells were calling.

Their whole attention was directed to the movements of a woman—movements, which, to say the least, appeared somewhat mysterious. Strolling lazily up the street, they had noticed her peering into a letter box, and seemingly trying to abstract some of its contents.

"Wot's she up to, Bill?" whispered the younger of the two.

Bill shook his head sagely and opined that it was "a rum go"; then the twain slipped into a doorway to watch.

The woman did not seem successful in her object, for she turned and crossed the street, looking anxiously up and down. The bells had stopped and the service had begun—most of the congregation entering at the front. The street seemed deserted, and, as if taking fresh courage, the woman suddenly re-crossed to the letter box. The watchers then saw that the corner of a package was sticking out of the opening, and that she was making a desperate effort to dislodge it. Several tugs, and it came out with a jerk—evidently to the woman's satisfaction. Also to that of her observers; this was plain proof, and all they needed was a policeman.

To their surprise, she now crossed the road again and entered the church. Baffled for the moment, they stood hesitating, then the elder bade his friend remain on guard while he went around to the front entrance. There a solitary policeman was awaiting the end of the service, and hungrily anticipating his dinner. But that and all else was forgotten on hearing the tale, and the majesty of the law became suddenly alert. Presently the great doors swung back and the congregation filed out; last of all the woman they were waiting for. She was still carrying the mail-package, and now turned toward Charing Cross. A moment later, a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder and a gruff voice was advising her to come along quietly. The advice was hardly needed, for she seemed too dazed to resist, or even to speak.

The classic shades of Bow street were near at hand, but ere the little procession arrived it was swelled by a motley crowd of idlers, and their comments were various.

"A regular bad 'un, she is!"

"Ow, I dunno, she don't look it."

And she didn't. She was young, fair and had an air of refinement that belied her shabby dress.

Sergeant Jones, who was in charge that morning, looked up in some amazement as the culprit was haled before him. "A serious matter," he said, "be careful what you say." His manner was kind and somewhat

fatherly—he had daughters of his own at home—perhaps it touched the girl, for she began to sob.

"Oh, what does it mean? what have I done to be brought here?"

The charge was read to her: "Robbing the mail—two witnesses."

"I rob the mail! I never stole in my life!"

"Property found on person, sir," interrupted the policeman, pointing to the package still in her hand.

"This!" she exclaimed. "Why, this is my own — my own writing—it's a story."

"A story, what do you mean?"

She was growing calmer now, and went on with her explanation. Her husband was ill, and they needed money, so she had tried to write a story for the prize competition in the "Bon Bouche," a popular magazine. The time-limit expired on Monday morning—Christmas Eve—and this was the twenty-third of December, so to make sure of being in time, she had taken it direct to the publishing office. The letter box was already full and the manuscript stuck half-way, so, fearing it might be stolen, went back and drew it out. Then she went into the church for a while, that was all.

It seemed simple enough, but the sergeant's long experience with wolves in lamb's attire had taught him that an air of perfect innocence may only be a cloak for profound guilt. He examined the unlucky package, but that did not help him much; it was addressed to the editor certainly—but that was no proof that she wrote it. Turning to the two witnesses, he bade them be on hand next morning, and dismissed them.

The girl stood waiting, flushed and indignant.

"Surely you believe me," she said, "you will release me now?"

The sergeant looked grave. "I am sorry, but it is not in my power to do so; the offence charged is a serious one, and my duty compels me to detain you."

"Till when?"

"Till tomorrow morning, when the magistrate will hear your case."

She gave him a horrified stare, then, claiming the privilege of her sex, dropped into a chair and fainted.

They carried her into a private room, and a female attendant was summoned, but it was some time before the girl recovered consciousness. When she did it was only to break into wild, hysterical weeping.

The sergeant felt worried and heartily wished someone else had been in charge that day; locking up a woman always tried his kindly soul, and he felt convinced in his own mind that this one was innocent. So he secretly anathematized the witnesses as "a couple of meddling fools, confound them!" To relieve his feelings a little, he sent out for sundry dainties in hope of tempting his prisoner's appetite; but they remained untouched and her hysterical crying still went on. He had not even succeeded in getting her name—perhaps she would talk presently—so, leaving the matron with her, he went back to the office and waited.

It was growing dark, and the sergeant felt very sleepy; no other charges had come in—he had read the paper through—and now any relief to the dullness would be acceptable. It was coming.

The matron looking somewhat scared, suddenly appeared before him, whispered a few words and vanished again, leaving the startled sergeant very wide awake indeed. And now there was ringing of bells—hurrying feet passing to and fro—the police surgeon's voice giving orders, which the sergeant meekly obeyed—altogether a state of commotion and excitement.

Late in the evening the doctor reappeared. "A fine boy," he said, in answer to the sergeant's look of inquiry. "She'll do now, I think, but who is she?"

"That's just what I want to know," replied the weary officer. "I was hoping the matron would have found out." Then he related the whole story, and to his relief, found the doctor's opinion agreed with his own.

"Well," said the surgeon, "we can do nothing at present; leave it to me. I shall stay here for the night, and perhaps may get a chance to question her. For one thing, I think she is an American. Now, you'd better turn in."

The sergeant's hours of duty were long past, and a night-officer was waiting to relieve him, so he gladly obeyed. Dingy old Bow street settled down into its normal state of quiet, but the doctor's guess had increased the sergeant's worriment, and his dreams were haunted with vague visions of international complications, and a fleet of Uncle Sam's warships steaming up the Thames.

Morning came, bright and sunny, as if in blessing on the little life just dawned. In her improvised chamber the young mother lay calm and happy, for the doctor had told her all would be well. He had learned enough to justify his confidence, and when the sergeant put in an early appearance, met him with a smiling face.

Her name was Graham—Mrs. Wilfred Graham — and her home was at Fulham. He had promised that he himself would go there in the morning and acquaint her husband with all her adventures.

"So, send me in some breakfast, my dear fellow, and I'll be off—I want to get ahead of those blessed witnesses."

Half an hour later he was on his road to the modest little home, where he found a wild-eyed, distracted husband and a very tearful landlady. A few words told his errand, but many columns would not describe the husband's conflicting emotions: indignation, grief, joy and pride rendered him speechless for a time. Then he gave the worthy doctor all the truth.

She was the daughter of a wealthy American—a New Yorker—and they had met in London, at the house of a mutual friend. They were distantly related—second cousins —and of course fell in love."

"Very imprudent," murmured the doctor, "but I don't blame you. Go on."

The father was furiously angry; refused to sanction any engagement, and threatened to carry his daughter off at once if she dared to see her lover again. She was of age, so they were married secretly, hoping he would afterward relent; but he refused to see them and went back to New York in bitter anger.

As the young man proceeded with his story, the doctor was mentally taking notes. "A sick man—not past mending, though—ease of mind and a sea-voyage would bring him around. A gentleman, every inch—but papa wanted a title, I suppose."

"Don't think me a fortune-hunter, I beg," Graham went on. "At the time of our marriage, I had every reason to think our future secure. I had passed my final "exam." for the bar, and my prospects were good. My father, General Graham, approved of my marriage, and by his will we were to inherit the whole of his little fortune. Alas, a city friend persuaded him into an endeavor to increase it; he made large investments, promising and seemingly sound, and a year later found himself ruined. All had gone—and the shock killed him. Then other troubles came—treading on each other's heels—till, finally, I was mixed up in a railway accident, and you find me like this—spinal concussion, the doctors said."

"Poor chap!" ejaculated the listener, "we'll see what we can do."

Graham smiled and went on. "My dear wife has been so brave and patient through it all. In her college days she was noted as a ready writer, and she has sometimes said she would try her powers witb the editors—but I did not know of this effort. When she started out yesterday I supposed it was to go to church; she looked pale and worn, so I was glad for her to have the walk. To think it should lead to a police station!"

Here the doctor broke in. "Come, this won't do; never you mind about the police station, sir; it isn't every baby has the good luck to be born in such a celebrated place; known all over the world, sir."

"Well, doctor," laugbed Graham, "we'll call it a government office, if you like."

"Ah, that's better—but come, I've promised to take you back with me. I have a carriage waiting—no sir, not the 'Black Maria'—don't be irreverent. Your landlady must come, too—she must swear to your respectability."

With that he jerked the bell-rope and ordered the astonished Mrs. Jenkins to be ready in a jiffy.

"Now, where's your overcoat?—hat—no a cap will be more comfortable—something for your throat, that's it—now we're ready—take my arm, steady now!"

Before Graham could realize it, the doctor had got him into the carriage and, with Mrs. Jenkins on the opposite seat, they were driving rapidly toward the scene of trouble.

Now it happened that just about the same time, Mr. John Gregson, editor of the "Bon Boucbe," was also on his way to town. He had secured a morning paper, a comfortable seat in an early train, and was in a very cheerful and optimistic mood. Glancing carelessly over the news items, one headline arrested his attention:

"Extraordinary occurrence at Bow street; a story for the 'Bon Bouche.'"

With an exclamation of surprise, he read the account given, ending with: "The case

will be heard this morning." The editor immediately decided to drop in on his way; the magistrate was a friend of his, and really he'd like to see the thing through.

Accordingly, when his train drew into Charing Cross station, Mr. Gregson made all speed toward Bow street. The magistrate had just arrived, and greeted him cordially.

"What's brought you here, my good fellow?"

"This," said the editor, pointing to the paper. "I'd like to know the truth about that manuscript."

"Come along, then—I must hear the charge as a matter of form, but Doctor Barton vouches for her story."

The two witnesses had also arrived, but were looking somewhat crestfallen; the reward seemed much farther off than yesterday, and they waited in dubious perplexity while the inquiry proceeded.

It did not take long. Sergeant Jones testified as to the arrest—then made way for the doctor. The latter formally declared his patient unable to appear—would the magistrate take her statement privately?

His Honor would, and in company with the doctor, made his way to her bedside.

Very few words sufficed to put the matter straight, and he expressed his deep regret for the pain and humiliation she had suffered, adding, with a kindly smile: "Perhaps it may comfort you a little to know that your story will reach its destination, after all. Mr. Gregson is my friend, and I will place it in his hands. I can't say as to its acceptance, for the ways of editors are dark—but if nothing else comes of it, you have a consolation prize in this young gentleman." He laid his hand gently on the baby's head as he spoke, then, thinking she had excitement enough, withdrew.

"The charge is dismissed," he announced, "the explanation is quite satisfactory."

The witnesses turned to go, consoled with a couple of guineas, then hesitated, grinning foolishly.

"Your honor," said one, "we'd like you to tell the lady as how we're very sorry, and wish her and her baby the compliments o' the season. You see, sir, it's a Christmas baby."

"So it is, my good fellow—well, we will all give him our good wishes."

* * * * *

Early on Christmas morning, before the neighbors were astir, an ambulance, a trained nurse, and a fussy little doctor combined to smuggle the two patients into their proper quarters.

Mrs. Jenkins beamed with delight, and the little chamber was dainty and sweet, with here and there a sprig of holly to brighten its walls. Not exactly a merry Christmas, but certainly a happy one; and Graham, holding his child against his heart, grew stronger and more hopeful of the coming year.

Days passed, and, meanwhile, other things were happening.

In the editorial rooms of the "Bon Bouche" the readers were gradually reducing the formidable pile of manuscript resulting from the competition. Already a goodly number were awaiting the final word, when the editor himself came in, and handing a package marked "special" to the chief reader, asked him to report on it as quickly as possible.

"A remarkable story, I think, sir; do you know the writer?"

"Well, no, but I wish to serve her, and I will use the story if I can, though it came to me in a roundabout way."

The chief retired, and Mr. Gregson settled down to pass judgment on the story which had landed the writer in Bow street.

A smile of satisfaction illumined his face as he laid the manuscript down—and that same evening he called on his friend Doctor Barton.

"Wait a few days, please," said that worthy. "I don't want anything that may cause excitement yet." So the matter rested, while still other things were working together for good.

* * * * *

In a cozy room in one of the best Paris hotels, a lady and gentleman were dawdling over their late breakfast, and discussing the English mail, which had just come in. The gentleman had a soldierly bearing; the lady was plump and very pleasant to look upon. So at least her husband thought, as a sharp exclamation made him raise his eyes to her face.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Look at this," she replied, handing him a London paper. It was an account of Mary Graham's arrest.

"Poor girl! to think of her coming to this! Oh, why did they not write to me!"

"Because they are two proud and foolish young people. Are you not sorry you encouraged that match?"

"My dear major, no. Wasn't she my dear sister's child—and he the son of my good cousin, Gerald Graham. What better match would you have, sir? Besides, were not we just as foolish?"

The major laughed. "That's true—and we have not repented yet, dear wife! We can't lecture this pair of geese—now what will you do?"

"Write to her father first—then we'll get to London as quickly as we can."

"Very well, my dear," meekly replied her husband, "you have only to command."

She knew that well, this buxom wife of Major Ellis; brave old soldier that he was, he ever yielded to her generalship in all that concerned their private life. Returning from a long command abroad, they had planned a few weeks' stay in Paris—and here she was saying "London at once."

Well, London it must be; she would not rest now till she got hold of that baby. So, while she was writing her letter the major was giving orders concerning their baggage and arranging for their departure.

The following week saw them settled in their London home, from whence the lady began to make daily pilgrimages to Fulham; a devotee to that baby's shrine.

And its fair young mother, being alternately scolded, petted and fussed over, was quietly gaining strength, and thinking wistfully, now and then, of her father. She did not know that four pages of very fluent and vigorous English were just then on their way to the man who had disowned her.

* * * * *

He did not seem to appreciate it, judging from the frown which gathered as he read the following:

> "Allow me to congratulate you—on two things—a grandchild, and the place where that child was born. Perhaps, I should add a third, your gift of prophecy. I remember how you foretold that your daughter would come to the poorhouse; it is even worse, my dear sir—a police station!"

The reader squirmed. "That woman always did have a tongue," he muttered.

The sarcastic writer went on:

> "When my beloved sister married you, Ralph Curtis, she thought you had a heart inside your body—but from your treatment of her child, that necessary organ seems to be changed into a money bag. May it give you joy! But do not trouble yourself as to their welfare; the major and I will see that they do not suffer—we mean to consider that baby as our own."

He burst forth in passion. "Do they—I'll see them hanged first!"

Then his head dropped—he had no right—he had repudiated her! He looked round the handsome room, so rich with all that money could buy—so bare of all that could rejoice the heart or bring light to the eyes. Bitter thoughts surged through his brain. Was it for this he had toiled and fought—beating down his competitors, and not always by fairest means?

Presently he looked up; the room seemed peopled with shadows. There, by the hearth, the firelight playing on her rich brown hair, sat a woman fair and sweet, and clasping a baby to her breast.

He covered his face again, and when he looked up once more she had vanished; in her place sat a little child, whose black frock and wistful eyes told their own tale.

Again the vision changed. Now it was a bright girl, white-robed and flushed with happy triumph; a bevy of fair graduates crowding round their friend and favorite.

Then, the journey to Europe—his high ambitions—and this!

So he brooded far into the night—and next day his haggard face told of the struggle within.

* * * * *

And a thousand leagues away the rich man's daughter was holding a little court of her own. She was convalescent; the baby was flourishing; and her husband, thanks to Doctor Barton's efforts, decidedly better. This was her first day down stairs, and a day of jubilation. An open letter lay before her, and with it a check for $500. "An excellent story," said the letter, and the editor asked her acceptance of the enclosed check, "as a consolation prize."

Happy tears filled Mary's eyes, as she laid

the check in Graham's hand. "My first earnings, dear."

Good Mrs. Jenkins was called in to share in the rejoicing, and it was a very merry little household which Aunt Ellis found that morning.

* * * * *

Three weeks later, on a Sunday afternoon, a christening party gathered in the old church where Mary's adventures began. It was her whim, and it especially pleased Editor Gregson.

That gentleman had been holding a strenuous argument with the major, as to how many godfathers a boy might have. The rector being appealed to, said that while he was bound to have two, there was no reason why he should not have twenty if they wished. That settled it; they would all be his sponsors. So, in addition to his natural guardians, Graham and the major, Mary's boy was vouched for by the editor, the doctor and the kindly magistrate, Mr. Everard, who proved to be a college chum of Graham's father.

"Name this child"—said the rector's sonorous voice.

"Noel Ralph." Mrs. Ellis gulped over the second name—but Mary and her husband had been firm in that wish, and for once the major had his way. "It may bring a reconciliation, dear wife," he said.

They were all to come back to dinner—said Mrs. Ellis,—"quite informal, no fuss."

It was dusk when the party arrived, and they filed into the comfortable, firelit library. A man stood waiting by the hearth, and Mrs. Ellis went forward to greet her visitor. But Mary's eyes were keener—with a cry she rushed past, and flung herself into his outstretched arms.

"Father!"

Holding her close, he put out one hand to Graham—"My son, forgive me!"

A TICKET FOR BONNYWICKET

By Frank Monroe Beverly

SHE looked somewhat dejected,
The girl at Coalbrook did;
The agent at the window
The surging crowd kept hid—
She wanted a ticket
For Bonnywicket.

Though hard she tried to see him,
The throng had kept her back;
The more she tried to enter,
The denser grew the pack—
She'd get no ticket
For Bonnywicket.

Then helpless and appealing,
Her eyes on me she cast;
She looked like one who passes
Through trouble sharp and vast—
"I want a ticket
For Bonnywicket."

"And thus comes your dejection,
My gentle lass," I said.
"Well, I will make an effort—
This throng seems quite ill-bred—
To get a ticket
For Bonnywicket."

I pressed on to the window,
By crowding through the pack,
And saw the busy agent,
Then forced my slow way back—
I had a ticket
For Bonnywicket.

But those sweet eyes, appealing,
I thought without design,
Had fled, and left me minus
Two dollars-forty-nine!
To sell: A ticket
For Bonnywicket.

AN AMERICAN MADONNA

By Dorothy Jamieson

FELIX never knew what it was that took him into the palace that stands at the head of Copley Square in Boston. He possessed no particular taste for reading; nor the inclinations which attract people to the reading room of a great public library.

But he knew why he went there again and again and became one of the regular habitués. He always took the same place and picked up the same magazine,—and as yet had never read an article. Over the reading desks, he saw the same sweet face, bending over the magazine devoted to genealogy.

Felix Grausbeck spent his days bending over and retouching half-tones for a Boston engraving house. He might have seen some of his painstaking work in the local magazines in that reading room, but he never looked for them.

As he had been accustomed to spend his evenings with some of his confreres, attending the music halls, and having an occasional late supper, his absence was soon a matter of comment.

"What's the matter with you, Felix?" they asked. "We miss you—you used to be half the fun!"

"Oh, I've other fish to fry." he replied.

Then they looked wisely at each other and jocosely remarked, "Oh, it's a girl, isn't it?"

Thereupon Felix feigned indignation and truthfully asserted "I haven't spoken to a girl for months."

They believed him, for everyone believed Felix then, with quite the same finality with which they distrusted nine-tenths of the others.

Then it became a matter of course, that Felix should not be one of the number of released artisans, seeking pleasure and spending a little money each evening in the cheap haunts of amusement.

As the months passed, Felix found he had a fund of unspent wages, growing monthly bigger. It began to look good to him, and one day, at noontime, he sought out a savings bank and placed it in its care.

Each evening he was apparently one of the most studious of the sedate gathering in the handsome granite building. He only took occasional glances at the sweet, round face across the far distance over the reading desks. He knew its every line, every curve of the pure, white brow, and each golden cluster that fell over it in careless curls.

Felix was very discreet in his worship—for such it came to be. It purified his life, and increased his sense of manliness. But if ever the eyes wandered over in his direction, he quickly became absorbed in his magazine. He never met her eyes. He wished he knew whether they were blue or not. They certainly should be. He would probably have looked into them earlier in his adoration, but she became each day a holier thing to him.

He carried the picture home with him, and it merged into his dreams. Then the same face grew into his heart deeper and deeper, and was with him in his mental vision, as he bent over his work at the engraving desk assigned to him in the great room of workers.

Sometimes he would tuck a sandwich into his drawer, and while the others were out for the luncheon hour, he wrought the familiar lineaments on copper. It was several months before it was finished, and he secured an impression. It was a beautiful piece of engraving, but it did not suit him. He became very critical of his work, when she was the subject. So he bought another piece of copper and started again.

But it more than satisfied another. The thief suspected that Felix had more than common talent. Coming one day earlier than usual, he had seized the plate and the proof. During the noon hour he showed it to a dealer in engravings, who knew. He gave him fifty dollars for it. It was like buying diamonds at the rate paid for opals.

Felix missed the plate and a terrible fear possessed him. It was not that he dreamed that it had any value as a work of art that troubled him. Others knew his secret, and some day they would make coarse jokes over it. He felt he could not endure to have any reference to her made by the tongues of his confréres. He did not know what he would do, but the very thought of it hurt him cruelly.

But the days passed and nothing came of it. He was working on the other plate in the rare moments when he could be alone. He had secured a lock for the drawer to his desk, and this would not go like the other. It pleased him better, too, for the lines were more delicate, and the oval, enclosing the madonna-like face, was more soft and fine, like her. He put many hours into the finishing of it. Then he did what he had not done to the other, signed it in delicate, hair-like lines—"Felix Grausbeck."

Felix did not know it, but the thief had also signed the stolen copy, and when the dealer had purchased it he had lost no time in having his treasure copyrighted. Then he put it away until the holiday season should come, and he would have a grand sale in Boston, New York, and throughout the country.

When Felix had taken a copy of the engraving, he felt it was so much better than the first that he would have it framed very nicely and hung in his room. He took it to the dealer who had bought the first plate. He was the best art dealer in the city, and Felix resolved that he would have the best frame of the best dealer in the city.

He showed it to the dealer himself. His face flushed with anger and his words startled Felix off his feet.

"Where did you get this?"

It was an unexpected question, and Felix's hesitation in finding an answer was damaging.

"No wonder you can't answer. *You stole it.* You have stolen a copy of my plate, young man! You've walked right in here to be caught in the act."

"I made it myself."

"I do not doubt it. That is the only way you could get it, young man. *You* engraved it on copper, and copied the work of the man who made it for *me.* Or else, he has been faithless and made another which you have bought of him. We will see."

He rang the call for the messenger boy.

"You remain here, young man. If you attempt to go, I shall be obliged to send for an officer."

Felix was greatly distressed, He knew he was going to see the thief, who had taken his first plate, but it gave him no satisfaction to feel that his own guilt would he disproven as he thought. It was bitter for him to have to see the man, who knew that he had copied *her* face. But it was a strangllng grief for him to think that, if he had not come in time it would have been sold like common pictures over the counter.

Felix was thinking these thoughts when his fellow worker entered the store. It was a sad amazement to him to find that the person had been one of his most admiring friends in the days before he had gone to the reading room and discovered the divinity who had all unconsciously changed his life. But he had not yet sensed the biting treachery of the fellow.

He did not see Felix when he entered. But he knew what it meant in a flash as soon as the dealer held the picture before him. He was severe with him in the beginning.

"This is the way you sell all your rights in an engraving, is it? You have apparently improved on your first plate. What have you to say for yourself?"

A pallor spread slowly over his face as he saw it, and then he saw Felix and the color of fear was replaced with the crimson of shame. But in an instant he had decided on the role he was to play.

"This fellow must have stolen it, sir. We work at the same place. He has been staying in noontimes, when we have been away to lunch. It's clear enough. He has been copying my work."

Felix was stunned, but only for a moment. Then a great cloud of wrath came over him. He rushed forward, his heart bursting with righteous, passionate anger, and seized the fellow by the throat. The dealer and his clerks had all they could do to save his life, and the officer was summoned.

"He's made a murderous assault on this man here," the dealer explained to the officer, "and you may arrest him on that charge. Tomorrow I shall have a warrant for his arrest on the charge of grand larceny."

Poor Felix was roughly escorted to the nearest signal post, followed by the usual noontime crowd of curious, jeering, pitying

humanity. It was a relief to him when the van came and he was hurried to police headquarters. He buried his face in his hands, while his frame shook with grief—not for himself. There seemed no way for him to save her from being sold and bartered. It seemed to him as if her picture were herself; as if through him she were being held up for the idle world to stare at, as if she were some popular idol of the footlights. His own very serious predicament had not yet come over him with the force of its reality.

The next morning, just before he was to be taken to the municipal court, another officer appeared before him and read the formal charge of grand larceny.

"We don't often do it in this way, young man," the officer was at the pains to say. "If every thief would walk right in and be caught as you did, our life would be a great deal easier."

Felix made no reply. To be arrested on the charge of murderous assault and for grand larceny was almost unendurable, but the one great affliction that ate into his heart and almost made him beside himself, was his powerlessness to save the one he worshipped from being insulted by the public gaze, to be bought by men, and hung in their rooms, to be copied on cigar boxes, perhaps. There seemed nothing he could do, and he blindly resolved he would say nothing about it to anyone.

When he appeared in the courtroom, he saw his accuser and his employer. The latter came over to him.

"Felix, did you do that? Did you steal that picture? You are the last person, my boy, who could have done it,—but you have been so unlike yourself, so moody, and have remained in the room when the others were out at noon, that it looks black for you. Tell me all about it."

But Felix was dumb, and the tears crept out of his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He dared not open his mouth, for fear some chance word of his would make it still harder for him to save the girl he loved.

Then a lawyer came over and talked with him, asking him several questions, and appearing to take a great deal of interest in the case. When he had asked Felix if he had any money, his interest was a great deal keener as he learned the amount he had in the bank.

"I think if I had one or two hundred dollars I could save you, young man."

Then a ray of hope darted into Felix's heart. Perhaps he could save her. He asked the lawyer if he would keep his secret if he told him.

"Always make a clean breast of it to your lawyer," the latter admonished.

Then Felix poured out his heart to him. "I don't care for myself, sir; but perhaps the dealer would sell the plate to you, and then she never will know how wicked I've been to engrave her face without her knowledge."

The lawyer was not an admiring listener to what he regarded as a very unlikely story, and at best a very foolish way of looking at the present predicament in which Felix was placed. But he was willing to have Felix endorse over the entire amount of his savings to him and promised to see the dealer.

"But what you had better do first, my young friend, is to get out of the hole you are in. I can have your case put off on the plea that we have undoubted evidence which will free you. Then *I* will see the young woman, myself."

Felix turned white to the lips. "No, no!" he cried. "It would kill me to have her know that—"

The lawyer interrupted in apparent disgust. "Well, you know, young man, if you are going to act in this way, I, nor anyone else, can do very little for you. I'll get your case delayed first anyway. Then I'll go over to the bank and see about this money, and sometime this afternoon I'll run down to Charles Street and have another session with you. You see that your old man knows that either you or the other fellow is a thief, so he doesn't quite feel like bailing you out. You appear to be the most likely candidate of the two," he said with brutal frankness.

Felix pleaded not guilty, when arraigned. He spoke faintly and his appearance was sadly in his disfavor. His lawyer and *soi-disant* friend talked with one of the reporters and gave him the particulars he had gleaned.

"I don't take any stock in his story," he said. "It's very thin, and he tells it as if he had not quite learned the lines. I reckon he'll go up for sentence in the end."

The reporter had seen the proof of the picture, and wrote up a good story of how two engravers of uncommon skill had made a copper plate of the same subject, and how

neatly the real thief had been caught. He did not even allude to the real heart story which showed his incapacity for sensing news of "real human interest."

For the sake of having done as his client had requested, the lawyer sauntered into the dealer's store—after he had been to the bank and withdrawn all the money Felix had been able to save, just because he saw the pure, sweet face in the Boston public library.

"I'm that young fellow's lawyer," he began, "the boy who tried to steal the engraving you had bought of one of his companions. Would you mind letting me see it?"

The dealer complied. "I should think you lawyers would hate your job—trying to subvert justice in keeping such people out of jail."

"Oh, he'll go to jail all right, I guess. Jove! she *is* a beaut, isn't she? This young feller's got a little money,—and puts up a bluff that he would like to buy this plate—"

"It would cost him about $2,000 down. If the public takes to that work, as I think it will, I will make a handsome thing. But it's all guess work, what the public will do. So I'd call it quits for two thousand dollars down. Guess I won't get it today, will I?"

"Well, not exactly this morning. But I'll engage one of these, to hang in my office."

"Very well, they are five dollars. We shall only make a thousand of them. I'm going to use the plate this chap did—copying from the feller that sold it to me in the first place. It's a great deal finer work; and do you know, when a young man with the genius that boy has gets crooked they generally end in counterfeiting? He would have rounded up in state prison some time anyway."

"Yes, I suppose so. There's lots of his kind there. It's my business to try and save him,—just to go through the motions, so to speak."

The lawyer might have more truthfully explained that it was his business to hang around the municipal court just to find young thieves in the green, so that he might shear them of whatever they possessed before the prison doors closed behind them.

Despair—blackest despair—came to Felix Grausbeck that afternoon, when his lawyer told him the result of his visit to the art dealer.

"Either you, or the other feller did a good job when you made that engraving. It's a stunner, and no mistake. But it's funny how few real brains you geniuses have! I wish I had the same talent—with my business sense. Now, I wouldn't bother about that girl story. No one would believe it, anyway, and if it's true, any girl would be flattered to have her picture as popular as hers will be. It's the best advertisement she could have. We'd best see what we can do to get you out of this mess. You don't seem to realize it—but there doesn't seem to be a shred of evidence in your favor. I've been to the bank and you told the truth there. I am sorry there isn't more, but as far as this will go, I'm willing to use my influence with the judge. In the meantime, see if you can't patch up some better yarn."

The case was postponed for some weeks; after the arraignment in the municipal court. it was put aside to await the decision of the grand jury, as the charge of grand larceny required, and Felix had abundant time for meditation. Had he been a trifle less scrupulous in his sacred regard for the sweet divinity, whose name even he did not know, he would have given some consideration to his own desperate position. As it was, he had not a friend in the world to give him a hint of the way out of his troubles. The shyster lawyer had all his money; his employer, really a good man, and interested in the welfare of his workers, naturally sympathized with the one who appeared as the injured party. As the thief was now credited with the production of a copper plate engraving of more than ordinary merit, he was glad to have been his employer, and promptly raised his salary, and watched closely lest he should lose him. It seemed the wisest part and most just, that he should leave Felix to his fate—that of a promising young workman ruined at the threshold of his life.

Little by little, as the days passed, Felix became more conscious of the predicament he was in. But it is doubtful if he would have ever consented to send for the unique cause of his difficulties, even with the prison walls before him.

Only those possessed of a rare temperament like his, have the gift of suffering the keenest agony for the sake of those they love. The time of the wholesale holiday buying of midsummer was in its flower. In New York and elsewhere the art dealer found ready purchasers for the gem, and his fondest ex-

pectations were realized. The full number of the limited first impression was sold, and only the opening of the Christmas shopping delayed the hour, when the girl with the sweet, madonna-like face would adorn the window displays.

Felix was unhappily unaware of this. It might have spurred him on to some open act to prevent it, if he had. He thought of various ways to save the girl. He found his keeper a sympathetic person, and had imagined that he might go to the young woman herself, and, without letting her know of what Felix regarded as his own perfidy, inform her of the impending fate of her picture. It seemed to him the most feasible plan—but with the procrastination of his artistic nature, he put it off.

The session of the grand jury, early in September, made short work of the case of Felix Grausbeck. His lawyer had spoken quite correctly, when he referred to his part in the tragedy as "going through the motions." His defense was merely perfunctory. There were no witnesses he could present, had he wished to. His fee had consisted in all that Felix had in the world, and there was nothing more to gain. Felix was indicted for grand larceny, and remanded to jail for trial.

He had suffered too much of agony, for the added certainty of his impending fate to increase it. Those who knew him gave him over to the inevitable, and regarded him as practically serving out his sentence. Not even the newspapers regarded the announcement as worthy of more than the two lines, for the formal statement that he had been indicted for grand larceny.

* * * * *

"Ellen, *Ellen!* Do look here. If you want to see yourself, looking truly angelic, come and see this picture."

Miss Eager picked her way gingerly across the snowy pavement and looked over the speaker's shoulder.

"I suppose that might be said to look like me," she said.

"Like you! It's photographic in its exactness. It's the way I've seen you hundreds of times, when you look thoughtful or tired, with a hard day's work on the editorial staff of 'The Woman's Star.'"

"I should consider it somewhat flattering, Julia, if I had sat for it."

"Really, Ellen, I must have one. Now, if you would only accept Donald Grey's periodical offers of marriage, I would present it to him for Christmas. As it is, I shall have one for myself—if they don't cost too much."

They entered the shop, and the dealer himself came to serve them.

"How much is that engraving,'An American Madonna'?"

"Seven dollars," he answered. "There are only a few left of this first impression, and the price has been advanced from five dollars."

Then he looked up and saw Ellen Eager's face. Felix Grausbeck's discredited story flashed across his mind, and his face kindled with interest. But he made no comment.

"It resembles my friend so much that I wanted to buy it; but the price is much more than I feel I can afford."

"It will probably be worth more before the season is closed," he replied. "It is becoming the rage, and you may have read what the art critics have been saying regarding the remarkable genius, whose 'American Madonna' has given him a reputation while he is yet in his teens?"

"I do not read the art criticisms. But, Ellen, you must have read it."

"Yes, I saw something about it in 'The Transcript.' I think I'll take one."

"There is an interesting story in connection with it," the dealer added. "It is almost a romance. There is a young boy who will soon go to prison for copying this."

Then he went on with a more detailed account of Felix Grausbeck's crime and told his lawyer's story not without design, watching the original of the picture with more than ordinary interest. His own share of the profits of Felix Grausbeck's work had softened him to his plight, and he felt that if there were any truth in the story he would be glad to aid in the solution of the mystery.

Ellen Eager's face paled as she listened to the story. She remembered, in an impersonal way, seeing the young intense face in the opposite corner of the reading room when she was looking over the genealogical magazines, to get notes for the department devoted to that subject, in the magazine for which she worked.

"Where is he now?" she gasped.

"In jail, where he has been for some time. His trial comes off this month. Sad case, isn't

it? Of course I don't want to be inquisitive, Miss; I'm only interested in having the real thief suffer. But if you knew him—"

"I never knew him," Miss Eager replied with truthful decision, and summoning what composure she could muster, she paid for the copy and hurriedly left the store.

"It's a remarkable story, Ellen," her friend remarked. "If it were true, you wouldn't feel very nice, would you?"

"No," she replied, and their morning shopping ended in silence.

But the dealer thought he detected signs of truth of the tale in Miss Eager's face and wrote a note to the proprietor of the engraving establishment, admonishing him to keep an eye on the young man who sold the copper plate.

Miss Ellen Eager had a thousand little things to attend to that afternoon in preparing the New Year's announcement of "The Woman's Star." She had to write it over several times and when she had given it to the manager, he returned it, with several reminders in blue pencil, that satisfied her that her mind was far from being in a tractable condition.

She breathed a sigh of relief when the day's work was over. She did not go to the palace in Copley Square that evening. Closely veiled, she walked rapidly past it, and hastened to that portion of Charles Street, Boston, where live those who suffer, sometimes for their own crimes, and occasionally for those of others.

It was that hour of the day which was always saddest to Felix when he remembered that he used to sit at the desk and see the face of "The American Madonna." He little realized that the madonna herself was doing an act which was quite in character.

* * * * *

"We do not allow visitors at this time," the keeper said.

"But I must see him. He is innocent, I'm sure, and I shall have no peace until I have one look at his face. Oh, sir, it means so much to the poor fellow."

"Well, it's against the rules—but he's such a nice young chap—and he suffers so much! I haven't the heart—I'll let you just have a minute. Come, I'd love to have him saved. Poor boy—he's almost ill—"

Ellen Eager followed him rapidly down the corridor between the cells.

"If I don't unlock his door, I don't suppose it will be breaking the rules. I'll just push the grating aside and you may look in between the bars."

The unaccustomed approach of steps had roused Felix from a doze, and as the grating moved he raised himself on his elbow. Faintly in the half darkness he saw the *face*—the face that had been his greatest joy and his intensest suffering. He gave one exulting cry and fell back in a dead faint.

The keeper forgot the regulations and quickly unlocked the door, and entered with his visitor.

"You must let me stay until he recovers consciousness," she said insistently. "He must know tonight that we can prove he is innocent,—that—"

Felix opened his eyes at the sound of her voice. It was quite the same sweet voice that he knew it would be, and as he looked closer, he found the eyes were the kind of blue he had hoped they would be—dark and lustrous, with the fire of opals.

His white, wasted fingers closed passionately over her's.

"It has come to pass, just as I knew it would—as it must," he murmured. "How I have waited, dreamed and prayed! And I never doubted it. You would save me, in some way!"

Then he suddenly lifted himself from his pallet. "Can you ever forgive me—for doing it—for—"

"For making me famous? Yes, poor boy. But what it has cost you! I—"

"It was nothing; if I could see you—and be forgiven. If I could tell you that I have—"

"Come!" said the keeper.

"There is another day coming—yes, very soon. Another day—Christmas day, Felix. Now, we are breaking the rules!"

Felix kissed the hand as Ellen drew it reluctantly away, and in a moment the iron door slammed into its place.

A PORTION OF THE LABOR PARADE IN THE STRIKE OF TWO YEARS AGO

BRIGHT SIDE OF PACKINGTOWN

By Mary Humphrey

DURING the year just drawing to a close, the public has been generously supplied with a variety of information regarding affairs at the Union stockyards and packing houses in Chicago. As a natural result of the frequently exaggerated situation, much confusion has arisen as to the real condition of the 45,000 persons living within the three square miles south and west of the yards—the neighborhood now generally known as Packingtown—the majority of whom are directly dependent upon the packers for their very existence. The notion has gained no inconsiderable credence that they are, without exception, a pauperized, discontented lot of humanity, underpaid, underfed and habitually unhappy.

Now the cheap optimist who goes smiling through life with his head above the clouds, can always say, "I see nothing wrong anywhere." The pessimist's point of view, on the other hand, is equally distorted, for he is blinded to everything save the dull grays of existence, its hardness and its unevenness. Everything is out of joint, and he lets his riotous imagination loose in frenzied, and frequently unjust, accusation. The man of the broadest vision and keenest sympathy, is he who realizes that even though the warp and woof of life is more often than not woven in sombre colors, there is always a golden thread in the pattern. It is this man who rather sanely concludes that Mr. Upton Sinclair, or anyone else that comes forward and says unreservedly of the people of Packingtown that "he is able to find no ray of sunshine to brighten the lives of these people save such as they are able to get out of drunkenness,"

is either an impractical idealist, a candidate for the blue spectacle fraternity, or is seeking to turn on, in full flame, the searchlight of sensationalism.

This Packingtown community is, in the most dignified sense of the word, an industrial community. It is *not* pauperized. It is *not* a slum. Throughout the entire neighborhood there is evident a self-respecting attitude that says as plainly as any words: "We do not want your pity or your charity. We simply want work." And they have journeyed across the seas to get it—these frugal, industrious, hopefully ambitious people. From mountainous districts and little villages and quiet hillsides, where the landscape is green and picturesque and beautiful, they come—to the Chicago stockyards! The comparison has an ugly sound. Yet the man whose people for centuries before him have been hopeless peasants, and whose worldly possessions when he reaches Chicago consist often enough of a suit of clothes, the little pack slung over his shoulder and a few cents in his pocket, is not likely to be morbidly unhappy simply because he is poor, or even because of bad smells and ugly surroundings. A reasonably prosperous American finds it rather difficult to understand how seven, eight, or even ten and twelve dollars a week may be the sole financial support of an entire family. But the problem presents fewer difficulties to the foreigner—in spite of the higher cost of living here—who can earn at a trade in his native land only from twenty-five to fifty cents per day, and from twenty-five to fifty dollars per year (including board) at farm labor. To look at his condition fairly, however, one must take into consideration not only the fact that he has always lived on the very lowest scale, but also the changed environment into which he now is placed.

Photo by Howe & Artbur, Chicago

THE FRONT ROOM OF A PACKINGTON HOME OCCUPIED BY A FAMILY OF FIVE. A FATHER AND THREE GROWN CHILDREN CONTRIBUTE TO ITS SUPPORT

A new start awaits him here—better wages, greater freedom, a chance to earn a home. Such opportunities he never could even dream of under the crushing wheel of serfdom.

Also, it should be added, there are greater temptations.

A visitor to the village back of the yards walks through broad streets lined with frame cottages, most of them two stories high. Do not look for tenements; you will find none, though there are plenty of dingy basements and undesirable dwelling-places. The whole partakes of a frontier appearance, and, with the exception of the stores on Ashland avenue, the banks, the public school buildings, the University of Chicago Settlement House and some of the churches, one is impressed with the newness, the really temporary aspect of everything. The distance between houses is considerable, there is usually a small patch of yard, front and back, and here and there, in summer, a bright bit of garden greets the eye. Flowers and vegetables thus demonstrate their ability to exist, even in smoky Packingtown. To be sure, these little plots are not always the perfection of cleanliness. But, as one busy mother, more optimistic than orderly, remarked in her broken vernacular: "It's better than no yard at all; and Joseph plays more safe inside the gate instead of all times by the street."

This outward impression of space, however, is rather misleading. For almost invariably not one, but several families, live under the same roof, and sometimes as many as six or even eight persons sleep in a room. The congested condition is most apparent during periods of extreme heat in summer, when everyone seeks escape from the unbearableness within, and far into the night all outdoors fairly vibrates with suffering humanity. This is, of course, true of any overcrowded community, a difference being that while in slum districts there are solid blocks of tenements, where sidewalk and street and roof are the only refuge, dwellers in Packingtown find at least a degree more of relief because of the yards and the house separation, with the consequent greater circulation of air. Yet, in spite of the crowded condition, it has recently been pointed out that the average number of persons per acre

Photo by Howe & Arthur, Chicago

A HOME OF THE VERY POOREST TYPE. THIS ROOM IS OCCUPIED BY TWO MARRIED COUPLES AND THEIR CHILDREN. THE INCOME OF EACH MAN, BOTH OF WHOM ARE EMPLOYED AS COMMON LABORERS IN THE STOCKYARDS, IS ABOUT $9 PER WEEK

in this district, is not one-fourth the number to the acre in portions of the lower east side of New York.

Every household in Packingtown is astir

A SLAVIC FATHER

bright and early in the morning, and by six o'clock the army of workers begins to emerge from the homes and to make its way to the yards. It is a most unusual, interesting sight, this procession of types—from twenty to thirty thousand men and women, youths and girls. Irish, German, Bohemian, Pole, Lithuanian, Slovak, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Finn, Welsh, Scotch—in fact, representatives of almost every nationality are of the number. And, as they chatter together along the way, bound by the common tie of honest toil, many a laugh rings out upon the morning air.

About ninety per cent of the stockyards workers are men and boys. The remaining ten per cent consists for the most part of unmarried women and girls who have reached the law-prescribed working age. The average mother in Packingtown is chiefly occupied at home. Hers are the usual duties of the laboring man's wife, varied somewhat, of course, according to the size and circumstances of her family. But at best there are the simple meals to be prepared, perhaps a cold lunch or two to be put up, the children to be looked after, the marketing to be done, and always the inevitable scrubbing. When you meet them on the street Packingtown women are never laden with great piles of clothing to "finish." This is not the vicinity of the sweat-shop. You will see them carrying an armful of wood, or perhaps a great canvas bag of it, which they have picked up here and there about the yards. It costs nothing, and many a family has no other fuel than this. You will see them coming from market, or going to the nearest saloon for a pail of beer, or carrying the baby out for an airing. And, as the thirty-minute noon respite approaches, not a few of them, having prepared their own mid-day meal, hurry to the yards, bearing in one hand a pailful of steaming hot dinner. Now and then you will notice, almost enviously, a lace-trimmed garment, a gorgeously embroidered apron or kerchief or shawl—the product of leisure moments at home. It is for her marvelous skill in the so-called home industries that the Slavic woman is famed.

The custom of taking boarders is quite general in Packingtown, since it is a comparatively easy means of helping pay expenses or of adding to the family bank-account. Board and room, (which includes simple fare and a corner to sleep in) and washing, can be had as low as nine dollars

THE HUSBAND MUST HAVE A HOT DINNER

a month. Fully as popular a plan is to pay three dollars a month for sleeping accommodations and washing, and the little a la

carte privilege of each day ordering cooked, whatever one wants on his bill of fare—each individual boarder's account to be settled by him monthly at the grocery and meat market where the thrifty housewife does his buying. She, it may be remembered in passing, is a firm believer in simple methods and labor-saving devices. Various small portions of meat, for instance, are cooked in the same pot, but to prevent any possible mistake that might arise through such a method, an ingenious system of identification is employed. One man's order is tied with a thread, another with a string, still another will be pierced with a toothpick, and so on.

There are three periods in the home life of these emigrant families. The first covers the interval from marriage up to the coming of the first baby or two. Then a few dollars go a long way. But when the family is still further increased, and the children need food and clothing, and there is no one to earn money but the father, making ends meet becomes a serious problem, even when no sickness has to be reckoned with. Lastly comes the period of greatest prosperity, when the father still works on and saves, while the children are old enough to contribute their share—and the longed-for home at last becomes a reality. The passion for saving money, universal among them, is not so much cupidity as it is the desire for a home and the comforts that the word typifies. One sees this brought out in the fullest and most beautiful way. All the breaking of kindred ties, the struggles and hardships, the economy and industry, count for nothing if only that precious goal can be reached. Many a man has relatives or friends in the old country, waiting anxiously until he can send back enough money to pay their way across.

Photo by Howe & Arthur, Chicago

A TYPICAL STREET IN PACKINGTOWN

Forty per cent of the stockyards laborers are skilled workers, and of these the majority own their own homes. Many of these are surprisingly comfortable and well furnished. Of those who show the greatest ability, as a class, for getting on, Germans, Bohemians and Poles undoubtedly head the

list. Not a few are also owners of other property, the rent from which brings them a steady income. A Polish family who have been in this country for six years, recently paid $1,500 cash for two lots and a house.

IN AN ALLEY

A particularly industrious Lithuanian came here eight years ago without a dollar, earning at first but three dollars a week. Today he owns two houses and lots and has $3,000 in the bank. The eleven years savings of a Bohemian father, together with the contributions of a daughter who works in the yards, and two sons who play for dancing parties, amounted to $1,700. A thousand of this went for two lots, and enough was borrowed from a building and loan association to add to the remaining $700 for a home. The cost of a twenty-four by twenty-five feet lot today averages about $600. For land a buyer almost invariably gives cash, but, according to the statement of a real estate dealer, the majority go into a building and loan association to pay for their homes. Innumerable other instances similar to those just cited are on record, yet it must be borne in mind that for everyone of these there is a corresponding story of continued struggle and trial and hardship. There are homes which bespeak the most squalid compromise with want. The widow and the fatherless, and the families where sickness abides, where drunkenness and idleness work havoc—they are all to be found in Packingtown. For it is but a little corner of the great wide world.

In and near Packingtown are six banks—The Union Stockyards State Bank, The People's Trust & Savings Bank, The Stockyards Savings Bank, The Chicago City Bank, and the Englewood State Bank. On deposit among them, five million dollars stand to the credit of the working people of the stockyards. This statement is exclusive of office help. Savings deposits are received from a dollar up, although forty per cent of these depositors attain the dignity of a checking account. On a recent day I sat for an hour in one of these banks, watching the people come and go. Clearly the majority were of the laboring class—most of them men, some women, and a few young men and girls. Not one of them drew out a cent. They were either depositing or arranging to send money to the old country. One man, it was explained to me, was ordering that twenty dollars of his twenty-six-dollar pay check (it represented two weeks' work) should go to a friend in Lithuania, whom he had urged to join him.

Over against this powerful five million dollar fact, some might set the one that employment in the yards is irregular and uncertain. Each morning from three to five thousand men go away disappointed because there is no work for them. It is easy to understand

COMING FROM MARKET

that this condition of affairs is demoralizing, and that the families of such men must necessarily live near neighbors to poverty. Yet it is true that the average wage at the stockyards is higher than that paid in the other

industries, and that they work more days regularly here than in any ordinary manufacturing concern that has its seasons. Any laboring man who works by the day seldom has a steady job. He lives a catch-as-catch-can existence.

The packers explain that this irregularity of work cannot be avoided, because of the irregularity of the cattle shipments. And, furthermore, it should be understood that the figures just quoted, not only represent the unemployed among a large community, but also that in this number may be many raw recruits from the old country, as well as those, who, through sickness or drunkenness, or other reasons, have been obliged to leave one department and are seeking work in another.

The proportion of saloons in Packingtown is about one to every forty voters. They are the social and political centers for the men. To quote one who is thoroughly familiar with life in the neighborhood, "The saloonkeeper and ward politician are the interpreters of American institutions. The saloon is often an employment bureau and a bank where checks can be cashed." It is true that practically this same condition exists in various other industrial communities of the United States, such as mining and factory towns; that the saloon is here looked upon as a reputable business house and is not classed with the ordinary rough saloon which people have

OUT SHOPPING

in mind when the word is mentioned; that wives and children go there to buy beer for the family; that all foreigners are given to drinking; that riotous drunkenness is no longer the rule, save perhaps on special occasions such as weddings, feast days, etc., and that the keepers are members of the church in good and regular standing. Even these slightly modifying conditions, however, cannot materially alter the real seriousness of the situation, and whether you choose to

GATHERING FREE FUEL FROM THE YARDS

believe that the discouragement consequen upon lack of work causes most of the drunkenness, or whether the drunkenness is, in large measure an encourager of idleness, this fact remains—the saloon influence is undoubtedly the greatest menace to the lives of these people, morally as well as industrially.

The idea seems to be quite general that the unpleasant odors from the stockyards in some way affect the physical welfare of the people, but more than one physician has given an emphatically contrary opinion on this point. There are, of course, the overcrowded sleeping rooms to be reckoned with; the smoke, the neighborhood around Bubbly Creek, with its constantly escaping carbonic acid gas, and the fact that cleanliness is not always held next to godliness. But while changes for the better along these lines are being worked for and hoped for, it is cheering to know that this ward does not show as high a death rate as do some other wards in Chicago, and that it is only a trifle greater than that in Hyde Park.

These transplanted Europeans are mild-mannered and possessed of great self-control, so long as they feel no sense of injustice.

When law and order come to them in a beneficent way they abide by it. This characteristic was forcibly brought out in the strike of two years ago, when 22,000 persons were out of work. In their big labor parade, men, women and children marched for hours, displaying not a sign of violence or lack of dignity. These people are full of sentiment. A strong streak of affection runs through their natures; they are passionately fond of music; they are religious—almost solidly Roman Catholic. The exception are chiefly Bohemian, a portion of whom, having revolted from Catholicism, are known as Free Thinkers. A dozen churches are scattered throughout Packingtown, and on Sunday practically the entire population attends service. To these humble folk, a person who has no church affiliations is unthinkable. A Polish man who could hardly speak English and who had been out of work for more than six weeks, went in desperation to one whom he thought could help him, and kept exclaiming, in a fairly violent tone, "I must have work! I tell you I must have it!" Hurried arrangements were made to send him and his family to a little Michigan town—yet he stopped in the midst of his excitement to inquire, "But is there a Polish church there? And a school where my children can go?"

The necessity and value of education seem in a measure to be recognized, and the majority of parents wish their children to go to school—at least up to a certain age. The

Photo by Howe & Arthur, Chicago

AN EXAMPLE OF HOMES OWNED BY STOCKYARDS WORKERS

following extract from a report of the University of Chicago Settlement is typical of the general attitude of mind. "A few years ago the educational committee of the Polish Alliance, wishing to learn on what subjects its members desired to have lectures, put the question to a vote. The majority voted, first for American history, and then for Polish history and literature, proving that these most clannish of foreigners are transferring their patriotism from the old to the new home."

The public school, the settlement, and the parks of the neighborhood—which will be spoken of more at length in another article—

have come to be important factors in the lives of the community. People separated by barriers of race, education and language, need a common bond of interest, both educationally and socially. These institutions, with their varied and extended activities, are supplying such a need.

A comparison between the THEN and NOW of Packingtown scores on the side of the social optimist. A few years ago, a child could be drowned in a ditch and nobody be the wiser as to its fate. Today, such a thing is impossible. Now the people, on an average, have better morals, better homes, better furniture, better clothing, better everything. Choose at random a hundred immigrant residents. Ask each one if he would like to go back and live in his country under the same conditions that he left, and ninety-nine will give you an emphatic "No." As one man expressed it to the writer—"We at least get a chance here. Over there no chance."

GOING TO WORK, AT 6 A.M. AT THE LEFT IS THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO SETTLEMENT HOUSE

Spencer's idea that the first step toward a man's success in life is to acquire that which will make him self-supporting, is exactly the theory upon which the dwellers in Packingtown are working, though perhaps all unconsciously. And what more would we desire for them—with their ability and their heredity? Surely not professorships—at one jump—or fortunes, or homes on a boulevard.

An opportunity of getting on is half the battle. They have this opportunity in Packingtown; and they have it solely because of the business enterprise of Mr. Armour and Mr. Swift and the other packers. There is no getting around facts. While the packers have been building up a gigantic industry, they have also been creating a beneficent institution which supports an entire community — providing their homes, giving them comforts, sometimes even luxuries, educating their children, opening up the way for still greater progress. And these people are, by reason of their opportunity, slowly but surely pulling themselves up, it is not too much to say that they are enjoying the process. It is not too much to say that, in general, they are happy and contented, thankful for a material condition that is better than they have ever before known, and hopeful of a future that may enable their children to become equipped for the world of achieving from which they themselves have ever been barred.

ROBERT BACON, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR, AND PROMINENT IN THE ADJUSTMENT OF THE CUBAN DIFFICULTIES

THE MYSTERIOUS POWDER

By Harry J. Sinclair

MY duties as superintendent of police and detectives in one of the important districts of India, had so worn me out physically and mentally, that I had obtained sick leave, and went to "Merrie England" to recuperate. I was accompanied by my Hindu servant who had become very much attached to me in consequence of my having saved his life. He was a well educated native, and a great believer in the mysteries as practiced by the priests, and being a descendant of a high caste Hindu family, was deeply learned in what was formerly called witchcraft. He was a hypnotizer and understood a deal about the various curative and deadly properties of roots and herbs. I obtained a deal of information from him on almost all subjects, regarding caste, religion, the rites practiced by the different races which comprise the vast East Indian empire, all of which was a great help to me in untangling various knotty cases that came before me in my department. I also found him invaluable as an interpreter of the many patois and different languages spoken, and so he was more of a confidential valet than anything else.

I had been at home about two months, and was seated in my room smoking and thinking I would retire early that evening, when my door opened and Nobin—my servant—entered with a card, which I found was that of a total stranger to me. However, I told the servant to admit him.

He took the seat I offered him and said:

"The case I have called to see you about is a curious one, and I would like you to examine into it. I do not care, for various reasons, to seek the assistance of the regular force, or even of any of the private detectives of this city, and knowing you to be a comparative stranger, I wish to employ your services."

I informed him that I was home for a holiday and rest, but I said, "If you will state your case, I will give it my attention."

He then requested that I accompany him to his house, as all the documents, etc., were there.

This rather surprised me, and for a moment or two I hesitated. I however made up my mind to see it out, and inquired: "How far is it to your home?"

"About three miles—I have a cab outside."

On our entering the growler, or four-wheeled cab, it immediately started, as though the driver knew just where to go, and not a word was said until we arrived at the entrance of a large house situated in a locality I could not remember, although I had been born and brought up in this city.

"Here we are," said Standish, as he called himself, and he led the way to a large room at the other end of the passage.

Seeing no papers, I said: "Seeing that you have brought me all this distance, and the hour is late, you will excuse me if I request you to give me the facts of the case at once. I cannot understand the reason of this secrecy."

Standish then said: "There is no need to be afraid, I have a few friends here;" and touching a bell, four men entered. I was startled, but did not show it.

Standish laughingly continued, "Come, Mr. Percy, draw your chair to the table and take a cigar," and as all proceeded to make themselves comfortable, I did likewise.

"Now, Mr. Percy," began Standish. "I will begin by telling you that the reason for bringing you here is in reality to settle a bet between Mr. Miles," here he pointed to a stoutly built man, "and myself, which we have had regarding you, for we have heard of some remarkable cases that you have solved. We have imagined a case; will tell you a story and act or perform part of it, and if you succeed in discovering the murderer to our satisfaction—for the case is one of murder—we will pay you the sum of one hundred pounds. If you fail, you will receive only ten pounds for your trouble. What do you think of our offer?

I hesitated for I did not like being made the subject of a bet, and said so; but the almost pleading tones of Blake's voice, when he arose and putting his hand on my shoulder said, "You *must* go in for it," decided me. I looked hard at his pale, thin features and saw an expression of relief pass over his face when I said, "Very well, I agree—"

"Thank you," said Standish. "It has been decided that I tell the first part of the story:—Last night, I and Saunders, there," pointing to another member of the party, "entered this house at ten o'clock. I called Miles up from his study in the basement, and Moore from his portion of the premises, and we awaited the appearance of Blake and Douglass; but, as they failed to materialize, after ten minutes had passed, we all proceeded to the room occupied by Douglass. There a dreadful sight met our view. He was lying dead on the floor, and close by was Blake just recovering consciousness.

"It was plain that Douglass had been murdered, and suspicion fastened on Blake as the murderer. He had been stabbed by the latter's knife! We judged he himself had been knocked senseless by a blow dealt in a final supreme effort by the dying man. We charged Blake with the crime, and he denied it, but you shall hear his explanation from his own lips, Mr. Percy."

"At nine o'clock," began Blake, trying to steady his voice, "I entered the front door and went straight up stairs to Douglass' room, having to see him on a private matter. There was no one about, that I could see, and everything was so quiet when I opened the door that I thought Douglass himself must be out. But as I went inside I heard a quick step behind me. I was about to turn when I was struck a crushing blow upon the back of my head. I staggered, caught a glimpse of Douglass lying on the floor in a pool of blood, and then fell down senseless. I regained consciousness only to find myself accused by these gentlemen as his murderer. But I am innocent—I swear it!"

This declaration was made in such an earnest and emphatic manner as to cause me to gaze more fixedly at him.

"Have you anything more to say, or can you account for the fact that your knife caused Douglass's death?"

"No! and until it was shown me as the one used, I had not seen it for over a week," was Blake's reply.

"That will do," said Standish. "Now, Mr. Percy, you have heard the main facts. His story is a simple one. Can you prove his guilt or establish his innocence?"

I then inquired as to the motives. "Had Douglass ever quarreled with Blake, Miles or Moore?"

"He had quarreled both with me and the accused," answered Miles, rather sullenly.

"Did you see Douglass last night?" I asked him.

"Yes, but I left him well and hearty at about ten minutes to nine, and proceeded downstairs to my study. Douglass looked at his watch and gave me the time."

I then decided that Moore could be left out of the case, and that it rested between Miles and Blake.

"If you have no more questions to ask, you shall see the position in which we found the two men," said Standish.

"No more at present," I replied.

"Very well, then. Blake and Saunders, go up stairs and get ready for the parts you have to play. You know what to do. Knock when you are ready."

The men left the room, but not before I encountered a glance from Blake that puzzled me. I noticed also that Miles looked really ill, and commented on it, when he flared out with, "Do you mean to accuse me of—"

"Of poor nerves," put in Standish, with a warning glance at him. "You look white and troubled, that is all."

The rest tried to joke him, and nearly ended in getting him really angry, and we were pleased when we heard the knocking overhead, to let us know they were ready for us.

We proceeded up stairs, Standish leading the way.

"This is the room," he said, "and Saunders is in the position in which we were supposed to have found Douglass. Enter, will you please."

I did so, and could not suppress a start of surprise, for there, lying on the carpet, was Saunders, dressed in a dark suit, his arms outstretched, his face fixed as if in death. A small, blood-stained knife and a heavy, knobbed stick, such as we call a Penang lawyer in India, were by his side. The affair seemed too grim to be mere play.

"Blake will now, at his own request, show just how he entered the room and what followed."

The man, after turning the gas low, left

the room, closing the door after him. After a moment he opened it again and stepping inside spoke as though to himself. "Evidently Douglass is out. I'll go down and await his return. The business—"

He stopped suddenly and made as if to turn. To us it seemed as if some invisible person had struck him an unseen blow. He uttered a cry of terror and staggered across the room, with his hand pressed to his head. "My God!" he muttered, as he came to the body lying on the floor, and then fell in a dead faint He had gone too far with his acting, for he had really fainted.

"He's overdone it," cried Standish. "Fetch water. Here, Saunders, jump up and help."

In a short time Blake opened his eyes and glanced quickly round. The rest had their attention attracted elsewhere just then.

"Bend down, quick!" he whispered, just loud enough for me to hear. "Save me, for God's sake! Save me! It is—"

"Here you are," called Saunders, running in with brandy. "Pour some down his throat and place him on the couch."

Those whispered words of Blake's forced in upon me the conclusion that there was more behind all this than was at present apparent, but I determined to proceed as though I suspected nothing, so in a jesting manner I proceeded.

"Where was the supposed Douglass stabbed?"

Saunders pointed out the place on his own body.

"But a stab there would not be fatal," I said.

Standish frowned and said, "He bled to death. You understand that he would have lost a large quantity of blood from such a wound."

I coincided, and then asked to examine the clothes.

"There was nothing in the pockets—no clew there," he replied.

On entering the passage I noticed a dark corner. Anyone hiding in it would be unseen by a man ascending the stairs. "You could have waited here, Mr. Miles," I remarked.

"What the—of course; but I went straight down stairs after leaving Douglass. It must be plain that I could not be the one Blake alleges struck him."

"Quite plain, eh? Yet such a thing is as probable as the idea that a dying man struck him with force enough to render him unconscious for nearly an hour. I have seen all I require and would like to go below again," I said.

To this the whole five men agreed, Blake having recovered. After seating ourselves, the question was put to me as to whether I had arrived at any conclusion.

To this I inquired if they had any objections to my returning home, and I would endeavor to give an opinion in forty-eight hours. This seemed to disappoint them all, but mostly was dismay stamped on Blake's face. They said they would abide by the decision then formed in my mind, but to this I would not agree, being anxious for time, and thinking that something would transpire to assist me.

After arguing a while it was agreed that Standish would call for me again on the second night, I promising faithfully to keep the case entirely to myself. He then in the same manner escorted me home, the windows of the carriage being down, so that I could not see out.

As you may imagine, I puzzled over the case during the two nights and day, but could arrive at nothing definite.

Now comes the most curious part of this most curious case. It wanted but four hours to the time agreed upon for Standish to call for me to go and render my decision, when my servant, Nobin, entered my room and seated himself on the floor at my feet. He looked up at me and said, (of course in the native tongue). "Master, you seem to be worrying very much about something, and whereas you were improving in health previously, this trouble you have on your mind is harming you. What is it? Is there anything I can do to help you? You know I would do anything for you."

Now I had often made him a confidant, and knew from experience that he possessed a clear brain, and had more than once obtained points from him, but then, that had been out in India, where his knowledge of ways and manners and customs was of inestimable benefit. Consequently, I hesitated before laying bare this case to him, but somehow I seemed impelled to do so.

I had no sooner concluded than he arose and going over to the sideboard behind me, poured me out a drink, at the same time telling me I ought to rest for an hour or two.

I had watched his actions (unknown to

him) by the reflection in a mirror which hung over the mantel in front of me, and had seen him take a pinch of powder, as I imagined, out of a small paper parcel and drop it in the glass of whiskey and water he brought me This he told me to drink, remarking with a peculiar smile, that maybe I would dream of a solution to my troubles, if I would drink, and then lay down and rest.

I had no sooner done so than I seemed to lose consciousness and began to dream.

I dreamed, or fancied I did, that my hand was taken by an old jogi or Hindu devotee, such as we meet at the most notable shrines in India—who told me to proceed with him and I would see enacted the whole scene of the case that was in my mind.

I found myself in the house I had visited two days previously, where I beheld Miles approach Douglass's door, and entering noiselessly, creep up to that unsuspecting gentleman, and before he could move, stab him with a knife he held in his hand. Miles watched to see if he moved and finding that he did not, he retired and closed the door.

Miles stood in the passageway grasping a knobbed stick such as I saw and which had been used to such effect, and hiding himself in the dark corner I had previously noticed, seemed to await the arrival of someone.

He had not long to wait, for shortly after, Blake appeared and entered Douglass' room, leaving the door open. He appeared to be speaking when I saw Miles pass in very stealthily, and before Blake could turn, felled him with a terrible blow on the back of the head. Miles, being apparently satisfied with what he had done, hastily but noiselessly left the room, closing the door on the grim tragedy.

The jogi who had stood by me throughout this scene now turned and said to me, "You have seen; now go and clear the innocent."

It must have been about half an hour from the time I fell asleep, or whatever you may term it, when I awoke to find Nobin sitting on the floor watching me.

I instantly told him of my dream, when he smilingly told me that that was the truth; for, said he, "The jogi's powder never fails."

The point now was; how was I to prove Miles guilty and Blake innocent. I was seated at the table with a pencil and pad, on which I had been making notes, and while ransacking my brain, I unwittingly commenced sketching in the scene of the murder, and my resolve was taken. I speedily sketched in the whole drama in three successive pictures, and was prepared for Standish, who appeared at the appointed time.

He inquired if I desired to accompany him and render a decision, and I replied in the affirmative.

Again I was taken in the same carriage to the house and on arrival found all the men awaiting me. I was surprised to notice the haggard appearance of poor Blake, and when I smilingly approached him I saw in the poor boy's face the relief he experienced at my salutation.

"Well, here we are," said Standish, "now end this farce, and decide our bet."

"I will allow these three pictures to show you the conclusion at which I have arrived," I said, and I placed the sketches on the table.

They all craned forward to view them, and I was gazing at the joyful countenance of Blake, when, with a cry of rage, Miles sprang forward, and with a yell of "Curse you," lifted a chair high in the air and brought it down on my head, knocking me senseless.

I knew no more until I found myself in bed in my own room, with a doctor and my servant beside me.

"How long have I been here?" I inquired.

"You were brought home this morning," my servant informed me, "and the doctor came shortly after; he was sent by the man who brought you home, and who left this letter for you."

I tore it open in my anxiety to hear the truth of my adventure. The first thing I pulled out was a bank note for one hundred pounds, and then came the following letter:

Dear Friend: I call you this, for you have undoubtedly saved my life. Last night's affair was not a mere bet; it was a case of life and death. The case we told and acted for you really took place, only that Douglass was not killed; he was lying unconscious in the house at the time. It was necessary that we should know the truth (for we are members of a peculiar society) without the authorities getting wind of it, and, consequently, sought your aid. Your verdict was just, for after his assault on you, Miles confessed all. Do not attempt to trace us, as it will be labor in vain; for by the time you read this, we shall all have vanished. Again I thank you, and will always remain your debtor.

BLAKE.

I have never succeeded in discovering the house, although I have endeavored to do so. Nor have I come across any individual in the remotest degree resembling any of the members mixed up in the episode. I have often wondered whether Douglass recovered, and what punishment was meted out to Miles by his associates.

LOVE AND THE FAKIR

By Edward S. Pilsworth

THE major admitted to himself that he had been somewhat hasty, but then, he had been tried beyond endurance. That puppy, Dick Bennet, would persist in hanging around the house, and the heat, and the —oh, so many things; it was no wonder he trod upon the poor fakir. Did that individual expect him to take that silly curse seriously, he wondered; could not take a drink until he had crawled on his belly at his—the fakir's—feet, and begged pardon. Ridiculous. But the day had certainly been one of trouble; he was just about to imbibe a cooling peg when the message came that one of the bearers of his wife's dandy had stepped upon a cobra, and Mrs. Major J. Willoughby Quarles had been thrown against a rock, and was seriously injured. He had dropped his glass, and came home in a hurry, finding that his wife was really badly hurt, and she was now in the other room under the care of his daughter Marion. Thank heaven, there was one bright spot; it would do Dick Bennet no good to hang around tonight.

Thus thinking, the major began to doze, and the buzzing of flies and droning of insects, combined with the heat and trials of the day, seducing him to slumber, he drew a bandanna softly over his face and, choosing an easy position on the lounge, abandoned himself to his grief. His dreams were all of slings, pegs, toddies, and like luxuries; no liquor ever tasted so good, no whiskey so creamy, no mixture so nicely balanced, as those of these sleeping moments. Friends invited him to join; strangers requested that he would do them the honor; he even bought for himself, and they all tasted equally excellent.

It was dark when the major awoke, and he discovered that he was the lucky possessor of a monumental thirst. Anticipating much joy in the slaking thereof, he proceeded to the sideboard, took a glass from the rack, shook a dash of bitters into it, and—

The language of the major, on finding the decanter empty, was really awful. Though carefully tempered by the memory of his stricken wife, it was but subdued in tone, to be intensified in character. The air was heavy when the khitmatgar entered, startled by the violence of the ring.

"Go!" commanded his master, "to the regimental mess. Major Quarles' compliments; his wife is sick and he cannot leave the house, and will they kindly send him up a bottle of whiskey?"

Bundha Loo departed, and the white man, steeped in lustful longing, sat, picturing to himself the gurgling of the bottle, the dash of bitters, the touch of ice, and he almost felt the trickle of the finished product down his throat, when a rattling crash resounded in the passage way, followed by a blood-curdling shriek of wild and agonizing fear. He had just started to his feet, when the door was burst open and Bundha Loo, his eyes wide with terror, rushed in, slammed it shut, and, sobbing and shivering, collapsed into a heap upon the carpet.

"Be quiet!" hissed the major. "Don't wake my wife, you crazy idiot!"

He listened intently, but no sound coming from the sick room, he inquired, "Why, what in Hades have you there?" for Bundha Loo was reverently holding the neck and part of the body of a bottle in his hand.

"Oh, sahib! O, lord!" sobbed the Hindoo in broken accents. "Be not angry with your servant. It was a dog, master; a great big, black dog, with red, shiny eyes. A dog, sahib, or a devil."

"What fool's tale are you telling me? You're drunk, that's what you are, with your tales of a black dog. You got into the bottle, blame you, and then smashed it. I'll have your life, you thundering thief, with your silly fairy tales."

"But, sahib, it is truth; by my father's beard, it is truth. Would I lie to you, my

master? No, sahib, on my head, no. My humbleness was even into the passageway, carefully carrying the bottle in my arms, when a black dog—black as hell, heaven-born, with red eyes—ran through my legs and tripped me. May curses light upon the brute; the unclean beast. The broken glass and the liquor are still in the passageway. See, master, the seal is still on the bottle.

"Confound the luck; if there is a dog in the house, we have to find the brute. Come, rout out a light, and don't stand there like a fool."

"Pardon, sahib, but I fear. His eyes were so red, and his mouth so big. Of your mercy sahib, make me not to go."

"Shut up, you crazy luny; get a light and come along."

The unsheathing of the major's sabre, somewhat reassured the quaking servant, who, though still shaking and trembling, shuffled along with the light. A thorough search of the house failed to locate any black dog, though the broken bottle and a puddle of something smelling like whiskey were mute witnesses of the truth of Bundha Loo's story.

"Humph!" grunted the major. "Pick up the bits and get out. I'll stay till you get through." The Hindoo hurried the work of gathering up the remains and, casting shifty, scared glances from side to side, departed.

As the major sat musing upon the capacity of the native servant for lies, and the trouble he was having with his liquor, the sound of stealthy whispering intruded itself upon him through the open window. Some lover of the ayah, he guessed, and then, seeing a chance to legitimately ventilate his ill temper, he stealthily opened the door and, again unsheathing his saber, moved noiselessly in the direction of the sound. He had gone but a few paces when he bumped violently into a ladder reared against the side of the house. From above came a stifled scream, and a window was hastily shut. Then, through the gloom of the night, the major beheld an individual at the top end endeavoring to hang on to the side of the house with his finger nails.

The ladder was falling majestically to the earth, and the gentleman above was futilely attempting to retain his present position, but, the finger nail method proving a failure, he transferred his attention to the atmosphere, and grabbed whole handsful with most commendable industry. The grunt he gave on hitting the ground called for a great expenditure of breath, and the major, as the surest means of holding him safe, promptly fell upon him and expelled the remainder. He then discovered that his prisoner was a white man.

"Now, who the which are you?" he crustily enquired. "And what the blazes are you doing here? Keep still or I'll poke you full of holes. Keep still, I say, till I get hold of your collar. Pressing the wind out of you, am I? Of course; and I'll let out more with the point of my sword, if you don't keep still. There, get up into the light, and show me whom I have caught. Dick Bennet, by the gods!"

In his surprise, the major loosened his hold, but Mr. Bennet stood still, looking in his dusty and torn clothes, very foolish.

"I beg your pardon, for disturbing you," he stammered. "I was enquiring after Mrs. Quarles. My mother sent me 'round."

"And you had to go to my daughter's window to find out, did you? Much obliged, I am sure. Obedient, dutiful son. I suppose she told you that would be the best place to get information. Shut up, you insolent puppy; don't you dare to talk back to me. You lie, sir. Lie like the dog that you are. Have I not forbidden you to talk to my daughter? Haven't I? Answer me, you sulky hound, when I talk to you!"

"I cannot answer you and keep my mouth shut at the same time, can I?" returned Dick, sulkily. "And I am no liar, sir. My mother send me around to enquire how Mrs. Quarles was doing, and knowing that you did not like me, I preferred not to bother you."

"I imagine not. I should think I don't like you. Do I like lizards, and snakes, and toads, and—and—" the major was at a loss, —"sneaking crawly curs, with mangy hair on? No, sir, I do not. Go home and tell your mother that Mrs. Quarles is better; and that the next time she needs a messenger, for God's sake to send a gentleman." And the major, turning on his heel, slammed the door and then shivered in his shoes, for fear he had waked his wife. The young man gazed sentimentally at the closed door for a while, and then departed with downcast head.

Left to himself, the outraged father, under the influence of his more personal troubles, and the terrible drought that affected him, decided for bed and a quiet night's rest. Vain delusion. All of his dreams took the liquid route, and the delights of scientifically regulated intemperance; and ever through them stalked the fakir with his curse, and a great black dog with shiny and red eyes. By daylight next morning he was wan and worn, and his temper was short and irascible.

At the first opportunity the khitmatgar received his orders.

"Go," said the master "to the mess; explain the accident, and get another bottle. Don't you dare to show your black face without it, or by the living jingo," he added, waxing wrathful, "I'll break every bone in your dirty body."

The major himself was responsible for the loss of the liquor this time. Placing the bottle very carefully in the middle of the center table, he went to the sideboard for a glass, was startled by a loud, tinkling crash, and turned to see the bottle lying in a lot of little bits upon the floor. The whiskey was already soaked up in the hearthrug. For a while he stood, dazed and staring, and then the floodgates of his wrath flew open, and he gave way to language of a strong and lurid character. Storming and raving, he rammed his arms into the sleeves of his coat, settled his hat firmly upon his throbbing head, and, swearing he would drink or die, departed for the club.

Hardly had he reached the street when something catching the tail of his eye, he swiftly turned, and there was a great black dog sneeringly looking at him out of shiny red eyes. A little time he looked in wonderment, and then recognition flashed upon him: it was the ugly brute that had turned his dreams to nightmares, and who in tripping Bundha Loo, had broken the whiskey bottle. As soon as this thought went home to the major's mind, he raised his cane and struck out at the dog. Bright as rubies, the red eyes shone in the sunlight, the great mouth, with it's heavy jowls came to with a snap; and, growling angrily, the vicious beast sprang forward, rushed forcibly through the major's legs, and flung him with a sickening thud to the ground.

When the major regained his senses, melodious undertones of sound mingled with a delightful drowsiness; a brook was gurgling; palm fronds were rustling; and the air was filled with soothing and harmonious murmurs. There was also a sound of wind in the trees, or else it was someone talking. He hoped it was the wind, because he supposed, in a vague way, that he would have to listen if it really was talk, and he would much rather lie and dream. Voices gradually separated themselves from the other sounds; articulated words dropped upon his dulled brain; understanding was pressed home into him, and soon he was listening intently.

"The poor sahib," a voice recognizable as that of Bundha Loo was saying, "is ill."

"Aye, very bad," answered another voice. "The memsahib is very bad also."

"All part of the curse, Matuna; all part of the curse."

"Paloo Dha told me something of it, but I do not understand. What is this curse?"

"The curse of Rhaman Das, the holy one; on whom the master sahib walked. Surely did he to his sorrow, and was cursed, and not allowed to drink of liquor. Also Rhaman Das sends one of his devils, a black dog, who spills bottles of whiskey, also assaults the sahib and frightens him. That is the cause of his sickness; he was frightened."

"Will he always be sick and unfortunate, Bundha Loo?"

"Always; till he do as he was bid. Thus did Rhaman Das say:

"Till thou crawl on thy belly, in baseness at my feet, and ask pardon for what thou hast done, till that time, shall none of the liquor thou cravest pass thy lips. Trouble me not further, lest worse come of it."

"Why, if he wants a drink, does he not crawl, then?"

"Verily, Matuna, thou art a fool; even worse than most women. Know you not that the sahib is proud? Never will he prostrate himself to Rhaman Das or beg his pardon. So, nevermore shall he drink liquor. Know you not that whenever he tries, something happens? It was in defying the holy one that the dog frightened him."

"Ah, was it so? I heard that he was drunk."

Such talk is false. The sahibs say that he drank two bottles of whiskey; that he has the liquor sickness: D. T., or what they call it. But I say they lie. Not a drop has he tasted since the holy one cursed him."

"Well, you, who are the head of the servants, and a great man, know. But I must go. The memsahib is sleeping, and the young missy watches thinking of her lover."

"Surely, but say not thy mind upon it. The master knows nothing. Even in that shall he be betrayed. Peloo Dha, who cast my fortune last evening, said that when the curse was lifted they would marry; that sahib Bennet would win the daughter. I know not; 'tis much trouble to take for one woman."

"Well, Sahib Bennet is a nice man, who pats my boy's head and gives him annas. But time is flying, and my lover grows impatient,"

"Thy lover is a fool, even as thyself. But go." The voices ceased.

The major lay and thought for a while, in bitterness of spirit. "So, folks said that he was drunk; hard luck, to be called a drunkard, when he was going mad for want of a taste. What irony. That thrice accursed fakir; could there be anything in it? Fudge! And Bennet, Dick Bennet; he was to lift the curse and marry Marion; thank God, that was one thing that could be easily stopped.

"That puppy marry Marion! He would answer for that, anyway. Bah, it was silly talk. Yet that black dog? Well, he would see later, when he was not so sleepy;" and, thus thinking, the major settled himself comfortably on his pillow and fell asleep.

The convalescence of the major was a great trial to the household; for it is a difficult matter to break the habits of a lifetime in a day, which the major found was a fact every time he tried to take a drink. As the days slipped away, he made the attempt again and again, but a remarkable series of accidents interposed, and he had touched no liquor since the memorable day of the curse. The black dog had twice assaulted him, and he was forced into a convincing belief in the fakir.

Bundha Loo had left him, and, as the natives looked upon him as one accursed, he could find no other khitmatgar. The previous portliness had vanished, and in its place had come a worried and harrassed frame. His fellow-whites eyed him askance, and he dimly understood that he was developing queer ways. The debonnair soldier had vanished, and a morose and ill-tempered solitary was taking his place; in desperation, he turned to outdoor exercise, and used his hack continually. One of his queer habits was to ride around by the place where the fakir sat; he may have had some idea that that misanthropic individual would see his sufferings and relent; certain it is that he always went that way, and that the holy one refused the slightest notice; only gazed the more vacantly into space. Then would the major curse; good, deep and solid curses, for he now believed as did the natives, and laid all his troubles at the fakir's door.

On one of these journeys he was astonished to see Dick Bennet, engaged in a deep discussion, sitting by the fakir's side. His hands were waving wildly in the air, and with his eyes intently fixed upon the dusky face beside him, he waved his hands, stretched his fingers, looked up and saw the major. His face went red with confusion, and he arose and made a deep bow. Ignoring this completely, the major touched up his hack and proceeded on his way. Nevertheless, he wondered what reason Dick could have to visit with the fakir.

That same night, as the suffering father was sitting immersed in a moody reverie, he was aroused by the sound of subdued and softly toned voices.

"Oh, Dick," one was saying, which he recognized as that of Marion. "It is no use your wasting time upon me. Pa dislikes you too strongly, or thinks he does."

"The poor old boy has his troubles, Marion, but they will straighten out some day, and then we will be as happy as two toads in one puddle."

"But, I wonder what is the matter with the poor man, Dick. Think how he has changed; and he used to be so fussy and nice, just like an overgrown baby."

"Don't you worry, dear; it may be ingrowing toe nails. I tried to see what I could do, but he caught me, and I have not been so chilled since I left the hills. And the confounded fakir would not say a word."

"Why, what are you talking about? What do you know about pa's troubles, and why should you see a fakir?"

"Why—er—you see, it is like this." The major drew a long breath and sat up in his chair. "You misunderstood me, don't you know. Not the major's troubles; mine. And the fakir; oh, yes, the fakir. How funny. Yes, I went to see the fakir about—eh—oh

yes—about a charm. He does something with a bit of string; takes away warts, you know." Dick drew a long breath and the major, as he settled back in his chair, drew a longer one.

"Dick Bennet, what is all this foolishness you are telling me about a fakir and warts? You have no warts."

"Certainly not. Oh—er—yes. You see, mother's ayah has a little boy who has a wart on his middle toe, which hurts when he puts his shoes on. Understand? Don't the stars shine bright tonight, Marion?"

"Bother the stars. What is all this silly talk about ayahs, and warts and shoes. Native poor caste children do not wear shoes. Are you drunk?"

"Damn the fellow," muttered the major. "He cannot lie a little bit. Any fool could make a better muddle of it than he is doing."

"Who me?" queried Dick, suddenly. "Drunk? No! It was like this. Those dogs howl frightfully. Well, the fakir—er—what was I saying? Oh, yes, warts. Well, the fakir's warts—no—I mean the ayah said—"

"Jove," said the major. "That idiot will make trouble yet." And hastily picking up a footstool, he flung it heavily into a corner, and pushed his chair over sideways. A door was hastily shut, and J. Willoughby arrived at the window in time to see a figure flying energetically down the street.

"He's not such a bad fellow, after all," he muttered. "But no imagination. I wonder what he will do when he gets married. He'll have to learn or he will have a bad time; though he will have that anyway. Ah, me, I think I will go to bed."

The next day found the major in a very bad temper, which was augmented by the sight of Dick arguing with the fakir, and the native gazing, with vacant eyes, indifferently into space.

The major swore, and tightened on the rein, the horse balked, and the major cursed the animal.

Mrs. Amos T. Haslett was walking out to visit a sick friend, and had just crossed the road, leading her five-year-old boy by the hand; the ayah was behind with the twins, directly in way of the major. When the horse reared, the major touched it with the spurs, and then, as the ayah stopped ahead, pulled in and the horse reared again. Pawing the air excitedly with its front legs, the excited brute stepped upon a rounded cobble his foot slipped, and he came to the ground with a crash. By a lucky chance, the rider fell clear, falling, as he thought, against Mrs. Haslett.

"I beg your pardon," said he.

"'Tis granted," replied the voice of a native man. "Go, drink the liquor you crave and offend me no more."

Looking up, the major found himself lovingly embracing the left leg of the fakir, whose features were wreathed in a smile of placid benignity.

Rising indignantly to his feet, the white man was about to repudiate the apology, when a hand fell upon his shoulder and another covered his mouth. The latter he bit promptly, causing it's sudden removal,

"What the devil do you mean, sir," he shouted, facing around and discovering Dick. "Do you think that all the family are as anxious for your filthy embraces as the little idiot at home?"

"Well, you need not be so blessed rough," responded the injured one, carefully caressing his hand. "You went nearly through. Come here," he continued, drawing the major a step or two aside. "You were going to deny the apology, and he would have put back the curse. Now you are a free man today, and the drinks are on me."

"What?" shrieked the major, reeling. "Do you think it will be all right? Don't raise my hopes to blight them. Don't torture a poor man like that."

"You bet it is all right," answered Dick. "Didn't you hear what he said? 'Go drink the liquor you crave.'"

The major's eyes went wild; and then with a frenzied yell he broke from Dick and dashed wildly down the road, pursued by his future son-in-law. Nobody, however, could hope to keep pace with the holy enthusiasm of the major on his present mission, who dashed far ahead and snatching a glass from the hands of the first man he saw drinking, drained it at one gulp. Dick arrived at the psychic moment, when, a look of seraphic happiness on his face, the major sunk into the nearest chair. Dick explained to the indignant customer that the major had an attack, and soothed his injured feelings by inviting him to share a bottle with them.

The major was taken home in a dandy that night, exclaiming with a slurred pronunciation, as he saw Marion in her lover's arms:

"Bless ye, m' chill'n, bless ye. He's all ri', he's." After which ebullition his prospective son-in-law promptly put him to bed and carefully tucked him in.

Since that time the major gets fuddled with painstaking regularity, and has regained his former urbanity and dignified portliness. It is noticed, however, that he never steps backward without looking carefully behind, and that he is also very respectful to peripatetic Sons of Siva.

THE COT BY THE RIVER

By Agnes Haskell

SING happy bird!—sing, sing your best!
Sing out the secret of the nest;
Built snug in branches tall and wide,
Wherein your downy fledglings hide.

Trill! trill! O merry feathered thing!
Yet, O my heart doth sweeter sing;
A fairer, dearer nest I know,
Just at the river's bend below.

A tidy, rose-bowered, rustic cot,
Set in its thrifty garden plot;
A trusty boat rocks by the shore,
For skillful hand to guide the oar.

On hillsides, lambkins frisk and bleat—
Where earth and heaven seem to meet—
And glossy cattle graze hard-by;
Was ever lassie blest as I?

My love is young and debonair,
The very prince of yeomen rare;
With ruddy cheek, the live-long day,
He works and whistles care away!

At eventide, when earth is still,
And the shy moon peeps o'er the hill—
Or haply stars alone are set,
Like jewels, in her coronet,—

My laddie comes, so blithe and gay,
And meets me at the stile—half-way—
Which, cherished for our dreams alone,
We'd not exchange for monarch's throne!

* * * * *

I've promised soon his bride to be,
When bells will ring right merrily;
Ah, bird, *your* joy will pass away,
But *mine* will live for aye and aye!

Sing! sing! you little throat of gold!—
Sing out your bliss to wood and wold;
Laved in the glory all divine—
Of *love* that lights your world and mine!

The K·K·K

By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHICH TELLS HOW A YOUNG LADY TOOK A HORSEBACK RIDE AND MADE A MURDEROUS ASSAULT ON A POOR OLD BEGGAR

THE sun was shining high in the heavens when the lad awoke next morning. As he opened his eyes and looked about him, the first sharp recollection was of the great loss he had sustained; the second was of the plan he had heard unfolded in the cavern to murder Randolph Pearson on that very night. The man against whom the conspiracy had been formed was in St. Louis, and was to be assassinated that night on his ride homeward from the depot at the foot of the ridge. Miss Sue Bascombe must be notified, and that without a moment's delay, for there was barely time now to send a messenger to the depot to warn Pearson of his danger.

The boy sprang to his feet, and, without stopping anywhere upon the road to get a morsel to stay his hunger, made all possible speed toward the farmhouse where he expected to find the young lady who was to be intrusted with his startling communication. When he reached the place it was past noon, and the child, worn with grief and excitement, and faint from hunger and long travel, was was almost exhausted. Sue Bascombe would not permit him to talk until he had taken some nourishment, and then she examined and cross-examined him on his remarkable experience the night before in the cavern. He told a plain, unvarnished tale that carried conviction with it, and the girl lost not a moment in considering what should be done in the emergency that confronted her. She ordered her horse, Dandy Jim, to be saddled at once and brought round to the gate. While this order was being obeyed, she donned her riding-skirt and hat and wrote a short note to Teddy McIntosh, asking him to join her without delay at Baker's Station, near the foot of the ridge. These preliminaries hurriedly dispensed with, she took her seat in the saddle and turned her horse's head toward Baker's

depot. The afternoon was now considerably advanced, and the place she wished to reach was fifteen miles away.

The girl rode rapidly, knowing that night would certainly overtake her before she reached her destination and wishing to cover as much of the distance by daylight as possible. There was time enough to catch the train, for it was not due at the depot until seven o'clock, nearly four hours from the time at which she left home. One circumstance, however, delayed her and caused her considerable apprehension before she completed her journey. She knew the main route well, for she had traveled it often, but now she was compelled to leave this road and travel a more circuitous one, to avoid passing the spot where she knew the negro was lying in wait to murder Pearson. At first her determination was to ride boldly by this place, trusting that the assassin, having no motive for disturbing her, would suffer her to pass unmolested. She carried in her bosom the trusty little Smith & Wesson pistol which Lawyer Slowboy had returned to her after his exciting experience with the hobgoblins, and thus felt able to defend herself even in case she was halted on the way by one with evil intent. As she galloped, however, in the fast declining day along the first half of her route she reflected that the negro would almost certainly recognize her as she passed his place of hiding and would divine her motive in traveling alone to the depot at that particular time. He might undertake to stop her bodily, or, still more probably, he might shoot her from his place of concealment, and thus frustrate her purpose to notify Pearson. She, therefore, turned aside before she reached this spot and took a less frequented route, which she had never traveled before. Night was now approaching, the evening was cloudy, and she was compelled to stop at several farmhouses by the roadside to inquire the way. Her purpose had been simply to make a circuit around the spot where the negro lay concealed and get back into the main highway after going a short distance, but this, in consequence of intervening woods and fences, she could not do. She pursued her way through narrow lanes, stopping often to make inquiries, and losing, as she knew, valuable time in doing so. She thought seriously at this stage of her journey of taking some of the white people along the road into her confidence and having the negro arrested before he could carry out his purpose, but this plan she soon dismissed as not feasible. She was among strangers, and while she wasted time in the effort to have the assassin apprehended, Pearson might leave the depot and reach the spot chosen for his murder. The best plan was to intercept and warn him, and then to take steps for the arrest not only of the negro who was lying in wait, but of the villainous old white man who was the guiltier of the two conspirators. So concluding, she urged her horse onward, made her inquiries as few as possible and always to the point, and anxiously bent her efforts toward reaching Baker Station before the arrival of the down train. Fortunately, as she blundered along in an unknown section of country, she encountered an old negro in the road, and for the remuneration of twenty-five cents induced him to pilot her back into the main highway which she had left. This he did by the expeditious method of taking down fences, crossing new-plowed fields, and conducting her through thick woods where she had to lie almost flat to keep from being swept from the saddle. It was best in the end, however, for when she had thus forged ahead slowly for the better part of an hour she was once more in the road she had left, and could hasten on to the end of her journey.

"I ain't gwy ax you what business you got out at dis time o' night by yourself," said the old man as he took the quarter, "but I'm gwy say de rule in dese parts is for de gentleman to do de ridin' and de lady to set up in de parlor and wait for him. Ef you're runnin' away to git married—which I knows you is—you must have a mighty pokey young man for a beau, or he'd a gone atter you and tuck you to de squire's house. Dat's de way for a young gentleman to act, mistiss, and you mustn't git mad at my tellin' you so."

Sue Bascombe was a queer girl. She neither laughed at nor resented the old negro's well-meant advice. "Uncle," she replied quietly, as she fixed her skirts for a rapid gallop, "I say to you in confidence that I think you're exactly right about this matter. The man I'm hunting is a little pokey, but I'm going after him all the same. In these times a girl must do the best she can, you know." Whereupon she gave Dandy Jim a keen cut with the whip and left her guide without another word.

"Dat's a cur'ous gal as ever I seed,"

remarked the old negro to himself as the damsel ran away from him at almost break-neck speed.

As she hurried onward she wondered if Teddy McIntosh was not ahead of her. If he got her message promptly he would lose no time in setting forward upon her track, and perhaps by this time had already reached the depot. If so, he would wonder why she was not there. Thinking of Teddy reminded her that he had doubtless passed the place where the negro lay concealed, or would have to pass it if he was still in the rear. Would any effort be made to assassinate him? She thought not, for Pearson seemed to be the special object of hatred on the part of the old white man who had prompted the negro to murder. If the negro should kill somebody else and not Pearson, he would defeat the purpose his principal had in view. At any rate, she had not thought to warn McIntosh against passing the spot; could not well have done so in a note without going into explanations that could not be intrusted to paper. Teddy, she persuaded herself, would get through all right. She would either find him at the station house or he would get there soon after she had reached the place. She had no watch, but she knew it was now about train time. She was near enough to the station, however, to have heard the whistle if the locomotive had stopped there, and the sound had not yet reached her ear. She had not heard the engine whistle for the top of the ridge, and she knew some minutes must elapse after it started on the down grade before it reached Baker Station below. She hurried on, therefore, confident that she was not too late, but feeling the importance of wasting not a moment's time, and presently as she reached the summit of a hill was cheered by the twinkle of a light at the station.

She set forth down the declivity at a brisk canter. The timber had been cleared away near the summit, and she could see fairly well down the road ahead of her. When Dandy Jim had galloped a short way he suddenly shied, and the girl saw a man standing on the side of the road. He was undersized and held a long cane or walking-stick in his hand. This figure now advanced slowly into the center of the highway, and, grasping his long stick in his left hand, held the right out in a supplicating manner.

"'Elp te poor plind man," said the beggar in a whining tone. "'Elp te plind man, for te luff uff Cot."

"I have nothing for you," replied the girl. "Stand aside and let me pass."

The beggar kept his place in the center of the highway, and still held out his hand. "'Elp te plind man," he cried piteously. "'Elp te plind man, laty."

"How do you know it's a lady before you?" asked Sue Bascombe, for she greatly distrusted the whining beggar.

"Ah, mine Cot, te sweet voice; te sweet voice."

Sue Bascombe tightened the bridle rein in her hand and drew her horse back a few steps. She eyed the supplicating figure as best she could in the misty light. His head was bent low; he seemed to grope his way as he proceeded, but he advanced now slowly toward her with his right hand extended.

"'Elp, for te luff uff Cot. 'Elp, for te luff uff Cot," cried the blind man piteously, as he tottered toward her.

She gave the rein a sudden jerk, and the horse backed a few steps up the hill. The blind man still advanced, groping his way.

"'Elp, for te luff uff Cot. 'Elp, for te luff uff Cot," he cried more beseechingly.

"Stand back!" said the girl firmly. "Stand back, I tell you!"

"'Elp te plind man, laty. 'Elp te plind man, laty."

"Stand back I tell you!"

She reined her horse back a second time, and he followed her more rapidly. His right hand still extended. Was it to solicit alms or was it to seize her bridle rein?

"'Elp te plind man,"

"Stand back!"

"'Elp te plind——"

The girl drew a pistol from her bosom, pointed it toward him and without a moment's hesitation pulled the trigger. There was a flash, a loud report, and the beggar dropped his stick and fell to the earth. He was not killed, however, for he immediately tried to rise again, and made, as Sue Bascombe thought, a suspicious movement with his right hand toward his hip pocket.

"Let that pistol alone," said the girl calmly. "If you try to draw it here I'll finish you."

"Ah, mine Cot, mine Cot," cried the beggar extending himself upon the ground. "Vot a country, vot a beoples."

Fortunately at this stage of the game, Sue

Bascombe heard the sound of a horse's feet on the road behind her. She held her weapon on the prostrate man and waited for the rider to approach. She hoped it would prove to be Teddy McIntosh hastening to join her at the station, and when the horseman drew near she found it was Teddy.

"What's up?" inquired that impetuous youth, who had heard the pistol shot, and now found the young lady halted upon the highway.

"I'm afraid I've done something desperate, Teddy," replied Miss Bascombe.

"What's that?"

"I believe I've killed a man."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. He pretends to be a beggar, and maybe he is."

"What did he do?"

"He kept coming toward me. I ordered him to halt, and he didn't."

The blind man lay in the road and groaned dismally.

"He ain't dead," said Teddy McIntosh. "You say you don't know him?"

"I do not," replied the girl. "Never met him before."

"He didn't know you, either," said Teddy, "or he would have stopped when you told him." After which significant remark, he dismounted, gave his bridle rein to the young lady, and went to examine the prostrate man.

The beggar lay in the road, drawing his breath painfully, and occasionally heaving a deep groan.

"Who are you?" inquired McIntosh, as he stooped down and peered into his face.

"A plind man," said the other in piteous tones. "Plind and lame; plind and lame, mine frient. Te laty haff shot a plind man. Mine Cot, a poor plind man."

"Look for his pistol, Teddy," interjected Miss Bascombe. "I believe he has one."

Teddy McIntosh made an examination, and, sure enough, found a pistol in the hip-pocket of the beggar. "What are you doing with this?" he inquired rather sternly of the wounded man.

"Ah, mine Cot, effery dog parks at te lame peggar; te plind lame peggar."

"Take it away from him, Teddy," commanded the young lady, and Teddy put the weapon in his own pocket.

The wounded man breathed now with much more difficulty, and apparently was sinking fast. "Hold me up, mine frient," he said to McIntosh beseechingly. "For Cot's sake, raise me up a leetle vile."

McIntosh complied with the request, lifting the wounded man's head and shoulders from the ground.

"I veel a leetle petter," said the blind man faintly. "Vot ish dis? Voo ish dis apout me? Ish dis mine prudder Shacob?"

"I am a stranger," replied Teddy McIntosh, "but I will take care of you the best I can. I am sorry the accident occurred."

" 'Tis pity, 'tis pity," said the blind man. "But, mine frient, vot for I zay 'tis pity. For te rich and broud to pass avay, 'tis pity; but for te poor plind man to leafe tis vicked vorld 'tis no pity. I vill now leafe you, mine goot frients, and I leafe mine plessing behint me. Te plind, lame beggar vill peg no more in tis vicked vorld. Coot py, efferypody."

"I do believe the old man is going, sure enough," said McIntosh. "I can hardly hold him up."

"Lay him down as easily as you can," replied Sue Bascombe, who was evidently deeply moved by the reflection that she had taken the old man's life.

"Hold a leetle vile," said the old beggar, gently—"a leetle vile, mine frients; shust a leetle vile. It ish no matter. Te coot laty made a mishtake; tat vas all. Zay to te vorld dat I do forgiff de coot laty for de mishtake vot she haff made. Ah, mine Cot, shust now I vos unkery and pegged for pread. Zoon I vill pe unkery no more. To shoot a plind, lame peggar; 'tis small matter, mine frient, and I pray you vill tink notting off it."

"Hold him up, Teddy, as long as you can," said Miss Bascombe. "I'm sorry I shot him."

"Hold me a leetle vile," said the old man faintly. "Ten lay me town for coot and all. Mine frients, I haff a vord for you. Ven you meet te poor plind man upon de road, unkery and cold, giff him pread. Dat ish pizness. Tell mine prudder Shacob I vos shot for nutting, and I leafe mine plessing upon all de vorld pehint me. Ven I am gone avay, put von leetle gravestone at my 'ead, and write on dis dat de coot laty zhot te poor plind peggar for nutting, and de poor plind peggar did forgiff her for his murter. Ah, mine thrue frients, hold me up no furter. Shust lay me town and let me leafe his vicked vorld. Coot py, mine prudder Shacob. Coot py, efferypody."

"Lay him down, Teddy," said Miss Bascombe gently, "and run for the doctor."

"I believe the old fellow is gone," exclaimed Teddy McIntosh. The blind beggar had stretched himself at full length upon the earth, and, after a deep groan, remained perfectly quiet.

"Run for the doctor, Teddy," repeated the young lady.

"Must I leave you here?"

"Why certainly. You found me here."

Teddy McIntosh took the bridle rein of his horse from the girl's hand and mounted the animal in haste.

"This is a bad business," he said to Sue as he was about to set off.

"I am afraid so, but it can't he helped now," replied the girl. "You go to the depot yonder, Teddy, and leave word for Ran Pearson to come on here as soon as he gets off the train. Then you fetch a doctor, Teddy, right away. "I'll stay here till you get back."

"A doctor can't help the old man, but I'm off," replied Teddy McIntosh, and he immediately made good his assertion by setting forward at a rapid gait down the hill toward the depot.

The blind beggar lay in the road perfectly still. The dim outlines of his figure were visible to the girl, who sat on horseback a few yards away. She was perfectly still, of course, for there was no one to talk to, and Sue Bascombe was not in a talkative mood. To stand guard over a corpse is a serious business; and if the sentinel is solely responsible for the presence of the corpse, it is a *very* serious business. The stars looked down frostily from above, and with their pale shimmer gave to every object around a ghostly appearance. The clatter of the horse galloping away could be heard almost to the depot, and the noise, as long as she could distinguish it, made the girl feel a little less lonely. Now she heard the whistle of the engine and the rumble of the train at Ridgetop, and knew that in a few minutes more it would come to a halt at Baker's three miles below. Dandy Jim fidgeted about a little in the road, but the girl sat immovable in the saddle. She slipped the pistol back into her bosom and tied a handerkchief about her throat, for it was getting chilly. The blind beggar lay motionless in the road, and she concluded, with Teddy McIntosh, that the doctor would avail nothing when he came. A prowling dog came trotting down the road and began to sniff at the corpse, hut at the sharp command of the girl, he ran away. With almost a steady roar, the train rolled down around the dangerous curves of the ridge, and she heard first the whistle and then the bell proclaiming the stop at Baker station.

Sue Bascombe heard these sounds and calculated that in fifteen minutes, or less time, Teddy McIntosh, and probably Pearson. would arrive and relieve her from duty, She sat motionless on the back of her horse and anxiously awaited their approach. She was growing now a little nervous, for the dead man was unpleasant company. She did not look at him as he lay in the road. She looked persistently over him and to objects far beyond, hut she knew he was there, just the same.

Suddenly an incident occurred so surprising in its nature that it gave the young lady quite a shock, though, as a rule, she wasn't an easy girl to shock. As she looked above the tree tops, and strained her ears to catch the sound of approaching horsemen, the dead man suddenly jumped up from the middle of the road and ran away. He ran swiftly and in zig-zag fashion, so that in the misty light it was difficult to get a crack at him; but Miss Bascombe did pull her pistol promptly and drew trigger with little expectation—let us hope—of striking the fugitive. She fired once, she fired twice; she took pretty good aim at the shadowy figure, darting down hill like a rabbit, and fired a third time. Then she lifted her voice—for Sue Bascombe was a queer girl—and gave a shrill yell, all by herself, up there on the hill. The blind beggar, from a position he now deemed secure, replied loudly in broken English and in terms the reverse of complimentary. At this, Miss Sue Bascombe fell into a fit of boisterous laughter, all by herself, up there on the hill.

Pretty soon, under whip and spur, back rode Teddy McIntosh, with Mr. Ran Pearson close behind him.

"Name o' common sense," cried Teddy in great astonishment, "What—what—what's up?" for he had heard, mind you, the pistol shots, the yell and then the laughter.

"Oh, nothing," replied Miss Bascombe. "The dead man has run away, Teddy, that's all."

"Well, I will be—" began Teddy.

"Ahem," interjected Miss Bascombe.

"Confound the luck," cried Teddy, having not yet overcome his astonishment. "The old scoundrel took to his heels, you say?"

"That's what he did," replied the young lady. "And, Teddy, considering the fact that he was blind, lame and a dead man, he ran remarkably well."

McIntosh at this remained silent, having fallen into a sort of brown study.

"And, Teddy," pursued the young lady, "I'm very glad you took his pistol away from him. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise what?" inquired the young gentleman.

"Otherwise," said Miss Bascombe, "I think you would have found a dead girl up here on the hill, and the old scoundrel missing, as he is now."

Then the three sat on their horses in the highway and held a council of war. The conclusion was unanimously reached that the blind beggar was the shifty individual, known to those present as the father of Cross-eyed Jack; and known to Patsy Kinchen's household as "de little ole white man." Sue Bascombe declared sbe had suspected as much when she shot him, but his subsequent behavior had led her for the moment astray. His motive for being out on the highway was perhaps to notify his confederate, by some agreed signal, that Pearson was on the road to the spot selected for his assassination. When Sue Bascombe came riding rapidly in the night toward Baker Station, he divined her purpose and determined to frustrate her effort to warn Pearson.

"He was frightened away from Crawfish Cave," said Sue Bascombe, "by a dreadful fight he had there last night in the dark with Pete Kinchen. At least I reckon the place was too lonesome for him after his experience." Then she narrated hurriedly what Pete had told her, thus explaining the fact of her own presence now on the road to Baker Station.

"And I think I can tell you," said Teddy McIntosh, "why the old man was so anxious to put Pearson out of the way, right now. They are going to have a special term of the court down at Coopertown, to try Cross-eyed Jack over again. Nothing would do Palaver but that another hearing should be had right away, and the judge has so ordered. The prisoner has already been taken from Nashville and lodged in the Coopertown jail; and the subpoenas are out for the witnesses in the case. Now it's as plain as the nose on a man's face, that they are bent on murdering Ran Pearson at once to keep him from working up the case for the prosecution, as he did before."

Then the three laid their heads together and fell upon a plan by which they hoped to secure the person of the negro, Alabama Sam, before he could be warned that there was danger for him ahead. This plan, however, failed, for when an hour later a posse reached the spot where he bad lain hid, they found abundant evidence of his having been there, but him they discovered not. Miss Sue Bascombe lodged that night at a farmhouse near by; and the next morning she, Mr. Randolph Pearson and Mr. Teddy McIntosh rode, like good friends, as they were, back to their own neighborhood.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A SECOND TRIAL OF THE ANKERSTROM CASE IN THE INFERIOR COURT RESULTS IN A HUNG JURY—LAWYER PALAVER TAKES A DRINK WITH AN AGREEABLE YOUNG GENTLEMAN

ON the very next day an expedition was formed, with Teddy McIntosh at the head, for the more thorough exploration of Crawfish Cave. Everybody knew where the cave was. Everybody knew there was an excellent picnic ground at the wide mouth, and a subterraneous passage extending a good way back, along which young people of frolicksome turn frequently trod with lighted candles. Everybody knew this much, but did not know that good fighting ground and lodging for travelers and stabling for horses, could all be obtained by ascending the swift current of the stream that filled the dark channel through wbich it ran to a point above where another smooth, dry passage opened up, affording abundant room for all these purposes. When Pete's tale got abroad—and it was all over the neighborhood by sunrise next morning—a company of adventurous youths was speedily formed to put his marvelous story to the test. Teddy McIntosh elected himself captain of this scouting party, and he soon had at his heels a score or more

of bold followers who were resolved to see for themselves how matters stood along the headwaters of Crawfish Creek. When this party reached the mouth of the cave, they found a mixed and motley crowd assembled there, all eagerly discussing the Kinchen narrative, and all ready to venture forward, but for this or that impediment which at the moment was insuperable.

The McIntosh expedition, being composed in the main of hardy youths, made its way through this promiscuous assemblage and disrobed at the point where the creek came rushing down through its own narrow channel. Each man tied his raiment in a tight bundle, which was fastened securely about his neck, and held in his hand a pistol or repeating rifle, which was to be carried above his head when the advance began. Pete Kinchen had been among those who stood at the mouth of the cave when the scouting party came up. He followed this party back into the interior, and while the members were disrobing made a suggestion which most of them thought valuable.

"If you gen'lemun," said Pete, "wade up dis'creek wid lanterns, and makin' a racket, one man kin shoot down fum de upper end and kill ev'y last one of ye."

This proposition being assented to by all present, the lad ventured another suggestion, which was promptly accepted as a sensible one by Captain McIntosh and his brave men.

"I kin wade up dar all by myself in de dark, makin' no more noise dan de water will make splashin' gin de rocks. Ef I don't come back pooty soon you may know I'm waitin' for you on de dry ground whar me and de ole man fit. Ef I does come back, I kin tell you what 'twas dat made me come back."

This manly proposition not only elevated Pete in the estimation of his fellow adventurers, but convinced the most skeptical that the lad had not fabricated when he gave an account of his previous journey along the same route. Alone and in the dark, therefore, Pete Kinchen set out upon his second ascent of the stream, taking this time his raiment with him, to be donned when he should once more set foot upon dry ground. After waiting half an hour without hearing from him, Captain McIntosh concluded he had either been killed outright or had secured a footing in the enemy's country without being assailed, and as the latter supposition was the most probable, he set forward with his band up the creek.

They proceeded, without serious adventure, single file and in dead silence, till the lantern of the foremost of the party disclosed the lad standing alone on dry ground just ahead of them. He had clothed himself and had advanced cautiously as far as the guest chamber, without discovering any sign of life in the cavern. The exploring party, when this intelligence was imparted, went forward with less apprehension of being resisted, but still with caution, till they became convinced that the recent occupants had vacated their underground abode. They entered the guest chamber and found the ashes of the fire around which Alabama Sam and the little old white man had discussed the murder of Pearson while Pete was eavesdropping in the dark passage without. By close inspection, they even discovered human footprints in the cold embers, left there, doubtless, by the old gentleman in his effort to extinguish the last spark before he vacated the premises, though, as one of the party remarked, there wasn't much danger of setting his house on fire. The floor of this guest chamber has since been damaged by a large fragment of rock that fell from the ceiling above and broke into two or three pieces; but at the time Teddy McIntosh and his band visited the place, it was smooth enough for sure-footed revelers to have danced a cotillion upon.

Continuing their search, the explorers also found, stuck here and there in crannies, a good many empty bottles, a dirty deck of cards, and a well-thumbed copy of "The Life and Adventures of Jack Sheppard," which Mr. Hardrider had generously left for the edification of any future occupant of the cavern, who, like himself, might be of a literary turn. They discovered also, a good way back in the cavern, a locked tin box, containing a ham, a jar of pickles, a few tins of canned goods, several loaves of bread and a quart bottle of whiskey, full and tightly corked. These supplies had undoubtedly been secreted for the accommodation of the robbers, or such of their friends as might find it expedient at any future time to seek shelter in the cavern. About two hundred feet beyond the guest chamber, was the place where the horses had been stabled, though all signs of its having been put to such use had been removed as carefully as possible. One of the

party measured the width of the cavern at this point by stepping across it at the widest place. He found the distance to be a little more than thirteen paces, or, by estimation, about thirty-one feet. The roof at this part of the passage was considerably higher than a man's head.

It is to be hoped the sympathetic reader has not forgotten the little fox terrier that so valiantly chased the robber to his den on the occasion of Pete's first visit, and came to grief thereby. If the reader has overlooked the fact that the brave little creature was still somewhere in the depths of the cavern, he may be sure Pete Kinchen's memory was not so treacherous. The main purpose of the lad in attaching himself to Captain McIntosh's band of explorers, was to make diligent search for his dog and bring him forth, dead or alive. So completely did the thought of his comrade, Jineral Beauregard, fill the mind of the negro lad, that the entire force advancing into the bowels of the earth took on the character of a relief expedition, and for his own part he did nothing from the time the others joined him in the dry passage but hunt for his dog with lantern and friendly whistle. For a long while his quest was unrewarded, but finally those who were occupied at some distance away heard his glad shout, announcing to the subterranean world that the lost had been found. Presently the glimmer of his lantern was seen, as he made his way rapidly toward them, bearing his faithful four-footed companion in his arms. Not only had he recovered his dog, but he had found him alive, and his great white eyes and glistening teeth proclaimed his unspeakable joy thereat. Jineral Beauregard, whose sands of life had nearly run out, licked the boy gratefully on the cheek and feebly wagged his stump of a tail, thereby indicating to all intelligent observers that the spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak. There was a deep gash across the back of his neck, where the cruel bullet had plowed its way, and he was so faint from hunger and pain that he could not stand at all upon his legs. They bore him safely to the outer world, and I may say now, to relieve the reader's anxiety, that in due time he recovered his health, and from the moment he began to stir abroad was the observed of all observers wherever he went.

The time was now at hand when the witnesses in the famous Ankerstrom case must again be gathered together and persuaded or cajoled into going once more to court to testify. It was with absolutely no hope of obtaining a conviction that Pearson devoted himself to this task, but he wished the community to be spared what he thought to be, the disgrace of a public acquittal. It had been part of the plan of the secret order which had condemned the prisoner to intercept the train that bore him from Nashville, and to take him from the custody of the few guards that they supposed would accompany him. This plan, however, had been frustrated by the unexpected withdrawal of the murderer, and his transportation to the jail of the county where his former trial had occurred. Here his case must again be heard by a jury, and for the convenience of his attorneys he was sent down a few days in advance of the time set for his second public trial.

Pearson, as said, entertained no hope of convicting the murderer of Mrs. Bascombe after the most material evidence against him had been eliminated from the case by the decision of the supreme court of the state. The attorney-general, but for the earnest protest of those most interested on the side of the prosecution, would have entered a nolle prosequi and had the prisoner discharged. As it was, he entered into the investigation with the idea that an outrageous crime had been committed which ought to be punished, and which he would make a desperate endeavor to have punished, whether the evidence justified a conviction or not. A cur dog will fight desperately if his friends pat him on the back in advance of the engagement, and the state's officer, who was no cur dog by any means, was aroused to greater zeal in the fight he was now to wage by the fact that a good many excellent people were interested in his success and apparently expected great things of him. 'Twere long to tell of the legal tilts, the sharp thrusts, the keen retorts, the learned arguments, the appeals to passion and sympathy, the bursts of eloquence, the ingenious twisting of testimony, and the other concomitants of an important criminal trial that took up the time of the court for another full week. Suffice it to say that at the end of the struggle the attorney-general was so far successful that the jury failed to agree, and so was discharged without rendering any verdict at all. Ten good and lawful men on their oaths, and with

such testimony as they had before them, were of opinion that a verdict of not guilty should be rendered and the prisoner released from the custody of the law. Two obstinate fellows held out for conviction and the hanging of the prisoner, upon the ground that he had certainly killed old Granny Bascombe, and the fact that his guilt was not clearly proven in court ought not to save his bacon. Our old friend Palaver was furious at the result, the attorney-general was pleased, the prisoner was remanded to jail, and the case continued to the next term of the court.

"My man will be free by the time frost comes next fall," remarked Palaver boastfully, to a crowd at the foot of the steps, when court had adjourned. "There is no evidence to convict him, and there cannot be a second failure of justice. I shall ask to have him admitted to bail as soon as the judge has leisure to consider the matter."

The fact was, Palaver, smarting under defeat, was about to apply for bail as soon as the jury was discharged, but he reflected that he might avail himself of the opportunity the mistrial afforded him to wrest a little more money out of his client. The case had been contested more severely than he expected when he fixed his fee, and all these delays and applications for bail ought to be compensated for by fresh drafts on the pocket of the venerable Olof Ankerstrom, who, Palaver had discovered, though occasionally reduced low, had some mysterious way of replenishing his exchequer. The lawyer, therefore, waited to confer with the old gentleman, whom he had not seen of late, before making to the honorable court a request for bail, which he had every reason to believe would be granted when applied for.

On the evening following the day of the trial, when all the witnesses had gone their separate ways, and other matters had been taken up, Palaver prior to wending his way homeward, had stepped into a saloon near his office to take an invigorating nip, and thus prepare his mind for the restful influence of home. He was standing at the bar, had given his order, and was stirring his glass thoughtfully, when he was accosted in a friendly way by a young gentleman who had entered the saloon, manifestly upon the same business.

"Good evening, Colonel," said the young gentleman, extending his hand as he spoke.

The lawyer raised his head and eyed the newcomer inquisitively to see if he could remember ever having met him before.

"My name is Galloway," said the young gentleman; "nephew of your old friend Galloway of Nashville. You don't know me, Colonel, but I know you. I am studying law, and hope some day to be able to make such an argument as I heard you make not long ago before the supreme court in the Ankerstrom case. That was a grand argument, Colonel, a grand argument. Everybody said so who heard it."

"It won the case," replied the lawyer complacently. "A good speech, my young friend, is a speech that wins the lawsuit."

"So it is; so it is," said the young gentleman, bowing low to his senior. "There can be no better definition of a good speech than to say, it is one that wins the lawsuit."

"The Colonel makes a good many speeches of that kind," interposed the friendly barkeeper. "The fact is, he don't make any other sort."

The Colonel, manifestly pleased at finding himself held in such high esteem, here pulled an assortment of silver coins from his pocket preparatory to settling his little bill.

"Allow me," said the gracious young gentleman, and he passed to the barkeeper a coin of sufficient denomination to pay for two drinks. The Colonel bowed with dignity, and also with affability. It was a standing rule of his, always to let the other fellow pay for the drinks if he would.

"A good speech, as you say, Colonel," continued the pleasant young gentleman, wiping his mouth, "is a speech that wins the case. Spread-eagle oratory, and that sort of thing counts for little, I imagine, with an intelligent court."

"Not worth a d—n," replied the Colonel.

"It may now," pursued the agreeable young gentleman, "once in a while make some impression on a jury—"

"That's where it comes in," interrupted the Colonel, breaking in on the young gentleman's remark. "You are seeking to qualify yourself for the practice of my profession, and I tell you right now, that buncombe talk goes a long way with a jury."

"Gentlemen," chimed in the barkeeper, whose prophetic soul recognized in this confab a second order of drinks, "walk into the back room. You'll find seats there."

"Don't care if I do," replied the young

gentleman, taking his way into a snug apartment in the rear.

"Only for a few minutes," remarked the Colonel, following the young gentleman's lead.

Here the two gentlemen sat discoursing for the space of ten minutes, or some such matter, when the pleasant youth propounded the folowing query:

"What remark was that, Colonel, which the governor of North Carolina made to the governor of South Carolina?"

"If his utterance has been correctly reported," replied the Colonel gravely, "he said it was a long time between drinks."

"Ha-ha-ha," laughed the two gentlemen in unison, and in response to a rap upon the table, the barkeeper appeared with two more glasses of liquor.

They sat chatting for another while, and as they rose to go the young gentleman remarked in a confidential manner:

"By the way, I heard a thing the other day, Colonel, that perhaps you ought to know. A friend of mine, a drummer, and a pretty shrewd fellow, has just returned from the Marrowbone Hills, and he said the folks up there were mad as tucker over the decision of the supreme court in the Ankerstrom case. There was a good deal of excited talk, he said, about sending a mob down here to take Ankerstrom out of jail and hang him. There may be nothing at all in the threat—and I don't suppose there is—but I thought I'd let you know how the folks up there were plotting mischief."

"Thank you, Galloway," replied the Colonel. "We have heard all about that, but have not been in the least disturbed by the rumor, because a dozen mobs couldn't break open the jail here and take a prisoner out. To save trouble, however, we're going to send Ankerstrom back to Nashville without delay. We don't want any rash attempts made here that may compel the officers to shed blood."

"I see; I see," replied the pleasant young gentleman. "Well, that course certainly is commendable and merciful. I hope if the mob does come, the jailer will be able to say to them truthfully that the man they seek is no longer in his custody."

"He can certainly say that," replied the Colonel, "unless the mob comes tonight. Tomorrow evening we mean to send Ankerstrom back to Nashville. This, of course, is confidential."

"Of course," said the young gentleman. "Of c-o-u-r-s-e. I see, Colonel, you keep your eyes open all the time."

"Nobody has ever caught me napping yet," replied the Colonel. "In our profession, Galloway, a man *must* keep his eyes open all the time." And the new acquaintances here shook hands cordially and parted with mutual esteem.

As the agreeable young gentleman walked down the street it might have been observed that he bore a marvelous resemblance to our farmer friend, Teddy McIntosh; but we know it could not have been Teddy McIntosh, because the young man had just told Colonel Palaver that his name was Galloway, and that he was studying for the law. When he had reached and turned a corner and, proceeding on his way, had reached and turned another corner, he came upon two other young men who seemingly had been waiting for him. The three stood a-while in close conference, and after they separated one of the number went off by himself and, mounting a horse, set out at a pretty good gait in the direction of the Marrowbone Hills. It was nearly night, but he rode as if he meant to travel a considerable distance before his jaded steed was permitted to enter a stable for rest and food. Mr. Galloway and his remaining friend, having no pressing business on hand, went to a tavern and supped and lodged, and next morning were out upon the streets again.

CHAPTER XXXV

A NOTED INDIVIDUAL SHUFFLES OFF THIS MORTAL COIL, AND LEAVES THE WORLD NONE THE POORER

LATE in the afternoon following his pleasant confab with Lawyer Palaver, Mr. Galloway, having seen all the sights of the town, concluded to take his departure. He and his friend strolled in a leisurely way to the depot with the view of taking the northbound train, and in a few minutes after their arrival an officer came from the jail, having in custody the prisoner, Ankerstrom, who was to be escorted back to Nashville for safe-

keeping. A second officer was along, perhaps merely as company for the first, perhaps to assist in case the prisoner should make an effort to give leg bail.

Before the arrival of the northbound train, Mr. Galloway went out and telegraphed to a friend living on the Nashville road, that two good mules could be bought at Coopertown upon reasonable terms. Perhaps if Colonel Palaver had been present he might have inquired if the young law student was also engaged in the mule trade, but Colonel Palaver was not present, and, consequently, Mr. Galloway was not called upon to answer any questions.

At Guthrie, Kentucky, there was a wait of something more than an hour. At this point, as all well-informed persons know, the St. Louis & Southeastern Road crosses the Louisville & Memphis railroad, and passengers for Nashville from the latter road must change cars. Mr. Galloway and his friend walked up and down the long platform chatting pleasantly and did not seem to mind the delay at all. The officers in charge of Ankerstrom grew somewhat impatient. The St. Louis train was nearly an hour late, and they did not relish the idea of being compelled to postpone their stay at Guthrie. They spoke their minds as freely in the presence of the prisoner as if the latter had been stone deaf or totally unfamiliar with the English language.

"I don't like this here place at all," said the head officer to his assistant, "and I never did like it."

"Me nother," replied the gentleman addressed. "It's a ticklish place for them in our business, and that's a fact."

"It's pretty rough," continued the first, "that an officer can't take a criminal from one place in Tennessee to another place in Tennessee, without having to go out of the state on his road. And it's all the rougher that, while you are out of the state with your man you've got to stop and wait a couple of hours. All sorts of things can happen in two hours."

"Our man might jump and run," replied the assistant, "and we dassn't shoot him, because over here in Kentucky we hain't got him in legal custody."

"I'll put one ball in him if he tries that caper," said the head officer nonchalantly, "though I may get took up the next minute for shootin' inside the town limits. But what I'm afraid of is a habeas corpus. Some Kentucky constable could read a little piece of paper to us right now, and we'd have to give up this scoundrel whether or no. I wonder the lawyers on this side of the line don't work that racket often on Tennessee officers."

"Did you ever know 'em do it?" inquired number two.

"I 'member one time—" began his superior, intending to favor his companion with a chapter from the book of his individual experience.

"Yonder she comes," interrupted the party of the second part, as he observed a thin curl of smoke a mile or so away up the road.

"Now I feel easy," remarked the principal officer. "In ten minutes more we'll be back in Tennessee again, and when I'm in Tennessee I ask no odds of anybody."

Night had set in some time before, and the train made a pretty sight as the cars rolled up to the platform. Johan Ankerstrom was in excellent spirits for so sullen a fellow as he habitually was. He had not cared to make a break from the officers and risk the chances of being shot. He had no need of habeas corpus proceedings in Kentucky, for the outlook in Tennessee was encouraging, and he cherished a reasonable hope of being freed by legal process in that state soon.

When they got aboard the train for Nashville the two officers and their prisoner took the smoking-car, and Mr. Galloway and his friend likewise took the smoking-car. At the various stations along the route people got on and off as usual; only it was noticed that on this occasion a good many more people got on than off. By the time the engine had whistled for the station called "Ridgetop," the smoking-car was nearly full of men, an unusual circumstance.

At Ridgetop a party of young fellows got aboard, who were manifestly resolved to make a night of it, and had already advanced a considerable way in this laudable endeavor. They made as if they would enter the ladies' coach, but the conductor politely invited them into the smoking-car.

The train now began gliding rapidly down the hill. It was considerably behind time, and turned the many short curves in the track with what seemed to be almost reckless rapidity. When something more than half-way down an accident occurred which for the moment promised serious consequences. The train was nearing the dangerous-looking

bridge—built in a semi-circle—when a man suddenly stepped on the track in front and waved a lantern furiously. Others appeared by his side flourishing their hats, and crying aloud, "Stop! Stop! stop!" The engineer, being thus confronted in an alarming manner, reversed his engine, bringing the train at once to a halt and flinging many of the passengers from their seats. The drunken squad, supposing that a promiscuous melee had begun, fell a-fighting among themselves. One flourished a stick and broke a lamp overhead. A second light had been extinguished by the general shock, and only a single lamp remained, which but feebly lit up the car. A great confusion of voices now arose; some calling out to jump from the train, and others crying they were on the bridge, and to leap would be death.

The officer in charge of the prisoner as soon as the shock came was seized from behind by two or more persons and his arms held fast. He called his deputy by name, telling him to hold the prisoner, but the deputy had also been seized in like fashion with himself. Ankerstrom had not been fettered—as the precaution had been deemed unnecessary for so short a journey—and now stood hesitating while the hubbub about him increased. "Run," whispered one to him as he stood uncertain. "Run, you fool." He leaped over the back of the seat and started for the nearest door.

"Catch the prisoner!" cried the officer, who could see him moving in the misty light. "Catch the prisoner! There he goes."

"Catch the prisoner! catch the prisoner!" cried a dozen voices at once; but they helped him on his way.

He twisted in and out among them. He dodged them, supposing he was unknown in the confusion. At first he had seemed almost loth to go, but he redoubled his effort to escape when he heard the officer's cry. Struggling down the aisle, through the surging mass of men, he reached the door. On his left was a small plot of level ground, where stood a number of persons, On his right was a steep declivity, then a patch of scraggy bushes, then a deep, rough hollow. He knew the place well, and when he reached the platform leaped boldly into the darkness on his right. He rolled over and over when he struck the earth, and dashing into the patch of scrubby undergrowth, ran for his life. He cared not that briars and sharp branches tore his clothing. He understood that to flee down the hill would lead him into the deep, dark hollow where safety lay, and, lowering his head and closing his eyes, he sped with all his might. When he had made furious headway thus for a little space, he ran into the arms of a man. Not of one man only, but of two, three, a dozen, who had him bound and gagged before he fully realized he was in their hands.

Back at the train, the engineer had become satisfied that there was no serious trouble ahead. A handful of excited men had become alarmed over a rumor that one of the rails on the bridge had slipped in its place, and so had rashly signalled the train. The worst of the matter was that the prisoner had escaped. He had darted off during the confusion, and was now at large somewhere out in the bushes. Undoubtedly there was a preconcerted plan to take him from the officer and kill him, but the mob had bungled and let him go, and to catch him again would be no easy matter. Some were ready to declare that the handful of excited men who stopped the train were really part of the mob, but making an assertion is one thing, and bringing proof to substantiate it is another.

Meantime, a considerable band of horsemen wended their way in silence from the scene of the confusion back toward the interior of the Marrowbone Hills. Before the stars had begun to pale another assemblage was gathered about the ashes of the old Bascombe home. It was a solemn assemblage, as might have been noted, if there had been a curious looker on at the moment, and a quiet assemblage, for no word was spoken that could have been heard twenty yards away. Back in the thicket might have been heard the stamping feet of tethered horses, but none of these were visible in the little clearing that marked the spot where the old house had stood. Robed in long black gowns, with black hoods concealing their features, human creatures now stood in this space, as silent and almost as motionless, as the desolate chimneys that still guarded the precincts of the once cheerful home. These figures—about two score in number—were formed in a circle around a large oak tree that grew in the front yard, a few steps away from the door through which the old widow had fled on the night of the murder. It was near the root of this tree—as was shown by her own

statement, and by blood stains upon the earth —that the cruel blow from the ax was delivered.

Now was led forward a horse, upon the back of which sat one pinioned, and with his feet bound together underneath the body of the animal. In the dim light, those who had ever seen him before could not fail to recognize the repulsive features of the murderer, Johan Ankerstrom, known as Cross-eyed Jack. He made no noise as he came into the center of the group, for he had been gagged as well as firmly bound. On each side as he came, walked a figure robed in black and holding him by the arm to make sure that he kept his place on the back of the horse. When they came to the large oak tree, they halted underneath a limb, from which a rope dangled. The loose end of this was quickly tied in a slip-knot about the captive's neck. He made no resistance as this was done, but seemed to be sullenly submitting to his fate.

"Prisoner," now came in solemn tones from one of the figures who stood apart from the others, "your last hour has come. Is there anything you wish to say, before you are made to atone for the death of the good old woman whom you murdered on this spot?"

Then the handkerchief was unloosed from the mouth of the captive, in order that he might have the opportunity to reply.

Cross-eyed Jack glared about him as a tiger might have glared that found itself trapped and begirt with foes. Those who know they are doomed to die nearly always meet the inevitable with outward fortitude. With most base characters, this seeming resolution results only from an utter inability on their part to realize the stupendous fact, that they are about to forsake a stage of existence which has before occupied all their thoughts and pass at once to an unknown and uncontemplated beyond. Johan Ankerstrom had never done an act in all his life that could properly establish for him the reputation of being a courageous man. He had been rather a skulking beast of prey, whose instinct had prompted him always to flight, till caught in a situation where flight was impossible. Now as he sat, powerless and hopeless, under the gallows tree, he was resolved to die as a savage would have died who saw no chance of escape or for wreaking vengeance on his foes. If he could not save himself, he could at least heap imprecations upon his enemies. When his lips were first unsealed, he spluttered out meaningless sounds for a moment, for he was literally choking with rage and blind malice toward those who held him in the hollow of their hands. When he found utterance, he raised his voice to its highest pitch, and screamed out oaths and insulting abuse of the coarsest nature upon his captors. It was horrible to hear the dead silence of the night broken by such wild and blasphemous words, especially when those who listened knew they fell from the lips of a dying man.

To check the torrent of rough language, the chieftain of the group raised his right hand, and at once the handkerchief was replaced in the murderer's mouth and his harsh voice stilled, although for some moments longer hoarse, guttural sounds proceeded from his throat. Then again the principal person of the group spake, addressing the silent creatures around him:

"By sentence of the Ulema, and by the decree of our mystical order, this man has been adjudged worthy of death. Are ye all still convinced it was his hand that smote down at midnight, the good old woman who died on this spot?"

Every cowled figure in the circle bowed low in token of acquiescence.

"Is it still your deliberate judgment that for this grave crime his life should pay the forfeit?"

Again every black-robed figure bowed his head in token of assent.

Then spake the leader for the last time, in tones deep, slow and solemnly impressive:

"Let him die the death."

Those on each hand now held the murderer firmly. The bonds that bound his feet together were unloosed and the horse was led from under him. He struggled for a long while in the presence of the sombre figures that composed the circle, but none of these approached him, and no one spake a word. No angry demonstration accompanied the last moments of the criminal on earth. No pitying voice was lifted against his taking off. None gloated over his death agony, as he had done two years before when Sandy Kinchen —near the self-same spot—died innocent of the crime for which he suffered. Long time the body dangled from the tree, and when life was extinct the leader of the band announced to his followers that the sentence of the mys-

tic order had been executed and they might disperse to their several homes.

So died Johan Ankerstrom, murderer, outlaw, anarchist, atheist, human brute. We are told in the Book of Books that of him to whom little is given on this earth little is expected. If so, it may be that when this base creature came to be judged in the wiser world beyond, against his many sins of commission and omission were placed as an offset his scant opportunities in life, his sluggish intellect, his evil associations from childhood, his brutish instincts, which, though he had striven against them, he perhaps lacked the spiritual strength to resist. It may be that when he reached that wiser world beyond, all these things were considered in judging the brutal malefactor; the pros and cons fairly weighed in summing up his earthly career, and a final verdict rendered in his case which tempered stern justice with divine mercy. In human governments, however, those whose duty it is to administer justice cannot afford to inquire too nicely into the remote influences that combine to form the character of the criminal. Society here must protect the peaceable and well-disposed among its members from the cruel and rapacious; the doves from the foxes.

To this end penal statutes are framed, and whenever these statutes are not promptly and rigorously executed the purpose of the law is defeated and society wronged. Undue solicitude for the evildoer removes a wholesome restraint from his class and leaves the better element in a community at the mercy of the worst, so that tenderness for the few is cruelty to the many.

When dawn was nigh those who formed the silent circle separated and went their several ways, leaving the lifeless body of the murderer hanging from the tree. Before the order to disperse was given, the individual who seemed to be in command advanced and pinned to the malefactor's chest a broad placard containing these words plainly written:

> "This man was not hung by an angry mob, nor executed by the sheriff of the county in pursuance of a legal decree.
>
> "HE DIED AT THE HANDS OF THE K. K. K.
>
> When monstrous crimes are no longer committed, or justice is speedily administered through the courts, this organization will cease to exist.
>
> "TILL THEN LET EVILDOERS BEWARE."

Underneath were certain mystical characters or hieroglyphics that may have signified a great deal, and may have signified nothing at all.

All day the lifeless body hung, as the lifeless body of Sandy Kinchen had hung in the woods near by about two years before. Curious people came and viewed it and went their way, as they had done when Sandy Kinchen shuffled off this mortal coil beneath the gallows tree. The coroner came not nigh, and no jury of inquest assembled to deliberate and report as to the identity of the dead man swinging from the tree or the cause of his taking off. That night the body was lowered by unknown hands and carried off to a lonely place in the woods, where a grave had been dug to receive it. There it was hidden from sight, the earth above it levelled, and leaves and dry branches scattered over the spot, so that the last resting place of the murderer could not be discovered at this day, though one should diligently seek for it.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE PROMPTER RINGS HIS LITTLE BELL, AND THE CURTAIN FALLS

WHATEVER may have been thought and said elsewhere about the hanging of the murderer, Ankerstrom, by the good people of the Marrowbone Hills, it was universally lauded as a meritorious act. The only criticism heard upon it in that section, was that the villain should have been hung long before he was hung, and that the individuals who finally administered justice in his case waited over-long in the discharge of a plain duty. Still, from the morning when the body of the malefactor was found swinging from a tree, near the lonely chimneys of the old Bascombe place, down to this good hour, the mysteri-

ous brotherhood of the K. K. K. has been regarded as a praiseworthy organization, whose mission it was to set things to rights in a community, where from any cause the times were out of joint. There were, as said, not lacking those who censured the order for proceeding too deliberately, but the most thoughtful part of the community were of opinion that the constitution of the order was wisely framed so as to avoid on the one hand awkward mistakes, and on the other vexatious delay, with probable failure of justice in the end. It was right, said these, to await the decision of the courts, but having demonstrated the utter inability of judge and jury to administer speedy justice in grave cases, it was not to be expected that the Klan in future would waste time in similar experiments. Hereafter, when murder was done, or other flagrant outrage committed, the offender would be run down, his case critically inquired into by the high court of the order, and justice meted out to him in a prompt and business-like way. There would be in the Marrowbone Hills no more hasty action by an incensed mob, such as had brought poor Kinchen to an unmerited end. And there would be, on the other hand, no more dilly-dallying in the courts, such as had come nigh freeing the murderer, Cross-eyed Jack, after two years' weary waiting. The grave problem of crime and its punishment, had been settled by the formation of the efficient secret society known as the K. K. K. Thereafter, rascals of every sort would be apt to give the community a wide berth for fear the hobgoblins of the order would overtake them and bring them to justice, by means of a court speedily organized in the woods, while the innocent would suffer no apprehension of being done to death by an excited mob before inquiry could be made into the charges against them.

So the talk went on; but while a great majority of folk in the hill country thought they had settled a very grave problem, there were not wanting a few restless persons in their midst who hankered after still further reform. These insisted, and are still insisting, that all which could be expected of the K. K. K.—and a good deal more—might be accomplished through regular legal channels, if the legislature would but amend the statute laws under which we live. These are days, they say, of steam traffic, telegraphs and telephones, and all business methods have been revolutionized to suit the times, but the car of justice creaks along in the same old ruts that it followed when George the Third was king.

At the South especially—insist the carpers above mentioned—the criminal statutes require to be remodeled so as to conform to the needs of the present generation. Here, as a consequence of the Civil war, several millions of negroes have been lifted from servitude to freedom, and while a great majority of these have deported themselves well, many have become criminals and have displayed an especial tendency toward the commission of vile offences against which every instinct of civilized man revolts. Having no longer any masters to control them, and being unable to control themselves, these outlaws are now dangerous foes of society and need to be dealt with in the most summary manner to check their evil propensities. But the laws in most of the Southern states have not been changed to meet this changed condition of affairs. The courts, proceeding according to old methods, cannot be relied on to administer speedy justice, and speedy justice being essential, citizens rise up in cases of extreme provocation and seek to administer it themselves. In so doing, they occasionally make grievous mistakes, and they always set an example of lawless violence which the evil-disposed in their midst are swift to follow. The lawmakers should realize the serious problem they have to deal with and undertake to solve it in a practical way. In every county there should be some official authorized to make prompt investigation when an outrage was committed and to arrest suspected parties. These might have a hearing without delay before a county judicial officer and an intelligent jury, free from excitement or bias. Sufficient time should be given to make the trial fair and complete, but a few days or a few weeks at farthest would suffice for this purpose. Alleged errors of law, arising in the progress of the trial, might be taken at once to the supreme court of the state, and that tribunal in such case should be required to suspend all civil business and dispose of these without delay. If a new trial was ordered, it should be held at once before another jury of intelligent citizens, whose only qualification should be that they were free from bias either for or against the prisoner.

and could give him a fair trial. In two or three months, at farthest, the most hotly contested case could thus be disposed of and punishment openly imposed on the offender if he was adjudged guilty. Whenever in any community speedy and fair investigation could thus be had through the medium of the courts, good citizens would rely on the law as the surest means of suppressing crime, and none but turbulent and disorderly spirits would encourage any attempt on the part of a mob to usurp the province of the courts.

Thus, or in some such fashion, do a few malcontents in the Marrowbone Hills continue to prate, but most of their neighbors poohpooh the idea of effecting a radical reform in criminal procedure by means of a change in the statute law. As well expect, say they, to alter the course of the moon around the earth, as to divert the established judicial chariot from the beaten circuit it has followed for ages. They urge further that the old method of criminal procedure has become now a fixed part of our civil system, and there is great doubt as to whether the body politic could survive the shock, if one of its principal members was thus plucked up violently by the roots.

If the author could be heard to venture a suggestion in so weighty a controversy, he would propose that something in the nature of a compromise be attempted, by which needed reforms might be instituted, and the present well-settled order of things preserved at the same time from serious shock. In the ancient and highly-civilized empire of Japan they had until recently two separate and distinct governments for the people, each in operation, and—as you may say—in full blast at one and the same time. By one of the governments—if the author understands the matter—affairs were conducted according to time-honored precedent, and the administration of justice was hedged about with so many well-established rules and formulas that it was not possible in any case to attain practical results, although the worthy officials were always hammering away at one thing or another. They were the wisest men in all the country, selected for their deep knowledge of old laws and customs and their supposed ability to see further into a millstone than the common run of men. Yet, as has been said, they so mystified their brains poring over musty old books and endeavoring to construe the utterances of the ancients, that they were unable to accomplish anything at all in the way of business, and in the course of many centuries it came to the point that nobody expected anything at all of them. In this condition of affairs, the Japanese, who are an exceedingly ingenious and resourceful people, instead of overthrowing their deeply revered and helpless government, set up another alongside of it, from which some little might be expected in the way of attaining results. They saw to it that the men chosen to administer this second government were practical fellows, not much learned in the wisdom of the ancients, but having pretty clear ideas as to the pressing needs of their own times. The officials selected under this plan speedily—to use a Japanese phrase—got a move on themselves. They endeavored to dispatch business according to modern methods, and, remembering Lot's wife—if they had ever heard tell of her—avoided the fatal habit of looking backward. The two plans—as the author has always understood—worked well and smoothly together and for a long period of time to the entire satisfaction of the Japanese people. There was no friction and no conflict of jurisdiction between the two governements, as each was entirely separate and distinct from the other, and neither paid the slightest attention to the other. Even when the same matter came up before them for consideration no trouble arose, for the later tribunal would usually have the case settled and off hand before it was called for hearing by the first; and it not infrequently happened, in criminal prosecutions, that learned counselors in the justice halls of the old government would be pleading and interpleading, and entering all sorts of dilatory motions in the case of some noted malefactor who had been beheaded by the new government a dozen or more years before. A plan which worked so well in Japan would probably not be a total failure in Tennessee, and the author suggests that if nothing better can be thought of, the dual, or Japanese system of government might be tried here. And if the suggestion meets with any favor, he would propose to those inclined to regard it kindly, that they investigate closely the constitution and methods of the secret society known as the K. K. K., to see if some ideas cannot be gotten therefrom which would assist in the formation of a new and up-to-

date criminal code, by virture of which justice would be administered so expeditiously that no excuse would remain anywhere for the exercise of mob law.

Asking pardon for this somewhat wearisome digression, the author begs leave now to make brief mention of some of the characters that have been brought before the reader in the preceding pages, and who, perhaps, now deserve further notice at his hands. As to the worthy gentleman and his friend, Alabama Sam, who were left in the vicinity of Baker's Station, the author knows but little more of their subsequent movements and their present whereabouts than does the reader himself. The morning after the stopping of the train on Paradise Ridge, the Nashville papers gave a full account of the melee incidental thereto and the shrewd escape of the prisoner, Cross-eyed Jack, from both mob and sheriff. On the same day, in the forenoon, Mr. Olof Ankerstrom, who had been previously introduced by Lawyer Palaver, appeared at the counter of the bank where the fee had been deposited, and presented a check for the balance on hand, signed by both himself and the attorney. As the money was deposited to their joint account, and Palaver had paid the old gentleman a high compliment when he introduced him to the cashier, the check was honored without question, and the old gentleman withdrew with thanks. Next day, the whole truth as to the hanging having come out, and the old gentleman not having shown up at the office of his attorney, Palaver walked to the bank and sought to draw the entire fund on his individual check. He considered himself—as he explained to the cashier—legally entitled to this, as the case was ended, and his co-depositor—to the best of his knowledge, information and be lief—had absconded. When informed that old gentleman had drawn the entire amount—some three hundred and seventy-five dollars—on the preceding day, his remarks were highly interesting, but as they were not delivered under oath, or in view of immediate dissolution, I do not feel at liberty to repeat them. He claimed loudly that the bank had paid a forged check, and would suffer in consequence; while the cashier, with more moderation, insisted that Palaver had introduced the old gentleman to the bank, had led the bank into the error of reposing confidence in him, and, therefore, Palaver must take the disastrous consequences resulting from his own rash act. The controversy finally drifted into a lawsuit betwixt the lawyer and the bank, which—a very grave principle being involved—is hanging fire yet, and will probably occupy the attention of the courts for many years to come. Meantime, the old gentleman and his friend, Alabama Sam, have gone their ways to parts unknown, and whether now in the world or out of it, the author of this faithful chronicle cannot say.

Up in that benighted part of the world of which this narrative has been treating, they have a custom of breaking loose into general hilarity about the Christmas time of the year. 'Tis a practice handed down from their ancestors and most religiously observed by the present generation. On Thanksgiving Day, turkeys will be devoured and the request of the president to treat the occasion as a holiday circumspectly obeyed. But they hold, these old-timey back-country folks do, that a divine ordinance is entitled to more consideration than a human ordinance, and that as the blessings of Christianity are incalculable and universally acknowledged, when it comes to celebrating the birth of its Founder, their joy should know no bounds. Consequently all business at this time of the year is suspended and the whole country—without regard to age, sex, color or previous condition of servitude—is given over to frolicking. There is plain fiddling—which in my judgment beats all the classic music that ever was heard — dancing such as would have delighted the heart of King David—and absorption in moderate quantities of spirituous vinous and malt liquors—for which custom the imbibers have, or think they have, the high authority of St. Paul. Thus with a good week's mirth do the dwellers in these benighted parts, as a general rule, see the old year out and the new year in. With Christmas gifts and kindly greetings, and renewed assurances of hearty good will among friends, and burial of old grudges betwixt those who have been at outs, they manage to lay in a stock of cheerfulness and brotherly love at this gracious season that lasts them far into the following year.

On the particular Christmas following the exit of Cross-eyed Jack from the planet, there were two weddings which made the happy season even more enjoyable to the community at large than usual. One of these, as the

astute reader has doubtless surmised, was the uniting in the holy bonds of wedlock of Mr. Bob Lee Templeton and Miss Marie—alias Polly—Habersham. The other, which befell only a night or two later, was the joining together lawfully of our sober friends, Mr. Randolph Pearson and Miss Sue Bascombe. At each of these weddings there was a large attendance, though the former was decidedly the gayest and most stylish affair. The Major was resolved to have all of his friends present upon the occasion, and Mrs. Habersham and the maid, Matilda, were resolved to have everything conducted in the most genteel fashion, and so it happened that the large house was full of people from bottom to top, and it was at the same time a decidedly swell affair. To say that Mr. Bob Lee Templeton did himself proud by his behavior during the ceremony, and that Miss Polly looked sweet enough to eat, is, after all, to say very little, because everybody in the least acquainted with them expected as much in advance. Toward the close of the entertainment, the Major's utterances on the state of the country became louder, more dictatorial and less argumentative, from which it was inferred by such of his hearers as were in condition to judge, that his liquor was getting the best of him. In reaching this conclusion, however, I need not inform the reader that they were entirely mistaken; for whether the Major was unduly elated at having such a fine son-in-law at Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, or whatever else might have induced his noticeable conduct, I am ready to assert on my own responsibility that it was not the stimulating fluid he had imbibed. Saint Peter upon one occasion had the same damaging charge brought against him, and repelled the accusation—as all Bible readers will remember—by reminding his hearers that it was only nine o'clock in the morning, and such an allegation was, therefore, preposterous. This defense at the time seems to have been adjudged satisfactory and sufficient, but I cannot help thinking that both in the case of the Apostle and Major Habersham, the high characters they bore in their respective communities would have been a more effectual reply to a scandalous impeachment than any special plea that could have been offered.

The Pearson-Bascombe nuptials, while largely attended, were conducted in a more quiet way, and rumor even went to the length of asserting that there were two or three mourners present upon the occasion. One of these, I have no hesitation in saying was Teddy McIntosh. Another, I am equally confident, was not our friend Slowboy, because, though invited, he did not grace the festivities with his presence. Teddy did not look like a mourner, but being of a philosophical turn, contented himself with the reflection that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. He was heard to whisper to two or three of his friends during the evening, when he observed Pearson gazing fondly upon his bride, that that girl could twist anybody around her finger. I may observe in this connection that Miss Sue did so twist Pearson around her finger that he came in time to respect her opinion highly upon all subjects, and after fair trial proved himself to be, what all the neighborhood still regard him, a dutiful, affectionate, and provident husband. Mrs. Pearson seems to be quite fond of him, and advises all her girl friends, when they contemplate matrimony, not to confide their happiness into the keeping of any gay young fellow, but to hook on for life to a pokey old bachelor.

I said just now that Solomon Slowboy was not present at the Pearson-Bascombe nuptials. I will go further and state to the reader that he was not heartbroken over the marriage of Miss Sue, but plucked up a spirit, and even bore with seeming equanimity the merciless guying of his legal friends on the subject. Not a great while afterward it became pretty generally understood that his mother had formed a design to espouse him to a damsel in his own county, who, the story went, after being duly consulted, had consented to the arrangement. The female in question was sharp-visaged and also sharp-tongued, and several years the senior of her intended husband, but possessed in her own right a farm of a few hundred acres, which Slowboy's mother thought could be made a desirable property if duly looked after. Matters were proceeding rapidly to a crisis, and Slowboy had been taken several times by his mother to call on the elect lady, when one of those untoward accidents occurred that will bob up occasionally in this world to disconcert the best laid schemes of mice and men. A young chit of a girl in the town, with meek brown eyes and peachy cheeks, went a-fish-

ing for Slowboy and hooked him, before ever his estimable parent knew she had designs upon him. Late one evening, a marriage license was procured from the county clerk, and before another hour had passed, an obliging minister of the gospel had united the two so firmly that even an irate mother could not unknit the bond. The lawyer and his bride are now living together quite happily, the old lady has been pacified and young Mrs. Slowboy may be seen on nearly every fine evening pacing around the town on Martha Washington, looking as demure and free from guile as if she had never kidnapped a lawyer.

For a good while after the desperate combat in the cavern, Pete Kinchen and his dog were noted characters among the lads and four-footed beasts of the Marrowbone Hills. Young Kinchen again and again escorted parties of curious sightseers into the bowels of the earth, and fought his battles over again on the very spot where he and "de little ole white man" had wrestled in pitch darkness for the mastery. Here against the wall stood Kinchen, deeming himself safe from discovery, when of a sudden the bare palm of the old genleman was laid confidingly upon him. On this spot did he smite the old man valorously with his fists; around and around in this broad space did the two waltz in silence; and on this slippery piece of ground did Kinchen uptrip his adversary, Jineral Beauregard rendering valuable assistance at the moment by tugging with all his soul at the other leg. Pete Kinchen was not given to many words, but he was made to tell this tale so many times that he could begin at the very beginning and rehearse the thing straight on through to the end without ever a stop.

As usual in such cases, the public was not satisfied with the plain, unvarnished tale delivered by Kinchen, but must needs supplement this with wild tales of the doings of robbers and outlaws in the cavern at other times, and in days preceding the era of the horse-thieves, who had lately evacuated the place. 'Twas said that the famous highwayman, John A. Murrell, at one time had his headquarters in the deep recesses of Crawfish Cave, and had buried some of his stolen treasure there. Others would have it that old Demonbrune, the adventurous Frenchman who ascended the Cumberland river long in advance of the earliest white settlers, had made his dwelling here for a season, and had left valuables behind which he wished to secrete from hostile savages. These tales being afloat, Crawfish Cave was ransacked as it had never been before. Some parties took rations along and remained underground over night, digging, nosing about, overturning stones, trying to crawl into cracks so narrow that more than one of the adventurers had to be pulled out by his companions. All this, and much more, they did, but while rumors occasionally went abroad of rich "finds," nothing of really great moment was unearthed by the seekers. Undoubted evidences there were that other human beings had waded up Crawfish Creek long before Alabama Sam, Mr. Hardrider, and the old gentleman found the route, but they left no treasure behind, for the very excellent reason no doubt, that they had none to leave. Some bones of a human skeleton were found, and near these were picked up an old rusty knife that had lain disused so long the blades could not be induced to open, and a few horn buttons that still defied the ravages of time. The cave dweller, therefore, who had shuffled off this mortal coil in a place so remote from the haunts of men, was undoubtedly one of the white race, but why he had chosen to live and die in such a darksome abode not even conjecture could determine.

As the author of this faithful chronicle was journeying not many years ago to Nashville, along what is called the Paradise Hill Dirt Pike, in a little broom-sedge patch that skirted the highway he came unexpectedly upon Pete Kinchen and Jineral Beauregard. The lad had a consequential look about him, as of one who has experienced surprising adventures, and the dog wore a shiny brass collar that did not completely hide an ugly scar on his neck. As he viewed them curiously in passing, the author could not help remarking to himself that he had known many great men swagger and give themselves airs, whose claim to distinction was not so well founded as that of Pete Kinchen, and that many a soldier had received for gallant conduct in battle, a medal not more faithfully earned than that which adorned the neck of Jineral Beauregard. He bowed respectfully—the author did—in passing, and went upon his way; and from that good hour he has seen no more and can tell nothing further, of the negro lad and his dog.

As swallows fly round and round a chimney-top at close of day, loth to leave the rare at-

mosphere in which they have disported, and sink altogether from the ken of the world, so do the creatures of the author's imagination at the close of his story continue to circle about him, loth to leave the airy realm of fancy in which they have disported and part company with him and the actual world forever. But, having no further excuse for staying he must go, and so he makes now his bow, bidding God bless all the kindly readers of his simple narrative and all the wise folk who will not condescend to read it, which two classes taken together—he does himself the honor to believe—must embrace a very considerable number of people. To the scornful and the generous he says a hearty goodbye, and ventures in parting to express the hope that they will all journey peacefully hereafter along the highway of life experiencing no more vicissitudes than fall to the common lot of travelers, and reach in good time the confines of that country whose laws—if common report be true—are so wisely planned and efficiently administered that its happy citizens feel no need of such an auxiliary organization as

"THE K. K. K."

WHEN CHRISTMAS CAME

By Charles Townsend

JOHN and Joe were on the battle-ground, and neither would give an inch. From boyhood they had quarreled and made up; but this time it was serious.

And really it began over nothing.

They were Grand Army chums—these two old cronies. They had feasted, starved and bunked together. They had marched and fought side by side from Bull Run to Appomattox, and each was indebted for his life to the matter-of-fact bravery of the other.

Naturally, they disagreed on many points, after the manner of inseparable friends. In boyhood they had reveled in fistic battles—always drawn, for each was of that Spartan mold which never knew defeat. In manhood their fights, though verbal, were equally strenuous, and equally indecisive, for they usually arose over political differences. John had been a Whig, a Free Soiler, a "Know Nothing," and at last a cast-iron Republican. Joe described himself as a "Tom Jefferson-Andy Jackson-true-blue don't-give-a-dum Democrat." Therefore, storm signals were always flying, and every presidential year there was trouble at the corners, although no damage was done save to the English language. But this unlucky row had nothing to do with politics.

It is never safe to correct another's mistakes. If one says that Washington crossed the Delaware in 1492 and that Columbus discovered America in 1776—well, let it go undisputed. A correction in private usually causes some ill feeling: in public it makes no end of a row.

And that's what happened in this case.

One night, at an impromptu spelling match, Joe spelled John down. The word was "tariff," and John put in one "r" too many. Joe spelled it correctly. Of course he exulted over John. That's human nature.

"Allers hollerin' fer trusts an' yer bing blang ol' tariff," he chortled, "an' can't even spell it. Gosh! Better go back t' school 'n in th' infant class too, b' gee!"

"Y' dum'd copper-headed ole dunderhead!" roared John, "I know what I know. I spelt it right. 'Tain't my fault th' book's bein' wrong."

"No, course not, course not," agreed Joe, sweetly. "Ever'body knows there's two er three r's in 'tariff' mostly, cept th' school marm an' me' n' th' dictionarial folks, 'n such like. So I guess you're all right, Johnny. You c'n put two t's in 'cat', an' three g's in 'dog', an' it'll be jes' es near right es yer stand pat tariff fer boodle is."

This was adding insult to injury. John's anger blazed up in a moment. His answer came like a flash; not in words, but in an over-ripe tomato—they were in Joe's garden—which hit the enemy full in the breast and spread like a scandal to the utter dismay of his Sunday suit.

When the battle was over the tomato crop had been gathered, two suits were ruined, and the garden was a howling wilderness. But the victory remained with Joe, for his antagonist had retired under a parting broadside of damaged fruit and disjointed language.

The war was on.

No more roaming afield when the glorious autumn came and the squirrels were barking defiance among the hickories. No more lazy afternoons, duck hunting along the sedgy river. No more trips to the Glimmerglass after pickerel in the cool gray of the morning. For now, when these former old cronies met, each took his own side of the road and hurried past the other without speaking. And when they met by chance at the Corners, where the clans gathered in the combined store and post office, there was no more yarn-spinning between them. They were no longer the old boys of '61. They no longer fought their battles over again, nor told how fields were won.

Worse yet: they got into a legal fight.

John's prize Jersey, with that peculiar, wrath-provoking manner of cattle, succeeded in entering an out-building where Joe's exhibition fruit was stored and destroyed many dollars' worth of the finest before choking her fool self to death. This added fuel to the flame, and they carried the war into court. John sued Joe for the value of his cow; Joe sued John for the lost fruit, trespass, assault and battery, and general depravity! Both men were rich. It was a good thing for the lawyers.

Thanksgiving came, and, for the first time in years, neither shared the other's big turkey. It was a gloomy day for both.

Mutual friends tried to end the quarrel, and made matters worse.

"Let him pay for my cow," said John.
"Let him pay for my fruit," said Joe.

* * * * *

Winter came on early. Before the middle of December the river was ice-bound, and snow lay deep on all the country roads.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve. As the dull, short day faded into the gloaming, sleigh loads of merry people went flying past with songs and laughter. Tomorrow the bells would peal the old refrain: "Peace on earth, good will to men." But in the hearts of John and Joe was bitterness mixed with shame. Each was bitter toward the other; and each was ashamed of himself for that bitterness.

The fust Christmas in years," cried Joe, "that I ain't give him nothin'; but now, now! Why, bling it all! I can't even wish him 'Merry Christmas!'"

* * * * *

John's unhappiness was doubled by a keen disappointment. He had driven to the station—a short quarter of a mile away—expecting to meet his daughter and little Hetty—her child—who were coming to spend Christmas at the old home. But they were not there. Instead came a telegram saying that the arrival of unexpected guests had detained them.

"Durn the luck!" growled John. "A big Christmas spread an' nobody but mother an' me t' enjoy it. 'F only Joe—"

Then he stopped. The memory of his defeat at the spelling match; of the garden fight; the lost Jersey and the expensive law suit swept away all his better feelings.

* * * * *

As night came on it began to snow—slowly at first, then faster and faster; a fine, biting, drifting snow. And with the rising wind the cold increased. "It's goin' t' be a reg'lar ole blizzardy Christmas," said Joe.

He stood at the window where he caught an occasional glimpse of the cheery light from John's house across the way.

"'F we hadn't a ben dad ratted fools, 'specially me," he said, "I might a ben there now, er a had him over here."

A great longing filled his lonely heart to go over and make his peace with John; but pride held him back. Did not John open the fight? Did he not fire the first shot? Surely. Then it was John's place to offer the olive branch. And so he fought down his better self.

Yet he was out of sorts; ill at ease. The apples and cider from his spacious cellar were unsatisfying. How good they would have tasted had John been there!

The fast express from the city rumbled by. A little later the engine's quick puffing told him that it had stopped at the station—an unusual proceeding.

"Must be suthin' wrong," said Joe, "fer they wouldn't a' stopped 'nless some big gun was aboard. P'r'aps John's folk's 's come" —for John's son-in-law was a railway magnate who, as John was wont to boast, "didn't have t' pay fare no more 'n a fly on th' car winder!"

"Can't be them, though," concluded Joe, "er he'd a met 'em. Anyhow, th' deepo's locked up long afore this, 'n if anybody's come he'll be wantin' t' put in his best licks n' git somers mighty sudden. Guess I'll go out 'n make sure ever'thin' 's snug fer th' night."

He arrayed himself leisurely in high boots, overcoat and muffler. Then pulling a warm fur cap over his ears, he sallied forth.

The wind was blowing fiercely now, piling the snow into heavy drifts. Joe bowed to the gale and pushed sturdily on through the night.

The way to the out-buildings was beside the high road. Joe had nearly reached the first big barn when his quick ear detected a call for help. He listened intently. The call was repeated, but he could not tell whence it came—it sounded so faint and far away. Wading through the snow, he reached the fence, climbed over and plunged into the highway. There was nobody in sight and no answer came to his repeated hails. But in the certainty that he had heard a call, he fought his way on step by step. The storm and the night made it impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. Thus it was by mere good fortune, that on reaching a turn in the road, he came upon a dreary little figure half buried in a big drift. It was a child, a little girl, on whom the drowsy hand of the ice king had already fallen. Joe hurriedly folded the child in his strong old arms and slowly fought his way back to the house, where, with the aid of his motherly old housekeeper, the little one was gradually restored.

* * * * *

Christmas morning!

The storm had blown itself out, and the sun rose on a transformed landscape. A great drift was piled up between the two houses, and as John came out to clear the snow away from the gate he was amazed to meet Joe triumphantly plowing his way along with a laughing child in his arms.

"Merry Christmas, John!"

"Merry Christmas, grandpa!" cried the little one. "Uncle Joe found me 'most froze to death in the snow last night; but he thawed me out, he did, and he says I'm your Christmas present."

Well. There was a great time in the old farm house that day. John had to learn how, at the last moment, Hetty had been permitted to venture the trip alone; how, through some blunder, the second telegram had not been received; how Joe had rescued the little one. That was, indeed, a merry, merry Christmas.

As the twilight fell, the re-united old cronies sat smoking their pipes in the big, warm kitchen. They had been silent for a long time. Finally John spoke:

"Joey!"

"Eh? What is it, John?"

"I spelt that cussed word wrong!"

"Shake," said Joe.

The war was over.

OF PRIDE AND THE FALL

SUCH a bright, clean Sunday morning! The streets had been thoroughly washed and scoured by yesterday's rain. The little grass blades that stuck up between the paving stones were glossy as if they had each been polished with a clean dust-rag. The dandelions had had their faces scrubbed as with the best laundry soap, till they shone like the sun. Downy clover blooms fluttered and plumed themselves along the curb border. High up in the sparkling blue sky the clouds, like newly-washed lambs, roamed. The lambs do not skip on Sundays as on week-days,—they "roam." And these cloud-lambs, roaming through fields of azure, shook out their snowy fleece just as Mirabel shook out her freshly-laundered white skirts as she started to walk out with Papa.

Mirabel's white muslin dress was a sea of billowy ruffles. Her Leghorn hat flapped like a sail in the breeze. On the hat waved blue corn-flowers. Her sash was blue. So were her shoes

Mirabel glanced up at the sky and then down at her shoes. Then she was vividly conscious of her eyes. All such a lovely, lovely, blue!

She stepped daintily, holding her parasol at a discreet angle to keep off the sun.

No shoulder ride today! Shoulder rides were for children. Mirabel was for the day a young lady.

She even refused Papa's proffered hand. Her hands were both occupied, one in holding her parasol, the other in lifting the edge of her skirt with aristocratic finger-tips.

In order to fully enter into the feelings of Mirabel you must understand that white muslin and leghorn hats were not everyday affairs with her, as they are with some children. On week-days she wore a checked gingham apron dress.

How often had she felt ready to cry when the other girls in her block stared at her gingham dress pityingly, and wondered "why she didn't tell her mamma to dress her in something more decent." Mirabel bravely imitated little Miss Brag on these occasions, eagerly explaining the advantages of a checked gingham apron dress, which was so comfortable to play in, so kind in hiding the dirt, so easily done up, don't you know. She had not read dear Eugene Field's poem about "Little Miss Brag," but she knew intuitively that it was one of the first principles of good breeding to keep up a brave front before the world, and if you were ashamed of your clothes, not to let anybody see it.

However, she was mighty glad to shed that gingham dress when Sunday came. Sunday was the most beautiful day in the week. On Sunday, those other little girls couldn't hold a candle to Mirabel.

With such self-conscious pride, Mirabel paced today by Papa's side. The day, clean as a new pin, was a fitting setting for her ladyship.

They passed a field of nodding, winking daisies. "Come and see! Come and touch! Come and kiss!" they called to Mirabel.

"Don't you want some daisies, Mirabel?" said Papa.

Ah, but daisy-babies' lips are covered with crumbly yellow flour, as if they were always eating cookies, and daisy-babies' fingers leave green stains where they touch your skirt! So Mirabel knew.

"No, I don't want any," she said, quietly, though looking longingly.

"I'll climb over and get you a bunch," said Papa.

From the daisy-field he cried: "Look here, Mirabel! See what I've found!" He held up a kicking hoppy-toad by one leg.

"Ugh!" said Mirabel. "I don't want him."

Papa came forward with the hoppy-toad.

"Don't come near me with that dirty toad!" said Mirabel, backing away.

"Nonsense, he's as clean as you are."

"I don't want to touch him." Mirabel still backed away.

"Mirabel, look out!" cried Papa, springing forward. Too late! Mirabel's last step plunged her backward into the turbulent stream that flooded the gutter. All of the week's dirt which the rain had so carefully washed away was in that stream, hurrying to carry it out of sight.

Papa fished Mirabel out by her sash. But her Leghorn hat with the blue flowers frantically struggling to keep above water, was drowned before her eyes. The billowy ruffles of her dress turned into muddy creeks, which oozed into her grimy shoes. She walked in puddles.

And as she slopped ignominiously home—at a respectful distance from Papa, so as not to soil his new pants—Mirabel wished, ah she wished! that she were a hoppy-toad, and had some small hole wherein she could creep away into the dark.

Leonie Gilmore

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

FOR NURSING MOTHERS

By Mrs. Richardson, St. Louis, Missouri

Glycerine and camphor in equal parts is almost a magical cure for cracked and sore nipples. Where they are not *very* sore one or two applications will effect a cure.

—

INEXPENSIVE REMEDY

By A. M., Indiana

An effective remedy for tonsilitis is two grains of bicromate of potash dissolved in an ordinary drinking glass of water used as a gargle every two or three hours.

In case of croup, one-half teaspoonful of this gargle swallowed will loosen the mucous.

—

TO PAINT CRACKED WALLS

By Mrs. J. M. Dobson, Washington, D. C.

A friend painted her kitchen, filling the cracks with plaster of paris; but the oil dried so quickly over the plaster as to make the cracks show unsightly.

Desiring to paint my kitchen, I appealed to my husband, who is a doctor, for something to fill the cracks so they would not show; telling him of the disappointment of my friend in the use of plaster of paris.

He thought a moment, then took the vinegar cruet, mixed the white wine vinegar with an equal part of water, added plaster of paris enough to make a thick cream, wet the cracks first with the vinegar and water, and then forced in the plaster mixture with a flat stick, wiping away the surplus.

When dry, paint was applied, and not one crack shows in either wall or ceiling of my kitchen.

—

TO IMPROVE THE DIGESTION

By Miss A. Burke, West Point, Virginia

Prescription to improve the digestion and increase the appetite:—Tincture of Nux Vomica two drams. Tincture of Columbo one ounce. Compound tincture of Gentian three ounces. Dose for an adult, one teaspoonful, to be taken in water before each meal.

—

A HANDY SOAP-DISH

By C. M. Cornell, Harding, South Dakota

A handy soap-dish can be made by punching fifteen or twenty holes in the bottom of a tin quart cup, in the center so that the suds will not drain out when cup is hung up. Keep cup hung on a nail by the kithcen sink, and pour water through it for dish washing etc., thus saving time, inconvenience and soap.

TO CLEAN AND MIRROR VELVET

By Fannie Siegfried, New York, New York

The mirror velvet which is so much used at times is easily renewed at home. Upon a perfectly smooth ironing board place the velvet, with the pile side up, and cover it with a thin wet cloth. This should be well shaken, to take out the wrinkles caused by wringing it. With a moderately hot iron press the damp cloth, being careful to press in the same direction in which the pile of the velvet runs. When you have gone over the entire surface, smooth the cloth and press directly upon the face of the velvet. Care must be taken not to move the iron a particle except in the one direction. If the pile is long, the pressing may be done as above without the damp cloth. Velvet trimmings, etc., can, by mirroring, be made nearly as fresh as new. To clean velvet, brush it thoroughly to remove the dust, and wash it in gasoline. This is done exactly as one would wash a cotton or linen article in water, by rubbing between the hands. If the velvet is much soiled rinse in clean gasoline. In using gasoline, its explosive nature should always be kept in mind. It should never be handled near a fire or light or even in the same room with either.

A GOOD CEMENT

A cement made by adding a teaspoonful of glycerine to a gill of glue is a great convenience in the kitchen, and is especially good for fastening leather paper, or wood to metal.

KEEP TANSY IN YOUR FURS

Tansy is a sure preventive of moths. If the leaves are sprinkled freely about woollens and furs they will never be moth-eaten.

TO RENEW GILT FRAMES

Gilt frames can be cleaned by wiping them with a small sponge moistened with oil of turpentine. Wet the sponge only just sufficient to take off the dirt and fly marks, then allow the frames to dry themselves.

DUSTING FURNITURE

Dust carved furniture with a new paint brush, which will find the dust in the deepest parts of the work.

KEEPS STOCKINGS "FAST BLACK"

A little vinegar added to rinse water for black stockings will keep them a fast black.

—

CORN MEAL, A SUBSTITUTE FOR SOAP

By Mrs. W. J. Whitford, Brookfield, New York

If, for any reason, one does not like to use soap on the hands, an excellent substitute may be found in fine granulated corn meal. Moisten the hands, then apply a little meal, rub in well and then rinse off in warm water. This will remove soiled places, will not set stains and will leave the hands free from any of the unpleasant effects of soap.

—

HOW TO BOIL WATER

By Mrs. Edward Hunt, Oreid, New York

In many kinds of sickness, especially among children, boiled water is a necessity. To boil it would seem to be a very simple thing, and yet but few people know how to boil it properly. The secret lies in taking good, fresh water, putting it into a clean kettle already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and taking it right off the stove before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs only, left in the kettle, makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all. Water boiled in this way and flavored with a few drops of lemon juice makes a cool and refreshing drink for little sufferers.

A DELICATE PERFUME

By Mabel C. Daggett, Elmira, New York

A good perfumed toilet soap placed in the bureau, lends a delicate and lasting perfume to underwear and toilet accessories. Its advantages over sachet powders, which lose their scent in a short time, are easily seen. Sandalwood and violet in the same drawer produce a delightful combination.

A GREAT SAVING IN IRONING

After sprinkling, fold your napkins, towels, etc., as you want them to be folded when they are ironed, smoothing them with the hands as you fold them. The ironing will then be much easier.

AN INK ERASER

An ink eraser is not always at hand. Apply your moistened finger to the word to be removed, then use an ordinary pencil eraser. The result will please you.

SALT TO CLEAN MARBLE

Always keep a cup of salt on your lavatory. It is invaluable for cleaning the marble, and something one always has at hand.

—

NOODLES

By Mrs. J. W. Berkshire, Terre Haute, Illinois

Two-thirds of a cup of thick, sweet cream and milk, taken from the cream jar, one egg, a pinch of salt, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll this out in three thin sheets and rub with flour, and let dry from nine o'clock till noon; then roll up and cut in thin strips a fourth of an inch wide shake, rub and drop in boiling soup, and cook ten minutes without lifting lid.

—

NOVEL USE FOR NUTMEG GRATER

By Mrs. A. M. Schane, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

Use a nutmeg grater to remove burnt places in a cake.

—

CURE FOR APPENDICTIS

By Miss Jennie Brooks, Stafford Springs, Conn

Half a wine-glass of sweet oil (olive oil) taken two or three times a week, is a preventive of appendicitis. A pint taken at two doses, has cured a developed case. Olive oil is also beneficial to persons inclined to pulmonary diseases.

—

SLIPPING ROSE BUSHES

By Mrs. James Robinson, Greenwood, Indiana

Rose bushes can be easily started for growing by pulling off a slip at the joint and planting in the ground with a little sand. Cover with an inverted glass can. Let remain all winter.

THREADING THE SEWING MACHINE

A machine needle may be threaded much easier if a piece of white material is held back of it.

A CONVENIENT SCREEN

A screen may be made very convenient when bathing and dressing a baby by placing a number of pockets on the inside to contain the necessary articles. The screen is also useful to keep off the draught.

SPACE ECONOMIZER

To economize space in a bedroom, fasten a shelf, holding a bowl, to the inside of a closet door with large braces or brackets. Smaller bracket-shelves may be fastened to the door higher up, to be used for soap dish, shaving mug, etc.

TO CLEAN LAMP CHIMNEYS

By Dora Riddle, Etty, Kentucky

To polish your lamp chimneys so they will simply shine, first, wash in soap suds, rinse and dry. Then use an old newspaper to polish with. You can polish off specks which sometimes form on the chimneys in this way.

SALTING PORK

In salting away your pork, sprinkle it generously with ground black pepper and saltpeter. This will keep it fresh and sweet, and it also keeps any bugs or flies from the pork.

FOR NEW BROOMS

Dip your new brooms in scalding water (soap suds are preferable) and they will last twice as long as ordinarily.

COOKING SOUR FRUIT

Use a pinch of baking soda in cooking sour fruit, and it will not require more than half the ordinary amount of sugar.

A NEW SHOE POLISH

The white of an egg makes an excellent shoe polish for patent or ordinary leather. Clean the shoes of mud, etc., and apply with a cloth. It produces a gloss that would satisfy the most fastidious, renders the leather soft, and prevents cracking.

—

REMOVES INK STAINS FROM FINGERS

By J. Russell Lyon, Norfolk, Virginia

To remove ink stains from the fingers, dampen the head of an ordinary match and rub briskly on stain.

—

SMOOTH FLATIRONS

By Miss Jessie R. Lewis, Mohawk, New York

Lard (unsalted) is better than beeswax to make flatirons slip easily. Fold a cloth several thicknesses, put a lump of lard the size of a walnut within the folds and rub the iron over it. Same cloth will last many weeks by folding clean side out and adding more lard when needed.

TO CLEAN KETTLES

Granite kettles or dishes which have been burned no matter how badly, may be cleaned perfectly by filling above burned depth with two parts soft water and one part washing fluid and placing them on stove to simmer lightly one-half hour; when sand soap or wire dish washer will remove it easily. If it does not come off first time, repeat or increase quantity of washing fluid, and in most obstinate cases double the quantity of fluid, let stand in dish a day or more will clean thoroughly. Do not throw solution away. Put in bottle or jar to use for same purpose again.

—

CLEAN BED CLOTHES

By Mrs. L. G. Kent, Pittsfield, Illinois

If a strip of the material of which a "comforter" is made, eight inches wide, is sewed by hand along each end of it, the "comforter" will last much longer; as this strip can be taken off, washed and replaced, thus insuring cleanliness and longer service.

SAVING TAILOR'S BILLS

The economical helpmate may save tailors' bills by mending the bottoms of her husband's trousers with button-hole stitch.

When they begin to fray out, buttonhole the worn places using a fine needle, fine black silk and taking a short stitch.

They can be turned up later, as the stitching presses out flat if carefully done.

FOR TONSILITIS

By Mrs. Sallie Fowler, Liberty, Alabama

Take equal parts of lamp-oil, spirits of turpentine and camphor. Mix well and mop the throat several times a day.

FOR CROUP

Save the lining of a fowl's gizzard and when dry pulverize and mix with molasses or honey.

—

A HANDY SOAP-DISH

By C. M. Cornell, Harding, South Dakota

A handy soap-dish can be made by punching fifteen or twenty holes in the bottom of a tin quart cup in such a way that the suds will not drain out when cup is hung up. Keep cup hung on a nail by the kitchen sink, and pour water through it for dish washing, etc., thus saving time inconvenience and soap.

Make a kettle scraper by folding in the edges of a piece of window screen and fastening with fine wire.

—

TO BEAT EGGS

By W. C., Georgia

If the whites of eggs are chilled before using, they can be beaten twice as well in half the time usually required. A pinch of salt added just before beating prevents the whites from falling, as is sometimes the case when the beaten mass is allowed to stand.

—

RELIEF FOR INFLAMMATION

By Mrs. W. C. Gorman, Palestine, Texas

In cases of severe inflammation and swelling, tallow if melted and applied hot on a woolen cloth, will give relief and I have known it to cure a case of appendicitis. Should be changed often enough to keep hot.

—

CURE FOR A COUGH

By Canada

Take a small piece of rosin and crush it fine to the amount of half a teaspoonful; can be taken with any kind of favorite sauce. It will induce sleep and there will be no coughing all night.

—

CARE OF THE HANDS

By Mrs. H. F. Odell, Corning, Iowa

Ground mustard is excellent to cleanse the hands after having handled strong-smelling substances.

Wash the hands in vinegar after having them in soapsuds and they will be soft and white and not chap.

To remove fruit stains from the hands, wash in clear water, dry slightly and then hold them over a lighted match.

—

TO KEEP EGGS FRESH

By Mrs. Mabel Williams, Harvard, Illinois

Quite by accident, I discovered that eggs can be kept perfectly fresh for a very long time by placing each one separately in a small paper sack and tying securely to exclude the air.

—

PRESERVING HINT

By Mrs. Edward McDonald, Norwalk, Ohio

When putting up fruit, roll your jars in hot water before filling them and they will not crack. Fill while still wet and they will be all right.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HAPPY HABITERS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE gloomiest day of the month was selected as just the time to indite a few lines to the Happy Habiters. A disagreeable day in Boston *is* a damp-dank, disagreeable Day—spelled with a capital D. Heavy, gray skies overhead glowered down upon us, as if saturated by the chill east wind, which penetrated the cosiest corner. Crowds in the street cars were as dense as ever, but they seemed sedate and solemn; and the cold, drizzling rain and gloom outside were in sharp contrast to the full-orbed beauty of the autumn days that preceded. The gaily-tinted foliage of the trees—their autumn raiment—hung dejected in the wet, or was scattered along the muddy streets, as though Mother Nature's robe had become draggled in the passing of the seasons.

"Now is the time," I said, "to hold a session of the Ancient Order of the Happy Habiters — all to myself. The darkest room of the house was chosen, and I sat down to hold a chat with each member of our order. Now for a solid hour with the readers individually—all alone. A fire was lighted in the grate, and no sooner had I felt the cheery warmth of the blaze than the drear outside was forgotten, and the pall of the clouds overhead appeared to emphasize the cheeriness within. This brought to mind Walter Besant's description of a London lodging house, where he told how the cry of the London poor is for *warmth*. The cry of the classic Ajax was for light, and the modern philanthropist pleads for ventilation, but, according to Mr. Besant, if the Londoners can keep warm they will not worry. This physical warmth suggested to me warmth of another kind—just old-fashioned heart warmth—the kind of warmth that is habitual with the Ancient Order of Happy Habiters and dwells in the light and sparkle of a smile.

* * * * *

AS I sat rocking to and fro, and looking into the flames, it seemed to me that if each human being were conscious of the real heart warmth of every other individual, there would be little friction. You see I had a curious conversation between myself and myself. Did you ever try it? Sit down and chat with yourself in some of those dismal moments which are likely to be leaden. I felt a little flattered to discover that I was good company for myself. I was well entertained; but this sitting was not actually a monologue, for there was a composite, personalized presence of all readers with whom I almost felt myself—for the nonce (that sounds good)—in personal contact. Arising, I rubbed my hands, ready to tell you a story, and that "reminded me" of a good friend who had written that his membership in the Ancient Order of Happy Habiters was a permanent, paying investment. He sought a lodging in Boston, and the sedate and prim landlady, on hearing his mild-mannered application, thoroughly scrutinized him. She looked him through for several generations. During this process, he gave her one of the Happy Habit smiles—the high sign of the order—I doubt if that Boston lady had ever before seen the like. She capitulated.

"You look like a very respectable man—I might say a good-natured man, not likely to give us trouble. We charged the former tenant of that room five dollars, but I don't mind telling you that he was very rude. Your price will be four dollars, because you look like a happy man," and she actually unbent into a genial smile, while the Happy Habiter bowed gracefully. My friend has recorded:

"I am now practically earning a dollar every week on that Joe Chapple smile. Am trying to live up to that good lady's ideals. When I stumbled the other night over a trunk in the hall, because the gas was not lighted, and then went another step and hit the hat-tree abaft, I had no difficulty in establishing my perfect innocence, because the landlady met me in the upper hall just in time to catch the smile that I had been carefully nursing all the way upstairs, in my effort to forget sundry scratches. Yes, I earn $1.00 a week now—sure dividend on the Ancient Order of Happy Habiters."

* * * * * *

DURING a recent trip over the arid plains of the West, it occurred to me that the deserts are showered with the largest proportion of sunlight—they have continuous sunshine — but the shadows, the rains and storms are necessary for fertility, so when I look out upon the troubles that confront me, I remember that every-thing has its purpose and aids in mellowing my disposition and making me more considerate for my fellowman.

Hold on—I find that the fire needs another poke—so I realize how incongruous it is to deliver a sermon in a smoking jacket—and I relax with a few more pokes at the fire and I find myself talking to myself and not yet asleep.

Once more the fire emphasizes the thought. Is anything more essential for a perfect Christmas time than warmth—just genial, hearty, friendly warmth? After all, isn't that the essence of the message of "peace and goodwill?" For the nonce (I tried that word again) it seems indeed fortunate that Christmas comes at least once a year, that we may burnish up these better impulses of our nature. On this very gloomy day, the virtue of heart-warmth grows upon me. You are all busy thinking of Christmas time, and of those little gifts to go around among the family and friends, and I fancy I can see busy hands at work and bright faces wearing a Happy Habit smile. In the great prosperity that has blessed our land, Santa Claus will be even more generous than usual this coming Christmas-tide.

With all the gifts and remembrances—remember to give yourself—"The gift without the giver is vain." How much it means to bestow a little time on some lonely soul who needs the appreciative warmth of human sympathy. In these prosperous days, we are likely to measure our gifts by the dollars they cost, but haven't you noticed how the little children, as they revel among the the toys and trophies that "Santa brought," will sometimes neglect the more costly gift for some simple rag doll or explosive tin horn—because it is what they like? If all the Christmas horns and drums could be gathered together into one mighty band, what a clatter of martial percussion there would be—what a tooting of horns on Christmas morn, what crowds of happy, chattering and laughing children there would be—it would indeed be a surprisingly joyful symphony.

* * * * * *

Here's hoping that every reader of the National and every human being—for that matter—will open his eyes on Christmas morn with the feeling of "joy to the world!" Again I saw myself at the fireplace in the old home, hanging up my stocking, and gazing into the dying embers, with a steady thought of what Santa would bring and what a pity it was to soil his whiskers with soot. The reverie was freighted with pleasant thoughts.

* * * * * *

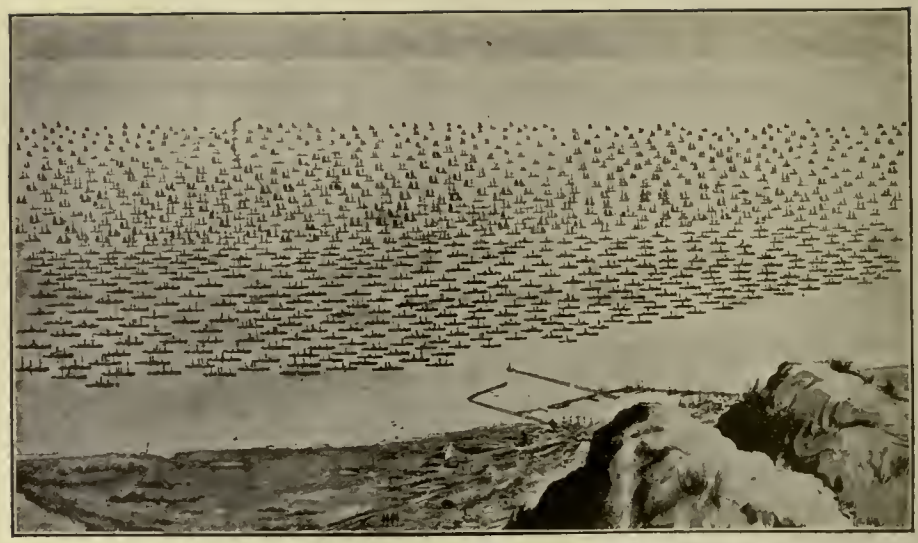
Then my eyes wandered from the flickering shadows of the hearth to the mantel above, and sought a picture there — such a picture as hangs in many a home — you all know these pictures. There was a little, laughing, blue-eyed, golden-haired

boy. What a thrill of joy the remembrance of his first Christmas brings! That tiny tree, brought in and decorated with all sorts of presents and toys we knew he would like then, and the books that were a preparation for those days when "baby grew big." Hardly a year had passed over his head, but as he sat in his little chair, we thought his eyes sparkled with some recognition of what all this festivity meant. When the candles were lighted and the tree stood forth resplendent, his little crow was a Christmas carol that will never die. There was the little rattle, the drum and all the childish toys—yes, for us baby sat in state at every Christmas tree—there were only a few Yuletides for him — then he was taken where the eternal Christmas reigns. Thousands of fathers and mothers in thousands of homes every year, know how hard it is to give back our gifts, but such an offering partakes of the spirit of those who brought their gifts from the East and "came to worship." The sanctity and divinity of babyhood — the memories of Baby's first Christmas — makes all the past glow with cherished memories. Yes, I looked up, tear-blinded, into the sweet blue eyes of the picture on the wall — the little face that will ever remain an inspiring memory. The sunshine and inspiration of baby's face will never pass away. Years have come and gone since we celebrated baby's first Christmas, and baby's Christmas tree is still prepared each year. In reverent love for his memory, a Christmas tree is prepared each season to rejoice little hearts that gladden other households. Yes, we are all happy in the memory of the little babe at Bethlehem, who kindled the heart warmth of a waiting world.

* * * * *

AFTER an argument with the good-natured conductor, who insisted that I could ride with more comfort on the "first section," I established my headquarters in the baggage room on the immigrant train. The ocean liner had arrived hat day, and five day coaches were filled with emigrants going to their new homes in the far West. What a scene those boxes and cases and bags and bundles and trunks, of all sizes, colors and dimensions, presented! What a picture it suggested of the homes from which all these had been gathered far across the seas; how they had been packed and secured—many of them with bands of iron and coils of twine and rope—by loving hands—perhaps by the old father or mother, who knew that in preparing for the departure of the sturdy son or daughter, they probably looked upon their faces for the last time.

In the dim-lighted coaches were the travelers, wearied from their fortnight's travel; overcome with sleep, they were dreaming, soon after leaving Boston, of the new land and the new homes. Over half of this party of 300 were young women, bright-faced and expectant, from the Scandinavian countries. In the corner was an elderly lady, who was going to make her home with her son—looking, longing for the sight of his face again. Here was a fiancee—there a sister. A little lad of fourteen, or thereabout, was huddled up in a corner with a violin. He started to play, and some strong voice rang out with the Swedish national hymn. The boy looked out of the window with straining eyes to catch a glimpse of the fertile fields of the new fatherland. The men were of the sturdy bone and sinew of their land. If the tide of immigration drifting onto our shores consists of such people as I saw in that train, Columbia has much to be thankful for. These were all workers—producers—just the force necessary to wrest wealth from the broad acres of the West and push and pull at the oars of prosperity. It required no clairvoyant's skill to forsee that the homes won by these sturdy yeomen and graced by the pleasant, laughing young women, would in time to come be the backbone of the nation, and prove valuable recruits to American citizenship.



One year's toll of the sea: 1038 ships wrecked in 1905. Wrecks such as that of the "Sirio" are mere nine-days wonders, although some, by reason of their terror, appeal more to the popular imagination than others. It is only by such graphic presentations as this that we realize how vast a fleet the ocean engulfs year by year. In 1905, the "Bureau Veritas" tells us, 389 steam-ships and 649 sailing vessels were lost—a total of 1038.
(From the Illustrated London News.)

THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

FROM the earliest ages, man's mastery of the ocean has been the greatest problem of many which the race has from generation to generation attempted to solve; for without safe and sure transportation across the high and narrow seas, civilization would languish and beneficent commerce would fail in her splendid task of diffusing prosperity and honorable peace. The terrible anger of contending winds; the tremendous impact of mountainous surges; the perilous sweep of unseen currents, again and again mock at the skill of the sagest mariners, and the creations of the most renowned marine architects. Only in the sheltered haven can the strongest vessel be absolutely safe, when the elemental strife of wind, wave and current is at its worst.

Unfortunately, the number of safe and easily accessible harbors is small, and most, if not all, are reached only by evading the dangerous shoals and deep ledges which surround the course of the ship channel, as heralded by beacon and delimited by landmark and buoy. In too many cases the light-houses which sentinel the outer haven of a port, have been as a candle to the moth, leading the mariner to his possible undoing, as well as into the path of safety, for the site of the light-house, like the barriers of the harbor itself, must be located on sea-swept ledges, and often far from the safer channels or the deepest anchorages. In fact, the great minds of the past have failed to realize that, on the surface, the ocean's power is almost infinite, and that havens and their approaches can be defended and deepened only at immense cost and often to little purpose; while below the surface the calm is unbroken.

* * *

In a modest office at Los Angeles, California, I lately sat listening to the story of an inventor, whose claims seemed little less audacious than the enterprise of that Prometheus who first brought down fire from heaven,

and thereby earned eternal honor from men, and the undying enmity and vengeance of the gods. In brief, his contention was, that at a comparatively shallow depth below the surface of the ocean, from twelve to fifteen feet downwards, there is no conflict of wind and wave; that below the superficial strife of fierce and unstable elements, there lies the ponderous, immovable, unvexed and eternally "Great Deep;" never "broken up" since in the days of Noah its "vast profound" was hurled upon the doomed nations of the antediluvian world. At thirty-two feet below the surface, a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch; say two hundred and sixteen pounds per square foot; bears upon every sunken body, and the water thus compressed forms a stable foundation for any structure having a sufficient flotation and a flat bottom or base extending beyond the structure like a wide flange. Such a structure, strongly built, properly shaped, and moored where it cannot touch bottom, has only to bear the sweep of the seas, just in the same way as these harmlessly rage against the Arctic stream of massive, deep-floating icebergs and broader ice-floes moving majestically southward with the great Arctic currents; founded on the enduring bases of the incompressible deep as firmly as the alluvial soil and rock upheavals of the land rest upon the adamantine ledges of the primordial rocks.

* * *

Upon these conditions, the inventor, Mr. W. E. Murray, a Scotchman by birth, has in his workshop-study at Los Angeles delved and dug his way through an immense labyrinth of scientific facts, the laws of statics and construction, making plans, elevations and the like, even as Samuel Morse planned and labored for a practical solution of the application of electrical energy to telegraphic communication. The successful construction of Morse's first line from Baltimore to Washington announced to an almost incredulous world that a new application of a great basic force and principle had been discovered and perfected, and now the earth is a network of telegraph and telephone wires, and the ocean is girdled with cables in every zone and hemisphere. In like manner Mr. Murray has satisfied prominent engineers and hydrographic experts that, under his discovery and application of a new basic theory of construction, sea-borne structures may be built and securely moored in deep water, which while floating at anchor will be veritable islands, as secure against wind and wave as any islet along the coast. He proposes to construct and float in deep water, where ordinary solid foundations cannot be constructed or would cost too much to be maintained, any and all of the following structures, all of which it has hitherto been considered impossible to construct as floating bodies; viz: mid-sea, or deep-water harbors, lighthouses, piers, breakwaters, coaling stations, floating hotels and sanitariums, forts, torpedo stations, railroad bridges and terminals, salvage platforms or pontoons for raising ships, etc. The general principle of all these applications is the construction of a strong steel caisson fitted for the especial purpose desired, floating so deeply that its bottom rests on water too far below the surface to be stirred by the superficial commotions of the sea. The flat bottom of the caisson extends laterally beyond the body, like a wide flange or ledge, which is loaded with ballast to keep the caisson steadily at the desired depth. This flange also serves to prevent the caisson from being greatly careened or shaken, as an enormous downward pressure is exerted on this circular flange or ledge, whenever the structure is subjected to lateral (side) pressure.

* * *

Mr. Murray's plan for a lighthouse includes a strong hollow steel caisson whose bottom extends in a wide ledge or flange far beyond the sides, and is so rimmed and divided as to form a series of pens, in which ballast is piled to sink the structure to the proper flotation. Proper arrangements for taking in and discharging water-ballast make it possible to sink the caisson to any desired depth. At a point near the surface the top of the caisson slopes toward the center, at a moderately acute angle, and is there joined to a strong steel tower, which in its turn supports a lofty tube or cylinder sustaining the lense room and light. This structure is to be built wherever it can be most economically constructed, towed to the required location, anchored by numerous large chains to immense and ponderous blocks of concrete, supplied with men, provisions, etc., and placed in commission. It is not too much to expect

that, in times not far distant, the shorter and more important routes of commerce may be lined with such lights, as Broadway is defined and illuminated by electric arc-lights, and that the rules of the road will in ordinary weather be followed by sea-going steamers, as readily as two lines of carriages pass each other on the public street. Nor is it impossible that the great Atlantic ferry will some day be crossed by boats, whose navigators will lay their course for and by a line of floating islets, each numbered and known by its peculiar color and lights, and offering to the cast-away sailor a sure beacon of hope and deliverance.

Last year's toll of the remorseless sea was 1,038 vessels, ranging from great battleships down to coasting craft of a few hundred tons burden. With these castaways of the deep there went down to a watery grave some eight thousand of our fellow beings. And this is a recurring yearly tragedy! Humanitarianism alone calls out for the adoption of the Murray steady-floating lighthouses, which by virtue of their cheapness will be capable of guarding every point of danger and so reducing to a mere fraction the present loss of precious ships and of still more precious lives.

Built on similar lines, the torpedo stations of the future, almost invisible and invulnerable to any thing except torpedo attack, will guard the outer channels of our havens where no land fortress can be of use, and no vessel can be safely posted. The steadiness of the firing platform will ensure perfect accuracy of aim, and no enemy's fleet would dare oppose itself to so terrible an engine of destruction. A series of such torpedo stations lining the coast near a large city, alternating with deep-water, steady-floating forts, would make an effective blockade or naval attack impossible.

* * *

The Murray steady-floating steel fortress caps a floating caisson heavily armored, with a revolving annular gun platform within an invulnerable turret, and furnishes a steady emplacement for the heaviest sea-coast artillery. Double the number of effective cannon for the cost of a single iron-clad; economy in garrison, wages and rations; the power of carrying defensive lines so far to sea that shot fired at them cannot reach the cities they defend; a complete circle of range; great rapidity and accuracy of fire; such are a few of the principal advantages of Mr. Murray's invention in this line. These changes in the existing conditions of sea-coast defence are so radical, that the adoption of his system by the leading nations of Europe would reduce the value of national "sea-power" to an incalculable extent and with tremendous effect on the policies and destinies of nations.

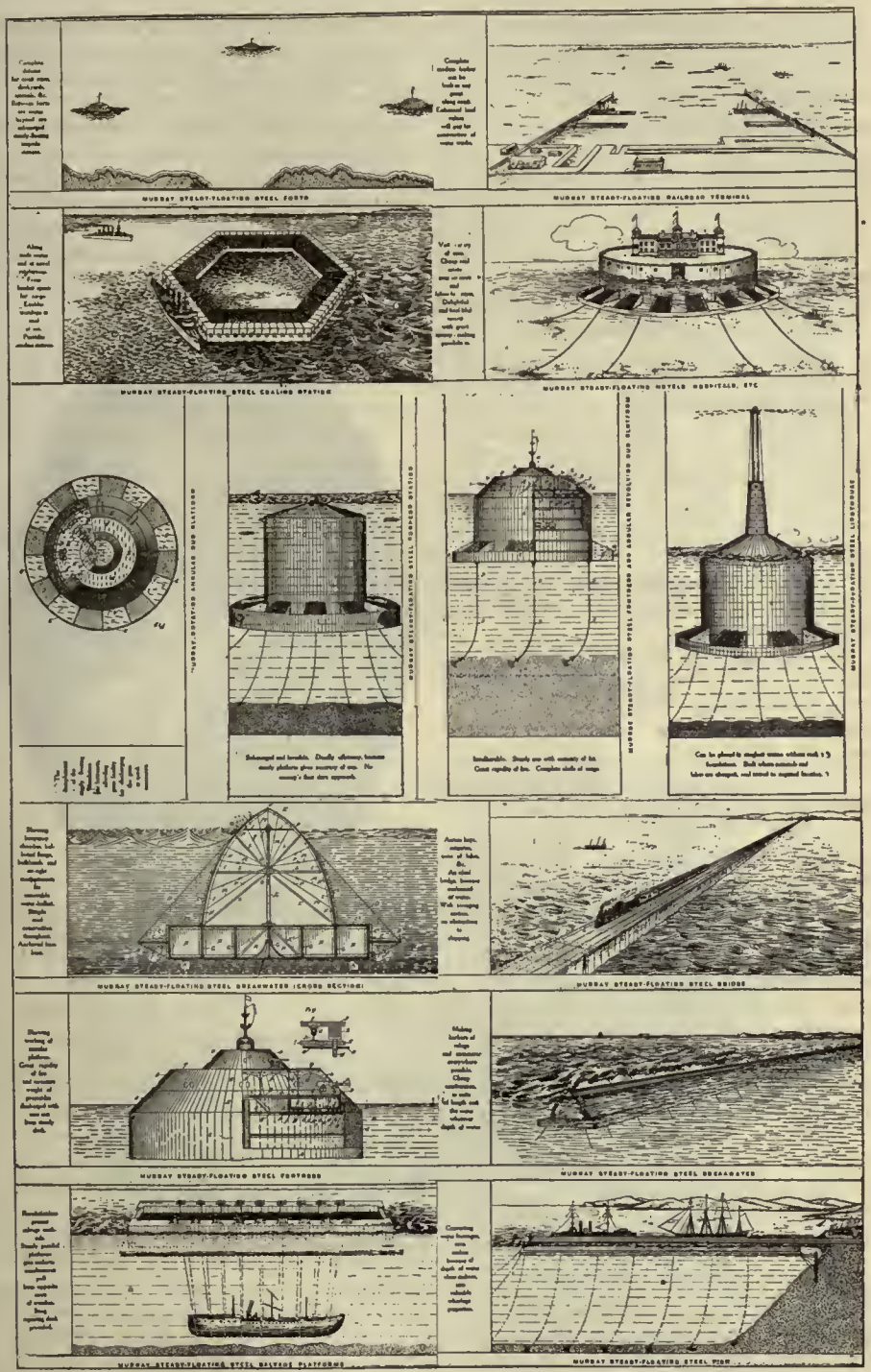
A more peaceful proposition is that of great sexagonal, steady-floating, steel coaling-stations, in which the sub-sea flanges are on the inside as well as the outside of the sexagon, whose massive walls enclose an artificial lagoon. The great coal pockets are divided and strengthened by massive steel partitions and the crest of the outer faces forms a continuous pier, at one side of which a ship can always find a lee and discharge or take in coal. Moored by great steel cables imbedded in enormous masses of concrete, such a coaling station for the purpose of war or peace can be safely located in any part of the ocean where anchorage can be found, and the irresistible force of floating ice cannot act upon it. This invention also seems likely to revolutionize the conditions of naval supremacy. In the open seas, such a coaling station suitably defended, would be of more value than most of the islands and havens now occupied for the purpose.

The Murray steady-floating, steel salvage platform is intended for raising sunken vessels from great depths. It is really a long, narrow dry-dock without a bottom, whose deep, hollow walls flanged along the outside, give a flotation, steady, immovable and capable of lifting enormous tonnage. The steady parallel platforms, furnished with many powerful winches, make it possible to lift simultaneously and powerfully on a large number of cables or chains, and comfortable quarters and workrooms and a snug dry-dock enable temporary repairs to be made quickly and effectively, when a wreck is raised to the surface.

* * *

An immense circular caisson, flat-topped, lofty and defended by a massive and high parapet, and surmounted by a hotel or sanatorium, suggests another use for Mr. Murray's discovery. Such a building can occupy without cost, lake and ocean surface, in or near, the most desirable resorts for business or

THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS



pleasure, and will combine delightful and healthful surroundings with the most inspiring conditions of life and experience, besides affording the management unwonted opportunities for making money.

The steady-floating, steel breakwater, consists of a broad, hollow floating base constructed of steel, bearing a steel construction like the hull of a very narrow ship—keel upward. The ovate top of the structure rises above the water and is rigidly braced to bear the impact of the seas, which are broken by its sloping surface, leaving the water behind it calm and unbroken. The same combination of buoyancy chambers, ballasted flanges, air-tight compartments for water-ballast and steel construction throughout, characterizes this peculiar device, which has the added advantage over breakwaters built on solid foundations, that, given an adequate depth of water, the cost of construction per foot never varies with the depth of water, but is always the same, and even under most favorable circumstances, is less than that of any construction now known.

Of like nature is the steady-floating steel pier, anchored in deep water and jutting out from shores where there are deep fiords or narrow arms of the sea and no harbors. Of course the piers are arranged for all methods of receiving and loading goods, and convert water frontage now useless, because of the great depth of the water close inshore, into valuable wharfage property. Such a location may by similar means be made a railroad terminal with its piers, tracks, warehouses, slips and wharves, and in like manner a railroad bridge may be carried across deep water where solid foundations are impracticable. The chance of sinking is eliminated by making the structure up of a number of independent compartments or portions, and a swinging section allows the free passage of shipping. Had such a bridge been built over the Firth of Tay, instead of the great iron structure which sank with an express train and hundreds of passengers to destruction and death remediless, such a complete and terrible loss could never have occurred.

* * *

In the brief half-hour during which Mr. Murray laid before me the story of his life work and the possibilities to which his discoveries inevitably tended, it seemed that before me swept a panorama of the passing of the great battle ships of the navies of the world, and that the establishment of such defences was the guarantee of peace, for as the destructiveness of conflict is increased, the certainties of peace multiply.

I feel that in meeting this inventor, I have met a man who will occupy a place in history —a modest man with blue eyes, a moustache slightly tinged with gray, a Scotchman with all the sterling worth of his race, with his soul

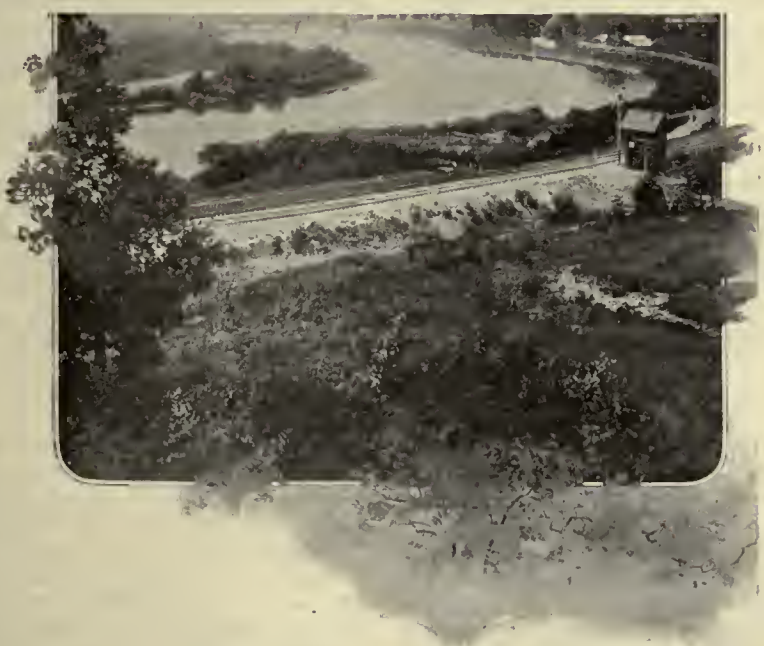
WILLIAM EDWARD MURRAY, INVENTOR AND PATENTEE

mind and body absorbed in his inventions. I felt that I had looked upon a great benefactor of the nations of the world. A glance at the reports of Messrs John Dix Schuyler, F. C. Finkle and H. Hawgood, expert engineers, reveals that the invention has passed the most severe test and criticism of the best scientific and practical experts. It is no idle conception of the dreamer—but the project of a practical engineer. This has been called the age of steel—the development in the use of steel in buildings and bridges and all the progress of the world has been beyond man's wildest prophecy—and here is a greater utilization of the power of the steel king upon "the multitudinous seas."

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and the Murray Marine Steel Structure Co. has before it an immense field in the harbor necessities of the Pacific coast, where harbors are few. This invention has been the outgrowth of conditions and environments that have demanded such structures, and involves the application of all that has been learned in the construction of steel vessels and like structures. These great floating breakwaters can be constructed at a much lower cost than was possible years ago. Once the public found it hard to believe that steel ships would float. Now we are to learn that steel vessels will not only float, but that they can be made to sink to a safer and surer flotation, and that the sinking can be controlled by exact laws. In fact, unlike the old floating craft, buffeted about on the surface of the waves, the Murray marine building is steadied by the flotation of its own base, bearing on the deep, dense waters below the disturbed area.

* * *

When I shook hands with Mr. Murray and bade him goodbye, I felt invigorated by the spirit of discovery and the certainty that I had a message to deliver. The spirit of '49 is still alive on the coast. In this modest office, above the noise and bustle of the streets below, I felt I had come in personal contact with the force of a great idea—an all-convincing project that has not merely revolutionized but evolutionized the progress of the world. The great achievements of the past had been taken up, and with new principles applied were to find an infinite expansion of usefulness and beneficence. If the Naval Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives could see and hear the story as I heard it on that hot September morning, there would be less concern in reference to the naval appropriation for battle ships, and a keener grasp of the necessity of building up ocean and seacoast coaling stations, lighthouses, and coast defences, and providing for the increase of our merchant marine, thus exploiting the world's commerce, and opening up new avenues of trade and new markets, by letting the light of this great invention illumine the highways of the deep seas.



HARBOR AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT

THE CITY OF BURLINGTON, VT.

By Charles E. Allen

BEFORE the discovery of Lake Champlain, in 1609, its waters formed a thoroughfare through which the Huron and Algonquin Indians of the North, and the Iroquois of the South, made frequent predatory excursions against each other. Tradition tells us of an imaginary line, running east and west, through Burlington, which could not be crossed by either band with impunity. Later, it was by this same route, that the French and Indians frequently descended upon the settlers of New York and New England. Thus, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the strife between England and France for supremacy, prevented any settlement in the Champlain valley. Nor did this warfare cease when the rule of France on this continent ended, for on its waters in September, 1776, was fought the first naval battle of the Revolution, and on September 11, 1814, the guns of MacDonough's fleet fired the closing broadside of our last contest with Great Britain. It was not strange, therefore, that the settlement of Burlington, situated on the eastern shore and midway of the lake, was not begun until thirty years after the charter of the township in 1763. The town was originally six miles square, the Winooski river bounding it on the North. In 1794, its territory was reduced nearly one-third, by ceding that portion east of Muddy Brook to the adjoining town of Williston. In 1865, a strip of land about two miles in width and including the most thickly settled part of the town, was taken from the western or lake portion and granted a city charter. The remainder of the township was incorporated as a separate town named South Burlington. Since that date the growth of the city, like that of so many of the interior cities of New England, has been slow but continuous, and today its population is conservatively estimated at 22,000, and its annual wholesale and retail business exceeds twenty-five millions of dollars.

The site of the city was originally selected and surveyed by Ira Allen, Vermont's distinguished and brilliant statesman and diplomat during the war of the Revolution.

It is situated at the head of a deep bay, upon land which gradually rises to a height of 280 feet one mile east of the lake shore, and is surrounded with scenery which may be called matchless. Toward the west, the view ex-

THE EDMUNDS HIGH SCHOOL, BURLINGTON, VERMONT

tends over the lake dotted with islands and picturesque points, and is limited only by the ranges of the Adirondacks. Toward the east are seen the fertile wooded valleys of the Winooski River and its smaller tributaries, while beyond is the bold and imposing outline of the Green Mountains.

Lord Playfair of England, while visiting the college which stands on the crest of the hill, gazing with rapture over the eastern picture spread out before him, is said to have remarked that this view was the most beautiful of any he had ever seen in any country, with one exception. His friend inquired, "And where is that exception?" Turning around, he replied, "It is this one directly opposite."

The location of the city, aside from its natural beauty, is also favorable commercially. Its large and well-protected harbor affords the best advantages of any port upon the eastern shore for shipment through the Hudson and St. Lawrence rivers and the Great Lakes. It is also connected with tidewater by four all-rail routes, thus giving the city direct, easy and competitive facilities for transportation for a territory of over fifteen thousand square miles.

Even from the first, Burlington was the distributing point of supplies of all kinds, these being brought by water to her market from New York, Canada and immediate points.

Burlington's water power, on the Winooski was originally limited to the grinding of grain and the sawing of lumber; now it furnishes the motive power for the production of electricity and for mills for the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods, machinery, house furnishings and furniture.

Her first important industry and one which subsequently gave her a leading reputation, was her lumber traffic, and from a small beginning in 1850 the business rapidly increased until about 1876, when Burlington stood second on the list of lumber marts in the United States, a position subsequently lost by the clearing of the forests in eastern Canada.

Reasonable freight rates, due to the competition of rail and water routes, has led to the establishment, within her limits, of many successful industries, which give employment to a large number of operatives, doing a business the gross amount of which exceeds ten millions of dollars annually.

It is told that a citizen of Burlington, while driving about the city with a friend, remarked to him somewhat apologetically, "You will notice that we have few public parks, and none of any great extent." "Parks!" replied

his friend, "What do you want of *any?* The whole city is a park!"

Among the grounds set apart for park purposes is the College Green, which contains about eleven acres and extends the entire length of the university property, on the crest of the hill. It was large—the gift of Ira Allen, who also donated the site of and founded the university, and is ornamented with trees and shrubs, while near its center stands a fountain and a bronze statue, (by J. Q. A. Ward) of General Lafayette, who laid the corner stone of the old Middle College building in 1825.

City Hall Park, about two acres, is situated in the heart of the city, and was laid out by the original proprietors of the town. This is ornamented with trees, walks and flower beds, besides a fountain.

Battery Park, a tract of nine acres, is located upon a high bluff immediately overlooking the bay. It was the property of the United States during the War of 1812, and today the parapet along its western border, raised and fortified at that time, is distinctly visible. It commands the entrance to the port and is ornamented with trees, shrubs, a fountain and mounted cannon. In 1813, the year previous to MacDonough's victory, the grounds in its vicinity were occupied by some 4,000 United States troops, under the command of Generals Wade Hampton and Alexander Macomb. It was then bombarded by British vessels, which, finding it too strongly defended, retired. Ethan Allen Park, north of the thickly settled portion of the city, consists of about thirteen acres, in the farm which was owned and occupied by General Ethan Allen, at the time of his death in 1789. Within its natural wooded limits a rocky bluff known as "Indian Rock," rises abruptly about 200 feet. An Indian legend identifies it as the place from which the Indians, in their raids along the Winooski valley, were wont to watch for the approach of their enemies. Upon its summit stands a stone tower of appropriate design, erected in memory of the hero of the "Green Mountain Boys," by the Sons of the American Revolution. From the top of this tower the view extends from Split Rock, on the south, to Mount Royal, on the north, and includes the lake, with its islands, points and bays, and the Adirondack range on the west, and on the

east the beautiful valley of the Winooski River and the Green Mountains. It is a view which once seen will never be forgotten.

Burlington possesses several private parks which the owners have kindly placed at the

ETHAN ALLEN MONUMENT AT BURLINGTON

disposal of the public. Principal among these is "Red Rocks," a tract of seventy-five acres, covering a high wooded bluff on the south of Burlington Bay. It was laid out with walks and drives and beautiful outlook over the lake by its owner, Mr. E. P. Hatch of New York City, and is one of the most attractive spots for visitors.

* * *

The oldest of the many beautiful cemeteries of Burlington, "Green Mount," covers about fifteen acres, and is located on the top of the hill which looks down upon the village of Winooski. In it is the burial place of General Ethan Allen over which rises a Tuscan shaft forty-two feet high, surmounted by his statue in which he is represented as demanding the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga.

"Elmwood," which occupies five acres in the northern part of the old town, was laid out in 1813. It is now but little used, but is beautifully cared for from a fund left by an old resident for that purpose. In it are laid the remains of many of the oldest citizens — men who did much for the moral, intellectual and material welfare of the town.

"Lake View" was dedicated in 1868 and contains thirty acres. It is located on the shore of the lake at the north of the city. It is handsomely laid out and ornamented with fountains, trees, shrubbery and flower beds. It also has a stone mortuary chapel and receiving vault. In this cemetery is laid the body of Brevet Major-General G. J. Stannard, the brave commander of the Second

MONUMENT TO MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE J. STANNARD AT BURLINGTON

Vermont Brigade at Gettysburg in 1863, to whose promptness and military skill "in seizing the great opportunity of battle" is greatly due the glorious success of the Union army.

* * *

To the enterprise, care and good judgment

of the citizens of Burlington is due the successful accomplishment of municipal work, which contributes so much to health and prosperity. In addition to her extensive sewer and street systems, the city has a general water supply, which is pumped from an intake in the lake, two miles from the shore, into three reservoirs through forty miles of pipe, and a filtering plant, which will secure the absolute purity of the water distributed, is about to be added.

The death rate of the city last year (1905) was only 14.3 per 1,000, a conclusive proof of its healthfulness as a place of residence.

The tax rate for over ten years has not exceeded fifteen dollars per one thousand dollars, and its present net bonded debt is only five per cent of its taxable valuation. It has an efficient paid fire department and an alarm system with five circuit repeaters.

There are sixteen miles of trolley road in operation.

Its telegraph and telephone facilities, the latter having two thousand local subscribers, furnishes ready communication with all parts of the country.

The city is well lighted with electricity; a municipal electric plant furnishing the lights for streets, public parks and buildings.

The soundness of its financial institutions, which have a capital of nearly one million dollars and over twelve millions of assets, has never been questioned.

Club life in the city is represented by the Algonquin, Ethan Allen, Mohican, Waubanakee (golf), Lake Champlain and Excelsior (yacht), Champlain Kennel, Lakeside Rod and Gun, Burlington Automobile and Base Ball Clubs—all prosperously conducted. The city has also a Commercial Club, with a membership of about 250. Its purpose is to develop the mercantile and manufacturing interests of the city, to collect and disseminate useful information, industrial and otherwise, to facilitate commercial intercourse with surrounding towns, and to promote the material interests of its citizens.

Burlington has been the county seat since 1790. Its court house, built of purple sandstone, at a cost of $75,000, and the new custom house and post office building, constructed of Vermont marble, to cost $250,000, now being completed, are substantial buildings worthy of the reputation of the city.

ETHAN ALLEN TOWER AT BURLINGTON

The several religious denominations are

represented by nine beautiful churches and two synagogues, all appraised at $2,000,000.

Among its many public and charitable institutions are the Mary Fletcher hospital, with an endowment of $330,000, and a daily average of sixty patients, the Providence Orphan Asylum and Hospital, which provides for 200 inmates annually, an endowed home for destitute children, with 150 inmates, a home for aged women and another for friendless women, a Y. M. C. A., with a building costing $120,000, and 700 members, a new free public library containing 45,000 volumes, a Masonic Temple recently erected at a cost of $85,000, a Veterans' Memorial Hall, the Louisa Howard Mission (endowed) and Adams Mission for the poor and their children.

No city of its size has so many and great educational advantages. It is the seat of the University of Vermont and State Agricultural Collage, with buildings appraised at $1,000,000, including a new Medical College building. It has 71 instructors and 600 students.

In its public schools 2,550 pupils are enrolled. It has five new school buildings for 600 pupils each, and two for 250 scholars, a grammar school for 300 pupils, a new high school for 600 pupils, which cost $125,000. All are of most modern and approved construction. Appraised value of school property, $410,000. Its parochial schools and business colleges have 1,700 scholars.

But more than all, Burlington is a city of homes. A spirit of harmony and conservative progress in all things which pertain to the successful development of the moral, intellectual and commercial life pervades in the entire community. The feeling of loyalty to the town and state, and of earnest endeavor for those things which make for the general good, challenges the attention of all those who come within her border or who know her people.

HON. W. J. VAN PATTEN, PRES. BURLINGTON COMMERCIAL CLUB

BURLINGTON MILLS, AMERICAN WOOLEN CO. WINOOSKI, A SUBURB OF BURLINGTON

GOLDFIELD. NEVADA

A GLIMPSE OF NEVADA

A National Magazine Correspondent Visits Goldfield and Other Nevada Mining Camps

By W. C. Jenkins

TWENTY months ago, Philip Verrill Mighels wrote his now famous poem, "The Camp" in the office of the Goldfield News. At that time Goldfield consisted of a few homes of mud and canvas, and when Mighels' poem was written, the cold winter breezes seemed to make it a desolate land, a place which fools alone would dare to invade. On every hand were desolation and apparent despair. Not a drop of water could be found to quench the thirst of the few daring prospectors whose discerning eyes penetrated far into the future, and beer and whiskey were the only liquids obtainable. The trail from Tonopah to Goldfield—a distance of thirty miles was strewn with empty bottles, and the newcomer had only to follow these guiding relics of departed spirits in order to reach the camp regarding which many fabulous stories were being told.

The majority of the daring prospectors who blazed the way to Goldfield twenty months ago are the rich men of Goldfield today—men to whom a dollar means nothing; men to whom the difference between freight and expressage on a car of machinery from Denver to Goldfield is but a couple of bucketfuls of ore from their mines; men who, in the language of the camp, can "put fifty thousand dollars on the red"; and it makes but little difference whether they win or lose.

It was at the suggestion of Honorable T. B. Rickey of Carson City, Nevada,—one of the millionaires of that state—that I concluded to visit Goldfield. Mr. Rickey has two banks in this wonderful camp, and,

armed with letters of introduction to his cashiers, I started on my day's journey through one of the most barren countries on the face of the earth.

given but little more than passing notice, and $50,000 ore creates no excitement whatever.

It would be difficult to find a more animated scene of activity than can be found in Gold-

HAYES & MONNETTE LEASE, MOHAWK MINE, GOLDFIELD, NEVADA

What a scene of activity presented itself when I entered Goldfield! Streets were literally jammed with people, so that the tired pedestrian was continually being forced off the sidewalk, and the offices of the brokers filled with expectant citizens who were eager for news regarding the latest strike.

Within twenty months, Goldfield has grown from a cluster of mud houses and canvas tents to a city of nearly 15,000 people, and is modern in many of its aspects. What the population will be within a year it is difficult to predict. Every train that arrives is crowded to its utmost capacity, while those that leave the city are comparatively empty. The gold discoveries, so thrilling in the inception of the camp, are now but the merest bagatelles as compared with the strikes almost daily recorded; in fact, a strike such as would set an ordinary camp wild with enthusiasm is

field today. Day and night may be heard the incessant ring of the carpenter's hammer. On every hand may be seen the construction of business blocks, hoisting works and residences, and a busy, happy, bright and prosperous people, crowded and jammed with business; telegraph companies and postoffice crowded to their utmost capacity; everybody hurrying and scurrying, hardly taking time to eat, and getting perhaps five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. In fact, it is day all day in the daytime and in Goldfield there is no night.

All these conditions of activity are the result of some remarkably rich strikes that have been made during the past few months, and the camp is now feeling the impetus of these new gold discoveries. The world has seemingly become interested in this remarkable country, and thousands of dollars are being

sent into the camp for investment each day. Some of the mines are fabulously rich, so rich that Haggard's stories of "King Solomon's Mines" sink into insignificance in comparison. Car-loads of ore valued at a million dollars are being shipped, and the dishonest "high grade" miner who places a piece of rock weighing three pounds in his pocket when he leaves the shaft, can take it to an equally dishonest assayer and receive from fifty to seventy-five dollars for his chunk of ore.

It is not my intention to convey the impression that all is gold that glitters in Goldfield. There are dozens of meritorious mining corporations in Goldfield in which it would be safe to make investments, and there are scores that have no other earthly mission than to sell stock. The wonderful discoveries and the rich strikes of gold have attracted, as is always the case, schemers from every part of the world. There are fortunes to be made apparently honest but lacked that knowledge which is essential to successful mining. A common cause of failure in Nevada is not in keeping the development of the mine ahead of the current necessities. Such work will naturally reduce the dividends for a time, but it is far preferable to pay for these developments out of the profits of the mine while it is prosperous, than to have to raise an assessment for the purpose when it is looking poor. Those who have tried the latter plan know the attendant difficulties which are especially conspicuous in the cases of mines represented by unassessable stock. To such mines, an empty treasury means almost inevitable death, although a little medicine in the shape of coin might give them a long lease of life.

It always happens that there are some stockholders who will not advance any more capital, and the rest do not feel inclined to

SACKING GOLD ORE ON GARDNER, ERICKSON, MELLAN, PATTON AND SULZER LEASE, ST. IVES MINE, GOLDFIELD, NEVADA

in Goldfield properties, but the investor must learn to separate the wheat from the chaff.

There are many failures in the western mining camps where the corporations were do so and allow the non-paying stockholders to come in and reap the benefits, while there is no way in which undesirable partners can be gotten rid of except by foreclosure

of a judgment on an indebtedness of the property.

Then again, a great deal of money has been wasted in the erection of mills and other reduction works before they are required. Nevada is full of illustrations of this kind of folly. In some cases magnificent mills were erected before it was determined whether the company had any ore, and in several instances these mills never dropped a stamp. That these instances were swindles of the worst character is well known and it has taken Nevada years to recuperate from the disastrous results of these swindlers.

Only a small percentage of the locations made ever develop into mines. Some mining men have placed the proportion as one in a hundred. It cannot at the present time be told what this proportion will be in Goldfield. On the Comstock lode which has made Nevada famous in the world's mining history, there were several thousand locations recorded, but less than fifty had any large amount of development, and still fewer ever paid any dividends, yet the gross product of bullion from the comparatively few active mines has been enormous. The Comstock lode had a width of from 1,000 to 12,000 feet at a point where the "Big Bonanza" was struck. The space between the two walls was filled with what is termed "vein material" and in this was found the ore body which was in one place 300 feet in width. This mass of ore yielded from $100 to $700 per ton, but in places were found masses of native silver, and spots of ore so rich in black sulphuret and gold, that to make assays of it was much like making assays of the pure metals. The amount of bullion taken from the Comstock lode in Nevada has been enormous. In all, the yield of these mines from the discovery down to the present time has been between $450,000,000 and $600,000,000. Of much of the silver and gold taken from the Comstock lode, both at Gold Hill and Virginia City, there is no record, and in many instances since that time much gold and silver bullion has been obtained from ores, tailings, slimes and sulphurets that was never fully accounted for.

It is a well known fact that the rapid and sensational development of Goldfield has been due almost entirely to the leasing system, and that a large per cent of the gold produced to date has gone into the coffers of lessors and leasing companies. The production of some of these leases is almost beyond comprehension, and the figures stated are usually far beneath the actual production.

One of the most famous of these leases was the Bowes-Kernick-Fuller lease on the Jumbo, which, during the last four months of its existence, produced over $1,800,000. Later came the famous Reilly lease, which, in 100 days, produced over $1,000,000, a production of $10,000 a day, and this with a poorly-equipped plant consisting of only a fifteen-horse power gasoline hoist. Many other leases, among them the Ridhe and Curtis Original Florence and Loftus and Davis, have produced many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and probably 100 other claims, which are unknown outside the limits of the camp, have paid enormous dividends.

The leasing system, where leases can be obtained is more attractive today than ever in the Goldfield district, inasmuch as the course of the ore zones and nature of the deposits are now well known, and where in the early days of the camp it was thought that to make a mine it was necessary to find pay ore on the surface, it is now proven that in any favored location within the ore zone, the chances are largely in favor of the leaser or operator.

The sensation of the camp, and one thing that is breaking all records for production, in not only this but any other camp in the world, is the famous Hayes Monette lease on the Mohawk. The nature of this ore deposit is also entirely different from anything heretofore opened up in the camp, and is, beyond a doubt, formed by a junction of possibly eight to twelve of the immense leads and dykes upon which all the other great mines are located, and from which the major portion of the camp's production has come.

New leasing companies have recently been formed on the Silver Pick and the St. Ives, and both of these properties will undoubtedly return handsome dividends to the investor. These tracts are in the very heart of the district, and where the companies have sunk to the depth at which ore is found in the Goldfield district, they have been abundantly rewarded for their labors.

Goldfield, as a city is modern in many respects. It has a fine water system practically completed, an excellent electric light and

power system, up-to-date schools and all the leading religious denominations have churches. It has numerous social and fraternal organizations, including a fine gentlemen's club, where visiting business and professional men are given a cordial welcome. Goldfield has four banks that are doing an immense business. The John S. Cook & Company bank has deposits aggregating $3,000,000, while the Goldfield branch of the State Bank and Trust Company, of

successful in its mining ventures, practically all of the corporations which it has financed having been good paying ventures for the purchasers of stock. The operations of the company are not confined to Goldfield, as it has opened up mines in nearly every prominent district of the state. The principal properties which the company has taken hold of are: The Stray Dog, Indian Camp, Jumping Jack and As You Like It, at Manhatten, The Eagle's Nest and Hailstone at Fairview,

STATE BANK AND TRUST COMPANY BUILDING, GOLDFIELD, NEVADA

which Honorable T. B. Rickey of Carson City is president, has nearly $2,000,000 on deposit. Mr. L. L. Lindsey is cashier and manager of the Goldfield banks of the State Bank and Trust Company, and is one of the progressive men of the city. The bank has made rapid gains during the past year, and is considered among the most solid financial institutions of the West.

Much of the prominence which Goldfield has attained in the mining world is due to the extensive advertising which has been sent out by the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company. This company has undoubtedly been remarkably

and the Lou Dillon at Goldfield. More recently the company has organized the Furnace Creek South Extension Copper Company at Greenwater. Several of these properties are characterized as successful mines; while those in the prospective stage are considered sure winners.

It seems to be the policy of this company never to take hold of a property that would not bear the closest investigation. Expert mining engineers and metallurgists are employed to make a thorough examination, and the opinions of these men are undoubtedly honest Not only the company, but the corps

of engineers, have their reputation at stake, and, with the large capital at hand, the elements for success are to a great degree controlled by the firm.

The L. M. Sullivan Trust Company occupies a prominent office on the main street of Goldfield. The firm employs more than a score of the best stenographers in the West. Every department is presided over by men of exceptional ability and keen judgment, and a busier place of business it would be difficult to find. The company keeps in close touch with its clients, frequently sending telegrams notifying them of possible advances, and advising them to either sell or buy. In some cases they have offered to pay their clients double what they originally paid for certain stocks.

Recently the company has entered the new copper district of Greenwater near Death Valley, and it is expected that the wonders of this promising camp will be given the same publicity by the firm as was Goldfield, Manhatten and Fairview. From information obtained from some of the best mining engineers in the West who have visited Greenwater, there is no doubt but that this new camp is destined to surprise the world with its copper mines. During the times when others were boosting the new camp, the Suliivan Trust Company, while in possession of some valuable property in the district, did not participate in the general publicity which was being given to the new copper district. Certainly the firm permitted others to do the work of development, and now that there is no question regarding the character and extent of the ore bodies, the company has organized its copper corporation, and is now an important factor in bringing the possibilities for investment to the attention of the people of the country.

Manhatten and Fairview owe much of the prominence they have gained in the mining world to the extensive advertising given these camps by the company, and results have shown that the reports and opinions sent out by the mining experts of the firm were based on sound judgment.

Lou Dillon, the firm's Goldfield property, is located in the heart of the rich mining district of the camp. Development work is being pushed vigorously, and the stock seems to be in good demand and rapidly advancing in price.

THE GREAT YERINGTON COPPER DISTRICT

Nevada has never been known as an agricultural state, and possibly never will be; yet one of the most fertile districts in the West may be found near the little town of Yerington, in what is known as Mason Valley. It is over fifty years since a handful of farmers located on lands adjoining the Walker river, in the Mason Valley. The little town of Yerington, named after one of the pioneers, sprang up as a consequence, and has been the trading place for farmers and mining men of the district for half a century. Yerington has a population of about 600, and is the largest town between Casper and Tonopah.

Mason Valley has about 40,000 acres under cultivation, while Smith Valley, located a few miles distant, has 15,000 acres of cultivated lands. The proximity of these rich agricultural lands to the Mason Valley mines, gives the district an advantage over the ordinary mining locality, which is an important factor for investors to keep in mind. Hay can be purchased for five dollars a ton in Yerington, while at Bullfrog it costs from fifty to seventy-five dollars. Potatoes sell in Yerington for fifty cents a bushel; in Bullfrog the price hovers around three dollars.

Lying between the Bluestone on the north and the Spragg, Dyer and McConnell groups one the south, is a group of seven claims known as the Copper Deposit groups owned by H. E. Mullen and others of Yerington, now under bond to E. D. Miller of Salt Lake City. This property possesses all the earmarks of a mine having a good showing on each claim of the group. There are a number of large garnetiferous limestone outcrops which have not been touched that will average two per cent copper on the surface. In most places where work has been done, a good showing has been made, exposing copper ore running from four to seventeen per cent.

The present holder of the bond will associate with him men of means and in a short time will start development work on a large scale, which will undoubtedly mean another large producer for the camp.

An important factor in the development of the Mason and Smith Valleys is the project for irrigating these lands, which was inaugurated ten years ago by Honorable T. B. Rickey of Carson City, and which will be completed within a year. This is undoubtedly the largest irrigation scheme in the United

States which has been undertaken by one man. It involves the expenditure of a million dollars, and will furnish enough water to irrigate the entire lands in Mason, Smith and Antelope Valleys. Not only will the water supply be adequate, but Mr. Rickey expects to be able to furni h water to the farmers much lower than what is charged under the government system.

Under this project the number of acres reclaimed in each valley will be as follows: Mason Valley, 200,000 acres, Smith Valley, 100,000 acres and Antelope Valley, 50,000 acres. The project consists of immense storage reservoirs adjacent to the Walker river, and each can be used for irrigating the lands through which they pass. During the flood season the water is turned into these immense reservoirs and husbanded until the hot summer days, when the fields are thirsty.

THE NEVADA-DOUGLAS MINE

Nevada will become famous as a copper mining state. Its gold camps in the south have astonished the world with their richness, and so will its copper mines. Ely has already figured quite conspicuously in the copper mining world, although its actual production of ore up to the present time amounts to but very little. The successes achieved in Bingham in the treatment of low grade copper ores, however, has paved the way for Ely, and within another year it will be an important contributor to the world's supply of copper. With equal emphasis, the same can be said of the Mason Valley district in Lyon county, which is attracting a great deal of attention at the present time. As was the case in Ely, it took men who had learned their first lessons in Bingham to recognize and appreciate the importance of the Mason Valley deposits and to bring them to the attention of the world. Developments there during the past few months indicate that these deposits will even surpass those of Ely in both extent and value.

While it is true that the Mason Valley region was known to contain mineral many years ago, it has cut very little figure in the firmament of mining until recently—since copper has become such an important article of commerce. Ore was discovered as far back as the early '50's, when farmers from the east settled along the Walker river. The excitement on the Comstock lode gave them the mining fever, and while they were not attending to their farms, time was found to do a little prospecting in the hills. But copper in those days was practically worthless, and mines which are now valued up into the millions of dollars, were of little consequence then, so their hunt for riches failed to bring them returns.

The first real mining done in the Mason Valley country was in 1862, when two properties, known as the Piute and Navajo, were opened, and for several years were worked in a sort of desultory fashion. In 1866, Charles Lane, the well known California mining operator, started to operate the McConnell property, and gained the honor of having made the first shipment from the district. It was sent to Virginia City by bull teams, and the product, being in the nature of limestone heavily impregnated with copper, was used as bluestone in the process of amalgamating the silver ores of that once famous camp. In the early seventies several other properties were operated with more or less success, among them being the Ludwig, now a prominent shipper, the Bluestone, Spragg and others. Some ore was shipped to the California smelters, and several small plants were built in the district, but owing to the fact that the metallurgy of copper was not so well understood in those days as it is now, and the price of copper was also low, the attempt to open up the mines of Mason Valley did not meet with success, and like many other western mining regions, a stage of inactivity was experienced.

But within the past year there has been a general arousing of interest, many properties have changed hands; men of wide experience in the copper mining field have gone in; men representing some of the strongest financial interests of the country are there, and have laid plans to provide railroad facilities and to equip the mines with everything needed to operate them upon a large scale. The Nevada-Douglass Copper Company, controlled by Salt Lake and Boston parties, has been foremost in bringing about these improvements. Captain Delamar, principal owner of the Bluestone mine, has displayed the energy characteristic of him. Others have fallen in line, too, among them the McConnell Copper Mining Company, controlled by Salt Lake parties; the Mason Valley Copper Company, the Yerington Copper Company, another Salt Lake concern, and the Ludwig Copper Mining Company.

There are few copper districts better situated than this Mason Valley country, and certainly there are none that can excel it in Nevada. The mines are within a few miles of one of the finest agricultural and horticultural regions in the West, which is an important factor when it comes to the purchase of supplies; the climate is excellent, water is plentiful, and there is everything to contribute towards the establishment of many comfortable homes and the building up of a large and prosperous mining camp. One will find no desert terrors in Mason Valley.

The district is siutated about twelve miles from Wabuska, a station on the Nevada & California railroad, one of the units of the Southern Pacific system. This is the point from which the proposed branch line will be built to the Nevada-Douglas and other properties, but at the present time all the mines are easily accessible by wagon road.

The area included in the Mason Valley district is extensive, and a part of it is yet undeveloped. But the center of interest appears to lie in the main copper zone in the West Walker range of mountains, although the mineralization extends all the way into the Walker Lake Indian reservation, which was thrown open to the location of mining claims on the twenty-ninth of last October.

At the present time the Nevada-Douglas Copper Company is carrying on the most aggressive campaign in the camp. Its properties are located on the west slope of the West Walker range, overlooking what is known as Smith Valley, and are about seven and one-half miles directly west of the town of Yerington, and about eighteen miles east of Wellington, the principal towns of the Walker river region and sources of supply for the mines. The entire ore-bearing formation is limestone, lying between a porphyry dyke on the north and granite on the south, and is cut by numerous mineralized fissures from which the solutions have come to find replacement in the limes. The impregnation covers a large area, and the outcrop on the Douglas and Lookout claims shows a width of over 500 feet, and, while varying in width, the principal ore zone has been followed and ore exposed in openings made at intervals for a distance of a mile within the company's own territory. Shipments have been made from this property to the extent of 1,800 tons, which were sent to the United States smelter at Salt Lake within the past year, the entire lot averaging better than thirteen per cent copper, with additional values in gold. It is the intention of the Douglas Company to provide facilities for the treatment of ore on the ground

and for that reason it is the policy of the management to devote all energy for the present to the development and blocking of ore. Assays have shown values of from two to thirty-six per cent copper on the surface. On one of the fissures a tunnel has been run 300 feet, 250 feet of which was run in ore, the average of the ore mined therefrom being eight and one-tenth per cent in copper. The property has been thoroughly prospected on the surface, by the sinking of numerous pits and the cheaply, the iron contents about balancing the silica.

It is a significant fact that of the numerous mining engineers who have made an inspection of the Douglas copper mine, all have reported favorably, and some of them have no hesitancy in saying that it is destined to become one of the great copper producers of the United States.

The Ludwig Mine is located on the north end of the zone. It is one of the principal

THE "JEWEL BOX" IN THE NEVADA-DOUGLASS PROPERTY—ORE TWENTY FEET WIDE

running of open cuts; about 1,000 feet of tunnel work has been performed, besides many shafts and winzes. Work is progressing on what is to be the main tunnel, which will be about 1,500 feet long and obtain depths of 500 feet or more on the ore bodies. According to recent estimates, there are at least 100,000 tons of ore available for treatment in the Douglas mine that will average around six and five-tenths per cent copper and more than 500,000 tons of from two to five per cent. The great bulk of this ore is carbonate and oxide, but recent development has encountered the sulphides. The ore can be treated

mines, and employs about fifty men and ships about four hundred tons a month of carbonate ore averaging twenty-five per cent copper. The mine has attained a depth of six hundred feet, and cuts the water level at 560 feet. On reaching the water, they ran into the primitive ore. The water carries one and two-tenths per cent copper. The remarkable success of the Ludwig has demonstrated beyond any question of doubt the permanency of the ore bodies. The mine has been paying $30,000 a month dividends for months.

The Bluestone Mine is owned by Captain Delamar, one of the largely successful mining

men of the West. A great deal of development work has been performed on the property, very large quantities of carbonate ore have been exposed, and at a depth of 100 feet they reached the sulphide ore. Over a million tons have been exposed and blocked out, and average between three and four per cent copper. The miners are handling the ore very successfully with the electro-magnetic process, making over ninety per cent extraction.

The adjoining property which is known as the Sprag, and is owned and operated by the Mason Valley Copper Company, contains a tremendous vein that crops out on the surface and is capped with iron gossan. The walls are lime and porphyry. Several thousand tons of high grade copper ore, averaging from twenty-three to fifty-two per cent copper have been shipped from this property, but mining has only been done in a small way until acquired by the present company about a year and a half ago. Since that time an active campaign of development has been in progress. The first work performed by the new company was the sinking of a winze to a depth of 105 feet, at which point they passed from the carbonate to the sulphide ore. They have cross-cut the vein at the bottom 115 feet through solid ore, but have not reached either wall as yet. The ore is evidently about four per cent copper. The company decided to run a lower tunnel, and, at a point 450 feet from the mouth, cut the ore body, showing conclusively that it is continuous. They are still working in the main tunnel, and will expose and block out the ore bodies before determining on the capacity of their mill. The property has been examined by a great many of the leading engineers of the West, and all agree that it is destined to become one of the great copper mines of the country.

Adjoining the south side of the Yerington Copper Company's claims is the property known as the Copper Mountain Group. It is owned by J. H. Turner, I. B. Sparey and Louis Mehse. There is an excellent showing on this property. It is now in a prospective stage, but very little development work having been performed. The company has a splendid showing of ore four feet wide, which will assay twenty per cent or better. This body has been opened up a distance of twenty-five feet long and ten feet deep. In the early days of the camp, when only high grade ores were picked, everything less than twenty per cent was left on the dump. In later years, while all the properties in the district were lying idle, and the roads were needing repairs in the valley, the ore from these old dumps was used, and, as the rocks were already crushed, the material made excellent roads which may be said to be composed of copper valued at from $15 to $50 per ton. Much of this rock was taken from the property owned by the Yerington Copper King Company. This company owns the Craig group of claims, whose north line adjoins the Bluestone, with the McConnell bounding it on the south and west, and the Mason Valley Copper Company's property lying on the east. During the early days of the camp, hundreds of tons of ore were taken from this property and shipped to Dayton and Virginia City. The former owners never did any systematic mining, simply gouging out the ore where it was comparatively easy. The property has a very fine showing. There is a very large amount of bigh grade ore in sight. The present owners are planning development along systematic lines, and it is safe to predict that within a year the Yerington Copper King will be one of the most prominent mines of the district.

West of the Mason Valley Mine north, and adjoining the Dyer group south, and adjoining the Yerington Copper King property, is the McConnell Copper Mining Company's group of ten claims. The company's holdings are undoubtedly among the richest in the district. In years gone by, copper ore has been taken from the property that ran as high as fifty per cent. but mining was not conducted by the owners according to any system other than to gouge out the richest ore wherever it could be obtained. Under this plan, car-loads of immensely rich copper ore were shipped to the smelters from the mine. The day of mining in this primitive method has passed in the Yerington Copper District, and more improved systems are being applied. The McConnell Copper Mining Company's property shows the effect of a lack of system in mining, and yet, withal, these methods have resulted in an exposure of high grade ore that leaves no doubt regarding the immense value of this property. The present owners are men who understand mining in all its details, and up-to-date methods only are being applied.

ledge stands twenty feet above the surface of the ground, towering above and being part of a vein which after being opened up proved to be sixty-seven feet wide, literally filled with gold. The Ramsey-Comstock Mining Company, who have purchased the ground from Mr. Clark, are developing the property on a large scale. A three-compartment shaft is being put down, hoisting machinery has been ordered and is on the way from San Francisco, and the shaft will be sunk to a depth of a thousand feet or more, and the writer is informed by Mr. A. H. Mayne, manager of the company, that, before the year is out, they expect to have sufficient development work done to warrant a mill with a daily capacity of 500 tons.

After Mr. Clark made this famous strike, it seemed easy to find gold in the Ramsey district, and discovery after discovery has been made. Adjoining the Ramsey-Comstock mine on the south, the Ramsey Mining Company, owned by Reynolds and Robinson of Goldfield, have a continuation of the famous Ramsey-Comstock ledge, and have discovered a large body of rich ore. beyond the Bennett strike, Reynolds and Knickerbocker have made a discovery which bids fair to make a large mine. One mile in a northwesterly direction from the Ramsey-Comstock, the Walkover Mining Company, owned by a crowd of Goldfield people, are opening up a ledge fully twenty feet wide running high in the yellow metal. Fletcher and Ramseys have opened up three properties, ranging from a mile and a half to three miles in a southerly direction, all showing large ledges and good values. Charley Clark and Ben Haseltine have large holdings in all parts of the camp, have made numerous discoveries of gold, and are preparing to do extensive development on several of their properties. C. L. Dignowitz of Reno has recently purchased a group of claims, in the center of the district, showing gold from the grass roots down. It is a common thing for prospectors coming in from a hard day's work and tramp, to show specimens of new finds which they have made in this wonderful new district..

The town of Ramsey, while it is only two months old, has a population of over 500

LARGE OUTCROP OF GOLD ORE ON RAMSEY-COMSTOCK MINE

They are sinking three shafts on different parts of their property and are developing it with much vigor.

Lying two miles northeast, a prospector named Bennett has made a rich discovery. Continuing in the same direction, two miles people, and is a regular beehive of industry. Buildings are now being erected as fast as lumber and labor can be procured. It is an ideal camp, being located ten miles from the Southern Pacific railroad and well supplied with wood and water. Before the month

is out, it will have telegraph and telephone connections with the outside world, with two daily stage lines, one from Clark station on the Southern Pacific railroad, a distance of ten miles, and one from Ft. Churchill on the Goldfield branch, about fifteen miles away.

The East Comstock Wonder Mining Company is one of the promising properties of the district. The mine is controlled by the G. S. Clark Brokerage Company of Goldfield.

FAIRVIEW

Fairview Peak, its hoary head lifted 8,500 feet above the Nevada desert waste, looks down today upon a scene of mining activity unprecedented in any mineral country in the world, its age considered. From the foothills come sounds that are made only by American men of the mines; incessant pounding of power hoists that are lifting precious ore through the shafts; the booming of gigantic blasts in solid rock; the crunching of heavy wagon wheels over rough roads, the wagons laden with high-grade on its way to market.

One year ago, where were all these evidences of throbbing life?—there was naught but silence, such a silence as can almost be heard in the land of deserts. Thirty years ago, around the foothills of Fairview Peak, there were other sounds of human life not made by miners. They were the grinding wheels, the cracking whips of shouting teamsters, and the braying mules that followed on the trail of the old overland pony express, en route to California. That old trail passed over the very ground which is now giving up its store of gold and silver, pulverizing into dust the very outcropping ledges which in these later days have been followed to depth, and have made of Fairview a mining district second to none in the entire West.

Like many other districts in this marvelous battle-born state, Fairview is both old and young. Many is the fortune hunter, who, following the route of the regular stations, casually picked up pieces of float that indicated the presence of mineral, but, hurrying on to the far-famed land of big nuggets, threw aside the quartz and forgot forever this oasis in the desert.

Thirty years ago, Fairview was thus known to the California-bound prospectors and captains of industry in quest of fortune in California, as well as to the officers of the United States government, and almost thirty years before it was known, in a way, among other patrons of the pony express, but not until about a year ago was it suspected that Fairview was the making of a great high-grade producing district that would contribute its quota to the wonderful flow of gold from Nevada.

One of the most prominent landmarks of the district is known as Eagle's Nest Rock, and, while it does not detract any from the poetical idea of the name, it so happens that it was a hawk that built the nest. This is in the very heart of the best known section of the district. All travelers that way in those early days of the overland express doubtless noticed the promontory because it was an unusual sight in a desert land.

Dromedary Hump, another name now familiar to denizens of Fairview district, is very near the old California trail, and must have attracted the eye of every stage passenger who joined the rush of '49. While it may seem strange that not one of all these prospectors stopped long enough to examine the mineral conditions of this section, yet it may be explained by the fact that at that period there had not been proved the truth of the latter-day theory that "gold is where you find it." Fairview mines are in a comparatively low country, where the expert of the old school would never dream of finding a pay ledge; while Fairview Peak, with its unbroken lines, and faultless surface, was at the time of Lieutenant Birnie's expedition anything but attractive to the mining man's eye.

F. O. Norton, a resident of Reno, Nevada, is the real discoverer of Fairview. Many years of his life have been spent in the fascinating pursuit of wealth by prospecting. Many years of his life he toiled and thirsted and hungered and suffered poverty in the pursuit of his profession. His reward came a year ago, when he skirted the base of Fairview Peak, on his horseback trip from Reno to the new camp of Goldfield. Float and croppings on the ground, which is now jotted with gallows frames and traced with ore roads, caught his eye. He went no farther, but with his pack animal laden with samples hurried on his return to Reno, borrowed the price of assay tests and knew his fortune was made. Eliciting the aid of men of more means, he returned to the point of his discovery, and spent some weeks in careful prospecting.

Not to lengthen the story, the details of which would read like a romance, he found the ore in place and disposed of interests at what later developed to have been a ridiculously low figure, but enough to make him independent for the rest of his years.

The mineral belt of Fairview is some ten miles long north and south, by two miles wide. It is about sixty miles north of Manhatten, and one hundred miles east of the old Comstock Lode. Fallon is the present supply station. Fairview is reached by stage or automobile from Hazen, the nearest railway station on the Southern Pacific, but in a very few days trains will be running to Fallon on a new branch road. Fallon is but forty miles from Fairview. Tributary districts are Wonder, Eastgate, Westgate, Chalk Mountain and Sand Springs.

The ore bodies of Fairview district lie in a gigantic andesite extension, the well-defined ledges clearly tracing their courses throughout the district, generally trending north and south, but the surface being checkered by cross veins. One great lode averages from five to ten feet in width, and has been traced on the surface for a distance of five thousand feet. Nevada Hills, the best known because the oldest mine in the district, has a ledge outcropping for a length of 1,700 feet. In one property there is a four-foot width of vein matter which returns an average value of $1,000 a ton. In another, there is an eighteen inch streak which gives a clean average of nearly $4,000 a ton and for a considerable length. All the field men who have critically examined the physical conditions are agreed in the opinion that Fairview in all its characteristics is another Tonopah, and that upon the estate of Nevada Hills and the Fairview Eagle there is a ledge which will, with an equal amount of development, equal in production the renowned Mizpah Lode of Tonopah. Upon the domains of Nevada Hills, Nevada Hills Extension, Fairview Eagle, Seymour, Keystone, Ida, Oro Plata, Eagle's Nest, Aztec, Pyramid, Smith's Syndicate, Dromedary Hump and other properties in the immediate vicinity, the veins outcrop so boldly and show values sticking out above the surface so plainly that it causes renewed wonder that Fairview was allowed to lie dormant for so many years.

Nevada Hills is entitled to first mention, for the reason that it was the first recipient of any considerable amount of development attention, and is the first of Fairview's mines to enter the shipping class. Ore is now being mined from three tunnels and the management is driving two additional ones to tap the deposits at greater depth. A shaft has been sunk fifty feet, all in a product that pays to haul to the cars, and one of the new driving tunnels will pierce this ledge at a depth of sixty-five feet from the collar of the shaft. The most wonderful revelation on Nevada Hills ground is a solid ten-foot lode of ore that all markets at a substantial profit, with not a pound of waste thrown over the dump. What makes Nevada Hills' record more wonderful is the fact that, with its six months of development, there has been made at no time any attempt to block out or stope ore for the market, the consignments to the smelter being merely the ground that came in the way of systematic development. Even under such conditions, the smelter product is piling up so rapidly that it is almost impossible for the mine to find enough teams to keep the workings clear. With every foot of additional depth, the values are increasing, and the size of the bodies is enlarging. One of the latest shipments to the smelter gave an average value of $800 per ton gold and silver. The formation at present depth has passed from chlorides to the sulphides, at the same time not only not losing but actually increasing in value, which in the mind of practical mining men is an indisputable indication of permanency.

After Nevada Hills, naturally comes Fairview Eagle, both for the reason that the two groups are adjoining neighbors and that Eagle is logically second in point of prominence won by production. Just now two shafts are sinking on the Eagle domain, one of them under the company's direction having reached a depth of eighty feet and the other being worked by leasers having a depth of fifty-five feet. Both shafts are on Boulder No. 3 claim of the Eagle group. Like Nevada Hills, the ore has passed into the sulphides with equally encouraging appearance. In fact, the physical conditions of both properties are identical in character, for the comparative depths attained. Ore from the oldest workings of Eagle averages about $200, and, since neither wall has been penetrated, it is impossible to determine the size of the

bodies. Eagle takes some little pride in being the first of the Fairview mines to equip herself with a power hoist. By aid of this, it is the intention to sink to a depth of at least 100 feet before any effort is made at stoping for regular shipments. As it is, however, there is a great dump of high-grade awaiting the market, and when sufficient depth has been attained, Eagle will join Nevada Hills in its regular consignments to market. In many places on both Eagle and Nevada Hills, rock of fabulous values has been broken. At a depth of sixty feet in Fairview Eagle, there is a two-foot streak that averages in its entire width $500 and when stoping is inaugurated at this point, sensational disclosures may be expected. Work has been in progress at Fairview Eagle only four months, and that it has already proved itself a shipping mine is little short of the marvelous.

Fairview Aztec may be given third place, because it joins Fairview Eagle and because it ranks third in point of activity. Only 300 feet from the Aztec line there was made a strike of six feet of average $100-ore, at a depth of fifty feet, on the Eagle ledge, which trends toward the Aztec estate and, in fact, has been traced on the surface all the way across the border. Fairview Aztec is joined on the south by the end line of the Smith Syndicate and the Pyramid, and the northerly trending ledges of both these properties will find their extensions upon the Aztec. With such surface indications to lure them on, those at the Aztec's helm have inaugurated a vigorous campaign of development. A crew of miners is seeking at depth the values indicated at the grass roots. They have shown their faith in the property's future by placing an order for a powerful hoist to speed the progress downward. While up to date Fairview Aztec can boast nothing more than a most promising surface showing, yet it is one of the practical certainties of the near future, that a wonderfully productive body of ore will be encountered at a depth not exceeding fifty feet, upon the junction of the extension of the Eagle Lode with the veins of Smith Syndicate and Pyramid.

Nevada Hills Extension is another of the most promising properties in the district. This group joins Nevada Hills on the south, and is being made the recipient of flattering attention by a large force of miners, who are at work upon a deep shaft.

Other mines in the Fairview district which give substantial promise of a speedy entry into the producing class are Fairview Mining, Douglass and Hailstone, all adjoining Fairview Aztec on the north; Eagle's Nest, Keystone, Seymour and Ora Plata adjoining Eagle on the north; Cyclone and Ida being only a short distance northwest of Fairview Eagle, and Smith Syndicate, Pyramid and Silverside adjoining Fairview Aztec on the south; Dromedary Hump, Kimberly, Lookout and Red Rock in the near vicinity. The last named property has an exceptionally bright future, judging by present conditions. On one claim an average assay across a large body of ore shows a value of about sixteen dollars at a depth of only five feet. Energetic endeavor is being made for a greater depth on this lead. At another point a shaft is sinking upon what promises to develop into a producing body of ore. On the company's estate of one hundred acres there are traceable fifteen distinct ledges, well-defined.

THROUGH THE GOLDEN WEST

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THOSE letters from California subscribers were irresistible! "Come and see us," was the composite welcome that got me wrought up, and sooner than I can write it we bundled together our bags and were off for the Pacific coast. Setting forth on such a journey, Chicago is the real starting point; for Chicago is no longer "West," but now considered an eastern terminal.

Chicago has a way of always doing things in an original manner. At the Hamilton Club, as I passed through the city, I heard a story of new methods of campaigning. A new primary law has been announced, which is a revolution in political methods, and while it may have imperfections, the general purpose is, in itself, effective toward obtaining an expression of the people's choice. It was in the Hamilton Club that I stood beneath a portrait of Senator Hanna and heard a member pay an eloquent tribute to his memory.

One of the modest candidates was a man who had an enthusiastic young son, who prepared a series of postals with his picture on them and mailed them out to voters, asking them to "vote for papa." The results were amazing, for although the candidate at the start had a handicap which nothing, it seemed, could overcome, when the events were decided and the votes counted, it was found that the little boy had made an effective campaign, and his father had been elected through his efforts. Who could resist such canvassing as this—an evidence of the young son's belief in his father? Today the good man ascribes his election to his young canvasser, who did his stumping with souvenir postal cards.

Uncle Sam is certainly the beneficiary of the new methods, for now a campaign is not considered complete unless the voters are hammered not only with third-class matter, but second-class and even first-class typewritten letters, saying nothing of souvenir postal cards. Before long, there will be a popular bureau established in Washington for the new and effective methods of political campaigning, which has adopted modern business methods, including the same plans that control a regular business advertising campaign.

I was later informed that the Marquette Club was having "doings" over at the Fine Arts Building. The bottom compartment of my "Stallman" was opened, and a dress suit unearthed, for I felt I must appear at the board of the Marquette Club in full uniform. 'Twas not so in the Chicago of years ago; but it is right down-to-date now, and they dress like diplomats.

What a pleasure it was to meet the old

friends and imbibe the genial spirit of that reception — the air of cordial fellowship, chatter and laughter would have done honor to a church social. Chicago people have a way of making the traveler feel at home, whether is it Sir Thomas Lipton or the Prince of Siam, or a plain, broiled editor. What a delight it was to brush shoulders with the Chicago "push", and then meet on the campaign war path the congressional delegation. Uncle Joe Cannon, dear, kind

Congressman Foss was there among his old friends and neighbors. Congressman William B. McKinley answered present, as did Congressman Boutelle, who delivered one of those logical and forceful addresses that set the people thinking. The figures he presented, showing the growth of Chicago for the past ten years—a high average of over fifty per cent in all lines of business—was a "stunner"—even to the Chicagoan. When Dr. Draper sang "Illinois," and everyone

SPEAKER CANNON

soul, was the guest of honor of the evening.

There was President Stevens, host of the occasion, and Jim Watson, all primed and ready for one of the best speeches of his life —subject "1908." Rev. Dr. Bristol of Washington was present, and had come back to tell of the personal experiences of the Chicago conflagration, for this was Chicago Day, October 9, the date when the great city was laid low and the spirit of "I will!" was born.

joined in the chorus, it was an inspiring moment. Uncle Joe Cannon's address followed, and he repeated with deep feeling the lines of the song in reference to Lincoln. He stood as the old friend and contemporary of the immortal president—a living link with a great epoch. He asked whether he should read his prepared speech or "just talk." "Just talk! Just talk!" came the quick response from "the boys," but Uncle Joe,

ever conscientious, read the speech first, because it had been given to the press. Afterward he "just talked" direct to the hearts of those present, in a way that they will never forget, with all the fire of youth and the majesty of mature years. What a scroll of progress a third of a century presents! Goudy, from Colorado, had come back to tell the story of those days, and add to the spirit of reunion.

The members of Chicago clubs, meeting as they do frequently and touching elbows at the festal board, have had much to do with the irresistible progress of the city—in an onward march that is the wonder of the times. That advancement was never more marked than on this anniversary of the great fire of '71, which occurred thirty-five years ago.

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Fifteen minutes is the maximum allowance for catching a train in Chicago. The Los Angeles Limited leaves at ten-five from the Northwestern station, and there was no time that night to loiter at the gates. We rushed in and found our quarters just before the train rattled out of the yards, in its swift race to overtake the Overland Limited, which had departed two hours previous. Although I have traveled many times over the same route of the early pioneer of '49, I never tire of the perfect road-bed of the Northwestern. Railroad travel is always a delight and pleasure over the Northwestern line, and the trans-continental tourist cannot fail to enjoy the perfect service and realize that the motto, "the best of everything," has a real meaning. Over this road thousands of travelers are constantly passing on their way to the Golden West.

In many neighborhoods parties are being organized to enjoy the wonders of the West, and during the trip photographs and souvenirs are collected, to be talked over when the party has returned home. One of the chief joys of traveling is the retrospect; and when your own neighbors are your companions, the pleasure is doubled, because, like yourself, they have "been there," and a picture or a souvenir has a keener interest for them. The Northwestern is doing a great deal this year in encouraging neighborhood parties of this description, and has provided special conductors to take charge of these tourists, giving them their entire attention en route, and seeing that they miss nothing that is worth seeing in the localities through which the train passes.

* * *

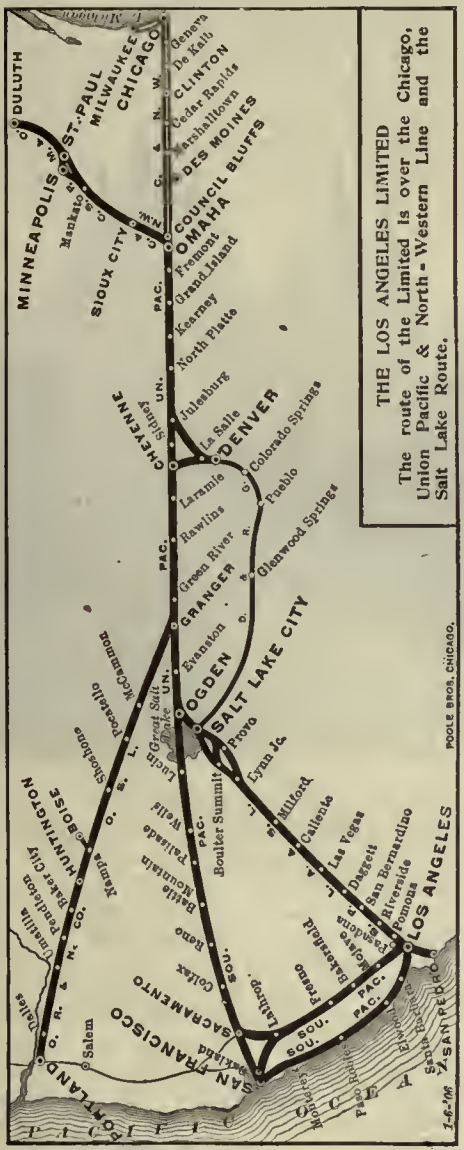
A few years ago the pony express was utilized to communicate speedily with the Pacific coast; in those days it took nine days to go from St. Joseph, Missouri, over a distance now covered in four times nine hours. As we passed through this section, on every side were evidences of the bumper crops which are taxing the capacity of the railroads to the utmost in order to get them to market. In all this outpouring of wealth from the soil there may be the peril of landlordism, for everyone seemed to be "buying land." If this tendency becomes "landlordism" in the slightest degree, it will be an evil day for the country.

LOS ANGELES LIMITED

What an inspiration there is in the biographies of the young men who "went West" to make their fortunes! How much greater President Roosevelt is because of his early life experiences in the West years ago! Passing through Omaha, the gateway to the West, armed with the literature issued by the Union Pacific—which furnishes complete information concerning all points along the line—I snuggled down in the observation car of the Los Angeles Limited for a day of real solid comfort, having a glimpse now and then at the "daily paper," issued by a typewriter on board.

Along the great stretch of track, straight as an arrow, the train passed unchecked where not many years ago the funnel-shaped loco-

motives were blocked by immense herds of buffalo. Now this road is blockaded by the native wealth of the soil, in fact, it is almost flooded with the vast production of the farms



and fields; perhaps a great part of this prosperity may be traced to the intelligence and the reading habit among the cultivators of today, for the pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock had no means of acquiring the useful information, readily obtained today by the farmers of the West. The railroad alone tells a thrilling story of the sturdy stuff of which the Western pioneers were made, for it took something more than ordinary courage to build railroads in early days. The Union Pacific was constructed by 20,000 men who came fresh from the battle fields of the South, and it required as much physical courage and endurance to do this work as it did to carry the musket through the days of the war—it was these same men who pushed this line farther and farther, out into the country of hostile Indians and wild beasts.

* * *

On the train I met several Los Angeles people, and found that, like all Californians, they promptly proclaimed their nativity, and expected you to remember for all future time that they came from the Golden State—and woe to him who forgot it. Yes! there was a buffet on the train and a smoking room that had the air of an Atlantic liner, and here many a scrap of useful and interesting information was gathered, but best of all was the observation car, which was gallantly reserved for the ladies, and we had everything going on, down to afternoon tea—a real pink tea, too.

* * *

Along the river Platte, with its memories of General Cody (Buffalo Bill), were scenes never to be forgotten. Miles and miles of country were dotted with stacks of hay, a valuable product, even more interesting than the craggy mountains and undulating forest. I always like to see the land working. When I gaze upon ground utilized for pheasant preserves, for the amusement of the few, and valuable pasture laid out in golf links and pleasaunces—unless it be a public park for the people—I confess my indignation rises; for it seems to me that God Almighty desires all the good land of the earth to keep on working, as well as "the people thereof."

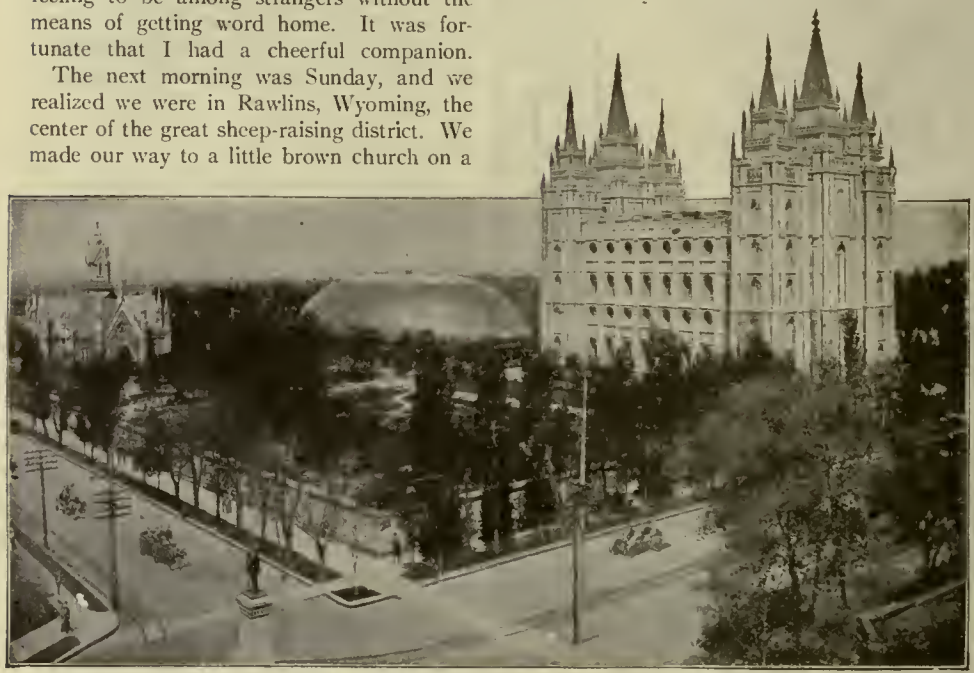
* * *

Over the divide we passed into the wild and picturesque scenery of Wyoming. There was the Devil's Slide, with towering walls eighty feet high. Here I paused in my journey, for my transportation had not been stamped for extension. The conductor insisted that it must be exactly right, or he could not allow me to go on. I agreed with him, and alighted

merrily from the train at midnight, to await a message from the passenger agent. Then, in a glimpse at my pocketbook, I discovered that I had planned my trip on short rations. No money could be telegraphed on Sunday! Off the train at a far-away station in Wyoming, with scarcely enough money to pay for a night's lodging! What a desolate, hopeless feeling to be among strangers without the means of getting word home. It was fortunate that I had a cheerful companion.

The next morning was Sunday, and we realized we were in Rawlins, Wyoming, the center of the great sheep-raising district. We made our way to a little brown church on a hill, where we listened to a stirring sermon, preached by a young man who was in love with his calling. It was a small congregation, but there was an earnestness and sincerity about preacher and listeners that revealed what a bulwark of strength are the churches of the country. After the service the minister hastily shook hands with his flock and, noting strange faces, paused before us. I timidly gave my name and passed on, after a few words of pleasant greeting, but I had gone only a few yards when he hurried after me.

"Are you Joe Chapple of Boston?" he asked, and when I assented, he went on: "Well now, I am glad to know you. There are many subscribers to your magazine here in Rawlins." And then I shook hands with the congregation and remained to Sunday school, to meet the sturdy boys and girls of the plains. So, here in the little Wyoming city, far up in the mountains and plains, we were among friends. Blessings on the head of that irate conductor. Here I was looking into the faces of men and women, boys and girls, who were really old friends—on such an occasion even a tongue-tied man would have been eloquent. How they did welcome us; and not once had anyone the temerity to look at the clock—long past the dinner hour—as I spoke. A joyous time I had among the readers and subscribers of the National in a place where I expected to find none but strangers! So now Rawlins, from whence came the mineral from which the paint used on Brooklyn bridge was made; Rawlins with its iron prospects and large sheep-raising interests—a stirring, bustling little Wyoming city — is on the list, never to be passed by — ticket or no ticket.



TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY

* * *

As we neared Salt Lake City I fancied I detected the scent of the salt air of the famous oasis which Brigham Young selected as the site for Zion. There was an aspect of busi-

ness, push and bustle about the town that attracted me, as I wandered up the broad streets and looked upon the stately temple and tabernacle and metropolis of the inter-mountain country nestling in the bosom of the great peaks round about. One can well believe that those early pioneers builded better than they knew when they located here. The handsome residences, public institutions and numerous railroads centering here indicate that Salt Lake City is in the dawn of its greatness as a trans-mountain metropolis. The squares or blocks are 600 feet in length, and when one is directed "two squares up" —multiply it by three.

Of course there was a trip to Saltair, or Salt Lake, twelve miles distant from the city. As we approached I saw the mammoth pavilion and the great sea of salt water shining in the sunlight and cakes of what looked like snow, but proved to be salt, covering a large area of salt reservoirs. Here one of the largest salt plants in the country is operated. The water is pumped out from the lake into viaducts, which lead to large pools or evaporators, and three or four inches of solid salt are allowed to settle in great shallow pools. The water evaporates under the action of the air, and the salt is then gathered into great blocks of ten or twelve feet high.

After this process, the salt is refined for the market.

Well, I made straight for the bath house, for I was determined to find out if the water was really as salt as it is said to be. It was! Into the shallows I plunged, standing on the white sand. Was there ever such pure, crystalline water? How tempting it must have been to a thirsty animal coming on this inland sea out of the surrounding deserts, unaware of its briny quality! I soon discovered that I could sit on the water as comfortably as in a rocking chair, and move backward and forward at will, or lie with arms outstretched without sinking.

Strangling is the chief danger in Salt Lake bathing, for if the water gets into the eyes or mouth, it will be remembered for some time to come.

Out on the blue waters was a single yacht —for sixty miles stretched that salt sea of the desert.

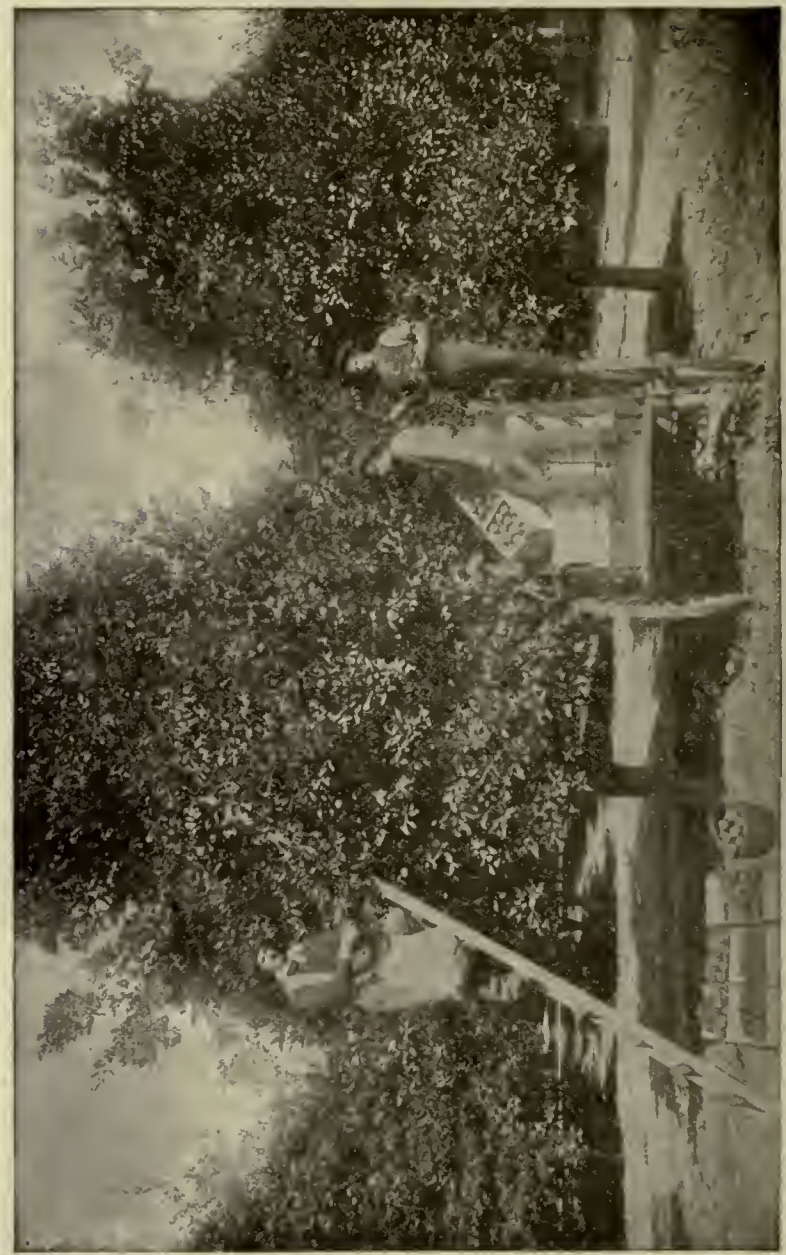
The pavilion, built out over the lake, is capable of seating ten thousand people; but it is now used for roller skating. Saltair is a popular pleasure resort, the season closing in September.

* * *

An organ recital at the tabernacle by Organist McClellan was a rare treat we enjoyed while in Salt Lake City. The organ here is one of the largest in the world, with pipes extending over fifty feet high. The opening march was from the Meistersinger, followed by Schubert's serenade. The closing piece was a grand march that stirred the blood in the veins. This recital was an impressive service, and every auditor seemed to listen in the spirit of worship.

The great tabernacle has no pillars, and simply rests like an inverted bowl upon the outer walls, and is joined together without a nail in its entire construction. The oval roof has no decoration—all is plain and substantial, with latticed holes for ventilation. The acoustic properties of this auditorium surpass even the wonders of St. Paul's whispering galleries. We sat in the rear of that tabernacle and heard a tiny pin drop three hundred feet away; whispers could be plainly distinguished at that distance. Public services are held every Sunday afternoon, when a choir of five hundred trained voices furnish a program of sacred music. Across the way is that mysterious temple which was fifty years in building. No one is allowed to enter the temple, except the Mormons who are properly vouched for by the bishops and committee of seventy. Here marriages are performed—a service about which gentiles are keenly curious, but at which none but Mormons are present. Stories have been told of what the temple contains, and it has been suggested that it is a replica—at least in part —of Solomon's temple of old; but it is a singular thing that in all the years since Mormonism was established in Utah, no outsider has ever been able to portray or tell what is within the temple.

In the Mormon offices I met one of the pioneers who came overland with Brigham Young. It was thrilling to hear him relate incidents of the early days and contrast those times with today. "An earnest and thrifty people," is a tribute which must be paid to the Mormons, however strong the feeling may be that their church is a handicap to the development of the country they occupy, and the close connection of church and public affairs is not in harmony with American institutions.



IN A CALIFORNIA ORANGE GROVE

In the center of the town is a statue of Brigham Young, by Dallin, the sculptor who executed the famous equestrian statue of Paul Revere. His work has been admired in all the art centers of Europe and America. He was a talented Mormon boy of Springville, whom it was decided to send abroad as a missionary. His genius rapidly developed, and he well deserves his fame as one of the foremost sculptors of his time. A replica of his statue of Paul Revere is one of the treasures of the National office.

The Commercial Club of Salt Lake City is managed by Fisher Harris, who is known

far and wide as the originator of the "See America League." That day an excursion was being arranged to Ely, a new Nevada copper camp. Eight Pullmans, loaded to the guards and fully "equipped" in every way, were manned by members of the Commercial Club eager to visit the famous camp two hundred and fifty miles distant, which

PALM AVENUE, LOS ANGELES

is said to have prospects of becoming one of the greatest low grade copper camps in the world.

Everyone caught the enthusiasm, and even those whose intention had only been to "see the boys off," joined the party. The view as the train approached Ely, where two hundred buildings have been completed and occupied for a short time, spoke of the way things progress in the West. The train halted half a mile from Ely to allow the track layers to spike the last rails, which connected the camp by rail with civilization. Indians and cowboys were soon thronging into the caravan, and the word that passed around was, "Have you eaten yet?" and if the answer was in the affirmative, the reply was, "Well, let's eat again."

Mark L. Requa, the prime mover in the development of this district, told in a brief speech of the work which had been done, followed with addresses by Governor Sparks, Senator Newlands and other prominent Nevadians. In the streets, lined with stores and saloons, the games of roulette, Klondike, hokey-pokey, and faro were in full blast, for the Nevada state license concerning gambling was posted up in plain sight. The free and easy spirit of the plains was here illustrated, for the man who risks his dimes on the red or black receives the same attention that the man does who places "ten on the turn."

Seventeen Pullmans, a far cry from the prairie schooners of old, remained to accommodate the people who had come to initiate the camp, and the party returned home feeling that they had fittingly initiated and christened the new mining town.

One could not think of visiting Salt Lake City without mention of the sprightly newspapers which have done so much for the city. There is the Salt Lake Herald, with its red headlines and happy ways, and the Inter-Mountain Republican, over which Leroy Armstrong presides. A chat with Mr. Williams, an energetic representative of this paper, indicates how soon the stranger falls in love with the city, for he has been there but six months, yet he talks like a pioneer. The Deseret News, with its handsome quarters and its large Mormon church publication interests, is one of the landmarks, and issues a handsome souvenir edition. Ex-Senator Thomas Kearns, of the Salt Lake Tribune, with its new office and equipment, is a lively factor in the future of the city. He is an uncompromising foe of the Mormon church, and keeps up a lively contest, leading what are called by the opposition "Amerikearns," the American party. Mr. Kearns has a handsome home here, for which he drew the plans.

* * *

The "Los Angeles Limited" was scheduled on time, so we left on another tour across the

sage brush plains of Nevada, on toward the imperial city of Southern California. On the train I met Barney J. Murphy, an old prospector, one of the striking, picturesque characters associated with the growth of great mining camps. He was sheriff of Leadville in the early days, and has been associated with many well-known mining "strikes", from Mexico to Alaska. He was on his way to Los Vegas, about to begin a tour of the Searchlight District, and proves himself the same happy "Murf" of frontier days, whether he is in Boston or striking out for the hills.

The San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake railroad is an air line from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. The road leads through the beautiful Rainbow Canyon and passes Maopa, where the Indians raise quantities of canteloupes, which bid fair to rival the product of Rocky Ford, Colorado. This route taps the Bullfrog district, where Ex-Senator Stewart located at the expiration of his long service in the Senate, when he had passed his three-score years and ten; he came here to begin a mining career in earnest.

The road continues on its way, passing near the famous Death Valley, across which borax is hauled by twenty-mule teams. Here water is at a great premium, but now and again the eye is caught by beautiful, green spots, where irrigation has been utilized and has demonstrated what water can do for this arid land. "Making cache" means here leaving a supply of water for the return.

The story of Brier Fogle, discoverer of the Bullfrog district, and who first detected that the blue quartz of this locality was shot with pure gold—is highly romantic. It is told that Brier came upon this mountain of gold in the night, and somehow lost his bearings; when he returned to locate his mountain, after the lapse of a few months, he was unable to find it. He searched for this place where the blue quartz was so plentiful for years and years, yet he never re-discovered it, and he died a disappointed man. It was located later on, and now Charles Schwab has the famous Shoshone mine, which has poured out millions of wealth from the very spot that was long ago located by Brier Fogle.

* * *

We arrived at Los Angeles on a Sunday morning, and at the station was our good friend, Willis George Emerson; with a tooting automobile. Ten years have worked wonders in Los Angeles, and this Sabbath day seemed to make the growth more apparent even than a busy work-day. Nothing seemed to be familiar except the old friends. We dashed through the Third street tunnel, and saw the oil derricks at work right in one residence portion of the city, making the lawns very profitable—and on through beautiful Westside Park, between rows of palm trees that fringed the avenues. There is always a suggestion of tropical climes in Los Angeles. After an automobile view of the city, we arrived at "The Bungalow," (Bonny Claire), on the hill, where we were to stay. The "bungalow" is the popular Los Angeles residence, with large verandas surrounded with beautiful vines and flowers. It just seems like ideal living, where all is sunshine and

CALIFORNIA ALMONDS, IN BLOOM

flowers. With its busy streets, handsome buildings and ever increasing trade and commerce, Los Angeles, the great metropolis of the Southern Pacific empire, has shown comparatively a greater growth than any city in the country. With streets lined with clusters of arc-lights, with a business section that would do credit to a town of several times its size and population, Los Angeles seems even larger than it is, owing to the stirring way in which everything is conducted. The concentrated essence of American push is here exemplified.

PACKING PLUMS IN SAN GABRIEL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

The Jonathan Club of this city cannot be surpassed in its handsome furnishings, apartments, library. Roof gardens are adorned with vine trellis and affording a view in all directions of the growing metropolis. Beneath us lay the busy, bustling streets of Los Angeles—far off were the mountains—no wonder Los Angeles people insist upon it that it ought not to be necessary to mention twice where they hail from.

In the handsome Terminal Building is the center of the **electric car system** built by Henry E. Huntington and managed by his son, Howard Huntington. The city certainly has a superior interurban service. Cars are run on a schedule that permits of express trains—"flyers"—to the various suburban towns. Tickets are punched at the various turnstiles which lead the way to the network of radiating lines.

The surrounding country is gridironed with electric lines.

No one can see Los Angeles without visiting Cawston's Ostrich Farm, which has developed into a picturesque industry of large porportions; no lady ever went there without new and fixed ideas about wearing American ostrich plumes in the future. Los Angeles is the center of the mining portion of the country represented by the Nevada districts. Busy Broadway, the mass of traffic on Main street, and the sights on Spring street, furnish an idea of what is being done in the development of American cities. Long live Los Angeles, for long will live the pleasant memories of her generous, hospitable people.

There are "live" newspapers here: the Los Angeles Times, a veritable "thunderer," and the stately Express; the lively Daily News, and Hearst's American. These newspapers furnish a good index of the city's phenomenal push.

Pasadena nestles at the foot of the mountains, resplendent in tropical foliage, with roses ever blooming. This city may well be called the "Little Gem of the West." Then there is Long Beach! Who can ever forget the delights of a day there?—and Catalina Island, celebrated for its exciting sport of tuna fishing.

No, I did not take the Owl Line—for reasons best known to myself. Up the coast-line we went, on the way to 'Frisco. This gap was completed just before the death of Collis P. Huntington, and is a remarkable railroad. It skirts the line of the Pacific coast, and presents the longest ocean coast

view of any railroad in the world. The surf beating on the rocks at night, and the view of the phosphorus-shimmering sea-rim, with its white-capped waves, was a sight not to be forgotten; the diapason of the waves mingled with the roar of the locomotive, and the lonely glimmering moonlight on the surges, lent an air of mystery and gave one the impression of a journey through a land of enchantment.

* * *

In the morning we arrived at San Jose—lovely San Jose! It was especially interesting to me, because it is the home of Congressman Everis A. Hayes.

A ride in his automobile brought us to his beautiful home in the prune orchards of Santa Clara Valley. Mr. Hayes and his brother are publishers of the San Jose Mercury. Evidences of the earthquake were seen in the city during the ride, but there was a busy air of activity which indicated that all traces of the disaster would soon be removed. The Hayes home is built in the midst of a beautiful grove, and is in the form of a Greek cross. One of the brothers has five children and the other six; the two families utilize the same dining room and live in apartments on either side. It is a most interesting home. To see these brothers and their families dwelling together, enjoying all the luxuries of their estate, yet with two distinct households under the one roof, called up visions of patriarchal days.

San Jose is located in the Santa Clara Valley—the great fruit valley—a lovely depression surrounded by mountains. The great industry here is prune-raising, and the Santa Clara product surpasses that of any prune-growing district in the world. The fruit is picked and brought to the packing house, then dipped in lye, run out and dried in the sun. Viewing this packing process as I did, produces a keener relish than ever for prunes, for their healthfulness and nutritive value is now beginning to be thoroughly appreciated, and the old boarding house prune joke will have to be laid aside. After they have been thoroughly cleansed ready for the market, the prunes are neatly packed by girls, and shipped in boxes and packages to all parts of the world direct from the packing house. They are now put up at the factory in one pound boxes, so that they may be handled as little as possible, and have all the freshness of the first packing.

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Now we were approaching the city of the great quake. At Palo Alto they were busy making repairs on the Leland Stanford University buildings. In a short time there will be little evidence left of the disaster outside of 'Frisco itself. Both the cemeteries near the city appear to have been little harmed, with the exception of the shattered entrances. There is no accounting for the course of an earthquake—one building destroyed, and another close at hand spared in the most un-

RAISING EASTER LILIES

accountable fashion. As one Californian remarked, "There is no determining the laws of motion in an earthquake, or telling which way it will go."

There was an air of depression and sadness as the train rolled into the Southern Pacific station. Around the freight yard and station were signs of activity, but few tokens of life were visible in walking up through the streets of the city, where the signs of dissolution were strewn in every direction. I could hardly repress my tears as I looked upon the ruins of what I had known a few years ago as merry, beautiful, pleasure-loving 'Frisco. I felt as though passing through the ruins of ancient Rome. Everywhere the destruction wrought by the earthquake was terribly visible, and it seemed impossible that these twisted pipes and crumbling walls could have been the work of a few hours. In the little park of St. Francis a one-story building was serving as a hotel, in the grim shadow of the burned structure, the lower corner of which is used as a grill-room. Not a Chinaman was to be seen, for they have a superstitious dread of remaining in the city. There were many cases of typhoid fever.

Market street has been cleared of debris, and here a spirit of determination has reared its head, despite the disaster. The spirit of 'Frisco still lives! On one jagged wall I noticed part of a sign flaring out, which read, "Your Credit Is Good,"—all that remained of a once gorgeous signboard. The stately statue that typified the spirit of California was standing out unharmed. The tottering tower of the city hall still remains, but will have to be taken down. The gaunt frames of the sky-scrapers stand as if hung over the torture to wring out some confession.

Interesting accounts of various people who were there during those trying moments that marked the passing of the old 'Frisco were related. One gentleman remarked that it made him angry when he could not understand why the quake would not stop. It was just as if a great locomotive were roaring and rushing toward him, without any controlling power to check its mad course.

* * *

We were to leave in the evening, and came out into the moonlight shadows where the city lay silent and still about us. There were few lights, and all about was the debris of the ruins. Very few of the side streets had been opened. Van Ness avenue is the busy mart of the city today. The old part, down by the ferry, is beginning to assume form, but it is impossible to get labor to push the work. One-story brick buildings are being erected, but the great impediment is the high price and scarcity of labor. Eight dollars a day is paid to stone and brick workers. Then there is the difficulty of procuring material in such large quantities. San Francisco has already received over $100,000,000 for insurance, and the feeling of confidence in the rebuilding of the city is gaining ground every day. No one can conceive of the Pacific Coast without its Frisco.

The New York Life Insurance Company Building was one of the first to be constructed after the fire. The Ferry Building, with its handsome interior, still smelled of the smoke of months ago; though it was saved from the fire, there were traces of its trying experience. An English engineer has estimated that San Francisco, under the most favorable circumstances, with all requisite men and money, would need twenty years to rebuild as it was before the quake, but once under way, the new 'Frisco will surpass all prophecy in the future, as she has in the past.

Out in the harbor, looking at the heights on Telegraph Hill, and on toward the Golden Gate, it was impossible to believe that this beautiful bay has lost her 'Frisco; no earthquake can quell the spirit of '49. At Oakland there was evidence of growth and prosperity—this immense bay will yet see greater cities skirting her shores.

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THE average Californian tourist soon discovers there is an advantage in going West by one route and returning by another. Coming back from Los Angeles on the Santa Fe, "all the way" to Chicago, passing the Needles and San Bernardino, to the fields which are increasing in area every year, one already notes the impetus which they will recieve in the completion of the Panama Canal —reaching and expanding still more markets on the west and east coast. With the canal completed, Southern California will have a direct water-way to the eastern seaboard, which will make products more profitable and knit closer to the East the great resources of the Pacific Coast.

No American should miss viewing the Grand Canyon, long since registered as one of the sights of the world. A stop at Flagstaff, and on to Albuquerque. Everywhere the Swastika cross was in evidence, for it has become the emblem of the Santa Fe road. Sweeping over the great prairie seas and the golden fields of Kansas, we passed through an empire which is pouring out its wealth into the lap of the whole globe. No coast trip would be complete unless the tourist went at least one way over the Santa Fe, for on this route are numerous picturesque sights: the Indian villages, the cliff dwellers, and other typical phases of western life. As we rolled along I thought, "How is it that 'wild and woolly' western plays have been so popular in New York City the past season?" Is it because this section represents a phase of life nearer to nature than any other that is quickly passing away? The interest in scenes of frontier days will never wane, but it would be well for people to understand that every year these peculiarly western features are fading, as the country is becoming less and less characteristic. The old stage coach exists no longer, except in a museum; the Indians are flocking together into little cities and villages and wearing "store clothes." To the student of American history, all these relics have an interest, for they antedate the story of the settlement at Plymouth and are distinctly American.

MAY 20, 1906—PLANT AND OFFICES OF THE NOLAN-DAVIS COMPANY, COVERING 11,000 SQUARE FEET

Here, too, the neighborhood parties will come and find scenes and incidents replete with interest, and many a village and little circle will have delightful reminiscences to talk over at home the following winter, as they look up their photographs and souvenirs of "the trip:" the sombreros, the cowboys and the ranches that every year are growing more rare amid the majesty of the mountains that some day will know them no more. For the wave of progress and prosperity the price must be paid in relinquishing the picturesque. So I can only remark from my experience—get ready and start, if you want to "see America" and look intelligent when others talk of the dreamland of Southern California

APRIL 20, 1906—NOTHING BUT DEBRIS !

LONG ago, in my "salad" days at school, I had a very dear chum. He had a big brother, who was only a few years older, but to us he lived and moved in all the dignity of a "grown-up man." He had early launched into business and was successful. He had toured Europe on foot and possessed the rare charm of the well-traveled man. Never can I forget with what awe and pleasure the younger brother and myself visited the bachelor apartments, where there were paintings, statuary and bric-a-brac, revealing the keen, artistic taste of the traveled brother. When at last I actually met that "big brother"—the charm was indeed complete. He was to us the personification of culture, and even in those days it was evident that James Carleton Young was destined to carry out great purposes and enjoy a disinguished career.

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After school days, chums drift apart, although they never quite forget each other. Years had elapsed, when, last August, in Minneapolis, during the encampment, I had the honor of being the guest of this "big brother." When I looked into his face, I could not realize that so many years had slipped away, for there he was looking as young as ever—young both in name and appearance—enthusiastic and cordial—and my admiration of days of yore was emphasized by this meeting with Mr. Young.

Years ago he seriously began his life work; but from his early youth he has only been preparing for the purpose of later years, which has now earned for him the international title, "King of Books." In Mr. Young's library are nineteen-twentieths of the books which belong to the best literature of the present day. They represent all countries and languages. Every book bears not only the signature of the author, but also the story of what led to the writing of the volume, or something concerning some character in it—something which deals with the very heart interest of the writer. As I sat in the library, among the books, in which the authors had written those personal paragraphs, I felt as though I were among friends who had met never to part again. Between these covers, there is a personalizing not found in the ordinary volume. In signing a will or any other document, it is the signature which expresses the permanent personality of the man more than any other one thing—so I looked through the books for the handwriting of the great authors of the age. There was Kipling's inimitable greeting, also that of Carmen Sylva, of Roumania, poetess and queen, whose delicate caligraphy spoke of herself. There were the books of dear Thomas Hardy, with several pages written in that manner which has made his novels the classics of the times. France is represented in this notable collection by all the masters of her present literature, including every member of the Academy. There was a collection of Eugene Field's manuscripts—his first poem and the last which he ever wrote.

The active work of collecting has been going on for about fifteen years. A portion only of the library is in Mr. Young's beautiful home on Second Avenue South, Minneapolis; the remainder being in various capitals of Europe. It is his intention to erect

a fireproof building, which will indeed prove an enduring monument to his name. The library will be endowed with a sufficient sum to maintain it forever for the benefit of future generations. Alas! that we had not such a collection in ages past. What would it have meant in ancient Athens, in ravaged Alexandria, yes, even in Rouen, Paris, Oxford, or Cambridge! What would it not have been worth to us today, to have the original manuscripts, or even autograph volumes, of Shakespeare or Milton? It remained for Mr. Young to see the necessity of a work for which future generations will rise up and call him blessed.

JAMES CARLETON YOUNG, "KING OF BOOKS"

No one can realize what an inspiration it is to pick up a book and come into such close personal contact with an author, as is possible through such a library as Mr. Young is creating — for we have had nothing like it up to the present time.

* * * * *

The methods which are adopted in gathering together these autographs and books are unique. The volumes are purchased and shipped to the author in specially prepared trunks of various sizes, regulated by the number of books they are required to contain—all the way from three to thirty volumes may be sent in this way, and the trunks are so made that there is no possibility of the contents being damaged in transit. All that remains for the author to do is to remove the books, write his inscription in them, place them back in the tiny trunk shelves, and turn the key. All charges and directions are cared for in a business-like way.

The system has not been inaugurated without a great many difficulties, because Mr. Young's purpose in some instances has been misunderstood. With true American persistence, he keeps right at it, until the author thoroughly grasps the scope of the work which is being done. Once it is understood, cooperation is assured, and the poet inscribes an original verse or a few lines explanatory of the purpose of his work—the novelist relates, perhaps, how he conceived the plot, and gives a clue to some of the characters in the book. The personality of the author is revealed in these original paragraphs, even more than in the pages of the book itself. The traveler records an experience in the country he describes; the philosopher, the scientist and the theologian furnish personal glimpses of their life work and craftsmanship as reflected in the individual.

Here I saw a rare edition of Count Tolstoy's works, and also those of nearly every author in the world whose genius has entitled him to a place in the Temple of Fame—in fact everything in that home workshop of Mr. Young has an incalculable value. I could almost fancy, as I stood there in the early morning, and revelled in the richness of his collection — I could fancy and almost feel myself in the presence of the galaxy of immortals of all nations by whom Mr. Young has been inspired in his unique life work.

As in the days when he conducted his business so ably and made his way, as a beardless boy, through Europe, he is always thorough and systematic, and, though an excellent judge of the merits of a book, he employs the aid of a committee of eminent critics to make selections of literature in the various countries throughout the world, who forward the books to him.

Mr. Young himself continues his search year after year, seeking in the bookstalls of Europe and America books which bear on the

Roast Turkey with the Juices in

Select a young, plump and tender bird.

Dress, wash, season as usual, and spread, inside and outside, with softened butter, well rubbed in.

Be sure to moisten the dressing thoroughly with bouillon made with Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water. Then stuff, truss and place on rack in dripping pan.

Baste frequently with

Armour's EXTRACT of BEEF

—made into a rich gravy. This not only preserves the natural juices, but adds succulence and the appetizing flavor of Armour's Extract of Beef.

To make Holiday dinners successful, use Armour's Extract of Beef *throughout*—a savory stock, sauce and seasoning for all sorts of dishes.

Only one-fourth as much is required as of other meat stocks.

Left-over portions of turkey may be utilized delightfully, with Armour's Extract of Beef — for Stews, French Hash on Toast, Fricandeau, Pâté, Grilled Bones, and in Soup.

Send to Armour & Company, Chicago, for their Cook Book, "Culinary Wrinkles." It contains scores of useful cooking hints, and recipes for delightfully different dishes.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

front leaves sentiments which transcend even the worth of the books themselves. His work is now so well known throughout the world, among professional collectors and dealers, that scarcely a day passes in which he does not receive invoices of books from some country, with the request to make his selection. The work is in no wise a fad—it is the earnest purpose of an American to invest part of his money in a way which will be invaluable for future generations, so far as contemporaneous literature is concerned.

The Paris Figaro certainly paid Mr. Young a well-merited compliment in the following:

"He conceived the noble idea of forming a library which should contain the literary masterpieces of every country. Such an enterprise has never been attempted, for where the richest collections exist, as at the Bibliotheque Nationale or at Oxford, the librarians have not been able to limit their choice. Pedagogical works, historical documents, or, worse yet, official records invade, and encumber them. A librarian has not the right to demonstrate his taste, Mr. Young had confidence in his. He dreamed of and founded the ideal library, that which contains only masterpieces, but contains them all. His eclecticism is international. No one country, no one literature is favored at the expense of the rest. Each has contributed its best to form this unique sheaf of literature.

* * * * *

Mr. Young has a charming summer home, near the Country Club, crowning the stately bluffs of the Mississippi, overlooking a picturesque glen; the scene reminds one of a Swiss chalet and its surroundings, amid the mountains and waterfalls of that picturesque land. Mr. Young has always loved the music of falling water, and near his home in the city several fountains are constantly playing, while in his country home the music provided by nature lulls one to slumber. With such a host, every minute of our sojourn was a pleasure. Mr. Young's guests have not the feeling that they are "on a visit," but each enjoys the freedom of his own home, for here the fine old Oriental hospitality is carried out and each visitor is literally regarded as a member of the family.

As we rode through the "Flour" city and its beautiful parks, admiring the sunset's gorgeous hues and the exquisite vistas of lake and river—which have given the city the title of "Minneapolis, the Beautiful," and "The Water City,"—in the gathering dusk, I almost felt that I was with my old school

L. S. MACMILLAN, A RISING YOUNG VIOLINIST

chum, for the brothers are so much alike in voice and manner that oftentimes the resemblance is striking. I could almost believe that my old friend—now thousands of miles away—and I were setting out once more to visit the bachelor quarters of the "big brother," where we had looked upon the beginning, the nucleus, of a library and a collection of mauuscripts that have since become world-famous.

* * * * *

AMERICA is promised a new sensation this season in the person of Francis Macmillen, the young American violinist, who has made his name a household word in England and on the continent by his skill with the bow. He will make his debut before the American public, in New York, the first week in December. He will appear at Carnegie Hall and will be assisted by the Damrosch orchestra. Macmillen has just reached

As the pleasure grows upon the Music Master, so it grows upon the whole family.

CHRISTMAS! It is in the air. My friends, they demand of me, "What shall I give to the children for the fete of Christmas?"

On the instant there comes to me the great idea, "Attend! We are all children at the Christmas. You will make one gift for them all, the big ones and the little."

"One gift for all! Impossible. How then?"

"I tell you. It is this way: One gift, **A Columbia Graphophone,** with those **Columbia Records** which make the so perfect music,— songs of Christmas, of the Opera, of the Vaudeville,— music of all instruments. Stories that make the entertainment, the drollery. Me! I laugh with pleasure at the thought. It is an idea of the greatest — One gift for the whole family — **The Columbia Graphophone."**

If you have no talking machine buy a **Columbia,** if you have another make, buy **Columbia Records.** We don't ask you to pay cash for your Holiday purchases. Buy your **Columbia** outfit from any dealer or at our stores in all the large cities and pay when the burdens of your Christmas expenses are past.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Gen'l
353 Broadway, New York.

Grand Prix Paris 1900 Double Grand Prize St. Louis 1904 Grand Prize Milan 1906

his majority and is accounted the leading virtuoso of the world who hails from America; in fact, Robin Legge, the dean of London critics, declares that the premier honors in the violin world are divided by Macmillen and Kreisler, the eminent German virtuoso. Macmillen's popularity in London has on several occasions, in the last few months, drawn packed houses at Queen's Hall. English newspapers unanimously declare the young American to be the sensation of the season, and predict for him brilliant achievements during his coming tour of his native country, during which eighty concerts and recitals will be given. Macmillen is an Ohioan, having been born at Marietta, October 14, 1885. He comes from sturdy Scotch-Irish stock and a family of marked musical tendencies. He began his studies at the age of five, and has spent sixteen years in most diligent work.

He first attracted attention when, at the age of sixteen, he captured the "First Prize with the Greatest Distinction" and the Van Hal cash prize at the annual concours of the Brussels Royal Conservatory. It was the first and only time in the history of the school, that the honors have been awarded to an American. He has met with marked social success in London, ever since his debut there three years ago, and numbers among his patronesses such leaders of London society as Lady Palmer, wife of Sir Walter Palmer, the well-known member of parliament. Lady Palmer recently gave Macmillen an $8,000 Stradivarius violin. Macmillen won the favor of Congressman Longworth's bride, when he played, at her request, at the dinner given in her honor at the Hotel Cecil, by the Society of American Women in London.

* * *

IN our eagerness to present to our readers last month the famous picture of the Constitution, we inadvertently neglected to give credit for the copyright to Curtis & Cameron, the owners of the well-known Copley Print, Boston.

The painting from which this picture was taken is very popular, and was, perhaps, the inspiration in spurring the legislature on to save Old Ironsides from being broken up into junk. Messrs. Curtis & Cameron make prints of all the famous paintings in Washington, and have established a large trade in all parts of the world: and it is a matter of sincere regret that we omitted to give credit where it is so justly due.

During the coming months we hope to reproduce the artist Dean's famous picture of Peace, which graces the walls of the Naval Appropriation room at the House. One of the most forceful influences of American life is the wealth of paintings which adorn the public buildings in Washington. Every one of them is an illuminated and permanent page of history, and tells its own story in a more graphic way than can be done even by the records hidden away in the Capitol archives. The people have a love for the picturesque, and this is fostered by great paintings more than by any other one modern luxury.

* * *

ONE of the books recently published, which I think ought to find its way into the hands of every young man, is "Starting in Life," by Nathanael C. Fowler, Jr. It is one of the most comprehensive compendiums of the kind ever written; it breathes the very essence of the spirit of the times, and contains suggestions and advice from men who have achieved. It is all-embracing, and takes up in turn every department of modern work, store keeping, manufacturing, agriculture, salesmanship, literature, book-keeping, law, stenography, the stage, art, banking, music, street railroading, the art of the skilled mechanic, the journalist, the sailor, the inventor, and deals with civil service examinations—in short, skilled and specialized business of all kinds is treated of in this book.

There is a strong and comprehensive chapter on the education of boys. Mr. Fowler always has a happy faculty of getting right down to "brass tacks," and this work could be well made a text-book in all training schools. It is the essence of practical, everyday affairs, treated in an interesting manner. What man does not remember when the perplexing question came up of what the boy is best suited for, and what a boon it will be to have a book which crystallizes into a few pages the one "thing which he must do," so that it may be readily grasped!

This book is, in short, documentary evidence as it were, right up to date, to place in the hands of the young man who is peering anxiously into the future to determine and focus his energies on a career that will be for him a life pursuit and ambition, presaging a success one day, to be won that cannot be measured by dollars or determined by the approval or disapproval of the world at large.

"His Master's Voice"

VICTOR RECORDS

Make Christmas a Real Christmas

Victor Talking Machine Co Camden N J, U S A

Berliner Gramophone Co. of Montreal Canadian Distributers

CHRISTMAS MORNING

FILL OUT—CUT OFF—MAIL TO-DAY

Victor Talking Machine Co Camden N J

Please send me information concerning the Victor and Victor Records.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

State.....

24R

ON my return from the coast I felt as though I must certainly stop off and see Kalamazoo.

"Kalamazoo, Kazeek, Kazan!" I can never hear the name of that city without recalling the old college song, or without visions of crisp Kalamazoo celery. The moment I got off the train I looked for the celery fields, where this popular vegetable was first grown in this country by the sturdy Hollanders.

Kalamazoo is known all over the world, because of the energetic advertisers who are bringing the markets of the world to Kala-

W. H. MOORE OF BROCKPORT

mazoo for their products. There is not a place where English is read that Kalamazoo is not known. There are the large factory and foundries of the Kalamazoo Stove Company, over which you read the magic sign, "Kalamazoo, Direct to You." Over 500 stoves were shipped the day I was there to homes all over the country—ordered direct. Mr. William Thompson, president of the Kalamazoo Stove Company, is mayor of this thriving, bustling city. A pleasant-faced gentleman, imbued with the keen Kalamazoo spirit, I found him at the stove works as busy as the traditional man at home,—"putting up stoves" in early autumn.

I took a special interest in being "right on the spot" from which were shipped many stoves that I knew must be going to some of the readers of the National. Picture if you can the cheery warmth that will radiate this winter, all over the country, from the Kalamazoo stoves. The watchword of this company is "Quality." The best of material is used, and the highest standard of workmanship is insisted upon by Mr. Thompson whose idea in manufacture is to give the consumer the utmost advantage in values—without the expense of middlemen. The great warehouse and shipping room, filled with crated stoves going to all parts of the world, seemed like a great people's supply house—and think of the "meals" that these stoves will prepare!

Here were also stately heaters, and the readers of the National who have a Kalamazoo stove are assured that every detail of the making of that stove is as carefully looked after as the dainty confections they put into the oven when they are preparing for "company," or for the great gathering of relatives at Thanksgiving time or Christmas.

The casting of every part is carefully inspected, for Mr. Thompson is most zealous for the quality of the stoves he sends out; and no "scrap iron" is used, but fresh new pig iron procured direct from the furnace.

The National Gas Light Company, which has made a great success with the inverted burner, is located here. The inventor of this burner, Mr. Doorenbos, whose arc lights are used in New York City, is a tireless student who has given his life to the construction of burners. The National Automatic Gas Light (Inverted) is an unique invention—a simple contrivance in which the regulator works automatically—saving gas. Inside the tube is a tiny drawing-pin which looks like a tack, and acts as a piston-rod, which regulates the supply of gas automatically, so that the flow can never be uneven. A small set-screw regulates the burning of the gas. The burner is altogether so simple that it seems curious that it never was thought of before. These lights have become very popular, and the constant rush of orders at the factory shows how quickly the

IN the time of the Arabian Nights the chief form of amusement was telling stories. They had no books. Professional story-tellers went around and amused everybody who was able to pay. This idea of being amused is as old as the human race. "Give us something to entertain us" has been the constant cry. The answer in this day and age is the Edison Phonograph.

Every one can have his own story-teller, his own songster, his own band-master, right in his own home. The man who "kept a poet" is not in it with the man who keeps an Edison Phonograph. Hear it at the nearest dealer's.

National Phonograph Company
27 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

public learn of these new inventions. Mr. E. R. Lewis is the general manager and Mr. O. E. Jacobs secretary of the National Gas Light Co., which has certainly made a marvelous record in marketing a new line of goods!

* * * * *

Farther down the railroad track, is another factory which has come into prominence — the Duplex Phonograph Company. Mr. Eager is in charge, and a large and increasing trade has been built up on the "Kalamazoo Direct to You" plan. I was impressed with the advantages of the system of salesmanship which is in vogue. The entire output of this Kalamazoo factory is distributed on direct orders, showing a distinct trend toward direct dealing between the manufacturer and consumer, and drawing them so close together as to crowd hard on the department stores. The new factory is a model of equipment and convenience. I listened to the double horned phonographs in the testing room, and here again the home spirit of the people is recognized.

* * * * *

Mr. Robertson, of the Kalamazoo Corset Company, has built up a large trade in all parts of the country. At the large plant of the American Playing Card Company I lingered for a chat with Mr. Longley. When I mentioned that some of my leisure moments on the train were sometimes relieved by a quiet game with Golf Playing Cards, he insisted on supplying me with a new deck. Here again the Kalamazoo factories anticipate home needs, for with the stoves, phonographs and a deck of American Playing Cards "Direct from Kalamazoo to You," can you conceive of anything lacking to make the winter's evening complete?

A short stay at Detroit to attend the Ad Craft meeting at the Fellowcraft Club, proved most inspiring. The subject under discussion that night was retail advertising, and it was interesting to know that the national advertisers put out fifteen million dollars' worth on automobiles every year, to say nothing of the millions for stoves, phonographs, pianos, books, etc; and all this means the increase of sales and profits of retail business. National and general advertising is indispensable in providing trade for local concerns. No really enterprising and successful manufacturer now disputes this proposition.

A delightful evening it was, and the hundred members of the club were evidently imbued with the spirit of looking after the destinies of Detroit. I left them, to catch the boat, —leaving my genial, witty, resourceful fellows of the craft laying plans for a fancy ball, at which all the famous characters known in Advertisingdom will be represented, and one member insisting that they must have the original of the National trademark. Ranking pre-eminent at this ball should be a striking representation of the "Kalamazoo to You" contingent.

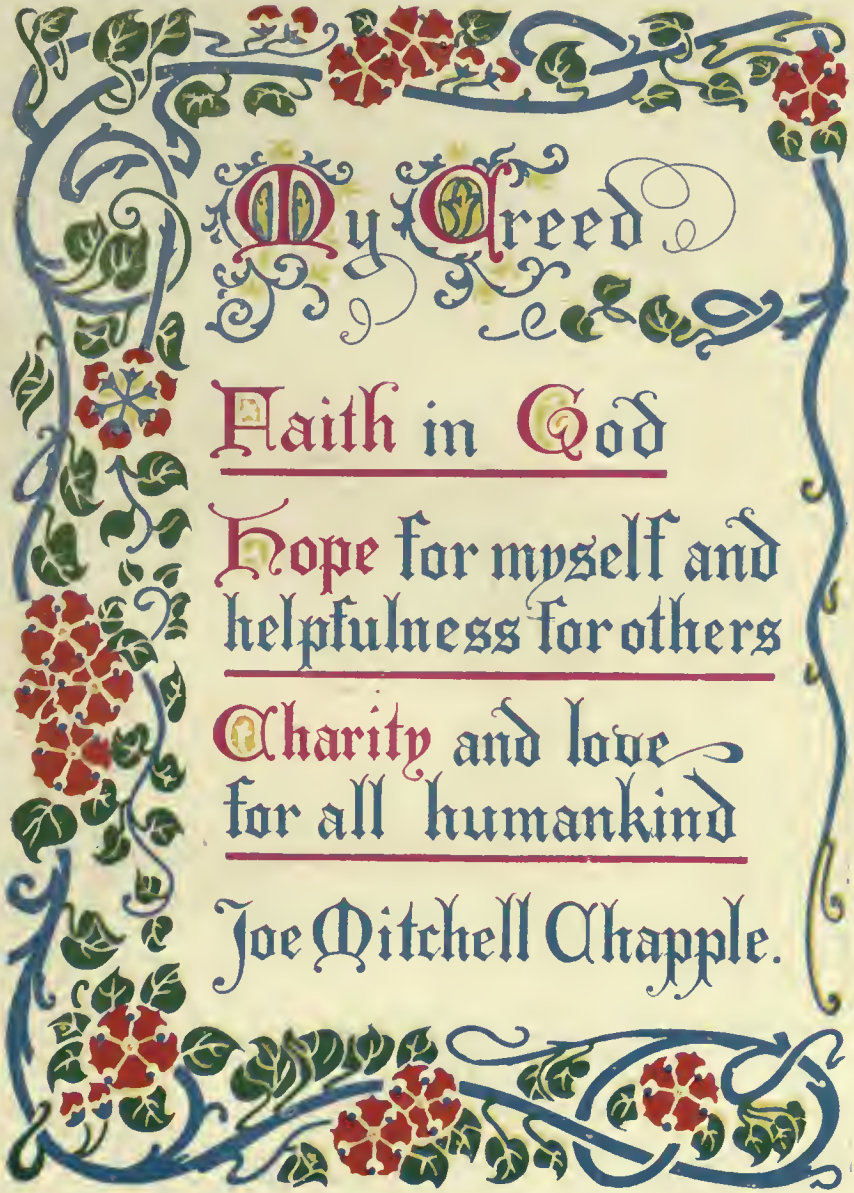
* * * * *

At this season of the year magazine publishers are especially sociable with a gentleman named Moore, who lives at Brockport, New York. Mr. Moore is the original periodical subscription agency man, and is one of those good, square souls with whom one delights to do business.

In 20,000 square feet of floor space at Brockport, he has built up a business that has much to do with the wide-spread subscription circulation of periodicals. He receives subscriptions for every periodical in the United States, or the world, for that matter, and makes up a combination rate—in fact he does business on the wholesale plan in making up lists for families, libraries and clubs. In his catalog all the magazines are listed at their regular and wholesale prices, as well as thousands of newspapers of general circulation. When the subscriptions are received they are listed and sent out to various publishers. A million and a half of catalogs are mailed direct from Mr. Moore's office to his customers every year, and it is calculated that his agency serves 150,000 customers with their annual periodical and magazine menu.

As a pioneer in the subscription agency business, Mr. Moore has won the esteem and confidence of all magazine publishers, and his customers. Everything is thoroughly systematized.

The day enjoyed in the thriving little village of Brockport, with Mr. Moore, was for the purpose of having him introduce the National to the remaining people of the earth who are not so fortunate as to have a place on our subscription list. The central idea of the subscription agency is to see that every member of the family is provided with his favorite periodical. And this is just what Mr. W. H. Moore knows how to handle to save you worry or coin of the realm.


My Creed
Faith in God
Hope for myself and helpfulness for others
Charity and love for all humankind
Joe Mitchell Chapple.

A WINTER STORM ON THE MAINE COAST

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXV **JANUARY, 1907** NUMBER FOUR

WHEN the president returned from Panama, hale and hearty, one of the first questions asked him was, "Will the canal be dug?"

"*Ab-so-lutely!*" and in that word, when uttered by Theodore Roosevelt, there is an emphasis and meaning which cannot be misinterpreted.

With the realization that three-fifths of the Culebra cut—the great obstacle which puzzled and baffled the engineers—has already been dug, it is not unreasonable for the president to confidently expect to make a trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific via Panama Canal.

Bronzed from the sea voyage, in his usual health and vigor, and with all the vivacity of earlier days, the president began his work promptly at nine-forty-five in the morning, after his arrival from Panama. It was quite a change from the somewhat dull time that the city had had without him. There were not many visitors at the White House during those days, but the moment it was understood that the revolving chair in the executive office was once more occupied, the steady stream began. Among the first callers were Vice President Fairbanks and Senator Cullom, preceding the stream of senators and congressmen who had returned to the city.

As the vice president was leaving the White House, he met Secretary Root.

"Good morning, Mr. Secretary, how is the Ambassador to the Whole World today?"

The secretary seemed in no wise surprised, but, proving the power of association, cheerfully replied that he was "feeling bully."

Secretary Taft and Secretary Shaw came in together, and the former was laughing heartily at one of the new Shaw jokes. Everybody entered the cabinet room in good humor.

Did the president enjoy the trip?—why, he did not need to say so! Every action, every word, told the story positively, and it was plain that he had returned invigorated, to say nothing of the importance of having personally inspected the great undertaking of the age, as well as visiting Porto Rico and coming into personal touch with the men behind the guns in Uncle Sam's great navy.

For the few days on the high seas the president was care and fancy free—not a moment of the time dragged, for the navy boys made it a merry time for the president. There were concerts and entertainments, and talent of all kinds was in evidence, from the highest class of concert obligato music to a few "purring" rounds with the gloves.

The president left his barber at home, and yet he returned without a scar, after having shaved himself all the time he was gone, and on shipboard, too. Now, the question is, "What kind of razor did he use?"

* * *

It was on a beautiful morning that the president began work on his return. The doors and windows were all open, and the bright autumn time of Washington was at its

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY AFTER MARCH 4, 1907

GEORGE VON L. MEYER, NEWLY APPOINTED POSTMASTER GENERAL AFTER MARCH 4, 1907

best; the glory of the fall day seemed to gild and beautify everything. The cabinet officers were prompt in arriving, and none of them had to "ring in late." There was Postmaster General Cortelyou, who came along with a mammoth "lunch basket" from the Postoffice Department. This wicker basket is lined with stout leather and contains postoffice documents and appointments, and other matters which require perhaps more detail work from the president than is bestowed on any other single department.

At eleven o'clock on the same day, the first

OSCAR S. STRAUSS, WHO SUCCEEDS METCALF AS SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

cabinet meeting was held that had occurred since November 8. There is no doubt that a graphic and picturesque account of the Panama trip was given, and I heard it said that Burton Holmes will have to look close to his "travelogues" if ever the president takes to the lecture platform.

* * *

AS the Louisiana entered Hampton Roads, all hands were piped on deck, and the president made a memorable speech which some of the navy boys have committed to

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

memory. In those few minutes, he indicated the thorough grasp of what is essential for the making of a superlative navy. He pointed out the fact that every enlisted man who remained with the service for thirty years would retire at the age of fifty or fifty-five on a pension of approximately $900 a year. He also appealed to each man to fit himself in time of peace, so that he could continue to turn a new page in the long honor roll of United States history. He complimented the navy on the marvelous advance made in marksmanship, and asked them to remember the word "forward," — and then the engines were let out a link or two and a speed record was made appropriate for the swift pace of the strenuous passenger aboard.

* * *

THAT first day's session was a busy one, and the president stood pat on his order to discharge the colored troops who participated in the affair at Brownsville. Mr. E. G. Scott, private secretary to Booker T. Washington, and Charles W. Anderson, collector of revenue in New York, were there in person to plead the cause of the dismissed infantry men.

After a few days, the reports of the different departments were to be issued, and every cabinet officer was at work giving the finishing touches. There never has been a year in which the staid, and sometimes perfunctory, documents called reports—issued by the various departments—have been so galvanized with live reading matter as they are now. They will look like letters from Patroleum V. Nasby when simplified spelling is exclusively used.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AMBASSADOR, BARON HENGELMULLER AND WIFE AND DAUGHTER, AT WHITE HOUSE

The cabinet meeting lasted far into the lunch hour, so I thought I would make a round of the departments and see how they were getting on. It is a long walk up to the Agricultural Department, and there is no street car available, but I felt repaid when I saw how rapidly the handsome new marble building was progressing, but even now it will

not be adequate to the demands of the Agricultural Department, though it is but now issuing its tenth annual report.

* * *

AT the first cabinet meeting held after the president's return from Panama, he was enthusiastic over the fact that he had "seen the dirt fly" and had talked and mingled with the workmen, whom he found in good spirits. It is certainly encouraging that during the last three months not a single American has died in Panama from disease, which proves that sanitary conditions there must be well in hand. All other details of the canal work came under the vigilant eye of the president, and it is surprising what can be seen in eighteen days when the specific purpose of the visitor is "observation."

The president was highly honored by the people and officials of Panama, and the cordiality of his reception cemented a bond of friendship between the United States and this youngest republic.

Since his voyage, the president has officially urged in his message that the people of Porto Rico should have citizenship and be known abroad and at home as American citizens.

* * *

Every officer and enlisted man now afloat realizes more than ever that no stauncher friend of the navy than President Roosevelt ever occupied the presidential chair. Their appreciation of his friendship was manifest after leaving Porto Rico, on the deck of the Louisiana, in the entertainment given him, which was generally voted a most successful performance. At this festivity, there were reserved seats on the "stage," and everybody entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. While rigid discipline is always maintained on board a man-of-war, this was one time when the officers and commissary department were not immune from the jokes of the funny man among the Jacky artistes.

The program of the evening opened with the overture "The Bridal Rose," and closed

BRITISH EMBASSY DRAWING ROOM

with a bout between the bo'sun's mate and the gunner's mate, revealing a wide variety of talent—an extra round thrown in for good measure.

One thing which impressed the president was the fact that so many men in the navy spend their spare moments in improving their

COLONEL BROMWELL, THE PRESIDENT'S AIDE DE CAMP

mental condition. He was especially gratified to learn that a number were taking a course in a correspondence school.

* * *

IT is always interesting to be in Washington at the opening of Congress, for even at the last moment the street cars and cabs and hotels are filled with the late comers. There is a hearty handshake at the station and the hotels. What a living spectacle of Democracy this procession at Washington represents! They come from every state and territory—there are delegates from Porto Rico, Hawaii, and far-off Alaska. It is well to pause and consider the remarks of Macaulay as to the futility of republics. Conditions today are such as could not have been conceived of in those early days, when philosophers measured the great Future by a prescribed Present.

The government of the United States today is essentially a business corporation; a sort of mutual company, as it were, meeting to preserve the old-fashioned standards of integrity and probity, yet always casting the weather eye on the business phase of the propositions as they come and go.

The old-time lobby has passed away, and the larger knowledge of public affairs that today comes even to remote constituencies, has brought them into close contact with

PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

affairs at Washington, closer than even the lobbyist was in years gone by. In fact, sometimes one has to go away from Washington to get a good perspective of the doings at the Capital. The rigidity of regulations in re-

THE PERSIAN MINISTER

MR. CONSTANTINE PENN, MINISTER FROM DENMARK

BARON VON STERNBERG, GERMAN AMBASSADOR

VISCOUNT AOKI, FIRST JAPANESE AMBASSADOR SENT TO THIS COUNTRY

M. CALVO, COSTA RICA MINISTER

BARON VON SWINDEREN, NETHERLANDS MINISTER

CHIKIH BEY, TURKISH MINISTER

gard to giving out news to the public is another simple evidence of the strictly business methods of the present administration.

There may be some who mourn the past glories of forensic eloquence, the fascinating

CONGRESSMAN REUBEN O. MOON OF PENNSYLVANIA

uncertainties that followed the manipulations of devoted and strong individual leadership, but most will agree that today it is well the actual leadership rests more than ever with the people. Public sentiment was never so sensitive as today. The old-time qualities that counted in leadership are no longer all-powerful. The primary ballot has eliminated personal contact with the people, and when candidates are elected, in many cases, the people are surprised that they have chosen a man of such unknown good qualities, and, on the other hand, they are often surprised that they are voting a name without knowing the man—a method which has, in some instances, proved disappointing.

* * *

THE secretary of the Agricultural Department was in a genial frame of mind, because—his report was finished. The first nine pages of this document literally reads like a romance. Mere figures cannot convey an adequate idea of the facts with which it deals; for it is astonishing to learn that $6,784,000,000 represent the production of American farms, an increase of nearly a half-billion over 1905 and of $636,000,000 over 1904. Most of the gain in 1906 is due to the increased production of food, horses and animals, and to the high prices prevailing. The general crops reveal gains in values over the crops of 1905, giving a total and substantial increase of $22,000,000.

The value of all cereal crops dropped $40,000,000, but that did not seem to make much difference, as the yield increased 100,000,000 bushels. Corn still remains king, with nearly three billion bushels production, valued at over a billion dollars. Cotton is $640,000,000; hay, $600,000,000; potatoes, $150,000,000; barley, $165,000,000; tobacco, $55,000,000; sugar, $34,000,000; flax seed, $25,000,000; rice, $18,000,000; rye, $17,000,000, and hops, $7,000,000. The reader will notice that we are now "talking in millions," and the prophecy that in future we shall "talk

CONGRESSMAN BEMAN G. DAWES OF OHIO

in billions" must not be regarded as wholly the vision of an impractical dreamer.

If this increase continues, the American farmer will illustrate in a new manner the old myth of Midas, who turned everything

he touched into gold, but no disastrous results will follow the wealth of the modern Midas, for the tendency of the present time is to see that the worker shall not lose his rightful share of the stream of gold which he has labored to bring forth; while his own common sense will save him from the sad fate that befell the poor old king long ago.

* * *

WHEN it comes to energy and eloquence, the career of Assistant Secretary Reynolds is one of the chief factors of the G. O. P. (Grand Old Party) game, in which good play is always looked for under the emblem of the elephant.

A controversy recently arose in reference to a charge on some elephants which were being imported into this country, and while the decision was pending the beasts were left on the hands of the department through which they were obliged to pass, and of which Secretary Reynolds is one of the moving spirits. But "Jimmy" was equal to the emergency, and his training as secretary of a state central committee now served him well.

CONGRESSMAN WALTER P. BROWNLOW OF TENNESSEE

He thought, "If I can only provide hay enough for those elephants to keep them in good condition until I deliver them to their owners, I shall be all right."

So he arranged to have the animals exhibited, and the gate-receipts realized funds enough to pay for the keep of the elephants while they remained in the possession of

CONGRESSMAN JOHN A. MOON OF TENNESSEE

Uncle Sam. They were not only kept, but they were well-fed with bundle after bundle of rich, sweet-scented meadow hay—and all owing to the ingenuity of Jimmy Reynolds!

Before he thought of this plan for feeding his charges, he certainly must have felt some perplexity, for he was heard to say:

"When it comes to putting up hay for cows and horses, or sheep, I know what to do; but when it is a case of elephants, and supplying car-load lots, I am rather in a quandary. Our Oriental friends have their troubles, as well as the fellows who run conveyances with gasolene and electric sparkers."

The trouble in keeping the elephants was, of course, that, being seized for the duties, there was no appropriation for feeding them; for, strange to say, Congress has not considered the possibility of such an occurrence, and has provided no fund for the purchase of hay to feed elephants, and no money can be appropriated for this or any other purpose until it is accounted for. It looked for a time as though the elephants might die of

starvation, but when Secretary Reynolds gazed into the eyes of the hungry beasts his sympathy was stirred, and the waving trunks were no longer lifted in vain.

JOHN S. HAMILTON, EX-PRESIDENT AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION, HOOPESTON, ILL.

H. F. WHEELER, MANAGER HOTEL ST. JAMES WASHINGTON, D. C.

RIDING on the train going into Cleveland the other day, I was interested in conversing with a veteran conductor of the Lake Shore Road. We fell to discussing the appointment of James R. Garfield, as a member of the president's cabinet. We were then passing Mentor, the old home of the martyred president. Out on the horizon was the old farm home which the president loved so well. As we passed by Garfield Lane, named in honor of the president, the conductor remarked:

"Many a time I have stopped the train here, and," with a thoughtful whiff at his pipe, "I remember how the president loved this place, and his boys—they are good boys too,—love the old home. I recall the time when the train had Roscoe Conkling on board. An imperious cuss he was, but we just felt like obeying his black eyes.

It was evident that the old friends and neighbors had followed the career of the Garfield boys with a great deal of interest. Harry Garfield, long a prominent citizen of Cleveland, is now in New York, and "Jimmy"—as he is known among his intimates—has been a friend of President Roosevelt for some time past, and they have enjoyed many a hard-fought game of tennis together. It is especially appropriate that he should "serve" at inside "court" and keep the ball bounding.

MRS. CLARK, WIFE OF SENATOR CLARK OF MONTANA

Then, as the train passed through, we looked upon the beautiful monument at Lake View, where rests the remains of President Garfield, who will always be remembered as the boy who followed the canal tow path to the presidency, and whose sons have reflected honor upon a great name in history.

MRS. ST. BULMER, ONE OF WASHINGTON'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

MISS WILLIAMS, DAUGHTER OF HON. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS OF MISSISSIPPI

MISS FRANCES CASSEL, DAUGHTER OF CONGRESSMAN CASSEL

MISS ENID SHAW, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

MISS GLADYS LAWSON, DAUGHTER OF THOMAS W. LAWSON

BARONESS ELIZABETH ROSEN, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

MRS. PERSHING, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR WARREN OF WYOMING

MISS MARION LAWSON, THIRD CHILD OF THOMAS W. LAWSON

MISS ROCKHILL, DAUGHTER OF THE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA

MISS THEODORA SHONTS, DAUGHTER OF COMMISSIONER SHONTS

MISS ERMA SHAW, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

MISS EVLYN WALSH, DAUGHTER OF THOMAS F. WALSH, NOW ABROAD

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM T. ZENOR OF INDIANA

WHENEVER a new proposition comes up in Washington, there is a large corps of men who insist upon delving into the archives of the past, to find out a precedent for the decision.

After the president dismissed the infantrymen on account of the affair at Brownsville, it was soon discovered that no less a person than General Robert E. Lee had taken a similar course on account of a lynching which occurred at Fort Davis. Strange as it may seem, both that disturbance and the one now agitating military circles were occasioned by the killing of a bartender. A bartender was killed at Brownsville, and a bartender was lynched at Fort Davis because he had killed a member of the company by striking him with his fist.

The Lee incident occurred during the administration of President Buchanan, but there is no official record of it. In the Lee case the responsibility was assumed by the general himself, who was then in command of the troops in Texas.

The only surviving member of this company, as far as known, is Captain J. C. Hesse, who is now employed in the office of the military secretary of the army. Captain Hesse was one of the sixty-five members dismissed, but through a personal appeal, and the proving of his previous record and innocence of complicity with the offence, he was vindicated of any blame.

* * *

CONGRESS will open this year with two Moons in the legislative firmament, and mighty active Moons they are, too.

Congressman John A. Moon of Tennessee served on the Congressional Postal Commission, which met prior to the convening of

CONGRESSMAN EBENEZER J. HILL OF CONNECTICUT

Congress to consider the advance of rate on second class matter from one to four cents, as recommended by Assistant Postmaster General Madden. A vast amount of testimony was taken, and while it is evident that there are abuses, it did not seem to be a logical way of remedying them to raise the rate, thus striking a blow to the periodical interests of the country in order to get at these few abuses. A more rigorous scrutiny of postal arrangements was advocated, but the second class rate will not likely be advanced for the reason that in all the history of postal legislation the tendency has always been to lower the price of mail matter and not to advance it. The commission consisted of Senators Penrose and Carter and Representatives Overstreet of Indiana, Gardiner of New Jersey and Moon of Tennessee.

The other Congressman Moon hails from Pennsylvania. He is a Republican, and is

descended from John Moon, one of the earliest judges of Pennsylvania, who served on the king's commission in 1684.

Mr. Reuben Osborn Moon was a schoolteacher in his early days, and later professor in a prominent institution of learning in Philadelphia, and has been prominently engaged in educational and literary fields.

* * *

A STORY is going the rounds of the army and navy circles concerning a young bride and groom who came to Washington for their honeymoon. One day the groom was not feeling very well, and the bride suggested that while he lay down and rested, she would go to do some shopping, and having

CONGRESSMAN KITTEREDGE HASKINS OF VERMONT

established the gentleman comfortably on the couch, the little lady departed.

In several hours she returned with her arms full of bundles and the pride of possession in her heart. She came confidently to a door in the long corridor and tapped.

"Here I am, honey."

No answer.

"Honey, honey! It's me. Open the door, honey."

Silence within the room. The little bride began to feel discouraged, but she called and tapped more vigorously than ever.

"Honey, honey, open the door. I'm back."

Dead silence inside the room, and the lady waiting outside the door began to have dread visions of serious illness inside, or else a creeping fear that the bridegroom had forgotten her and departed in search of some of his old-time bachelor friends. Still, she made a final effort.

"Honey, are you very ill? Shall I get the doctor, honey?"

She tapped long and loud this time, and when she paused a gruff voice shouted from inside:

"There's no honey here. This isn't a beehive—it's a bathroom."

* * *

A BILL has been introduced in Congress to make the Jamestown Exposition a loan of a million dollars. One who is thoroughly conversant with the facts, insists that no appeal to Congress ever possessed more merit. The precedent of loaning to expositions was made at the time of the St. Louis Exposition, when $4,500,000 was loaned, and this loan was paid on the dot, and did much to make that great World's Fair the success it was. While the Jamestown Exposition is only asking for a modest amount, compara-

SENATOR HENRY E. BURNHAM OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

tively, it has much more to offer than the St. Louis Exposition in the way of collateral se-

curity, for not only has it the prospect of gate receipts — which alone would insure the prompt payment of the loan — but the Jamestown organization owns a site and property which are very valuable, and such as have not been possessed by former expositions. They

CONGRESSMAN IRVING P. WANGER OF PENNSYLVANIA

are in the unique position of owning the right and title in fee simple. It is hoped that there will be an awakening in Congress concerning the great importance of making this exposition a success.

The Jamestown Exposition will do more to attract and enthuse the people regarding the navy and its requirements, and will stimulate a broader spirit of national enthusiasm than any other event scheduled for years past in the annals of the nation. It is earnestly hoped that no congressman or senator will hold back in a proposition that means so much to the welfare of the whole country as the making of the Jamestown Exposition a superlative success. Any man who will take pains to look into this matter, will at once see that it will not only do much ethically and economically, but will be of tangible value to the commercial and industrial interests of the country. Many instances might be cited where the growth of new industries and products have found their inception at an exposition, which is often an effective means of exploiting American manufactures and products throughout the world.

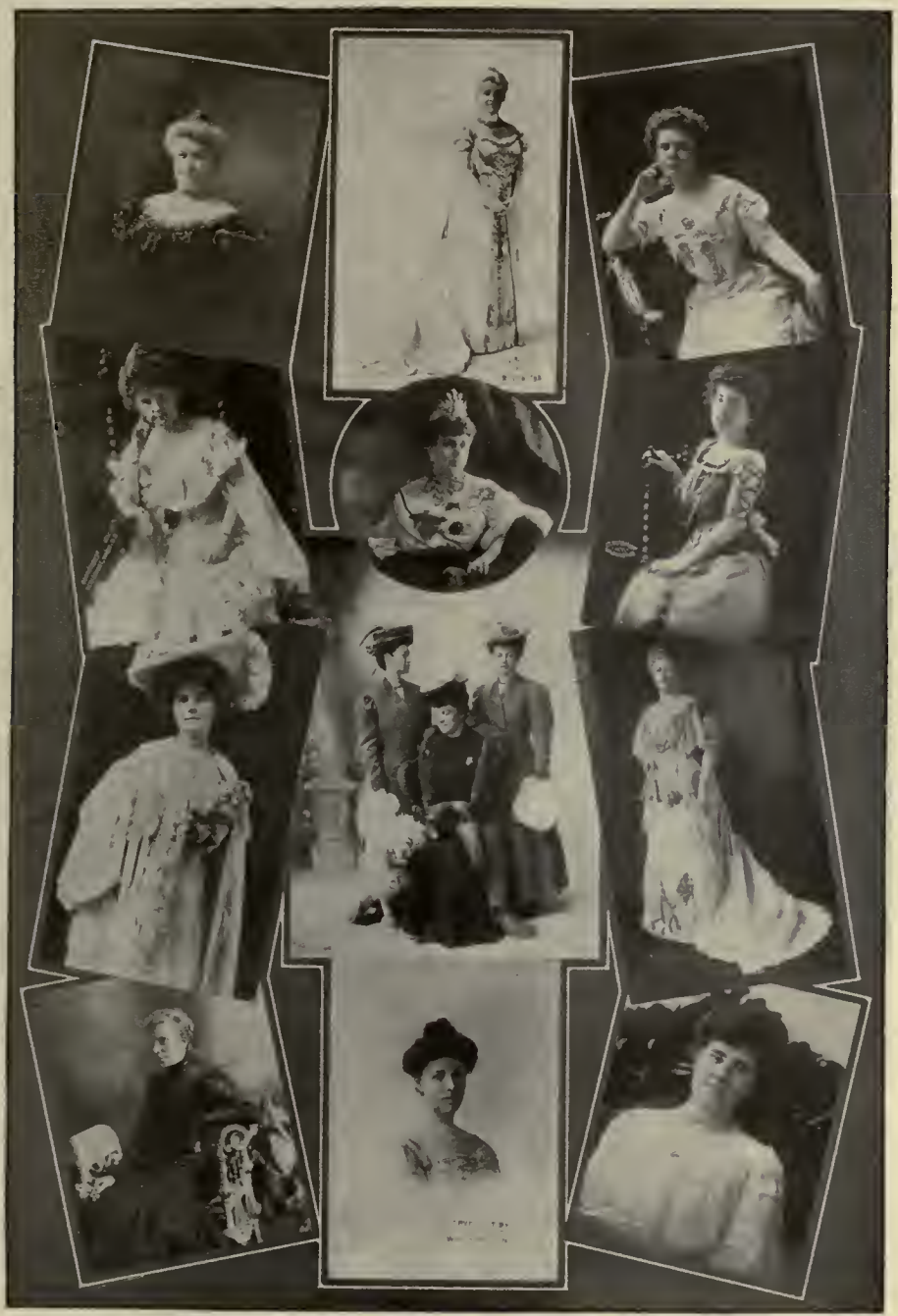
* * *

CONDITIONS would not be normal in Washington unless there was a suggestion of diplomatic friction somewhere—the "acute" situation so often told about—and now a small, black cloud appears on the horizon—the Japanese situation in Frisco, where the citizens desire to educate the Japanese in separate schools. In this matter Congressman E. A. Hayes, from San Francisco, has taken an aggressive stand, insisting that the people on the spot possess a clearer view of the situation and understand it better than those at a distance, and he sees no reason why the Chinese should be discriminated against in favor of the Japanese.

In this connection, a similar remark was made by a Southern member in reference to race conditions in the South. He stated that people who had not come into actual contact with racial difference could not understand the feeling aroused by it. Diplomatic tact

CONGRESSMAN HENRY E. STEVENS OF CONNECTICUT

and a little time usually straightens out even the "acute" tangles.

The general opinion is that the president is anxious to safeguard every interest of the Japanese, for whom he has evinced a most

MRS. FRANCOIS B. MORAN. A GREAT D. A. R. WOMAN

MRS. JOHN B. HENDERSON, WIFE OF EX-SENATOR HENDERSON

MRS. OLMSTED, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN OLMSTED OF PENNSYLVANIA

MRS. S. J. BOWIE, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN BOWIE OF ALABAMA

MME. BAHKMETIEFF, WIFE OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN

MRS. WILLIAM LOEB, WIFE OF PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT

MRS. VAN DUZER, WIFE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEVADA

WIFE AND DAUGHTERS OF THE NEWLY-APPOINTED POSTMASTER GENERAL

MRS. R. A. ALGER, WIFE OF SENATOR ALGER OF MICHIGAN

MRS. ELIHU ROOT, WIFE OF SECRETARY OF STATE. A NOTED SOCIETY LEADER

MRS. WILLIAM TAFT, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

MRS. C. W. FULTON, WIFE OF SENATOR FULTON OF OREGON

friendly feeling. At the same time, Secretary Metcalf's report has thrown a new light upon the situation, and one which brings the old doctrine of "state rights" into a new and most perplexing prominence.

* * *

AS Postmaster General Cortelyou sits at his desk, which stands diagonally across the corner of his room, one sees the same genial, quiet, forceful man who served as secretary to President McKinley. Here his work was as carefully laid out as when he was clerk in the Postoffice Department, with all the neatness and precision that characterizes all that he does, or that comes under his supervision.

CONGRESSMAN GILBERT N. HAUGEN OF IOWA

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES E. FULLER OF ILLINOIS

It will interest many of our music-loving readers to learn that the postmaster general, noted for exact detail and painstaking precision in all his work, is one of the best musicians in Washington. He was formerly a student at the New England Conservatory of Music. In heart and soul, he is a true musician, and his familiarity with technique and composition has no little part in infusing a real harmony and system into all his work. I was interested in the story which he told of his visit to Milan, Italy. He related how he found its noted musical conservatory located in an old monastery—dark, dreary, ripe with age. Then he came upon a handsome concert hall decorated with all the magnificance of modern Italian art. In one of the adjoining music rooms was an Italian master giving a lesson; and it was most suggestive of the musical methods of various peoples to watch Mr. Cortelyou's representation of the manner of the Italian *maestro*. How he walked the floor swiftly to the rhythm of the chords of Chopin, snapping his fingers to give accent and tempo—this quick, staccato sound rang out clearly and sharply above the chords of the piano. It really seemed that it would be impossible for a pupil to fail to catch the spirt of a composition thus taught. The Italian teacher interpreted the theme of the master with a "snap of his finger," thus indicating a deep interest in the theme, and utterly reversing the usual interpretation indicating contempt by a "snap of the fingers."

Mr. Cortelyou had much to do with introducing the musicals at the White House, and has done much to popularize a love of standard music. His sterling loyalty to his old musical ideals, and continued effort to advance them at the capital certainly reflects great credit on the institution at which he studied, of which he is now considered one of the most honored of many celebrated pupils.

A POINT of etiquette recently raised in diplomatic circles queries when and how typewritten letters may be used—when they are and are not correct. The typewriter has come to he so largely employed in almost every class of correspondence that one young man who desired to propose to his sweetheart is said to have had recourse to his stenographer and typewriter girl, and having thus declared his passion and asked for a favorahle answer, signed the letter in the usual way, indicating to whom it was dictated and hy whom the dictation was given; and then was greatly surprised to learn that the young lady objected to this method of declaring his affection! She resented "dictation" in wooing.

CONGRESSMAN GORDON RUSSELL OF TEXAS

CONGRESSMAN JAMES A. HUGHES OF WEST VIRGINIA

Now, if a man has quite forgotten the art of handwriting—if the writing muscles of his right hand have become atrophied, and chirography is no longer possihle to him, he may have a letter written for him in exquisite longhand; for there are still experts in the art, and he is sure to be quite correct. There is still extant exquisite longhand, written in the durahle, old-fashioned, black ink that suggests the use of a quill and sand-box, and to these letters may he appended the undecipherahle signature of the man who has forgotten how to write. So now, if you think of inditing a social letter, see that it is written in longhand rather than on the typewriter. All the president's invitations and regrets are engrossed in a splendid style of penmanship, which resemhles the old-time copper-plate, discursive, *chef-d'oeuvres* of Dunton, Scrihner and other celebrities, once masters of the almost lost art of heautiful penmanship; and while this fashion prevails, the art of writing will not he quite ohliterated in official Washington. Those who have seen these exquisite specimens of chirography have been reminded of the days of dainty and intricate scrolls, spread-eagles flying with outstretched wings, artistic arahesques made with beautifully shaded lines, and capitals perfect in design and proportion, and it certainly seems that such an art is worthy of preservation.

* * *

THE appointment of Attorney General Moody to the Supreme Bench is looked upon as showing that the social and economic development of the country has stimulated the helief that there should be an adequate development of the practical efficiency of the highest legal authorities of the country to meet the ohvious growth and development along other lines.

Over at the Department of Justice it was evident that there is going to be

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES E. TOWNSEND OF MICHIGAN

no abatement in the proceedings against the Standard Oil Company. Every technicality and every phase of law in the construction of words in the English language is being brought into play, and this promises to develop into one of the greatest legal battles ever known in the history of the country.

CONGRESSMAN STEVENS E. HENRY OF ROCKVILLE, CONN.

With his dancing blue eyes and ever-present dimple, it is difficult to conceive of the whilom, energetic young Massachusetts congressman—late a member of Roosevelt's cabinet—with the ineffable dignity of wig and gown. With the wig eliminated from the state regalia of the chief justice, and no other insignia than the black gown, the visitor will see at the end of the bench a young man in the prime of his power, and still possessed of the same avidity for knowledge as when a law student and young attorney at Haverhill.

The appointments for the new cabinet were sent to the senate at the opening session; and hereafter Secretary Cortelyou will preside in

GENERAL H. H. BINGHAM, FATHER OF THE HOUSE

the Treasury Department, where he will have a view from his window of the equestrienne statue of General William Tecumseh Sherman.

Attorney General Moody's policy in the Department of Justice is by many interpreted to be in keeping with the spirit of law-making and law-enforcement evident at this time. Some philosophers have insisted that the old common law is not adequate, and a too conventional adherence to it has kept the initiative of our law-makers in abeyance, so that

MRS. RIDGELY, WIFE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY

MRS. GUZMAN, DAUGHTER OF NEW COLUMBIAN MINISTER

MRS. CORTELYOU, WIFE OF THE NEWLY-APPOINTED SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

BARONESS HELEN VON GISKRA, WIFE OF THE COUNSELLOR OF THE AUSTRIA-HUNGARY EMBASSY

MISS HELEN CANNON, DAUGHTER OF SPEAKER CANNON

SENORITA ELISA WALKER - MARTINEZ, DAUGHTER OF THE CHILEAN MINISTER

MME. HANGE, WIFE OF THE NEW MINISTER FROM NORWAY

MRS. ST. PFISTER, BRIDE OF NAVAL ATTACHE ST. PFISTER OF THE ITALIAN EMBASSY

MADAM NABUCO, WIFE OF THE BRAZILIAN AMBASSADOR

our efforts in that direction have not kept pace with our economic development. The presumed sanctity of the right of civil contract, time-honored and sacred, has been one great aid in building up monopoly; and many sapient prophets look for tremendous changes in

CONGRESSMAN HENRY D. FLOOD OF CONNECTICUT

the future interpretation of existing law during the coming decade.

* * *

WHEN a son is found following a father's footsteps in a congressional career, it is regarded as an indication of a certain strength in American institutions that is not often calculated upon in a democracy. While the republic does not recognize birth as in any way a qualification, still it does recognize ability that asserts itself in the wise son of a wise father.

When the sudden death of Congressman John L. Sheppard shocked his colleagues and constituents, they did honor to his memory in electing Morris Sheppard, his sturdy and energetic son, who finished the unexpired term of his father in the Fifty-Seventh Congress, and ably filled the position which his father had signally honored. He has been elected to each succeeding Congress by large majorities, and after several years of service, it may be well said that Congressman Morris Sheppard has certainly proved the wisdom of his constituents in electing him to fill the place of his father.

Mr. Sheppard is a lawyer and a bright member of his profession, and has never shirked his duty to the Lone Star State. He is a smooth-faced young man, with a positive and aggressive manner of undertaking the work before him, and he seems to never tire of talking about his home town and his constituency. Alert and progressive, Mr. Sheppard represents a type of the New South, and his home city of Texarkana, now awakening to the full and great possibilities in partaking of the wave of progress and prosperity which is sweeping over the empire of the Southwest.

* * *

WITH the death of Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern railway, one of the commanding figures of the railroad

CONGRESSMAN MORRIS SHEPPARD OF TEXAS

world has forever passed from the stage of life.

Virginian born, a civil engineer, he began life as a rod-man, climbing up steadily by the force of his individuality and ability and energy. In 1888 he became president of the Baltimore & Ohio road, and after that was associated with the great work which has

been carried on in the amalgamation of the Southern railroad interests. Among those who have met and known Samuel Spencer, there will be but one conclusion concerning the man—a bigger, broader, brainier man never held the interests of a railroad system in his hands.

There never was a time when I met him in his office in Washington, that I did not feel that I had come into personal contact with one of the men who, by force and power of character, have certainly left a strong impression on the times in which their lot was cast.

Mr. Spencer was killed in a rear-end collision on his own road, while on his way for a few days' hunting trip; his death was a great shock and loss to the railroad interests.

* * *

COMING events at Washington focus upon one captivating question—who will be the next president? This battle will

CONGRESSMAN ADIN B. CAPRON OF RHODE ISLAND

practically be fought out during the coming winter at Washington. It is fascinating to look into the blank pages of the future on which history is still to be written, and speculate as to what names will appear there as presidential candidates and as the ruling spirits of the coming administration of 1908.

First, say all, there is the president himself, who has reason to be well satisfied with his stewardship, and when he declares that he will not be a candidate, those who know him best insist that he means it. There may be others who believe that his own per-

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM A. REEDER OF KANSAS

sonal wishes in the matter should not be consulted, and that he should consider first the demands of the people. There is no doubt as to President Roosevelt's absolute earnestness in his desire to retire. There is yet the People to be reckoned with, and the American voters have a way of insisting just as hard when they want a man as they do when they do not desire his services.

The generous personality of Secretary William H. Taft looms up; portly, well-groomed and resourceful; and a presidential campaign without a candidate from Ohio would not be considered quite complete. Mr. Taft's candidacy rests, to a certain extent, upon local conditions and political necessities in the great state of Ohio.

Then there is the stately form of Vice President Fairbanks, who has gone along in the even, quiet tenor of his way, in frock coat, with kindly mien, making such speeches as befitted his high office, and attending to its routine of daily work. His friends are

THE LATE CONGRESSMAN J. H. KETCHUM OF NEW YORK

quietly counting upon a large contingent of the old McKinley following when the time comes for choosing delegates, for no man living was ever closer to the martyr-president.

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES Q. TIRRELL, MASSACHUSETTS

Secretary Elihu Root as a cabinet minister is without a peer, and his recent trip to South America will give impetus to the strong hold which he has on the business and industrial interests of the country. His popularity is by no means limited to any one section. To talk five minutes with Elihu Root gives the impression that he covers ground thoroughly and gets right down to conclusions. His earnestness and resolution are shown in his face, and he drives straight to the point every time.

Secretary Shaw's long and illustrious record

MR. LARZ ANDERSON, A PROMINENT FIGURE IN DIPLOMATIC AND SOCIAL CIRCLES

in the Treasury Department has been a notable success. As a speaker on the "stump," he is without a superior. There are local conditions in Iowa which have somewhat complicated matters, and yet there are a great many people throughout the country who feel that Secretary Saw is of the stuff of which presidents are made. When he shoves his hands in his pockets and begin to illustrate an intricate point, he makes it clear.

One who has traversed Uncle Joe Cannon's district will realize that he retains an ample

AURARA QUESADA, CUBAN MINISTER'S DAUGHTER AS SPANISH DANCER

GUNNIE QUESADA, SON OF CUBAN MINISTER, IN FANCY COSTUME

MRS. CLARENCE MOORE'S LITTLE GIRL IN FANCY DRESS

SON OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN FANCY DRESS

SENATOR FORAKER'S LITTLE SON AS CAPTAIN ARTHUR FORAKER

MRS. A. LEE'S CHILDREN ON EITHER END; MISS KATHERINE BROWN IN CENTER

RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S LITTLE GIRL IN COSTUME OF FAIRY

DAUGHTER OF THE EX-GUATEMALA MINISTER, IN FANCY DRESS

LITTLE DAUGHTER OF COM. BOUTAKOFF, IN COSTUME OF RUSSIAN PEASANT

BESSIE EDWARDS, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL EDWARDS, AS A FLOWER GIRL

LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER OF SPEAKER CANNON

MRS. CLARENCE MOORE'S LITTLE SON, IN FANCY COSTUME

CONGRESSMAN THADDEUS M. MAHON, PENNSYLVANIA

share of the old virility which has always distinguished him; his strength with the plain people is not to be questioned, and his presidential candidacy has already been

CONGRESSMAN EDWARD DE V. MORRELL, PENNSYLVANIA

modestly announced. No one can meet the speaker and look into his kindly face without realizing that his life work has amply prepared him for the responsibilities of office.

His rugged gray beard, firm-set upper lip and his general expression indicate the determination which certainly is an attribute of American character. He has all the fire and enthusiasm of prime manhood. Whoever can call "Uncle Joe" a friend enjoys a rare distinction. He is of tried stuff. It does not seem a long way from the speaker's room to the White House.

The home-coming of William J. Bryan, and

CONGRESSMAN JAMES B. PERKINS OF NEW YORK

the ovation given him in New York City, have demonstrated that one political party will not furnish all the candidates. One who enjoyed the acquaintance of William Jennings Bryan in early life, before he was thought of as a presidential possibility, and has met him in later years and found him always the same charming, unaffected man, will not fail to appreciate his character. Now he is féted and honored as no private citizen has ever been, and all this right in the enemy's country—so to speak. When this classic-featured man talks, he has listeners all over the world.

William Randolph Hearst has a large

THE LATE SAMUEL SPENCER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

personal following in the cities, and a determination that wrests results, where the logical sequence would seem to indicate that it was impossible for him to succeed. While his personality does not greatly inspire confidence among the people, such as they are warranted in feeling in any other of the can-

CONGRESSMAN I. W. WOOD OF NEW JERSEY

didates mentioned, he has always had the happy faculty of getting others to do effective work for him, and has recruited a very vigorous and enthusiastic following.

Few people have mentioned his name, but if he were as well known by the people in general as he is by his friends, Joseph H. Choate of New York would be a very formidable rival to other candidates. He has those qualities which win admiration and endure. Mr. Choate distinguished himself as ambassador to England, where he would "draw tea" at half past four as successfully as he would draw and hold the interest of an audience in one of his masterly addresses.

State "favorite sons" are yet to hear from, and Senator Foraker has flung down his gauntlet. Who can tell if there may not be a "dark horse" in training somewhere, that will make a record for the homestretch?

Today it is a question of "who will be who" in the presidential race.

INTEREST was awakened among our readers in the reproduction of the Roosevelt coat of arms and crest in the November issue of the National Magazine. They were discovered by a member of our staff while in search of other matter in the Boston Public Library, and in response to requests of our readers for further information, we are printing some matter regarding the illustration published last month.

"The crest and coat of arms were originally the property of Claes Martensen Van Roosevelt, who came from the Protestant Netherlands to New York in 1651. From their first appearance in this country, this distinguished family took a prominent part in public affairs, and increased the prosperity of their home state to a remarkable extent. The coat of arms has passed on down to the present generation without change, and the discovery just now is notable because it was made in reading a book published in 1800—over a hundred years ago. The crest consists of three ostrich feathers, per pale, gules and

WILLIAM H. RYAN OF NEW YORK

argent, the motto being '*qui plantavit curabit,*' which means 'the one who planted it will take care of it.'" And who shall say that Theodore Roosevelt has not lived up to the full meaning of this historic motto.

AT a recent banquet, the glories of various nations were brought forth for admiration, according to the nationality of the speaker of the moment. The American dwelt upon the extent and progress of his native land; the Irishman eloquent for his Emerald Isle; the Englishman of his green lanes and stately homes; the Russian, the Italian, the German told of the great men who had adorned their countries and were no more, except that they still lived in the hearts of their countrymen. Then the Scotchman got up and gave a long list of worthy Scots: Prince Charlie, Br-r-r-uce, Burns and Scott, and, finally, launched into a glowing tribute to Shakespeare. The Englishman sprang up.

"What!" said he, "Do you mean to claim Shakespeare as a Scotchman?"

"'Tis true," replied the canny Scot, "that he was na' born in Scotland, but the man won sic' high attainments that he was worthy o' a place there, and it might reasonably be supposed that Shakespeare was born in Scotlan', whether the like really happened or no." And so, hereafter, Shakespeare may be considered worthy of a place in the Scotch temple of fame.

* * *

THE short-frocked colored waiters in the House and Senate restaurants have good memories, for no sooner have the members returned to their wonted places in the restaurant, than the usual orders are anticipated. There was the apple pie and milk for Congressman Burleigh, the cup o' custard for J. T. McCleary, ham and eggs for Judge Smith, roast beef for Bob Cousins, crackers and half and half for Congressman McKinley, plain bread, butter and jam for Jim Watson and an egg sandwich for Speaker Cannon.

HON. CHARLES LANDIS AND BROTHER IN ROCK CREEK PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

On the senate side there is not so much of the quick lunch spirit. They may not consume any more food, but they are more leisurely, and the stately senatorial "munch" is already being affected by ambitious members of the house, who take a daily constitutional between the two houses to see how

that prospective seat looks that they will some day occupy. I met William Alden Smith the other day, passing through the corridor on his way to the Senate side, and one of his colleagues humorously remarked:

"See William Alden Smith going to the Senate—all that remains is for the legislature of Michigan to confirm the action."

CONGRESSMAN WASHINGTON GARDNER OF MICHIGAN

NOT long since, I saw a man studiously reading a good, solid book on a railroad train. His brow was wrinkled and he was evidently absorbed in the pages. I chanced to see the title, and thought to myself "Here is a man who thinks."

Later, in the smoking room, we had a chat. It was Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota, the lone Democrat, who, in spite of the tremendous avalanche of Republican majority, holds the confidence of his state.

The son of a sturdy Scandinavian, he has made a splendid record as a champion of the rights of the people, and yet he is in sharp contrast to many other reformers in that his utterances have always been singularly free from the abuse of others. John A. Johnson stands squarely on his own feet, and fights out his battle in a clean-handed manner; and even his opponents never fail to mention the fact that "Johnson fights square." He wins and retains the confidence of all who come into contact with him, and has mixed with the sturdy sons of the soil throughout the state and knows the power of the rural districts.

My hour's conversation with him in the swift-moving train revealed to me a man of unusual mental acumen, and it is not to be wondered at that his enthusiastic friends count upon him as one of the very prominent presidential possibilities on the Democratic ticket for 1908.

* * *

J. ADAM BEDE has arrived with his valise, having spent an industrious summer looking up new material for a congressional "Joak Book."

Mr. Bede's glowing compliment last year to the Lone Star State, noting her great multiplicity of interests, will be remembered by those who heard it. He said he believed that the time would come when Texas would divide herself and send more senators to Washington. Texas, he said, "was once a synonym for hell." But things are changed, and though

CONGRESSMAN EDWIN DENBY OF MICHIGAN

today there are only two senators, they certainly are not enough to adequately represent her, when you look at Rhode Island on the map.

Mr. Bede insisted that, on account of the poor pay given to a congressman, he could

not induce even a Duluth man to take the nomination against him—as they were all making more than $5,000 a year in the city by the unsalted sea.

* * *

THE coming of January witnesses the opening of the social season in Washington. To begin with, there is the great public reception on New Year's Day, attended by the army and navy, the diplomatic corps, the judiciary, senators, congressmen, and the general public, who all come to pay their personal respects to the president and family at the White House. It is the special occasion when gold braid and uniforms are worn. Almost every country of the world is represented here in Washington, and every official appears in full uniform.

Then comes the formal cabinet dinner; then the diplomatic reception, the judiciary reception, the congressional reception, and the army and navy reception, all in the order given.

The arrangements at the White House, under Colonel B ownwell, the major-domo, show capacity for handling a large number of people in the most comfortable and convenient manner. Nearly all the rooms of the White House have been renovated during the summer—the blue room was the last completed. As the visitor enters through the great glass doors, he comes upon the big brass seal of the nation inlaid in the floor. On the wall, at the right, is a life-size painting of President Roosevelt, and on the left a similar representation of President McKinley. In the long corridors beneath are paintings of Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Van Buren (the daughter-in-law of President Van Buren), Mrs. Polk, and a number of other ladies; and scattered throughout the building are portraits of all the presidents of the United States.

PORTION OF MAIN RECEPTION ROOM, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO SETTLEMENT

The draperies of the red room glow at the entrance. The furnishings of the White House throughout, are in sharp contrast to what they were ten years ago, for the White

House is today an official and social center —a presidential domicile, rather than the executive office as it was in years gone by.

* * *

WITH each recurring session of Congress, my eye instinctively wanders to find the face of the father of the House, Henry H. Bingham of Philadelphia, who

CONGRESSMAN EZEKIEL S. CANDLER JR., OF MISSISSIPPI

was mentioned for distinguished services in every official report of the leading engagements in which he participated during the Civil war. He was wounded at Gettysburg in 1863, at Spottsylvania, and at Farmville, two days before the close of the war, in 1864, was captured in the battle of Boydton Plank Road, but escaped during the night. What a thrilling career the young Pennsylvanian had in those days!

In 1867, he was appointed postmaster in Philadelphia, remaining in that office until 1872. He filled various other posts until 1878, when he was elected to Congress. He has served continuously ever since, and will soon round out a career of thirty continuous years as a congressman.

Every person who reads or writes a letter today is under obligations to General Bingham for the fight he made to secure the reduction of letter postage from the three-cent green postage stamp rate to the present rate of two cents per ounce, as well as the one ounce weight for two-cent letter rate. The reduction of the postageof periodicals from two cents a pound to one cent a pound, has given the American people the opportunity to secure excellent reading matter at very small cost.

General Bingham has been a member of the Committee on Appropriations for fourteen years, and was chairman on Post Offices and Post Roads Committee in the Forty-seventh and Fifty-first Congresses. No living man has had so long and continuous a career in politics of Pennsylvania. Honored with medals for bravery; honored in the love and admiration of his constituents, the father of the House remains one of the most interesting and picturesque figures on the floor of the House.

CONGRESSMAN JUSTIN D. BOWERSOCK OF KANSAS

Merely to read the official records and note the mention of his bravery is an inspiration to all soldiers; and especially that tribute paid to him by General Hancock, the superb:

"Nothing could exceed the splendid intrepidity and gallantry of the officers and soldiers during this bloody contest. Harry Bingham, of our staff, was badly wounded in the thigh,"

No wonder, then, that the visitor looks first for the father of the House; not seeking Statuary Hall to gaze on the marble effigies of heroes dead and gone, but going to the halls of Congress to see the living, breathing hero, General Bingham. But when you go in search of him do not look for a man with long and patriarchal beard; for the father of the House is a man of military bearing, with moustache close-trimmed and eyes as bright as when they sighted a musket in the old days.

* * *

AT least once a year, the newspapers and magazines of the country take up, perhaps in a perfunctory manner, the subject of good roads. The muddy season is at hand—is here—the farmer is already hauling his grain, almost up to the axle in mud, upon the country roads, and only then, when the highways become almost impassable, we turn our attention to the subject of good roads. Like good times, if they are not here,

CONGRESSMAN G. A. PEARRE OF MARYLAND

they are certainly "coming," and every time I think or speak of good roads, I think of the man who is working so hard for them, Walter P. Brownlow of Tennessee, the doughty champion who always has something new and aggressive to say in favor of good roads. He found, by the way, that his road to an election was smooth and good, having carried eleven out of the twelve counties in his district. If he had to fight hard, it is certain that the good roads carried him safely over.

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JAMES R. GARFIELD, WHO SUCCEEDS MR. HITCHCOCK AS SECRETARY OF INTERIOR

WHEN Uncle Joe Cannon arrived in town, he hastened to have a conference with the president to prepare the details for the Congressional Calendar. Little do people realize how much important work there is connected with this "passing of the time o' day."

Uncle Joe always hangs firm to his cigar, and in this instance the work was pushed along and crowded into about ten minutes, though the work outlined will cover a program spreading over a period of about ten weeks. It is amazing how much business can be dispatched with the president in these brief conferences. No amount of correspondence can clarify a situation so well as can be done in even a few moments conversation, and especially if the conference is conducted in these days of rapid transit, when a matter is prepared as to even the most minute detail and is then taken to the White House and quickly dispatched. It is almost like reducing everything to a

mathematical form, that reads like the figures below the red lines of an account. When you look at a ledger, you look at the figures below the red lines, and in the same way we see Uncle Joe's labors represented in results, rather than in a glossary and explanatory foot-notes.

POULTNEY BIGELOW ON A TRAMP THROUGH GERMANY

IT is a remarkable fact that 1,300 expert inspectors have been added to the inspection bureau of the animal industry in the past six months, in addition to the business done before this period. All this is due to the passage of the pure food bill, which entailed a great amount of work in the execution of the new law. It will be realized that if matters continue to go as they have done in the past, the Agricultural Department will be the largest department in the government.

In the office of the secretary I saw on the walls a frame showing the products of Angora goats, and it seemed hardly possible that there are eight or nine million of these goats in America at the present time, raising wig wool.

Scattered at the back of the Agricultural Building are all sorts of structures, in which various special bureaus of the departments are located. The straggling apartment houses and other buildings represent an annual rental of $54,000, and here the Agricultural Department is striving to meet the demands made upon it.

In the Bureau of Chemistry, I quaffed a large glass of distilled—water—and then I marched into the apartment of the man who has done so much for the cause of pure food; for his best abilities have been devoted to the work, and he has been with this department since its inception. As I entered, on the right I noticed the laboratory, easily located by the aroma of drugs arising from chemical tests of all kinds. I found Professor Wiley in his inner office of the building, decorated with the fleur-de-lis. On the table was an array of bottles which reminded me of a mining camp bar. There were whiskies and wines; there was grape juice marked "pure," and a multitude of other bottles of all sorts and sizes, which suggested thirsty miners.

Amid a mass of correspondence, covering a large, flat-topped desk, he was trying to get at the facts of the various matters laid before him—for this black-eyed man, with a picturesque dash of red in his necktie, was absorbed in the problem of pure food "as is Pure." Uncle Sam's great chemist insisted that the greatest problem was not so much actual adulteration as the mis-branding of goods, which made it impossible to distinguish the false from the true.

Professor Wiley seemed delighted that one of the large buildings of the Jamestown Exposition is to be devoted to the exhibition of pure food products. What a revelation this will be in the latest American exposition! It will be the first time that a great building has been utilized for no other purpose than to reveal to the world a standard of purity and excellence in the food products of America that cannot be surpassed by any other country in the world. In this revelation, no other one agency has been so active as the Agricultural Department, which has had so large a part in calling attention to pure food and detecting impure food.

CAPRICE

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.

CONGRESS SPRINGS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

THE Saturnian days are over. They began in the edge of Naples, where the market-boat shook out its sails the moment I came on board, and, with the chorus, "*Addio, Bella Napoli,*" we drifted into the stream —fishermen and maidens, lovers, landsmen and lazy lazzaroni, likewise the inevitable padré—as merry and as wise a crew as ever went to sea in a bowl. For five hours we floated in the blue bay at the mercy of the wind and tide; sometimes a passing cloud threw a shadow or a shower upon us, and each was equally welcome. A furnace-heat danced upon the still waters, and burnished them; the air was light and fitful; the flapping canvas seemed more for ornament than use. Strong men fell upon the oars and beat solemn time to the shrill falsetto of one chanting cherub whose song was full of sadness. What could he know of love and death that he grieved for them in mid-summer, in mid-sea? His elders laughed and slept and woke again to drink of the sharp wine of their own dear isle; they had lived and loved; even death could not rob them of the past. The padré nodded in the heat, and then resumed the reading of his office with silent but swiftly-moving lips. Faint voices were in the air, voices that bore down to us upon the freshening breeze. We drew in the oars, trimmed sail, composed our souls in patience; and when the sun was low and our full prow breast-high in golden foam, with a shout of triumph we plunged into the deep shadows that hung from the island-cliffs and exchanged greetings with the happy islanders—a twilight litany that ended in the warm embraces of our friends on shore.

It was thus I came to Capri, with the one hope of lying fallow through St. Martin's summer. My intents were honorable; I was not wholly selfish in my flight from the work-a-day world. Mariana of the Moated Grange had touched me, through the post, with mild complainings. Were we not friends? she asked. Doubtless! Old friends? Aye! The age of our friendship was not to be breathed above a whisper. Strangers in a strange land? Yea, verily! the strangest land under the sun; strangely sweet, strangely sad, strangely poetical. Why should I not visit Mariana in her Capri-castle, rather than turn tramp in Switzerland, or whistle to the dawn over the crowded mountain-trails of the Tyrol? I should; a thousand times I should! So I rushed headlong down through Italy to Naples, and paid two liri for a bench and a broil in the market-boat, rather than give ten, and join the rabble on the semi-weekly steamer bound for Capri with a glimpse of Sorrento thrown in.

You know Capri Marina—of course—with its brown strip of beach, its stranded fleet of fishing boats under gauzy canopies of drying nets, and the single row of flat-roofed, Oriental houses that backs into the hill and defies the elements?

Well, I refused the donkeys that were offered me tail foremost; and repulsed the donkey-girls—who reviled me from that hour —preferring to foot it, like a pilgrim, up the steep, stone stairs to Capri on the Cliff. Was ever thousand feet of wall so clad with verdure! Terrace upon terrace, like giant steps, climb to the saddle of the island; on each side is the sea, and at the two ends two mountains that carry the gray olive groves into the very sky. Under these peaks, on the narrow strip of highland that swings like a hammock between them, is little Capri, with the Hotel Tiberio, and there, sojourning for the summer, stood Mariana with her welcome; she looked it as far as eye could see, she shouted it as far as ear could hear; she offered an arm-full and a heart-full of it as far as arms could reach.

It was a royal welcome; it began at the beach; it was renewed at every turn of the steep and thorny way that wound up the hill between high walls cushioned with fern and lichen; it culminated on the small piazza in front of the hotel, where the Hall of Justice, the Postoffice, Scopar's Osteria and the Cathedral face one another in rival dignity. There was an anti-climax in the court of the Tiberio, when the buxom landlady fairly embraced me and said with some emotion that I was considerably over-due; the fact was indisputable; finally Mariana led me in triumph to the great dining hall, where new faces smiled upon me as we sat down to sup. "Little Jay," from Connecticut was there, pursuing art in her Capri studio; and there was T., with his grizzled beard, her tutor, who was preparing the fresh figs as the Capriotes prepare them. Pepino, a young Neapolitan, set wine before us, a full flagon at each right hand; Mrs. Ross buzzed like a queen-bee about the room, doing the landlady to the letter. I seemed to have alighted in one of those "summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

Five centuries ago, Queen Johannes of Naples feasted in that very chamber—the Tiberio was one of her summer palaces; in that hall she took her rouse and kept wassail, but haply for the giddy queen, all this is numbered among the unwritten histories of the past. Later, the Tiberio was a convent of nuns, who cooed like doves in their columbary. And then a priestly college it became, and those that dwelt there went flitting to and fro in cassock and beretta, and were at peace with all the world for the gates of hell could not prevail against them. At last it became a hospice and a famous one; who could wonder at this who has ever known it? It is a long, rambling building, with many twists and turns in it, and one might easily go astray in the labyrinth of its quiet corridors; the place is haunted of ghostly memories, and this is one of them—though it is far from being ghostly.

My room, like the prophet's chamber, was on the wall at the top of the house; the one apartment in the tower that overlooked the dome of the Cathedral; a square room, with low, grained ceiling, a tiled floor and pale frescoes on the walls; it was like a little chapel without a saint, though there was a niche for one in the corner. That night I looked out from my window upon a moonlit valley sloping to the sea. Beyond the far horizon, in the white wake of the moon, lay the African coast. I heard the waves upon the abrupt shore far below me—the waves that were blown over from the hot sands of Africa by the hot desert winds. The village was wrapped in sleep; the flat roofs of stone, which are promenades at twilight, were all deserted. From my tower I might have stepped upon the roof of the Tiberio, and, vaulting the low parapets that divided one roof from another, have wandered all over the village; the houses stood shoulder to shoulder, and the narrow, winding ways, called *calles*, were bridged at intervals by low, stone arches with a footpath atop of them.

I did not take this solitary walk upon the house-tops; I leaned from my window and peered into the space below. Close at hand towered one stately palm tree; I seemed to recognize it on the instant, and perhaps the recognition was mutual, for it seemed to hail me as I hailed it in the words of the Howadji; it was thus I greeted the exile of the Orient, even as he had greeted it in his "Nile Notes" of enthralling memory:—

"I knew a palm tree upon Capri. It stood in the select society of shining fig-leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung a balcony, and so looked, far over-leaning, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream-mists of southern Italian noons, it looked upon the broad Bay of Naples, and saw vague Vesuvius smelting away; or at sunset, the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden—permanent planets of that delicious dark. And from Sorrento, where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Posilipo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the Bay of Naples."—and I slept that night with my head almost buried in its silver plumes.

In the gray dawn, the bells of the *Ave Maria* recalled me from my dreams; I heard those winged choristers, the larks, chirp their matins, and the quail softly piping the first canonical hour. I arose and looked out upon the world to realize that we were in it but not of it, for the sapphire sea flowed all about us, touched with heavenly light. It is the chief charm of Capri that one at once feels

quite at home in it; therefore I returned to my pillow and began where I had left off to say the *Angelus*, although it was sunrise and the ripe figs chilled with dew were bursting on the boughs, and with these we were to break our fast.

When next I woke, Pepino stood beside me; he was one of those lads who swell their garments to repletion; whose bulging buttons threaten to fly hither and thither on the slightest provocation, yet somehow manage to hold the poor fellow together in a state of suspended dissolution. Pepino dared not smile, for he had wakened me, and some people are savage before breakfast. I smiled for him, and rehearsed a page or two of "Italian learned in a week"—those easy, idiotical sentences which, fortunately, are never used and never can be used in real life. Pepino melted and became as pliable as wax. He seemed to take it as an unmerited favor that I had not slain him on the spot. He was the bearer of a message from Mariana in the south, and greetings from the artists; they were even then revelling in figs and cream and missed me horribly. The question was, would I join them; or would I breakfast in bed; or would I remain undisturbed until the second breakfast at high noon? In any case, would I please have my own way under all circumstances, and kindly allow them to go on spoiling me to the bitter end? Of course I would! Who wouldn't?

Pepino prepared my bath with joy unspeakable. I arrayed myself in purple and fine linen; I was just as fresh and sweet as I could possibly be—that's what *she* said. I felt like a strong man to run a race, and I dove down the long, stone stairway, into the breakfast hall, making the best time on record.

Saturnian days indeed!

We devoured great stacks of figs, and cried for more. Never was such a delighted soul as Pepino on that celebrated occasion; he adored a pig. Then we smoked and leaned out from the western balcony, and gloated upon the shining sea, the shimmering shore, the happy island at our feet. What fun! "Little Jay" forgot to be prudish; I am told that all the "Little Jay" sort of girls in New England are prudish. Big old T. seemed to have achieved the odic-capture of the dainty demoiselle, and the mere idea had rejuvenated him. I had observed that in all our expeditions by land or sea, on foot or in the saddle, the towering T. invariably led the charge, nobly supported by Connecticut Jay in all her war paint; really, she was a changed woman, and changed very much for the better; but just let me swoop down the cliff into one of those eagle-nests that abound especially on the African side of the island, and surprise Miss Propriety in a revery and a red shawl, all under a painter's parasol, and no sucking dove could coo more gently. What a lark it was to poke fun at the grizzly T., just then, and see her burn scarlet, and hate me through and through!

Have I digressed, I wonder? Sufficient unto the day was the excursion thereof; every sunset found us somewhere; every moonrise, somewhere else. We went up into the house-top to pray, and forgot to pray because all Capri was on the village roofs at that hour, and we were dumb with delight—and then we didn't want them to think us Pharisees, anyhow. It was really no place for prayer, save silent prayer, which seemed forever welling in my heart. You know I told you, just now, we could have walked over at least half the town upon the flat roofs that lapped one upon another. Some of the streets of the quaint village are tunnels under and through the houses; some that are wider and open to the light are bridged over by airy arches on which the populace pose in fine relief. All this, we saw, and could not help seeing from a house-top in Capri, and marked how love's young dream may stem floods of mellow moonlight unabashed, and is not ashamed nor afeared of a myriad staring stars.

One day when I had gone forth from my chamber, burdened with the exasperating monotony of the hour—I fear me we were verging upon satiety—I discovered upon the house-top none other than our landlady, seated like Patience, upon a chimney-pot, with a spy-glass pressed to her bulbous bosom. Sea and sky were pink, the distant shore like a memory of shores enchanted; the rippling waves were soft as silk; the wind blew scarcely above a whisper. I asked Patience to reveal to me the motive of her mission: she did so in a spirit of calm and steadfast faith that touched me deeply:—

She was looking for water-spouts!

I gathered from her revelation, which was somewhat vague and muffled, that water-spouts grew near us; that it was their custom to drop their crystal pipes from the belly-

ing clouds directly in front of the hotel; that they writhed in mid-air like swan's throats; that they swung to and fro like pendant serpents, while from their compressed lips stole deadly music such as turns to stone the ear of the most ancient mariner; and thus they lie in wait for passing ships, and these they stealthily approach, and on a sudden lap up like flame, or as the pendulous serpent darts upon his prey with forked tongue!

There sailed the queenly ships, unmindful of the fell prophetess; one bearing toward the vexed waters that boil between Scylla and Charybdis; this to Spain or the Antilles; and this to Egypt's sands; and that—she scours the southern seas where the starry cross burns nightly and the sails are filled with musk. Ah me! Turning to the unwearied watcher, I pointed to the sky as naked as a sea shell, and asked if the silver cords of her waterspouts might spin themselves out of space. She answered, not wisely but too well, this old improbabilities. Her face was a blank, her lips bedewed with wine—and the unnatural light of her countenance shone not upon us again for three whole days.

Strange that an island but a span long, beloved of the Emperor Augustus—wherein Tiberius built twelve villas in honor of the twelve gods—should grow to seed. Did I not vainly search, singly and in groups, for the golden eggs of that imperial goose? The nests are there, forsooth, belittled and befouled, but hardly so much as a broken shell remains to our late day. Did I not walk in the dark chambers of the College of Crime, whose novitiates were fattened and seasoned to satiate the appetite of intemperate Tiberius? How could a sumptuous sin flourish in such mean quarters? What did I find there? I found drifts of dismantling dust, and a snail that spat froth when I disturbed it, and squeaked and slobbered in the slimy mouth of its shell.

The days began to drag a little; we followed one another about the house and over the heights in pursuit of pleasure. The hands of the clock made their tread-mill round, and nothing special seemed ever likely to happen again. Figs, as a regular diet, began to pall upon the appetite; we sometimes sought consolation with dominoes, at Scopar's, where the game ran high and culminated in copious draughts of black coffee or hot-Scotch at nine p. m.,—which is a late hour for Capri. We invited the song and dance, and found temporary relief; at night we pillowed our heads to the metallic tinkling of mandolins and plaintive guitars, mingled with occasional spurts of accordeon music, sawed off in lengths to suit, and the voices of men and women resounding in rustic discord. The boisterous melodies in the wine-shop were more than once rendered too forcibly, and the morning theme of island gossipry was those visible nocturnes inscribed upon the features of the fighters in indelible black and blue.

For the sake of variety, and that we might do them honor—as they stoutly protested—we were bidden to the bridal of the chaste Lucia, who had waited seven years for the return of her *inamorata;* and not in vain, for he brought with him ten thousand well-earned *liri,* and came home to claim his *sposa,* lapped in provincial ease, It was then that the handsome barber waltzed with the blushing bride, and the hunchback postman, like a living caricature, ambled in their steps. We well-nigh burst with laughter; we fed on stale cake, washed down with bad Marsala; an orchestra, (limited) from Sorrento strumming the while, and dashing Federigo of the *Quississana* breaking the hearts of the innocent Capriotes on the terrace without in the moonlight. We all paired off that evening, and, as for me, I accepted the smiles of one of those oval-faced, big-waisted, flat-footed donkey-girls, such as artists rave over, and who lie in wait for sentimental husbands, and not infrequently entrap them.

As for Lucia and her lord, they hailed their honey-moonrise by taking the only bridal tour possible in Capri; they hired the one vehicle known to its inhabitants and were dragged in triumph over the sole, solitary road—a highway indeed—that adorns a portion of the island. We all went forth to see the unaccustomed sight, and the wedding tour, that doubled on itself for want of space, was an ovation from beginning to end—it must have been at least seven miles in length; a foot beyond that lay death and a watery grave.

Anon, fresh arrivals disturbed the serenity of our life; we were no longer lords of the isle. The galled T. winced at this seeming intrusion, and increased the temperature of the house perceptibly. All was not well in the Tiberio. In despair, I turned to Mariana and suggested a change of scene. It seems that we were of one and the same mind.

There was to be a great funeral pageant at Catania. Bellini,—he of the melodious *Sonambula*, the mystic *Norma*, and the rest; too numerous to mention—was to be resurrected in the body from the consecrated loam of Pere Lachaise and borne to his native place, for final interment in the Cathedral there. As a barefooted boy, he had played about those streets, and now the dust of Apollo's protegé was to be reconsecrated in the presence of scores of choirs from every quarter of Italy. It is not often that we have the privilege of attending the obsequies of one who died before we were born. We resolved to go thither, and thither we went. A thousand plans were shelved for the time being, such as private theatricals under the patronage of the Prince of Capri; another voyage to the azure grotto, where the nude swimmers in the luminous depths look like angels of light; likewise the circumnavigation of the island when the moon was round and full: all these should celebrate our return a fortnight hence—so we at once began packing, to the comic despair of Pepino. New raiment which I had ordered from Naples—the fig-leaf is the only garment of domestic manufacture in that isle of innocence—arrived at last. O, fortunate hour! Twenty minutes later I should have been left naked to my friends as well as enemies. We were up and away one heavenly morning. Pepino dried his eyes with a ten-liri note; a salute of three guns was fired from the turrets of the Tiberio; the whole village followed us to the sea, where we entered into a ship and did Sicily from the heart of Ætna to the island's edge; it was thus we sailed into the south for a season.

Must I confess it?—all the while I was dreaming of Capri I lived over again the luxuriously monotonous life we had led there. I recalled events that had not impressed me at the time, but now they grew and grew, and magnified themselves a thousand fold. Not even the Sicilian vespers, or the princely gardens of Palermo, could wean us from the island of our love. O, magic isle! O, isle magnetic! Who that has once known thee as I have known thee, can ever lose thee from his heart of hearts?

With decent haste we returned again to the familiar haunts; it was a rude awakening from a summer's dream. Fraternal greetings awaited us—alas! and disappointments also. The Tiberio was in mourning; the lady of the spy-glass was no more; the brothers of the *Misericordia* had borne her to her long home—a home which in her case was about as broad as it was long. Pepino was in exile and disgrace; even then he was strutting his brief hour in brilliant Naples, looking for a job. "Little Jay" was broken in health and had lost all her mirth; I wondered why; the transmigrating T. had changed his spots and was now in that den of lions, modern Rome. Vesuvius was frosted to the knees; the wind was nipping and eager; I felt the approach of winter in my bones. Was it any wonder that all of us who were left mourning, hardened our hearts, settled our bills, girded our loins and departed?

No more should we hear the blinded quail, those sorrowful decoys, luring their feathered fellows to their doom in the nets that were spread in the air to entrap them; they were flying south to winter on the African shore, and they flew low, to rest for a moment on the slopes of Capri, before their heroic flight over the bosom of the Terrene Sea. No more should we hear the voices of the grape-gatherers in the vineyards singing their plaints, which are as an echo of a Moorish melody, or the cry of the Muezzin in the gallery of his minarette, intoning his call to prayer; or watch those stalwart Bacchantes treading the wine press, their limbs bedewed with the blood o' the vine, and they reeling with the fumes thereof, and shaking with drunken laughter. Gone are they all; all, all are gone forever.

From Naples, we looked backward and saw a glory upon the cliffs beyond the sea, but with one voice decried it and sorrowfully turned away; for the light of other days was fairer, and there was the shadow of new graves in this afterglow. We looked again; a great cloud was moving upon the face of the waters; the island had been spirited away; too late I remembered that I had forgotten to ring in the poet-artist's never-to-be avoided couplets, beginning:

> "My soul today
> Is far away,
> Sailing the Vesuvian Bay.
> * * *
> With dreamful eyes
> My spirit lies
> Under the walls of Paradise."

No more! No more! Not today, pretty versicles; come yet again, an' it please you, when we are less sad.

AT DEAR OLD HAGENSACK

By Lalia Mitchell

THE wintry winds are blowing
Outside the windows here,
It's sleeting and it's snowing
And all the world is drear.
But I've just had a letter,
That brings the summer back,
For in it was a picture
From dear, old Hagensack.

'Twas there we took our outing,
When August skies were blue,
My brother Fred was certain
'Twas what we ought to do.
And John Delaney lives there,—
His friends all call him Jack—
And he was heart of Pleasure
At dear, old Hagensack.

We rambled through the forest,
We fished in shallow brooks,
We learned a thousand lessons
That are not found in books.
We sat on rustic bridges,
Of joy there was no lack,
For everywhere was sunshine,
At dear, old Hagensack.

Outside the winds are blowing,
But this disarms their spite,
I see a fairer vista,
Than city streets tonight.
The letter asks a question,
"Yes, John, I'm coming back;
We'll start our life together
At dear, old Hagensack,"

REVERSING AN ENGINEER

By C. C. Johnston

"TWO hours late!" read the bulletin. The words were chalked up in a careless, running hand that was entirely inconsistent with their ominous significance. The hardened traveller, and the few others doomed to be abroad that wintry day, knew that when a train was conceded to be two hours late, speculations as to the time of its actual arrival were vain.

The dozen or more persons, mostly commercial drummers, who straggled down to the station, gave expression to their feelings in terms that were monotonously similar, and went back up-street again.

A solitary exception was a small man with a stubbly, iron-gray beard, whose general air proclaimed him a farmer. He was well-dressed, after a fashion, and lugged a heavy valise. In his hat was an unclaimed conductor's check. He had evidently arrived at the Junction on the other road, and had hurriedly walked the distance across, to make the connection. Whether influenced by the stories he had heard of traps for the unwary which flourish at railway junctions, or afraid that the train might come in sooner than expected, he showed no inclination to leave.

He would have welcomed a little companionship. The ticket window was closed, thus depriving him of the pastime of making an occasional inquiry about the train. The novelty of listening to the click of the telegraph instrument back of the board partition, and wondering what it was saying, soon wore off, and the waiting room walls afforded scant literary diversion. A man with a team loading coal from a car, the wooden front of a saloon across the street, an occasional passing vehicle or pedestrian, and the snow, swirling and drifting as it fell, were about all the window had to offer. As the afternoon dragged along, his lonesomeness became a burden. Finally the door swung open and a man entered brusquely. He was a big, good-looking young fellow. Carelessly depositing his handbag on the floor, he took a seat and drew a newspaper from his pocket.

The farmer hungrily greeted him with a cheerful "How'd do!"

"Good afternoon, sir," said the newcomer, in a business-like tone, unfolding his paper and taking little notice of the person addressing him.

"Turnin' right cold, out," remarked the old gentleman, wishing to lose no time in disposing of the preliminaries to a conversation.

The stranger divined his purpose and was wary. He had met the same sort before, and was in no mood for an exchange of personal histories; neither did the possible details of a visit to a married daughter's in Kansas, or enlightenment as to the season's prevailing epidemic up about the "Corners", constitute the form of mental relaxation he happened to be seeking. He, therefore, let silence give assent.

Under ordinary circumstances, the farmer might have been discouraged, but the strain of his long solitude served as a stimulus to further effort. "Are you travellin'?" he asked, after a pause.

This direct question called for some kind of reply, and the stranger gave it in the briefest and most pertinent form possible. "Not yet," he said, without looking up. Here the conversation may be said to have languished. Presently the last speaker, happening to glance across the room, noticed the other's small, bright eyes fixed upon him in a most peculiar manner.

"Not yet!" exclaimed the old man, quickly, as their glances met. Then, seemingly embarrassed, as though caught in the act of thinking aloud, he transferred his gaze to the ceiling. The comical look on the farmer's countenance, coupled with the fact that he had evidently been deeply cogitating the words, brought a broad smile to the younger man's face, which he hid behind the newspaper. Most things in this world have an

end; some other passengers began dropping into the waiting room, and seven o'clock marked the arrival of the belated train.

* * *

In laying out the proposed Brier Valley Traction Line it was deemed advisable to leave the main pike at a certain point and cut across country, along a little ravine, for half a mile, to reach another bighway. This would save some costly construction and shorten the distance between two important towns. The only obstacle involved was the comparatively trifling one of obtaining from the landowner the necessary strip of territory.

Willard Cassell, tbe company's surpervising engineer, drove over to the Ditwiler farm one spring morning to open up negotiations. He was not seriously disconcerted that Ditwiler, whom he ran across at the barn, should prove rather taciturn and unresponsive. Farmers were often that way, and Cassell prided himself on knowing how to handle them. It was best not to appear too anxious. After explaining to Ditwiler the peculiar advantages he would enjoy in having the road run tbrough his farm, instead of seeking an outlet a mile or so above, the engineer informed him that the company stood ready to offer a fair value for the land, but did not propose to be squeezed. When he drove away, it was with the feeling that Ditwiler had been duly impressed and would come around all right. They usually did.

A week later Cassell paid a second visit. Ditwiler had gone to a stock sale. This information was given by a decidedly handsome girl, who proved to be Ditwiler's daughter. As the father was to be back soon, the engineer concluded to act upon her suggestion and await his return. Cassell was shown into the tastefully furnished parlor, where the girl, in a frank, unaffected manner that struck the railroad man as being very charming, undertook the duty of making him feel at home.

He had surprised her at the piano, and had recognized her playing as something more than the usual amateur effort upon a cheap instrument. After a little natural protest, she yielded to his request that she proceed with her music, and further persistency was rewarded with a song or two, rendered in a very sweet voice. In conversation, the engineer found ber to be bright and well educated. Cassell, though still a young man, had arrived at an age when he began to doubt the probability of ever meeting that one girl, perhaps somewhere existent in the world, who would satisfy his fancy. In the hour or two spent with Miss Ditwiler, this melancholy conclusion began to appear premature.

When, finally, dinner was announced, Cassell could not believe that it was eleven o'clock, the hour for the mid-day meal on the farm. Recognizing the genuineness of the invitation extended him, and surmising that some little extra preparation had been made on his account, he accepted with slight effort at apology. While they were at the table, Ditwiler arrived. Whatever of surprise or other emotion he may have felt at meeting Cassell there, he had the native delicacy not to betray it, but greeted him courteously. The engineer, on his part, had a new respect for the man who had given the talents of such a daughter the advantages they deserved. When the two men adjourned to tbe yard, after dinner, Ditwiler accepted the proffered cigar with hesitation, and met his visitor's advances with some reserve, but tbe charm of Cassell's conversational powers made itself felt, and the pair were soon, apparently, on amiable terms.

"Well, Mr. Ditwiler," said Cassell, at lengtb, noting the time and recalling an engagement in town, "I suppose you are ready to talk business."

The farmer's manner changed instantly. "Not yet!" he jerked out.

Surprised no less by the snappish tone than by the words themselves, Cassell concluded that be had a very eccentric person to deal witb. After a little further effort, which proved futile, the engineer, holding his impatience in check, bade Ditwiler good-day, promising to call again in the near future.

Construction work on the line was already in progress near-by, and Cassell became a frequent visitor at the Ditwiler home. He may have been playing a waiting game with the farmer, or perhaps the deal for the land had dropped into secondary importance in the growing desire for another form of possession. One moonlight night, negotiations for the latter were successfully concluded, and if there was no formal signing of documents, the bargain was at least appropriately sealed.

Ditwiler had raised no objections to Cassell's intimacy with the girl. Her mother was dead, and ber aunt assumed no authority,

beyond the household duties. The father's manner, if not cordial, was tolerant, and at times even friendly. He was in one of the latter moods when Cassell asked him for his daughter's hand. The old man promised to think it over. At the next favorable opportunity, the engineer again pressed the question, by inquiring if a decision had been reached. "Not yet!" responded Ditwiler, in a defiant tone, that was both puzzling and exasperating.

Secure in the knowledge that Clara loved him, Cassell had no real fears on other scores. The father would be all right, as a matter of course, in view of his non-interference, and the business affair could be satisfactorily closed up. Ditwiler would not antagonize the interests of his prospective son-in-law. Matters drifted along for about a month, when Cassell was summoned to another territory. As he might be gone for some time, he wanted the date for the marriage, which he and Clara had agreed should take place in the fall, definitely fixed. Furthermore, the construction gang was making rapid progress and would soon be ready to cross the farm.

Cassell had long been conscious of holding one trump card, and, in desperation, he now resolved to play it. Pride and a certain sense of honor had thus far kept him from making use of Clara's influence with her father. She possessed only a general knowledge of the business affair. Having no uneasiness regarding the more vital matter, she had left the formality of gaining parental consent wholly to the discretion of her lover. When the latter laid the case before her, she cheerfully volunteered her co-operation.

He called the next afternoon and was informed that the old gentleman was ready to talk business with him, and could be found in his favorite haunt under the trees in the rear yard. What a wonderful girl Clara was, to be sure. She and her aunt were about to start to town on a shopping errand, and the conference could go on without any distractions. It was a great relief to feel that an understanding was to be reached at last. Cassell found himself already forgiving Ditwiler for the senseless annoyance to which he had subjected him.

Seated beside the farmer, on a lawn bench, was a man whom Cassell recognized as a near neighbor, and a sort of crony of his future father-in-law.

"Mr. Ditwiler, I presume you understand that I came over this afternoon to have a little private conversation with you," said Cassell, breaking the ice, after an exchange of courtesies.

"That's all right; go ahead," replied the old man affably. "Don't mind Wils, I invited him over special; thought I'd like to have a witness."

"Very well," agreed Cassell; "there is no objection on my part. You are fully aware, Mr. Ditwiler, of the nature of my desires, without my going over them again in detail, but if there is any point on which you are not satisfied, or if you have any questions to ask, I shall only be too glad to meet you fairly and frankly."

"Yours ain't the only offer, you know," said Ditwiler, cautiously.

"I am acquainted with the fact that Mr. Bruce, a very estimable young man, connected with one of your local dry goods stores, has long cherished certain ambitions," said Cassell, a little ironically, "but as Miss Ditwiler has never felt disposed to encourage them—"

"I ain't heard that Tom Bruce was countin' on buildin' any railroad," interrupted Ditwiler, ignoring Cassell's meaning. "This is some fellows from the city and they are willing to pay a good price."

Rumors had reached Cassell of another line being projected that was to cross his own somewhere in this vicinity, but the thought had not occurred to him of Ditwiler's farm being seized upon as a strategic point. At all hazards, he must close with the old man before further mischief was done. First, he would relieve his mind of what lay uppermost in it.

"Mr. Ditwiler, I love your daughter," he said, "and she has promised to become my wife. I am a man of good character and habits, and am in a position to support her. Do you desire proofs of these statements?"

"No-o," replied the farmer, slowly, "I guess I can take your word for it."

"That being the case, you can have no reasonable objection to our marriage. Am I to understand that you give your consent?"

"Not yet!" said the farmer.

Cassell bit his lip. "I refuse," he cried, "to be put off further by such answer, and shall demand satisfaction before leaving you. I only waive the right for the moment, in the

interests of the corporation which I represent. At times I may have seemed to lose sight of them, but I have had faith all along that you would act the honorable part with me. Now I find you negotiating with others who have lately come into the field. You treat me with undeserved suspicion. It is not fair, and I want you to understand, sir, that there are rights between man and man which you may not trample upon. This question has got to be settled here and now."

Perhaps a little awed by the engineer's eloquence, Ditwiler and Wils feigned interest in the branches of the tree under which they sat.

"Mr. Ditwiler," demanded Cassell, "I want to know what objections you have to letting our road go through your farm."

"Well, I don't know as I got any," was the drawling reply.

"Are the terms I offer satisfactory?"

"I guess, maybe, it's 'bout all the land's worth."

"Are you ready to close the deal?" quickly persisted Cassell, throwing considerable energy into his voice.

The old man braced himself and snapped out in about the same tone, "Not yet!"

With the anger mounting to his face, Cassell stood for a moment looking at the farmer. Fearing that he might not be proof against the temptation of throttling him, he took a turn or two along the walk. Under a sudden impulse, he came back and resumed his seat. "Mr. Ditwiler," he said, his voice trembling in the effort to speak calmly, "I have a small personal favor to ask of you. In our conversations on different occasions, I have noticed that you seem to attach some special significance to the words 'Not yet;' would you mind telling me what it is?"

"Say!" said the old man, after a little hesitation, leaning forward, "You remember bein' down to Hadley Junction one day last winter?"

"I have been at Hadley's, coming and going, a number of times during the year," replied Cassell, wondering at the connection.

"One day when it was snowing hard and then turned cold; cars was late, didn't come in till after dark."

"It seems to me that I do recall the circumstance," said Cassell, stretching the truth a little in the interest of the narrative.

"When you come into the waitin' room, there was a man, 'bout my build, settin' there —alone; been settin' there alone fer 'bout a week, it 'peared to him."

"Yes," responded the engineer, encouragingly.

"Well, that was me!" exclaimed Ditwiler, straightening up and fixing his eyes in a curious way upon the traction man.

Something in the old farmer's gaze touched Cassell's memory. He had not thought of the incident since, but now it flashed upon him. He recalled the brief conversation, and the old man's comical discomfiture. So this explained the mystery of Ditwiler's hostility! Unfortunately for Cassell, the ludicrous side of the whole affair struck him with a force that he could not resist. Throwing back his head, he laughed heartily.

"Fust rate joke, wa'n't it?" said Ditwiler, a little sheepishly.

"No, Mr. Ditwiler," replied Cassell, sobering; "it was a piece of ill-mannered selfishness on my part. I was feeling out of sorts and in no mood to talk, having left the hotel in the desire to be alone. While this will explain my conduct, it does not excuse it, and I am glad of the opportunity to beg your pardon, and hope you will believe me when I say that there is nothing I would not do to make amends."

The old man was evidently pleased. "Ever turn handsprings?" he asked, cheerfully.

"I used to do that kind of stunts when I was a boy, but I should not like to try anything of the kind now," responded the engineer, glancing carelessly over his two hundred pounds, and with difficulty repressing a smile at the suddenness with which the farmer changed the subject of conversation.

"Well, you're going to turn one right now —out there on the sod," remarked the old man. "You said you was willin' to do anything, you know," he added in response to the engineer's blank look.

"O, come now, Mr. Ditwiler!" protested Cassell, catching the old fellow's meaning; "you would not ask anything so ridiculous. Why, it's absurd, impossible!"

"That's all right," said the farmer, "but you had your fun, and I'm going to have mine."

As Cassell glanced from the determined face of Ditwiler to the grinning Wils, he recognized what he was up against. He had small hope of talking the old man out of his

notion, and to break with him at this critical stage might involve delay and suspense, even with Clara's assistance. Protest and entreaty proving useless, he finally threw off his hat and coat, and prepared to attempt the feat.

Selecting a soft spot, he made several futile attempts to get his heels in the air, Ditwiler and Wils offering, meanwhile, what were doubtless well-meant suggestions. Stung by their comments, he at length succeeded in getting his feet past the center of gravity, and came down on his back with what might be conventionally called a dull thud.

"I suppose you are satisfied now!" he exclaimed, in anger, as he gathered himself up and faced Ditwiler.

"Not yet!" said the old man.

"Don't dare say those words to me again!" cried Cassell, threateningly.

"You're going to stand on your head, now," calmly observed the farmer.

"I'll see you blessed first!" rejoined the engineer, taking a physical inventory of himself.

"All right," said the old man, making a move to rise; "Wils and me was countin' some on goin' fishin', anyhow."

"Do you suppose I'm going to stay here all afternoon, making a monkey of myself and risking my neck? The next thing you'll be asking me to jump off the barn."

"No, I ain't expectin' a whole circus, and there won't be no concert after the big show's over, but I've bet Wils the oysters you'd stand on your head and you've got to do it."

"I tell you I won't!" cried Cassell, "not for your whole infernal farm. What is more, I couldn't, even if I were fool enough to attempt it,"

"You can try, can't you?" persisted Ditwiler. "It won't be near as hard as the other. You can lean up 'gainst the tree there, and Wils and me'll stidy you."

Cassell had started to walk away, in ruffled dignity, but after going a few yards turned back again. "It's outrageous, Ditwiler, for you to take advantage of the situation in this manner. If I humor this insane whim of yours, do you promise, on your honor, that you will come to terms without further parleying?"

"Yes, sir; the only thing that stands in the way is fer me to win that bet from Wils."

"I'm willin' to pay it, too!" exclaimed the latter, with a guffaw, slapping his thigh.

As a result of much effort, Cassell was finally stood up against the tree in a reversed position. While his assistants were in the act of "stidyin'" him, Clara appeared upon the scene. She had forgotten an important letter her father had spoken to her about mailing, and had driven back to get it of him. Not knowing whether to laugh or scream, over the sight which met her eyes, she took the cue from the old man and Wils, and did the former, a little hysterically.

At the sound of her voice, Cassell kicked his feet loose from the hands of the two men, and, after a series of more or less graceful movements, managed to get himself right side up again.

"Oh, Willard!" cried the girl, noting his fierce expression, "what does this mean?"

"Ask that idiotic old father of yours!" he answered in an angry, apoplectic voice, mopping his face with his handkerchief.

It was the first time he had ever spoken to her unkindly, and she began to sob. In a moment he was at her side. "Forgive me, Clara!" With sudden resolution, he held out his disengaged hand to Ditwiler. "I suppose I didn't get any more than was coming to me, after all; is it square?".

The farmer grabbed hold of him heartily. "I like your pluck," he said, "and everything's all right. Clara'll need some new clothes, and I want time to cut that clover hay 'fore you tear down the fences." Wils looked on sympathetically.

"Clara, ain't you got that letter yet?" cried her aunt, from the buggy.

"No," responded Clara, "not ye—"

Cassell smothered the obnoxious words on her lips. Of course he was too much of a gentleman to use his soiled hands in the act.

THE POOR MAN'S COW

By Miriam Sheffy

MR. MICHAEL SYLVESTER DODSON'S periodical announcement of his candidacy for re-election to the highly honorable office of overseer of the poor never created even a ripple of excitement among the voters of his little town. He had held this office for so many consecutive terms, and had discharged the duties so faithfully, that his numerous constituents looked upon him as a permanency. The idea of putting up another man to run in opposition to him seemed almost iconoclastic. When, therefore, a few months prior to the last municipal election, Mr. Eleazar Loveday announced himself as an aspirant for the same position, Laurel Fork fairly quaked with righteous wrath. For *any* other man than the present incumbent to apply was a thing unprecedented, and for Loveday, who possessed nothing more in his own right than six feet of earth in the grave-yard, to run against a Dodson, who owned a store, a comfortable home and several head of pedigreed livestock, was an absolute outrage.

As the result of the election seemed a foregone conclusion, however, this feeling of indignation soon turned to amusement, and Mr. Dodson's supporters moved placidly on their way, undisturbed by fears. The idea that the campaign would be governed by anything more potent than personal popularity, property rights and the advantages of present possession did not occur to the public mind. The fact that one candidate entertained Democratic principles and the other Republican, was immaterial, for the Laurel Forkers adhered strictly to the old-time doctrine that politics should have no place in municipal affairs.

Mr. Loveday, however, with an ingenuity which was surprising in one so inexperienced, inserted the "Poor Man's Cow" plank into his platform, and proceeded to conduct his campaign along socialistic lines. So subtly did he work, especially among the less prosperous voters in the community, that he gained a considerable following before the Dodsonian element realized the situation. The "Poor Man's Cow" had long been a bone of contention in the town, but so far the question of her rights had not been made a public issue. The population now divided itself into two distinct "fractions," as Uncle Reuben Snead expressed it—"one fraction fer the cyow, and t'other one ag'in her." Mr. Loveday headed the "fraction" which upheld the Cow and her liberty, while Mr. Dodson, who had awakened suddenly to the knowledge that he must assert himself, led the opposition.

For weeks the battle raged fast and furious. Mr. Loveday distributed flaming posters throughout the neighborhood, while Mr. Dodson nailed retaliatory bills in every public place. Week after week the Laurel Fork Trumpet, which professed to be neutral, published burning editorials, some of which upheld the rights of the Poor Man's Cow, while others violently opposed them. The feminine contingent did not stand aloof by any means, but entered into the fray with a zeal which rivalled that exhibited by their lords and masters.

Finally, when excitement had risen to a height which threatened bloodshed, a special meeting of the Council was called in the schoolhouse, to discuss the pros and cons of this important question. Every man, woman and child able to navigate was in attendance, each determined to speak out in meeting if necessity demanded it. Uncle Reuben Snead, who was an adept in the art of sitting on both sides of the fence, presided at this assemblage, and succeeded through sheer good nature in averting a disaster. Soon after the election, which followed this memorable gathering very shortly, Uncle Rube favored his friend, the Traveling Man, with a detailed description of the affair. The Traveling Man was spending Sunday in the mountains, and had come

up to the farmhouse to while away the long and lonely hours.

"You jist oughter 'a' ben here, Bud," said the old man, with his infectious chuckle. "We ain't had sich a hot time sence way back yander in the sixties, when the Yankees come a-whoopin' thoo. Everything in the settlement, young and old, high or low, rich and pore, come to the schoolhouse that evenin' to hear the cussin' and discussin' of the great problem which was agitatin' the public mind. Even old Granny Danders came alopin' into town on her old hee-hawin' Jinny, with a granddatter perched up a-front of her, and a grandson perched up behint. I reckin you ain't never hearn tell of Granny, have ye? Well, sir, if she'd 'a' lived in the days of ancient Salem, she'd 'a' ben arrested on suspicion and burned at the stake fer the crime of dealin' in black art. If you'll saunter out to the foot o' Laurel Mountain, one o' these here days, you'll find a two-roomed log shack kivered with foxgrape vines, and in that shack you'll find a witch-like old critter with figger all bent and misshapen, sceerce, coarse gray ha'r, and skin withered and saffern-hued. Her little black eyes, sunk way back in their sockets, gleam out at ye like a rattler's. Her nose is long, sharp-pointed, and crooked like a eagle's beak. Her mouth, half hid by the cruel nose and crueler chin, is like a slit in her wicked old face, the thin lips drawed tight over red and toothless gums. Settin' in the cornder of the hearth, watchin' the kittle swing in the chimney-place and strokin' a big black cat that's allers adozin' on her knee, she looks like she mout 'a' stepped outen a book o' witch-tales. 'Tain't no wonder every youngun in Laurel Fork and Riverside's skeered plum to death of her. I wouldn't like to meet her of a dark night myself. I'll be goldarned if I would! If you give her half a chanst, she'll entertain ye with a harrerin' history of her matrimonial infelicities. 'Yas, yas, child,' she croaks, arter she's entertained ye with all her conjugial tribberlations from A to Izzard, 'the meal gin out one fine day, it did, and Lemuel says, says he, "I'll go to mill, Hester, me dear," he says. "Go ahead," says I. So up he jumped on the beast, and away he rid. "Good day, Hester, me dear," he says, says he, with a wave of his hand. "You-uns better git back afore nightfa with that thar meal!" I hollered, a-shakin' my fist. "The childern's a-cryin' fer bread! You-uns better git back, I say!" But nightfall come, and no beast, no meal, no Lemuel. Nary a sign of um, child, nary a sign. Day arter day we-uns watched, and waited. Day arter day, fer nine long year, me child. And when the nine long year was over and past, here come Lemuel a-limpin' home, sick, cold, hongry. "The beast got drowned in the crick, Hester, me dear," he says, "and a wicked rogue stoled the meal!" He whined and he pleaded fer me to take up with him agin, but I shet the door in his sneakin' face, me child. "Go!" I says. "Go! A man that takes nine year to git to mill is too slow a man fer me!" 'And that's the last I seen of Lemuel. Nine year to go to mill! Hump!' she says, and I tell ye, Bud, they ain't no words in nary language 'kin express the scorn in her voice when she says it. 'Tain't a mite o' use to ast Granny how old she be. She'll tell ye she's as old as thunder, and I reckin she be. They do say she seed George Washin'ton wunst. As fer that thar antiquated steed o' hern—historians has proved by statistics that *she* drawed *her* fust breath in the Ark. 'Tain't nothin' onusual fer Granny to ride that thar Jinny plum to Riverside to wheedle the storekeepers into partin' with a bit o' their snuff and tobacker, and to beg old clothes, bacon, flour and what-not from the good house-mothers of the town. It takes her a hull week to git thar, but she brings back enough stuff to feed and clothe them thar grand-children o' hern fer a month er sich a matter, and then she's up and off on another pilgrimage. She giner'ly promises to pay off her liabilities when the "small fruits" come in, but somehow er nother Granny allers turns up missin' in the berryin' seasin, and her debts don't never git paid. Why she should 'a' took any pertickler interest in the Pore Man's Cyow disturbance gits by me, fer they hadn't ben nothin' said about no Jinny on nary side; but thar she was with all sails set, dippin' snuff one minute and puffin' away at her old black witch-pipe the next.

"Well, they-all said I had a sweet little soothin' way with me, and could pour ile on the troubled waters, as it were, so I was app'inted newnanimously to perside at the council meetin'. Jimminy Christmas! If I didn't have a time, keepin' them candidates and their respective follerers, male and female, in a gentlemanly frame

o' mind, you kin have my hat, that's what you kin have! Arter the usual perliminaries was got thoo with safe and regiler, Mike Dodson he riz impressively to his number nines, and addressed the convocation in chaste but forceful English as follers, to wit: 'Your Honor, friends and feller-citizens, ladies and gentlemen: It would be plum superflu's fer me to waste words explaining the purpose and object of this here august assemblage. As you air well awar' we air gethered here on this beautiful evenin' to decide a momentous question. Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to see so much public sperrit manifested by the popilation of our town. It is indeed tetchin' to observe that even the little-uns of the kimmunity feel the jeopardy of the situation. Dear friends, air we, as citizens of this grand old Commonwealth, capable of runnin' this corporation as it should be run, *ourselves*, er shell we set ca'mly by and allow the Pore Man's Cyow to run it? That, gentlemen of the jury, is the great and notable problem which we are now called upon to solve. Who knows but what our decision will influence the destinies of ginerations yit unborned? Certainly, upon our decision rests the welfare and progress of this populace. Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, it is agin all constitutional principles of liberty and order, to allow dumb beasties of any variety, be they hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, chimpanzees, catamounts, Pore Man's Cyows, er otherwise, to roam at large, committin' deperdations on the premises of law-abidin' citizens. Any inhabitant what kin afford to keep a cyow,' he averred, 'kin afford to feed her, and if he kain't afford to feed her boughten stuffs, then let her depredate on his own gyarden and flower-beds. It is a blot upon the fair escutchum of our city,' he fu'ther averred, 'to allow the pore defenceless critters to go out and forage fer theirselves. Any householder that would turn a pore dumb beast over to the cold mercies of the world —a pore dumb beast what furnished him with bodily sustenance without demur,—sich a householder oughter be kep' on bread and water in a state of solitary confinement fer a certain number of days duly app'inted and specified by the court!'

"At this p'int, I seed that Eleazar was fairly bustin' by this time, so I called Mike down as easy as possible, and give the floor to Eleazar. His face was as red as one o' Sary Sue's prize peonies, and he was swelled up, fit to pop. 'Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury,' he maintained, in roarin' accents, 'no man what is a down-trodder and oppresser of the pore should be elected to a sacred and responsible office! And *any* man,' he fu'ther maintained, 'what refuses to acknowledge the rights of the Pore Man's Cyow, is a downtrodder and oppresser! Your Honor, the Pore Man kain't keep his Cyow and feed her, too! Nobody but a durn fool would expect it, sir! And, without this means of subsistence, gentlemen of the jury, whar will the Pore Man be at? Him and his fambly, arter sufferin' the agginizin' tortures of starvation, will go down into their graves onwept, onhonored and onsung, and at whose door will the fault be laid? At the door of the oppresser! The Cyow, too,' he argied, 'should be showed some consideration! She should be allowed to ramble at will and enjoy the sweet sunshine and refreshin' breezes so necessary to her health and happiness! She should be allowed to nibble the green grass of the roadway, and should she occasionally sample a rosebush er turnip patch belongin' to some private citizen, due allowance should be made fer her birth and hereditaments! Them citizens who would begredge her sich refreshment, should fortify theirselves against her advances with onaccessible walls, barbed wire fences, locks, bolts, chains, injunctions and the like! A special law should be enacted by the council ferbiddin' housewives to th'ow out garlic and ingun-tops upon their garbage heaps, fer fear of pollutin' the purity of her milk, her cream, her succulent butter!'

"Now, wouldn't that jar ye, son? Arter givin' expression to a few more similar sentiments, Eleazar he sot, and Mike Dodson he riz, and come back at Eleazar with a piece of sarcasmy to the effect that perhaps it would be wise, beneficent and pergressive to set up public feedin' racks along the highway fer the comfort of the Pore Man's Cyow, and to employ a perfessional horticulturist to furnish her with choice rosebushes, honeysucker and geraniums. 'It would not be a bad idea,' he suggested, 'to give her the right of franchise, and to pay the Pore Man a stated sum fer allowin' her to deperdate. Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury,' he says, 'I move we take up a collection fer her benefit at the next quarterly meetin.' Howsomeever, Eleazar's

socialistical speechifyin' had did its deadly work, and Mike Dodson's sarcasmy passed onnoticed except by Eleazar hisself, who popped up like a Jack-in-the-box, and says, says he, 'Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, I rise to a p'int or order! You have heered the base and sarcastical insiniwations hurled at me by my worthy opponent, Mr. Mike Dod—'

'*Mr. Mike!*' screamed Debby Dodson, jumpin' to her feet and shakin' her fist onder Eleazar's bloomin' nose. 'Don't you let me hear ye Mr. Mikin' *my* husband, Eleazar Loveday! How you Laurel Forkers gits Mr. Mike out o' Michael Sulvester beats me! I don't allow nobody, candidate er otherwise, to dishonor him with no sich entitlement! Everybody knows Mr. Mike sounds low and common, while Sulvester is turrible high-toned and 'ristocratic. What's the use of bein' blue-blooded, if you don't act blue-blooded. I don't keer if he is run to nose in the upstairs portion of his anatomies and run to feet in his lower story. I don't keer if he does use a swear-word occasional. I don't keer if he does chaw tobacker! I don't keer if he is a sinner from Sinnersville; Sulvester he is, and Sulvester he shell remain! Thar's too much anarchistical feelin' stirred up in this here town of late, Your Honor. Them that hasn't is allers tryin' to pull down them that has; jist as if it wasn't an absolute necessity to have different grades of wealth and different grades of sassiety. If we was *all* millionaires, er if we was *all* day-laborers, whar would sassiety be at? I wouldn't be surprised no time to see Eleazar Loveday th'ow a bomb at me and Sulvester, jist because we've got a gin'ral store, a house and a lot, two horse-beasties, six pigs and a short-horn heifer, while Eleazar, he ain't got even so much as a billy-goat! As fer the Pore Man's Cyow—why, this town's fairly *run* to cyows, Your Honor. Sulvester, he says, that the popilation of Laurel Fork was betwixt three and four hunderd the last time the senses were took. I'd be willin' to stake my life on a bet that moren' half that number is orphanless cyows. Most of um pasters in our front yard, which we pays taxes on, and nobody pays cyow-paster. Every day I flush a covey of cyows on my premises, and ef I had a gun I could shoot um on the ground, er on the wing, Your Honor, most of um bein' of the flyin' variety. They sails right over my front fence, Your Honor, carryin' vines, flowers and palin's in their mad flights. The fust thing you Laurel Forkers knows, I'm gonter put this sign up onto my gate: "Cyow Hotel. Rates, $5.00 per day per cyow, if satisfied with grass. Geraniums, rosebushes, et cetery, fifty cents extry. Cyows to be sold fer their hotel bills if onpaid. Hotel keeper claims the right to milk all transint custim. Special terms arranged fer calves, accordin' to size, disposition and appetite." I bet that 'll bring the inhabitants to their senses, don't you bet so, Your Honor? Laurel Fork should have a ordinance,' she went on, gittin' hotter and hotter. 'That's what I been tellin' Sulvester fer the last fifteen year, and he ain't never thought about agitatin' the question of a ordinance till Eleazar Loveday got him all stirred up. Sulvester calls hisself a "city father!" City-father - the - dog's - hind - foot! Sulvester's got his virtues, and I reckin he's jist about as good as the gin'ral run of husbands, but ef he ain't a fool from Fooltown,—My! every male man in the settlement's a member of this here I. O. O. F. Society, and calls theirselves "Independent Order of Odd-Fellers."—If they'd name it "Independent Order of Fools," they'd come nigher to hittin' the nail on the head! They ain't none of um got sense enough to come in outen the rain. If they'd let us women-folks be the city-fatheis, we'd have more than jist a cyow-ordinance, Your Honor! We'd have telephomes and analytic pavements and art-lights and naughty-mobles and street-cyars and sich; that's jist what *we'd* have! Yas, and we'd have a park, too, sir, with a fine sody-fountain a-tinklin' and a-twinklin' right in the middle of it, like them you read about, and ondressed marvel statutes a-shinin' thoo the umbrageous shade of the shady trees! Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, kain't you see the injestice of allowin' absolute liberty to the Pore Man's Cyow? Why, Sophronisby Sim's Brindle 's got more civic rights than *I've* got! If I was to go around buttin' down folks's front fences, playin' leapfrog over their gates, trompin' out their kitchen-gardens, and chawin' up their flowers and grapevines, the constable'd lock me up in the calaboost and git out a commisson of lunacy. I've shet that old Brindle up wunst in my woodshed, and made Sophronisby Sims pay me two dollars and a half damages afore I'd let her out agin! The next time she intrudes on my premises

without no invite, I'll th'ow a kittle of b'ilin' water over her, and if that won't cuore her, I'll sprinkle my rosebushes with Paris green and hellebore, that's what *I'll* do, Your Honor!'

'Set down, set down, Debby, honey,' I says, seein' she was gittin' most too wrothy, and that Eleazar was about to bust agin. So she sot, and Sapphiry Loveday, Eleazar's sister and the village poetess, riz and recited a pome she'd writ especially fer the occasion, beginnin' somepun like this,—

'Methinks thar is no sound so sweet
At midnight er at noon,
As the jinglin' knell of the old Cyow-bell,
As she plays her tender tune.
Methinks it would be very sad
To keep the poor Cyow in,
And nevermore by sea er shore
List to her merry din.'

"Sapphiry's pome wasn't any too short, and I had to call her down pretty firm afore she was willin' to set. It was gittin' nigh onto ten o'clock by the time she finished yellercutin', and as interest was kinder flaggin' and everybody was gittin' sleepy, we adjourned *sine die*, and went home singin' 'God Be with You till We Meet Again,' with Eleazar leadin' one verse, and Mike Dodson leadin' the next. Well, sir, election day come on apace, and it looked like the meetin' hadn't holped Mike Dodson's chances a little bit. All his friends mighty nigh had took the anarchistical fever, and the Pore Man's Cyow craze, and was goin' plum back on him, although his follerin' had ben way yander ahead of Eleazar's in the fust beginin'. Mike hadn't never ben beat afore, and it peared like the defeat was gonter kill him. He fell away to a shadder, couldn't sleep er eat, and neglected his business shameful. Debby she stormed and raged and threatened to pull up stakes and leave, if we let a trashy Loveday beat her 'Sulvester.' Debby, she's a sight, Bud. That's what Debby is. As fer Eleazar—well, I reckin the President hisself ain't as puffed up as Eleazar was. The town was sceercely big enough to hold him, he was that proud and self-satisfied. At the council meetin' we'd app'inted a special day to vote on the cyow law, and the municipal election was to foller shortly. Mike he tried hard to hold out and stand by his colors, but finally he come round to the popilar side and voted for the Pore Man's Cyow to have all the liberty she wanted. Looked like if he couldn't git overseer-of-the-poorship one way, he was bound to git it another, principles er no principles. The Cyow come off victor by a big majority, and of course when folks found out the step that Mike had tooken, the tide of sentiment shifted around in his favor, all of his whilom associates and supporters returnin' to their old allegiance. He beat Eleazar all to flinders, and Eleazar ain't rekivered yit from his astonishment. He hangs his head and walks pigeon-toed like a turkey-gobler jist afore Thanksgivin'. When the excitement was all over, Sulvester he shet up shop and celebrated his victory by loadin' up on moonshine, footin' it over to Muggin's Station, beatin' his way on the log-train up to Riverside, and gittin' put into the lock-up fer disorderly conduct and gin'ral cussedness. He called hisself 'hoboin'.' I heerd Debby say she'd hobo *him* if ever she had to go up to Riverside agin to pay him out of jail. As fer Eleazar, he bought hisself a new suit o' store clothes with some of the campaign money his onfortunate constituents had so kindly furnished him, and afterward took sister Sapphiry to the cirkis at Cloverton, on account o' his grief. Run right out, Bud, and put the hoop over that gate! Yander cumes Sophronisby Sim's Brindle down the road, and she's got her off-eye sot on Sary Sue's geraniums. That old Brindle's actually got a new flirt to her tail, a new twist to her cud, a new squint to her eye, and a new perk to her ear sence the election come off. She knows she's a privileged character, and she sa'nters along the road with her nose in the air and don't turn no answer to nobody.

"Jimminy! Thar's the supper-bell! Don't go, Bud. Walk right in and git some of our feed, sich as it is! They ain't no sense in you wastin' money down at that trashy boardin' house, when good victuals is lyin' around loose, free gratis fer nothin'. Sary Sue, she's so goldarned stuck on ye, that I shouldn't wonder if she's baked the coffee and biled the batter-cakes. She gits turrible flusterated when you come about, with them citified ways and made-to-order clothes. Now, see here, son! If you and Sary Sue goes to gittin' up a flirtation right here onder my very nose, me and you'll mix! That's what me and you'll do, sir! Come along, now, and don't be bashful. Sary Sue's like all the other women-peoples the good Lord's made—she don't like fer triflin' men-folks to keep her meals awaitin'."

A COMEDY IN THE AIR

By Charles McIlvaine

A BIT of robin song whistled from rosy lips; then merry mischief wakening soft brown eyes, intent to enjoy the response, tilted a girlish face to one side, and coming pleasure set two dimples waiting. The response came. On the pinnacle of a near-by cedar, a mocking bird listened, swelled his breast, and echoed the notes bravely, conscious that many a morning he had by tuneful deception wooed Dame Robin to his presence, and brought her mate to his side, mad, ruffled for fight; madder still that he could not find any semblance of a red-breasted intruder daring to be his rival.

Pretty May Lecompte, standing on the balustered verandah, laughed quietly; a laugh like the ripple of a toying brook stealing past pebbles that lay in wait to stop it. "The deceiver deceived!" she exclaimed to herself. "Trickster, mocker, comedian among birds that you are! If I did not love you so much, I would cry shame upon you!"

Again she whistled. The mocking bird sounded the robin's defiance and peered about to enjoy the discomfiture of his victim, in suspicious lover or irate husband. Ignorance was bliss; he did not know that he was being fooled. The mew of a cat startled him. He, now, was the victim. The cat! The deadly enemy of his race; the Comanche sneaking upon his nest! He shook out his war feathers, flapped his white barred wings, threw up his tail with an angry jerk, uttered his battle cry, and with downward swoop, not suspecting the fair author of the ruse, flew close to his human teaser.

She laughed merrily. "I have fooled you again, have I, silly fellow, and delayed the breakfast you were serving in dainty morsels to your youngsters? You have no business to neglect them for your own fun. How quickly my miaouw brought you to your duty-sense—the defense of your nestlings." She laughed at him again. "How cross you look, and a bit ashamed, too. Is it for mistaking your very best friend for a cat, or is your pride touched? Would you like to give me a nip? Ah. I know you would by your raging 'Phuit-ack.' Brave fellow! I ought not to raise your temper. Cool off. Go sing me a song, while I find some spiders for you. I will help you make up your lost time, and your nestlings' breakfast."

The bird, all the birds about the family mansion of the Lecompte's, knew the fair daughter of the house. Their mothers and their mothers' mothers had nested there. The blackbirds owned the tops of the grand old pines, the robins pre-empted the apple tree boughs, and orioles hung their nests upon the twigs; gay-breasted warblers and jewel-eyed vireos cradled their young in the maples, the cardinal grosbeak knew from long habitation, that his flaming uniform, summer and winter, made its best showing against the massed foliage of the evergreen cedars; the thrush, cat-bird and song sparrow sang their wedding choruses where the chicken and fox grapes made leafy bowers in the natural hedges overarching the driveways; chippies wove their nests in crotches of the shrubbery; wrens built, scolded and reared their young under the eaves of the raftered porches or were busy denizens of the steepled churches and turreted villas set up on poles for their sole benefit. The mocking bird was arboreal king of them all, and chose his residence wherever it best pleased himself and royal consort. The girl's soft voice soothed the bird's discomfiture. He looked knowingly at her. Many a time, a dainty insect, placed where he could find it, had followed just such hurtless scoldings. He flew to his favorite song perch and sang as no other bird can sing.

"Bright drops of tune, from ocean's infinite
Of melody, sipped off the thin-edged wave
And trickled down the beak,—"

Sang and waited, and maybe wondered how such an airy, merry being as the rosy maiden could live in a house, when the broad lawn

and fields were free to her, and by what process of moulting her dress was changed from morning airiness to evening nicety; from, as now, pink-belted white, to sombre heaviness when the days were chill or rain was threatening. But he knew to a certainty when she came down the broad steps and poked in the angles they made with the porch, where the morning glory climbers held their purple trumpets to the sun, that she was routing spiders from their webs—spiders for him.

"How can you do it, May? How can you hold the horrid things in your hand? asked a stately, gray-haired lady, who crossed from the door to the baluster and leaned over it, watching her breezy niece with earnest disgust.

"Firstly, Auntie, dear," she replied, holding up her closed hand, "because I am stronger than the spiders. Secondly, because I do not think they are "horrid" but are useful, wonderful creatures of exceedingly retiring dispositions, as you would admit if you undertook to catch them in their retreats. Thirdly, because I know (though not one-half as fearless as you have proved yourself to be in the war times) that the tarantula of the tropics and the beautiful crimson-marked little *Latrodectus mactans* are the only two spiders in America whose bites are dangerously poisonous. And fourthly, because I have promised that songster yonder that I will catch him some."

"Ugh!" shuddered her aunt, drawing back from the shapely, outstretched arm, "the very thought of a spider makes my skin feel too tight for me."

"I know the feeling, Auntie. I think butterflies have such wicked faces. I caught a great, big, beautiful butterfly once. When I looked at its face, it was so dreadfully wicked that I shivered and let it go. I have not dared catch one since. Now I'm going to put these spiders—six of them—on that safrano rose-bush, across the drive. They will scamper a six-leg scamper to hide in the crotches and under the leaves. We will sit on the steps and watch the bird find them. Spiders remind me of the smart boys in fairy books, who found their way home out of dismal forests (where disagreeable people sent them to be conveniently devoured by resident monsters) by strings they cunningly unwound as they entered. Spiders leave webs behind them wherever they go." She bounded across the drive, released the spiders from her hand, pushed off a couple of pokey ones, and ran back to her aunt, whom she seated with irresistible jolliness on the top step beside her.

* * *

"Take a look, Berkeley. I never saw a prettier girl. And breezy? She reminds me of gentle Nausicaa, watched by bush-hidden Ulysses when she was washing linen in the land of the Phæacians—the most fascinating scene old Homer ever depicted. Take a look. Then I will banish you down the line a mile or so with something distracting to think about as you go. These southern girls are as sunny and radiant as the luxuriant setting of their country demands. I wish the telescope of my instrument would draw her nearer."

"You are a gynæco-maniac, Darrah. It does not take a telescope to draw you close to a woman."

"Nor a microscope to magnify the loveliness of one to you, Berkeley."

"True. I have never yet seen a woman's face so ugly, so degraded, so hardened, that I could not either see or bring a touch of woman's nature to it. That nature is loveliness."

"Take a look at the face yonder; you will rave more than ever."

Darrah, a handsome, finely proportioned man of twenty-five, who had been watching the comedy in the air which May Lecompte and the mocking bird were acting, stood aside from the telescope of his transit to give place to his college chum and engineering assistant, Berkeley. They had been in the neighborhood but a few days, locating a short line of railroad, and were now setting the stakes for bridge abutments at a creek crossing, a quarter of a mile away. To test the condition of his instrument, he had directed it upon the distant mansion, and naturally with such a sight in focus, had no disposition to disturb it.

Berkeley, shorter than Darrah, with a plain, kindly, impressive face, brimming with fun, energy, and the good health which prompts them, put his eye to the glass and looked. "Beautiful!" he ejaculated. "I shall fall in love with that queenly old lady, if I am blessed with the chance."

"Agreed, Berkeley. You are the most generous of fellows. Let us make the chance. We can produce our long pedigrees and vouch-

ers for our harmlessness, afterward. All we have to do is to attract attention to our distinguished occupation, say that we shall be in the neighborhood for several weeks; and Southern hospitality will do the rest. I have it! We must idle an hour or so waiting for the axemen to cut out the bushes. Take the transit, go to the mansion, blush your reddest, ask for a glass of water and permission to make a triangulation from the porch steps. Your winning smile and innocent appearance will get you this. Set up your instrument. At a signal from you, I will hold up the sighting pole here. Conventional curiosity will induce the lovely female to accept your invitation to look through the telescope. I will be performing acrobatic feats on the sight pole. Our college gymnastics will be overpowering. You can dilate upon my amiable weaknesses and Herculean powers. The lovely, unsuspicious will express a desire to know your friend. Presto. A signal brings me. Introduction, two hearts amalgamated. My turn comes. I help you along—in your devotion to the old lady."

Berkeley laughed, a sound, wholesome laugh. "A romance through a telescope! Excellent opening! Conclusion in our next! Signals—one wave of my handkerchief to the right means raise your sight pole; two means special performance by Mr. Darrah in his unexampled cow-jumped-over-the-moon act. I am off on the ninny mission of expecting a woman to do as a man plans for her. I shall come off at best with a drink of water, the polite regards of the old lady and the affection of the dogs, if they have any." He gathered together the legs of the tripod, shouldered the instrument, and, with sturdy strides, walked toward the mansion. He said to himself after many steps: "The happiest face I ever saw. What a whirl of life behind it!"

* * *

"I told you so, Auntie. The bird watched me. He knew just what I was doing. See! He comes nearer; reconnoitering. How he hates the cat! Yesterday I saw him make a swoop and take a billful of fur from Ringtail's back, and send him, humped, to shelter, with his tail as thick as my arm. Larry, poor doggie, looks upon the bird as a concealed deadly weapon, carried by every bush on the lawn. He goes by each one sideways, with his mouth open for defence and his tail between his legs, fearing back nips from ambush. Look! Now the bird is on the bush! How he balances lightly on a sprig, peering under the leaves! There! Nip! He has a spider. Off he flies with it in his beak, a tid-bit for his baby birds. It pays me to gather spiders. Sometimes I have wished I were a bird. It has always seemed strange to me that human beings, smart and big as they think themselves, should be so restricted in what they can do. There is that joyous bird; he can go where he pleases, and not pay one cent. He doesn't have to rush for a train and show his ticket, or maybe be late and miss it, and get mad and scold; he just says to himself: 'I am going', and he goes. Here comes a gentleman around the drive. He is carrying an odd-looking thing, but I know he is a gentleman by the way he carries himself. Good breeding will out, no matter what you put it under. I have seen it under a hod."

Mr. Berkeley was one who had no obliquity in his nature. His habit was to go straight at an object he wished to accomplish. If he had been fired from a cannon it is hardly possible he would have described a parabola. He raised his hat to the ladies, looked at the elder and said: "I am Gorham Berkeley, a civil engineer, running a railroad line near your home. Will you kindly allow me to use my instrument from this point?"

"Certainly," responded the elder, as both rose, struck with his business manner in addressing and looking at her, apparently without a thought of her young companion. I am Miss Annie Lecompte; this is my niece, May Lecompte. I am sure Colonel Lecompte will regret that he is absent."

"Thank you for the privilege you grant. I am indeed glad to be so pleasantly received. Engineers are often regarded as intruders, trespassers, dragons armed with a mysterious power to seize and appropriate. I assure you of my harmlessness. My college chum—Dick Darrah—and myself are strangers in a strange land. We are fortunate in being together as engineers for the company in which our fathers are financially interested. It is pleasant, too, to see faces and a spot like this, which remind us so pleasantly of home. I am sorry Colonel Lecompte is absent. I did not know this to be his residence. I have a letter to him from my father. So has Mr. Darrah from his. Pardon me. Dick is waiting for my signal."

While he spoke he was "setting up" his instrument. He gave the signal and looked through the telescope. One long look satisfied him. Dick Darrah, straight as a soldier presenting arms, stood behind his planted sighting pole. "I will let him hold it for a while—practice in posing," he thought.

"I saw an interesting sight this morning, ladies, an osprey carrying fish to its young. The ragged stick-nest of the pair is in the top of a skeleton tree, yonder by the creek. You can see it plainly from here by aid of the glass. I have directed the instrument upon it. Will you look?"

"Thank you, yes," assented May Lecompte. "I saw the osprey carrying sticks and old corn stalks to build their nest. Later, by the bright glistening of what they carried in their claws, I knew captured fish were being taken to their young. I would have climbed the tree with a contribution of sliced cucumbers to eat with them, if dead trees without bark were not so slippery. Oh!" she exclaimed, looking through the glass, "what a bare, bleak home! I would rather be a little fish, 'rocked in the cradle of the deep,' where I could not fall out, than a baby osprey on a tree top with such a long space of nothing under me, if I lost my balance and fell."

"I do not believe it would hurt you one bit, May," her aunt said, smiling, and in half-apology for her niece's acknowledged tree-climbing experience. "Your physical training at college has transformed you into caoutchouc. Mr. Berkeley, in the absence of my brother,—Colonel Lecompte—I ask you and Mr. Darrah to present your letters to me. I shall welcome you here as my brother would."

Berkeley thanked her graciously, though he was lost in admiring the dainty ears of the young lady, as she looked through the telescope.

May Lecompte raised her head and laughed merrily. "Mr. Berkeley, as Auntie has extended to you the hospitality of our home, I can request an introduction to your friend, Mr. Darrah. Please turn the instrument on him. I will receive it through the air—at long distance. You may tell him. Perhaps he will not feel himself so much of a stranger when he calls."

"Certainly, most happy. I know Dick will be. He is very impressionable to ladies, even at long range." He waved his arm twice after getting a good adjustment on him. "It gives me great pleasure, Miss Lecompte, to introduce Mr. Darrah, the pride of our college, a Paris of Troy—college. Please look."

With her eye to the glass, May Lecompte said gaily: "Mr. Darrah, I am glad to welcome you within a quarter of a mile of my father's house—and—Oh, he is going to vault over the creek, Mr. Berkeley—a tremendous leap. He has a high pole! He has gone back for a run! Now he starts! Splendid! He is high in the air! Oh! Oh!—" she shrieked with laughter. "Oh, his pole has slipped! He landed in the pool! And such a splash! Now his feet are above the water! Now his his head! Now he is standing dripping, looking hard this way, as if he knew I was looking at him."

"Possibly he thinks I am," Mr. Berkeley said, heartily joining in her laugh. "Alas for Dick! I have wanted a good joke on him for some time."

"Oh, dear! I shall laugh for a month, whenever I think of it. Such a ducking! Poor man! I hope he will not take cold."

* * *

The spring broods of mocking birds were planning love affairs of their own. May Lecompte was now busy as assistant spider-provider for the summer hatches. Gorham Berkeley and Richard Darrah were airy as the mocking birds when in her presence, but solemn as crows when away from her. Mr. Darrah cawed, Mr. Berkeley kept silent. Mr. Darrah felt that he had the right of discovery; Mr. Berkeley asserted no rights, but determined to obtain them by conquest, if he could.

May Lecompte was seemingly impartial. Her color was higher, her eyes brighter, her laugh merrier when she was alone with the birds, the flowers, the breezes. Only her devoted aunt saw, at times, her lips parted, a dreamy film upon her eyes, and knew that her thoughts were where her love was given. Even she, with her forty years of experience in diagnosing like sympathetic symptoms, was in doubt by whom they were inspired.

Nature does not rest on the seventh day. The spiders wove their webs, the mocking birds fed the weavers to their young, the safrano opened its voluptuous buds, the morning glory, alone, of all the flowers, closed to the August sun. Out of the west the circled curtain of a storm arose, lifted by wind,

lashed by lightning, shaken by thunder, and labored heavily to the zenith. Suddenly, the wind, loosened from under its burden, dashed with a roar of fury upon the Lecompte pines, bent their tops, tore their limbs and sent sturdy ones crashing to the ground. Gray sheets of rain—shreds of the mighty curtain—caught on the smaller trees and hung them with dripping fringes. May Lecompte, Mr. Darrah and Mr. Berkeley were sitting on the topmost verandah step when the crash came. Both anxiously seized and drew her to shelter. She laughingly disengaged herself. Her words of thanks were lost in the tumult. A limb crashed down upon an apple tree across the drive. She clasped her hands, drew in her breath and pitying dread drew her merry face to painful anxiousness. In this tree her mocking birds housed their helpless nestlings. One of them, by the straggling blow, was tumbled from the nest. All saw the catastrophe. Mr. Darrah turned to console her. Mr. Berkeley dabbed his hat on his head, jammed it down, leaped into the storm, dashed across the drive, picked up the drenched birdlet, thrust it into his coat pocket, swung himself up into the tree, and was lost to sight in its tangled foliage.

"What a brave goose Berkeley is and always will be," said Mr. Darrah, half admiringly, half deprecatingly. A flash of lightning blinded him, startled him. When he looked for May Lecompte she was gone. He saw a white dress drenched, moulded by the wind to a fleeting form, brown hair streaming like a pennant from a raised face, and arms held high. He knew it was May Lecompte. He was paralyzed by indecision. She ran under the apple tree. As if loosened from a spring, she flew upward, grasped a branch. She, too, disappeared.

Out on a swaying limb she saw Mr. Berkeley, with one hand gripping a waving branch above him; with the other he held his hat over the mocking birds' nest and turned the torrent from it.

Fearlessly she climbed to him. The parent birds flew wildly about him, shrieking their alarm and viciously pulling his hair. The limbs surged, swayed, jerked, like tethered things alive and rampant. To keep him from being thrown from his perch, she held him by the collar of his coat. "What are you doing here?" she asked anxiously, lacking in full view of his occupation, a more sensible question.

"Acting umbrella over unfeathered birdlets," he answered calmly, turning a streaming face toward her.

"Why?" she questioned impulsively.

"Upon my word, I have not had time to think out my present very uncertain position; but because they are your pets is one solid reason; and—and because I want you very badly for my pet, is another."

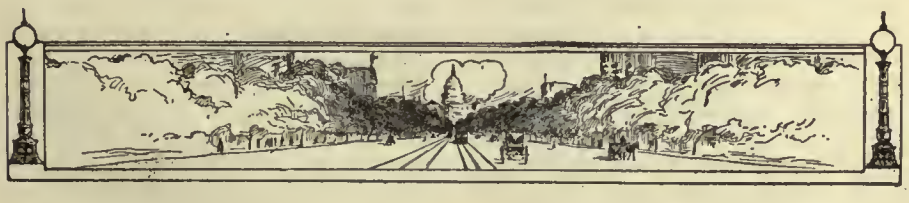
Her face was dashed with rain, nevertheless the color of her cheeks rose under the drenching. Then a happy laugh mingled with the roar of the Storm King. She slipped her hand down his arm until it joined his in holding the hat. "I hope you will always be near enough to hold your hat over me, storm or no storm."

"I don't care how long this one lasts," he replied in a tone rich in earnest.

Such voices, such tones, pacified the anxious birds. They sat close above on a limb, cocked their heads and looked at each other knowingly. The male mocked the robin's love song, and sang a strain of his own.

"Hello Berkeley," called Mr. Darrah, "shall I take you an umbrella and a ladder?"

"Neither, thank you," answered Mr. Berkeley. The music of laughter mingled with that of the birds and the patter of rain in the tree top. The wind lulled; the leaves dropped around the happy couple. For Mr. Darrah the comedy in the air was ended.



HIS CLIENT

By F. Binney de Forest

EIGHTH floor, please." The boy barely caught the words as the woman stepped into the elevator. She was not the only woman among the men that crowded the lift to its limit. But she appeared remote from the others; there was an air about her that reminded one of the heroic Greek women, yet she possessed a subtle something that proclaimed, above beauty of form and feature, the woman.

As she stepped out, she walked down the long corridor until a short turn brought her in front of a door which bore the inscription, "Robert Sherwood, Attorney and Counsellor at Law." She laid her hand upon the heavy brass doorknob, as if to obey the commonplace words beneath the name, "Walk in without knocking." Then, suddenly, she snatched her hand from it and noiselessly retraced her steps.

When she found herself in the street, she was breathing as if she had been running, her nostrils were quivering and the flush on her cheeks gleamed through the thick veil. She stood at the street corner for a moment, her car coming, but before it reached her a quick change swept over her face, and courage leaped into her eyes. Turning, she heard herself again repeating, "Eighth floor, please."

With abandon, she now turned the brass knob and walked into the outer office. A young man came forward.

"I wish to see Mr. Sherwood," she said, answering his questioning look.

"Mr. Sherwood is engaged and can't be disturbed," he said with an air of superiority.

"But I must see him," strength of purpose to dare stamped upon her high-bred features. "I'll wait," she said, dropping into a chair.

"It's useless, madam," said the clerk, with dogged determination to obey the command from the great lawyer not to disturb him under any circumstances.

Further parley was interrupted by a voice coming from the inner office bidding the clerk to show the lady in. The woman recognized it. She had listened to it in the courtroom, as the people were swayed by his eloquence.

Sherwood arose, laying down some important legal papers as she entered.

"You wish to see me?" he inquired.

"Yes, I wish to see you," she answered, struggling against the tremor in her voice.

"Won't you be seated?" he said with courteous kindness. "I'll be at liberty as soon as I have prepared these papers for my typewriter," taking up the documents he had just put down.

The woman gasped at the delay with a sense of relief, as she walked across the room and seated herself with her back to the open window, through which the inarticulate street noises far below drifted in and broke the death-like stillness of the room, except for the occasional rustle of moving paper. She had time to study the man, whose serene, massive strength of character was portrayed in the broad, high forehead and the deep-set, earnest eyes. The helplessness of her situation rushed upon her, and she shivered at the dire possibilities of it. Presently a relieving thought came to her. It was for another's happiness she had come, and that made her bold. Hope leaped into her heart even with the memory of those three warring years clutching at her soul; the wound fresh as if made but yesterday instead of long years ago.

Her husband was not happy, and she saw it; then came the death-blow, not to her love, but to their union. She could see him now as he said: "I have a part to play in the world, and will not let any woman thwart my plans." How those words bit and stung, and stifled her with the thought of what she might have been to him! How could she have failed him so? Now, she would make reparation, and in her brain beat the words and gave her strength, "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards; Though the

plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains; Though it pass over the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living; it is the will of the Lord; and His mercy endureth forever!"

"Copy these out at once." It was the lawyer speaking to his typewriter. "They must catch the next San Francisco mail."

As the door closed upon the young lady he turned toward his waiting client. "A gentlewoman!" was his mental comment upon her.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, seating himself not far from her, and dropping into the low and confidential tone of the legal adviser.

"I want to see you about—about getting a divorce from my husband..' She did not look at him as she spoke.

"You wish to consult me about getting a divorce?" He repeated, surprise in his tone.

"Yes," she answered calmly.

The line deepened between his brows, and his expression changed. He disliked such cases.

"That's a pity," he said. "Tell me about it." His voice was sympathetic. "Why do you want a divorce?" questioning her with that legal habit of getting at the bottom of things. "Does your husband drink?"

"I think not," she answered, with a barely perceptible start.

The lawyer looked puzzled. "Has he ever used violence toward you?"

"Oh, no!" she cried, with a little pathetic smile at the utter absurdity of such a question.

"Tell me your ground of complaint," he said, kindly.

"He went away a long, long time ago!" An air of retrospection clung to the woman, as she paused for an instant, "and I—I—wish to be free."

The lawyer shifted his position. The old story, he thought—the self-sacrifice of woman.

"How about yourself?" he asked quizzically.

"Oh, I can get along," she said bravely, "but he needs a home. A woman can bring a home-feeling into the place where she lives, no matter how insignificant it may be. A man can't."

"I guess you're right," said Sherwood, and a sad smile came into his eyes and made them tender. "But I would rather not help you," the smile was lost in a frown now, "to give him an opportunity to make another home. He couldn't anyway," he appended under his breath. "I would rather help mend this broken one. I advise you strongly to try to win him back. If he's a man, he'll be glad of the chance to return."

In the woman's face there was a kind of waking fright mingled with a half-blind wonderment, as she answered, "I did try, once; but my letters were returned to me unopened."

Robert Sherwood's face was full of compassion as he said, "Tell me all."

The woman's hands worked nervously, and her voice was vibrant with emotion as she began:

"We were both young, and loved each other truly, and for twelve months we were happy." A faint flush crept over her face as the memory of that perfect year came back. "After a while; I can't explain how, but discord wedged itself in, and I was impatient." The flush had given place to pallor now. "He was devoted to his work, and I—I think I was jealous of that devotion." She winced, but spoke steadily. "So we missed what I had dreamed of all my life, companionship; because of the lack of that rare endowment among women, adaptability. After he was gone, I saw it all; how a man first and last wants in a wife, a comrade—a comradeship that will love his work, his life, whatever he is interested in." Suddenly she realized that she was talking to an attorney, and what he wanted was facts, not what she had learned in the long stretch of time since the then and the now. She recovered herself and went on.

"By and by the bickerings grew into a real warfare; then came the parting. "

She could not bring herself to go over the details of that last day.

"After a while—" her voice caught in her throat, and was only a breath, as she continued—"a baby boy came with his father's eyes and brow, and I had something to live for and to—to do. Oh, there is so much to tell!" she cried, pausing as if tired.

"Go on," pleaded the lawyer, compassionately.

"My son," the words left her lips with a caress, "grew strong. I told him of his father, how he had to go away, but some day he would come back to baby and mother. His father's face was ever before me. I told the child the things I wanted to tell his father; how I longed for him. I taught the boy that

he must go to his father and say: 'I am your son and my mother is waiting for you.' I knew he would come back for his son's sake, for he had longed for a son. And I would tell him he need not be afraid, for the other woman was quite gone. She had to go in order to make his son what he ought to be." Only a glimmer of the wax-like face could the lawyer catch through the thick folds of her loose veil.

"At last the looked-for time was near. My bonny boy would be three years old next day, and on that day we were to go."

The expression on the lawyer's face was earnest as he leaned forward, one hand resting upon his knee, the other on the back of his chair.

"That last night," he recognized a break in the woman's voice, "I told my boy again and again just how his father would look; how strong and how grand, and how proud he would be of his son, and I would be waiting for them." She caught her breath sharply. "That night my boy was taken ill, and—and before his birthday eve he was dead."

The lawyer's hand went to his eyes.

"I thought I must go too," she went on, "but women live through everything. When I felt strong enough, I wrote my son's father, but my letters were returned unopened. How I ached to say to him, 'I understand.' I have had the vision.' But I learned my lesson too late,—some do, you know. Still, richer than he, I have the memory of—of baby arms clinging to my neck, and moist baby kisses. Then the new creature in me spoke, 'He needs companionship and a home, and I can give them to him by making him free.' That is all," she breathed.

For a moment neither stirred nor spoke. Sherwood was so abandoned to thought that he did not notice how long the silence was.

When he spoke he said, "Men are bunglers; they hold in their coarse hands a woman's throbbing, loving heart as if it were wood." He arose and walked twice across the room. Then he came and stood before his client and went on: "I had a friend, a man, who had a similar story. He was not happy with his wife, and they parted. They had let that precious thing 'that many waters cannot quench,' slip out of their lives. I think the man was to blame. He began to think so, too, after they had lived apart some years, and he had come to himself. Then he said, 'I will go to her and ask forgiveness, and we will begin all over.' He set off eagerly. When he got there they told him she was dead. He never had the chance to try again. Take my advice." He spoke earnestly. "You have the power, I feel sure, to win him back." He went on quickly, not giving her time to express her resistance, expounding, elucidating with the directness of a man sure he is right.

The woman's composure almost broke as his calm, resolute voice swept on. Once she put out her hands as if to ward it off. When he ceased she came to her feet with a swift motion; her slender figure, clad in black, standing out like a silhouette against the mellow light of the late afternoon sun. As lawyer and client stood facing each other, a sudden gust of wind with daring audacity leaped through the window and twisted and tore at the woman's loose veil and wrenched it from her face.

"Mildred!" he breathed, staring at her with his hungering eyes. "Is it you?"

She only smiled for answer, standing with the nimbus of the Holy Mother illumining her face and filling the room.

"Mildred," he burst forth, "I never saw your letters, and they told me you were dead."

"I have come to life," she said tenderly.

He put out his hands toward her. "Come!" he cried.

"Oh, Robert, Robert!"

He took her in his arms, the new sacredness about her overflowing his heart. "Tell me more about my son," he said, his face quivering, as they sat down side by side.

THE MERRIE MONTH OF MAY

By Roberta McWilliams

PARDON! august sire, pardon!"

The soft whisper stopped King Karo as he ran through the garden, and a feeling almost of fear gripped his heart. Anger and disappointment robbed him of his voice for a moment, as a shadowy figure ceremoniously bobbed before him in the fast deepening twilight. He caught at the fluttering draperies.

"Come!" he commanded. "Come quickly and make no noise."

He pushed her before him, down an unfrequented path, across which adventurous flowers had found an escape from the stiff box borders, to the hedge that separated the palace garden from the park. Still holding her in the hollow of his arm, he groped along the hedge until he found a gate, so little used that it hung rotting on its hinges. Years ago, this had been a favorite path to the pine woods, but long since the shady alley that led to the lake on the other side of the palace had proved a stronger rival, and the old way had been forgotten. There was not even a trooper to guard the gate as there was at every other entrance to the royal grounds. The king put the girl before bim, and then re-hung the gate on its broken hinges. Catching her hand again, he led the way down the grass-grown road that ran through the park to the city.

"I hope you don't mind coming with me," he said simply; "but I've run away."

She said nothing, but he felt in her fingers the frightened tremor that shook her slim figure.

He stopped and looked back at the palace, as it gleamed redly in the afterglow. The single light away in the east wing marked the chapel, where he was supposed to be kneeling in prayer and meditation. According to the custom of his royal house, a prince was escorted with all pomp and ceremony to the chapel on tbe eve before his wedding, and left there to pray for the blessing of God on his marriage.

He had obeyed the custom; and clad in sober garments, had allowed his prime minister, Count Oraton, to lead him to the chapel, to seek the aid of heaven in his approaching marriage to the Princess Torinello. A feeling of relief stole over his tired mind and body, when the door closed and he was left alone in the dim, sweet-smelling, holy place. The voices of the choristers in the screened gallery far above floated around him like a benediction. It was the first time since he had ascended the throne, months ago, that he had been so alone.

He had not been born to the purple, and when an assassin's hand had raised him to the tbrone, his ministers redoubled their vigilance. Never again should it be said that the sovereign of Marento bad been killed like a dog. Asleep or awake, tbere were always courtiers, guards and detectives about him, until he loathed the sight of a uniformed man.

He had led a happy, if a lonely, life, until that terrible day when his dear old tutor had come with blancbed face and trembling lips to hail him as king. He remembered now bow he had thrown his arms around his neck and sobbingly sworn that it would make no difference whether he were a king or an unknown prince, they should never be separated. He knew little then of the life of sacrifice that must be a king's. Oraton had shown him that the tutor would be happier in his old home than at court, and proved that the teacber must give away to the cabinet, and so he had gone forth to his throne alone.

He used to find pleasure in each new day. The blue of the sky, tbe breath of the wind, the song of the bird had been a joy. Now each day only served to add to the burdens that pressed so heavily on his young shoulders. His ministers quarreled in his very presence over a proper distribution of his favors, and he watched them with contemptuous eyes.

"My part is that of the lion at the Zoo," he thought. "I am imprisoned behind the

bars of tradition and ceremony, to amuse the people, that my keepers may grow in power and riches."

And then had come the question of his marriage. The state demanded it, they said. This was the most intolerable of all. Once, long ago, it seemed to him now, he had had a dream of finding love in the shy eyes and tender lips of a maid who would leave all and follow him because she loved him, and not because he was a prince. Now the ministers discussed the eligibility of every marriageable princess in Europe, until his soul writhed.

"The Princess of Saxe?" old Oraton held up his withered hands in horror. "She eats nothing but patés and sweets, dances all night, and laces her waist six inches smaller than God made it. What kind of a mother of kings would she be?"

"That red-haired girl of Urango," sneered Welkon; "She is mad, like all of her family! No, no, count, we can do with fewer quarterings, but we must have a brain."

At last they had chosen the Princess Torinello. Oraton favored her because an envoy brought word that every day she ate a hearty breakfast of fruit and meat and eggs, and Welkon did not object because she was said to have wit enough to realize that a princess is only a figurehead, and to know that it is the minister who rules.

King Karo had rebelled, but his rebellion counted little. He would never forget old Welkon's expression of long-suffering and patience when he said coldly that he did not wish to marry yet; he would wait a year and then select his own bride.

"Just so, augustness," assented the chief secretary pacifically. "Just so. See, here is a picture of the princess, your affianced. Shall we set the marriage for May? The people make a great festival of the First of May, you know. It will please them. What do you say, count, the First of May?" He ignored the king, and turned to his colleague.

Karo had learned that a king is given riches and pomp because he is denied love, and he said nothing. He took the photograph listlessly.

"The Princess Torinello! augustness," explained Welkon.

"She looks healthy," was all he said, and he scarcely glanced at the pictured face of the girl, although it was delicate and beautiful and the head sat on the shoulders with a gentle dignity and grace.

"She does, indeed, augustness!" purred Welkon, blind to the sneer. "I insisted on that."

When he was left alone, Karo took up the picture again, and studied the features of the girl who was to be his wife. She was fair enough, he admitted grudgingly, but he wanted to chose his own mate, as God meant a man should, and not let a lot of beggarly ministers do it for him.

Tonight, the Princess Torinello was lodged in the west wing of the palace, there where the windows were ablaze, and already in the ante-rooms the courtiers gathered, hoping to win her favor. He was supposed to be in the chapel, and tomorrow they would stand before the altar in the great cathedral and plight their troth forever and ever.

An uncontrollable desire for freedom had seized him as he knelt before the cross. The voices of the choristers sounded a more joyous note. He had prayed; God knows they needed prayers; and then, suddenly, he rose to his feet and stood tall and still while his heart throbbed wildly. Tonight was his. Tomorrow, and all the days that followed it, might belong to the state, but this much was his. Blindly he made his way to the open window. The garden lay in the shadow and no one walked in its fragrant boundaries. No one would ever know. They would not seek him until midnight, and then——

He suddenly became conscious of the fingers clasped in his, and looked down at the slim figure beside him.

"I am sorry I had to bring you with me," he said gently, "but when a king runs away, he cannot take any chances on being caught. Who are you? One of the waiting women?"

The girl bowed her head. "They call me Nello, august sire!" she faltered.

"Ever since you have been with me I have breathed the fragrance of violets. I shall call you Violet," dictatorially.

"As you will, augustness."

He frowned. "There is no augustness here nor king," he said harshly. "We are two playfellows who have run away to welcome the merry month of May. Don't call me sire again, call me—" after a moment's hesitation, he chose the name of his old tutor. "Call me 'Palo,'" he said.

"As you will, august—I mean Palo," her

voice trembled and she stopped aghast at her temerity.

He gently patted her hand. "That is right. It will come easier next time. Tell me, what were you doing in the garden alone, when the other maids are making merry in the palace?"

"I was afraid," she ventured, "and from my window I saw the lilies growing as they did at home, and I slipped down to them. I was not so lonely in the garden as in the palace."

"There is no place on earth where one is so lonely as in the palace of a king," he said bitterly. "But for this one night, we will forget there are such terrible prisons, and remember only that we are young, and it is May Day. Do you know where we are going? Listen! For hundreds of years, ever since the pagans worshipped nature, and all of her wonderful gifts, the people of Marento have made a festival of the coming of May. Tonight they put on their holiday garments and wear garlands of the spring flowers, and dance and sing through the city streets. The procession started half an hour ago from the market place, but we will catch it by Diana's fountain, and then for one night of mad freedom; we will forget everything but that we are young. Give me your hand again, Violet. We must hasten or we will be late."

Hand in hand, they ran beneath the pine trees, treading the aromatic needles under their feet. The air was heavy with the breath of spring. Every tree and bush had sent forth its buds and blossoms, the grass already lay thick and green in the gardens. There was an intoxication in the perfumed darkness. Karo drew the girl closer.

"We are almost there," he whispered. "You can see the white limbs of the goddess through the trees. Rest here, on this marble seat. Hark! cannot you hear the shrill notes of the flutes?"

He stood beside her, peering down the road that had been fresh-sprinkled for the procession. Nello looked at him in wonder. It was like a poem, a romance, that she should meet the king, and that he should choose her as a companion in his flight.

A flower vendor danced out of the darkness, her basket, heavy with garlands, hung from her neck. Karo seized a wreath of violets.

"Let me crown you, queen of joy," he whispered, as he placed the chaplet on her hair. "No, remain as you are," and his voice took a sterner note as she tried to slip to her knees. "Have I not said there is no king in Marento tonight. We are two runaway children, Violet and Palo, out for a frolic. Let us make ourselves gay to welcome the May."

He threw the flower vendor a coin, and caught all of the floral contents of her basket in his arms. Nello found a wreath for him, and they wound garlands around their shoulders. When the throng of white-robed merry-makers swirled down the street, to the sound of the high, shrill voices of young men and maidens, and the pipe of the reeds, he caught her hand and swung her into the laughing, swaying crowd, as the flower-wreathed arms beckoned an alluring welcome. Many of the dancers were masked, others, like Nello, had silken scarfs about their heads. The wild notes of the reeds sounded a madder strain, and they swept out of sight in a very ecstacy of joy and youth. They were young and it was May—what else mattered!

How long they danced and sang they never knew, but when Nello's step flagged, Karo drew her out of the swirl and into the quiet of an old tea garden. Garlands fluttered from the high gate posts beside which the wrinkled proprietor bowed and grinned. Above flared the light of many lanterns, but beyond was only a misty drift of plum blossoms.

"I have tired you," Karo spoke penitently, and slipped a strong arm about her waist. "One cannot have pleasure without paying its price; and surely it is worth a little fatigue to know that for once one has really lived, has felt the true joy of existence." He chose a table under a gnarled old plum tree that stretched a blossoming canopy above them, and gave a hurried order to the proprietor, who hovered near. He noted with satisfaction that there was no one else in the garden as he drew forth a chair.

"Sit here," he said.

Nello hesitated. "Oh, augustnèss!" she faltered, for all at once she remembered what, in the mad pleasure of the dance, she had forgotten: that it was a king who did her honor.

"Hush," he pushed her gently into the seat and bent above her. "Have you forgotten my wish," he whispered. The wind loosened a strand of her hair and blew it against his face. The soft tress scorched his lips, and all his pulses throbbed tumultu-

ously. She felt his emotion, and dared to touch his royal hand.

"You are tired too," she said softly. "Sit here." She moved her skirts and motioned him to the place beside her.

He looked at her with a strange light in his eyes, and obeyed the beckoning fingers.

"Tired?" he said. "No. How can I waste the few free moments that are left to me in being weary. There will be time for that tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," she repeated. "Tomorrow you marry the Princess Torinello," and she looked at him with wide-open startled eyes.

"God help me, yes!" he groaned, and his head dropped on his folded arms.

She was silent for a moment, and then just touched his ruffled hair with her fingers.

"Is it so very hard to be a king?" she asked.

He caught the hand and crushed it to his lips.

"A king!" he said fiercely. "Do you know what a king is? He is a man who has smothered every hope and longing in his heart, who lives on power and ceremony because he cannot have love. I have all a man's wants and passions, and yet I must put them aside because I am a king. A throne is a prison, and the man who sits on it suffers a more solitary confinement than is given to a condemned felon. He is in the world but he is not of it."

"You will have your queen." The soft whisper stung him.

"Not my queen, God help her; Marento's queen, chosen by Oraton and Welkon." Then his voice changed and the contempt gave place to pleading. "Oh, dear heart, I have dreamed that some day love would come to me, as you came tonight; trustingly, innocently, out of the shadow, and steal into my heart, even as you have stolen into it. I do not know who you are, I do not care, for I love you, love you. I have no heart for this Torinello. It is all yours."

She gave a little cry, and struggled to release herself from the arms that stole about her.

"Violet, Violet," he murmured, and with a sigh which mingled love and fear she turned her face to his.

"The Princess Torinello!" She pushed him away and looked up like a frightened child.

"What have we to do with Torinello!" he said fiercely. "See, sweetheart, we are free; we have run away from the palace and the court. Why should we go back? Let us make our way secretly to some other country, where we can live only for each other. I can care for you. I can do a man's work in the world. Think what it would mean!"

She sprang away from the arms that would have enfolded her, and her tender eyes were tear-dimmed.

"It would be paradise, dear one," she said, and her voice was like a strain of sad, sweet music, "but we have not the right to enter paradise. God has given you great honors, and with them are duties that you cannot put aside. Your life belongs to your people, not yourself. I have had the greatest joy that can come to a woman, the love of the man she loves, and it will crown my life. We must go back to the palace, and you must take up your burden and govern your people wisely and well, not shirking the task until your ministers think of you only as a puppet. Remember, dear, this is May, when love seems the only thing in the world, but December will soon be here, when honor will count for the greatest thing," and she smiled at him bravely through her tears.

"It will be a living death," he said, and his shoulders shook with a sob of renunciation.

"Death with honor, is better than life with disgrace," she said steadily.

He started from his place and stood stiffly before her.

"Come, we will go back," he said coldly. "You have shown me my duty. I was mistaken; the only love in the world today is for riches and power. I must make them satisfy me. Tomorrow I will wed Torinello, and you—" his voice faltered, and his beart was in his eyes as he hesitated, hoping that she would yield.

A torch flared as a merry party entered the garden, and the light fell full on her face. For the first time he saw her features clearly and he bent forward.

"Torinello!" he gasped.

She rose and held out pleading hands, her lips trembling as she said: "Yes, Torinello, august sire."

He stared at her in unbelief, while her delicate face paled with fear. Then he caught her in his arms in a joy that made his voice hoarse and broken.

"God is good," he said. "Torinello! Torinello!"

MY MYSTERIOUS FRIEND, THE DOCTOR

By E. C. Smith

"OH Madge, dear, how glad I am to see you alive again!"

"Alive again? I never was dead, was I?

Mrs. Phelps laughed and gave her friend another loving hug.

"Of course not! You dear thing, but we all had a terrible fright over the shipwreck, and shuddered every instant, night and day till we heard you were safe. How long did you stay in Boston? I thought I should never get a chance to see you! And goodness knows I haven't five minutes to spare now. I ought to be at home this very minute, but I felt that I could not steady down to work, till I ran over to see you and tell you how glad I am to have you here again!" And Nettie Phelps paused for sheer lack of breath.

"Dear me! Nettie. What have you got to do that puts you in such a whirl? You take my breath away. Come in; or shall we sit here on the piazza?"

"Oh, let's sit here. The truth is, Madge, we are moving!"

"Moving? Going away from your lovely home? Why, Nettie Phelps, what whim has gotten into your head? Why, your home is the loveliest place in Concord!"

"Y-e-s," responded her friend with hesitation. "It is a beautiful place, and I am broken-hearted to leave it, but—I expect you will laugh at me, and I don't care if you do. The truth is," lowering her voice, "it is haunted!"

Mrs. Lawton did not laugh. She looked with unseeing eyes into the hedge of green that bordered her lawn, and smiled a tender little smile to herself.

"Is it a gentle, kindly ghost?" she asked softly.

"I'm sure I don't know! I only know that there are strange lights in the house, and soft footsteps, and—ugh! It makes me creep to feel something that I can't see."

"Nettie, dear," urged her friend, "take off your hat and let me order a cup of tea. I am going to tell you my story. Perhaps it will make you feel less frightened and nervous."

When the tea had been brought, and the two friends were sitting vis-a-vis on the rose-shaded porch, whose delicate perfume the warm breezes brought, Madge began:

"When we were living in New York, about five years ago, my husband came home one night with a tiny little sore place on his neck, which developed into a carbuncle boil of huge dimension and horrible aching power. Poor Bob was beside himself! He couldn't get on a collar; his head was drawn all over on one side, and ached so he couldn't read, and altogether he was decidedly miserable. I did everything I could for him, but time passed very slowly. One evening in particular, he was exceedingly impatient and fractious. He fussed and whined about, and swore that he could endure the pain better anywhere than on his neck.

"'Never mind, Bob,' I coaxed, 'It will soon be over.'

"'Over!' he fairly roared at me. 'Didn't old Moulton say I might have a dozen?'

"'Well, yes,' I acknowledged, 'he did, but doctors don't know everything,' and I begged him to let me put on a fresh poultice.

"As I spoke, the door opened, and Jim Lake, my husband's young assistant and protegé, came in. Jim was devoted to Bob, and willing and anxious to do anything possible to interest and amuse him at this trying period. Usually he hit upon something of interest to while away the tedious hours, and tonight was no exception. He began to relate some of the strange results the Society for Psychical Research had reported.

" 'I'm something of a medium, myself,' he wound up with. 'Let's sit about the table and try for something better than table-tipping.'

"Both Bob and I were quite interested in the phenomena of spiritualism, and had tried

sitting for raps several times with young Lake, but although knocks did come, and the table would tip, we were neither of us very seriously impressed. Jim was young, and while we believed him honest, you know self-deception is very easy, and youth is very anxious to obtain results, so we were a little sceptical. Nevertheless, Bob hailed the suggestion as a possible method of relieving the ennui of the evening. We pulled out a round table from the corner, and seated ourselves, spreading our hands out, palms down, and little fingers touching each other.

"I was watching Jim closely; so was Bob, but strange to say, I was the one destined to be the center of attraction this time. After a few minutes, my arm, which was nearest Jim's—the right one—began to feel numb and cold, and at the same time to prick most unpleasantly. After a while, to my annoyance, it began to squirm and jerk.

"'What's the matter, Madge?' asked Bob, looking at me curiously.

"'I don't know,' I said, 'I think my arm is asleep, or else it's poised so it trembles.'

"'I think you'll write,' said Jim, 'Let's get some paper and a pencil.'

"I laughed nervously. 'I could no more write than I could fly,' I said.

"'Get the paper, Jim,' said Bob, interested immensely. 'We'll try, anyhow. Here you are, Madge, in a new role! You're not afraid, are you?'

"'No,' I said, 'I'm not afraid, but I think it's very silly.'

"To tell the truth, Nettie, I did feel timid, and very, very nervous, but I did so want to amuse Bob. So I let them bring a large sheet of writing paper and fasten it to the table with some thumb-tacks and lay some pencils within reach of my hands. Jim sat down again and began to stroke my arm softly with the tips of his fingers. In a moment my arm quivered and jerked as before. Suddenly I made a dash for the pencil, and hastily, violently, jerkily, I wrote:

"'David Morris. David Morris. David Morris.' Not thrice, but a hundred times, as fast as I could write.

"'Do you know him, Jim?' asked Bob.

"'Never heard the name,' said Jim.

"Bob looked at me.

"'Do you, Madge?'

"I shook my head.

"'Well, I'm sure I don't.' Then, bending over the table, he asked the pencil, as though it were endowed with intelligence, 'Who are you, David Morris, and what do you want?'

"For an instant the pencil stopped. Then it wrote slowly:

"'I'm a doctor, and I want to cure your boil.'

"'Good!' said Bob so fervently that I looked at him in surprise, but he paid no attention to me, and asked with respectful earnestness, 'How?'

"'O, Bob,' I said, 'Don't believe me. I can't help it, but I know I'm a fraud. It's perfect nonsense, don't notice it!'

"But in spite of my protests, I wrote the answer to my husband's question:

"'Use—Dally's—salve.'

"That was all. The pencil dropped from my fingers and my arm slid limply into my lap, while I stared dumbly first at Bob and then at Jim, who in turn stared at me.

"'That beats the Society for Psychical Research all hollow,' said Jim positively.

"'It beats foolishness all hollow,' I said crossly.

"Bob said nothing, only shouted for Mary, the girl.

"'For Heaven's sake, Bob,' I said in genuine terror, 'Don't try that prescription. Don't take off that poultice! Please, *please* don't, Bob!'

"But Bob's only answer was to give Mary some money and a slip of paper, on which was written the thing he wanted, and bid her hurry.

"A few minutes later he was sitting before the fire, spreading the entire contents of that box of salve on an old soft handkerchief, preparatory to placing it on the hard, angry sore that I, very carefully and very unwillingly, washed free from the poultice with warm, soapy water and an old shaving brush.

"'Would you have a prescription from such a source and not use it?' he asked.

"'Such a source!' I said, almost crying. 'From a little red devil, perhaps!'

"Then Bob said something awfully nice and sweet, because he saw a big tear slide off the end of my nose and drop into the bowl of soap-suds.

"Well, he put that salve-smeared handkerchief on his neck, fastened it carefully, and went to bed, affectionate and kind, but as obstinate as a mule—or as a man, which is much the same thing!

"I spent a feverish and restless night. I was frightened, and besides I felt awfully guilty. I felt that I had no right to dally with unknown things. If Bob should lose his life because of our folly, I should feel like a murderer ever after. Perhaps the salve would stultify the effect of the poultice and prevent the boil from sloughing off, and induce septic poisoning! As I thought of that, I writhed, and crept to one elbow to watch Bob's face. If you will believe me, he was sleeping peacefully for the first time in a week! And as it was almost morning, and I was quite worn out with fretting, I at last fell into a deep sleep.

"I was awakened by a loud shout, and much prancing of slippered feet.

"'Madge! Wake up! Madge!'

"I opened my eyes and stared at my better half, who seemed to be out of his senses.

"'Look here! Look here!' he kept repeating, at the same time pointing with his forefinger at his neck, from which he had stripped all the coverings.

"'What have I done?' Bob said excitedly, 'What has Dr. Morris done, you mean! Look at my neck! I've got no boil! It's well! Gone away! Cured!'

"I was awake by this time, and gazing with all my eyes at Bob's neck, on which all that remained of the hard, terribly painful carbuncle was a faint, red rim.

"I think I might have been looking at it yet, if Bob had not finished dressing, putting on a stiff, high collar, and after a good breakfast, taken himself down town to his business.

"Well, this was the last boil my husband had, but it was by no means the last we heard of Dr. Morris. His name became a household word. You remember what dreadful headaches I used to have, which invariably put me in bed from one to three days? I had tried every treatment I could hear of, but with small success. Strange to say, from the date of the boil episode, I never had but one more, and that a very mild one. In every way I seemed to improve in health. Fatigue, cold, everything of the sort, seemed to barely touch and leave me, and the family fell into the habit of saying,

"'Dr. Morris does keep you wonderfully well!' And yet none of us were believers in spiritualism.

Two years ago, I went from New York to Chicago, to pay a visit to my only brother, who had settled there a year before. Ted had developed a nasty cough, and, while believing it to be climatic, we all felt a little worried about it, especially his wife.

"'I do wish you'd see a doctor,' she said to him the morning after my arrival.

"I'll get Madge's Dr. Morris to prescribe,' he laughed, he being wholly sceptical on the subject of my unknown, unseen medical adviser.

"'I'll tell you,' said his wife, 'I called upon Mrs. G— yesterday, and she was telling me of a wonderful woman that she knows. This lady has always had a strange, clairvoyant power. Even when she was a little girl, she could see things nobody else could. A year ago her husband died and left her penniless, and she is making use of this strange gift to earn her bread. She often diagnoses for physicians. She is a sort of human X-ray, and she will see private patients, if they are introduced by someone she knows. If you will go, Ted, I will get a card from Mrs. G—.'

"The upshot of it was, Ted, after much protesting, said he would go, if I would go with him, so we went to the house and were shown into the front parlor, which was divided from the back parlor by heavy curtains.

"After a brief wait, they were drawn aside by the lady's young daughter, and we were told to come into the back room. Madame was seated in a large chair under the chandellier. I could see her very distinctly. Her face was very pale, and her eyes closed. Ted moved quietly to a smaller chair, placed in front of her, while I dropped onto a sofa in a dim corner, near the curtained doorway, where she could by no means see me. Her daughter passed her hands over her mother's forehead several times, and then slipped into a chair by the writing-desk, for she had to write down the diagnosis.

"'Before I look for you, sir,' Madame said, 'I must say one word to the lady who accompanies you. She has as guide and attendant a doctor long freed from the flesh. While he is in her circle, she will need no other medical assistant. Let her be perfectly obedient to the dictates of her impressions.'

"Then she went on to tell Ted that his lungs were not affected, but that the cough was produced by too long a palate—an opinion the facts bore out. The palate was clipped and Ted was cured.

"But I felt a cold chill run down my spine,

when this woman, a stranger in a strange city, again introduced me to my mysterious friend, the doctor."

"My goodness! Madge! I should have been frightened out of my wits!" interrupted Mrs. Phelps.

"Frightened? Why? My friend the doctor, was as benevolent as the sun that warms or the soft breeze that cools us. But wait till I tell you the rest!

"Last summer, when Bob and I went abroad, I had, ingrate that I was, almost forgotten my invisible friend. Things were going well. We had a lovely time; enjoyed everything immensely, and at last sailed for home, congratulating ourselves that our trip had absolutely been without unpleasant incident, when that tramp steamer ran into us. For four days the sea had been like glass, and everybody had been on deck and at the table. We had laughed and danced and sung, and been as sociable as ocean travelers usually are. But toward evening on that fatal night, the wind arose and the sky was overcast, until everything was as black as ink. As I was leaving the deck and looking for a quiet corner in the saloon, I saw a passenger—a large, middle-aged man, whom I had not seen before. He was standing in the doorway, leaning idly against the side, and I remember looking at him rather keenly, thinking to myself that it was queer that a healthy-looking man should remain in his stateroom all the pleasant weather, and appear on deck just as a storm was brewing. Still, that was his business, and not mine, so I passed on, and forgot all about him. I found a corner and began to read.

"It could not have been more than fifteen minutes before we were struck. Oh, Nettie, it was terrible! The shock threw me way across the saloon. Everything was instantly in confusion! The sailors went tramping and shouting on deck, and the passengers, mad with fright, rushed to and fro, the men swear- and the women screaming and weeping.'

"As soon as I could pick myself up, I ran out on deck, calling for Bob, and looking about in every direction to see him. The sailors were lowering the boats, under an officer's direction, and, as I rushed past them, I heard the order:

"'Quick there! We haven't a moment to lose!'

"I reached the rail, and clung to it desperately. I had run so fast I was almost alone for an instant. Then the crowd began to close in upon me, frantic to obtain a place in the boat. Frightened? Yes, I suppose I was, but I was not conscious of it. When the first boat was lowered, I refused to get into it, choosing to wait for Bob. I don't think dread of dying came to me then. And, strangely enough, my one anxiety was that Bob would get wet, and I could not provide dry flannels for him, and foolish as the thought was, it held me back from panic! At last I saw him; the poor, distracted fellow was struggling madly to reach me, but the surging crowd rendered it simply impossible. Just at the moment I saw him, the steamer careened to one side and sank lower. Had it not been for the crowd that fairly pinned me to the side, I must have fallen into the sea. Then I began to fear. I looked again for Bob, but he had disappeared. I could see nothing of him. I was to face death alone, without one farewell glance. I stared desperately at the crowd, hoping that I might at least see his face once more, and as I looked, my eyes fastened upon a man who was coming toward me through the crowd, swiftly and easily, and terrorized as I was, I could see that he did not put the crowd aside, but passed through the people, and none hindered, or seemed to see him, save myself. It was the stranger.

"When he reached me, he lifted me up, at least I think so—I cannot tell—I do not know. I only felt I was safe. He whispered to me, and I heard it distinctly above the roar of the wind, the dash of the sea and the screams of my distracted fellow passengers;

"'Do not be afraid. I am David Morris!'

"*I know I heard it.* My brain repeated the words over and over. 'David Morris, David Morris, David Morris.' I knew nothing more till I found myself lying on the deck of the Cunarder that had picked us up, Bob holding my hand, while I repeated in a whisper, which only my dear boy understood.

"'David Morris, David Morris, David Morris.'

"There, Nettie, you must believe what you like. To me it is a sacred truth. That name was not on the passenger list, and I was the only woman saved.

ON A WARM SUMMER DAY

BRIGHT SIDE OF PACKINGTOWN

By Mary Humphrey

PART II—THE AMERICANIZATION

IN the miniature world of Packingtown, the process of Americanization is playing a constantly increasing part in the sum of life. On every hand are evidences of the transition, and one feels as if all the immigrant parents of the community might perhaps be voicing some such common sentiment as this: "We came here to better our condition, and our desire has been granted. We came also that our children and our children's children might grow up into Americans, that in time your ways might be their ways, your thoughts their thoughts. And now this desire, too, is turning into achievement."

PATRIOTIC FOREIGNERS' FOURTH OF JULY

Whether they willed it so or not, however, they could not escape the influences of new world environment—the forces for Americanization are so much stronger than those for keeping them peasants. But by the very nature of things, these forces take a firmer hold on the younger generation than they do on the older—and by older generation I mean immigrant parents who come here after they are twenty-five or thirty years old. The population of Chicago's Twenty-Ninth Ward, the greater part of which is made up of the Packingtown community, is given in the latest school census as 56,000—in round numbers. Of these, 21,000 are fifteen years old and under, and 5,000 are between fifteen and

twenty-one. Undoubtedly a good three-quarters of the 5,000—and of course many of the 21,000—are European born, yet all are within the age limit of quick susceptibility to Americanization. This younger generation forms the connecting link between new world conditions and old world ideas. Because of the difficulties which our language presents to the average adult foreigner, the child is frequently the chief interpreter; and upon his ideals depends to a considerable extent the standard of living for the entire family.

A PARK ATHLETIC FIELD

True to old-world traditions, the idea of work begins early. It is the destiny of every son and daughter in Packingtown to contribute something toward the support of the home, and they are taught to look forward to the wage-earning point in their lives, while yet they are tending younger brothers and sisters and performing other household tasks, such as washing dishes, scrubbing floors, going to market—or to the saloon for beer—and gathering wood from the yards.

Various little incidents show how deeply this notion of duty to the family is rooted, even in the minds of merest youngsters. A Polish boy whose father fell ill, left school and went to work. "But," asked an interested man in whom he confided, "won't the truant officer get after you?" "I can't help it," was the heroic reply. "My father is sick, and there's no one else to earn money, an' I've *got* to work." A tiny lad who had both legs cut off in a street car accident, sought to comfort his weeping mother by the assurance, "Never mind, mother; don't cry. There are many people who work sitting down."

Obviously, this sense of responsibility has its value, and it might perhaps be well if more American children were impressed with the importance of it. Yet bearing burdens almost as soon as one can walk, and beginning to work by the day at the age of fourteen or even sixteen years, is apt to give to the average child a seriousness that comes too early. A natural consequence is to seek an outlet in amusement. The saloon-hall dance and the five-cent theaters on Ashland avenue, reap not a little of the benefit. A few weeks ago, on a Saturday afternoon, I went into one of these theaters. In an audience of several hundred I could not count a dozen adults. It happened that the program contained nothing which could be called absolutely wicked—

I am told that this is often not the case—although it was, on the whole, vulgar and coarse, and hence to a certain extent degrading. One of the numbers was practically a repetition of something I had previously seen at a so-called high-class vaudeville theater, and the thought occurred to me that if the "high-class" audience, mostly adults, and this audience of foreigners' children, were to be judged according to the applause bestowed, there would be scarcely a pin to choose.

A strong offset to such ordinary cheap amusement in Packingtown, is to be found in the social activities of the public school, the settlement and the small parks. The idea of using the schools for social purposes—which is quite new in the neighborhood—is to make centers for the families whose children attend there, much as the settlement

DAVIS SQUARE SWIMMING POOL

is, on a larger scale, a social center for the entire community. Beside the formation of various clubs, a plan is in operation which provides for opening certain of the schools once a month, for some sort of entertainment—such as stereopticon lectures and the like—all of which, save two pay entertainments given by the children, are to be free. Miss Louise Montgomery, well equipped in settlement experience, is in charge of this work, for the support of which the Chicago Woman's Club has contributed generously.

Within each nationality, as already noted,* the strongest centralizing force, for both young and old, lies in the church. Each nationality has, too, its lodges and societies, and sometimes its turning-halls, which are of recognized value for the social life of its own people. But in a community of such widely different social and religious elements, there is need of a strong centralizing influences which shall be, to quote from Miss Mary E. McDowell, head resident of the University of Chicago settlement, "non-partisan and non-sectarian, yet in the deepest sense religious, drawing men and women together on the basis of a common humanity." This need has found expression in the settlement idea, with the practical workings of which all readers are more or less familiar. "The settlement believes in taking the different nationalities as it finds them," continues Miss McDowell, "recognizing that which is

*See article in December issue.

of universal value in their various ideals, and through the consciousness of common social interests, uniting them in a new civic life. A center for fellowship that emphasizes likeness and ignores differences—this is the need in communities where racial, religious and industrial conditions produce an unsocial class."

What this settlement has done during its thirteen years of existence for the Packingtown district, and what it is doing now, forms a long story by itself. Its growth from a small, rear flat on Ashland avenue to a beautiful, commodious building at 4630 Gross

DAVIS SQUARE DRINKING FOUNTAIN

avenue is typical of the growth in every line of its endeavor. Generally speaking, we may say that through a successful effort to socialize its many activities—even to the educational work—it is an inestimable force in helping to raise the mental and moral standards of the people of Packingtown, and is a constant strengthener of the spirit of brotherhood and sympathy among them.

Close of kin to the settlement, and largely a result of its efforts, are the little parks, veritable paradises for the entire community within their jurisdiction. Sherman Park, of nearly sixty acres, and Cornell Park and Davis Square, ten acres each—all of them less than two years old—belong to the system of small parks made by the South Park Board. Within these beauty spots of green grass and vines, and flowers and fountains, are artistic buildings containing a gymnasium for men and boys and one for women and girls, supervised by competent instructors;

LITTLE MOTHERS

separate swimming tanks and shower baths to which come hundreds of men, women and children for a daily bath; a miniature dispensary where a settlement nurse is kept busy for a couple of hours each afternoon, doctoring sore limbs and bandaging bruises; refreshment rooms where light lunches, soft drinks and modified milk for babies are sold at cost; club and reading rooms and commodious social halls. The park board places leading current magazines in the reading

HEDGES SCHOOL — ONE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN PACKINGTOWN

rooms, and at Davis Square is a reference room and distributing branch of the Chicago Public Library. The social halls are free for the use of dances, lectures, concerts

and all sorts of gatherings, save those for the discussion of politics or religion.

Outside are playgrounds, with swings and sand-piles; wading and swimming pools; gymnasiums for men and women; and athletic fields which in winter are converted into skating ponds with toboggan slides. I never go to Packingtown without stopping for a time at one of these neighborhood Meccas —it is good to spend an hour or so where every face fairly beams with joy and pleasure —and the thought always comes to me that, even if they were of no further use than to provide healthful entertainment for the seemingly numberless children who flock there, their existence would be more than justified. The thought comes, too—what though it be trite?—that the happiest people in the world, and therefore the most fortunate, are those who know how to get the most wholesome enjoyment out of whatsoever opportunity brings within their reach. It may be a swing, or a sand-pile, or free soap and water, or books, or pure milk, or a dance hall that isn't over a saloon.

The effect of these park influences on the habits and health of Packingtown can perhaps be imagined. To speak somewhat specifically, however, several incidents came under my observation which would seem to have a more than personal significance, and to represent, in a broad sense, the transition that is constantly going on throughout the community. A small girl, who, in common with hundreds of other little mothers of the household, visits the park each day, bringing from one to four younger brothers and sisters, volunteered this to me in the course of our brief acquaintance: "At first my mother said I should not be at the park, because to help at home. 'What does the park want off of us?' she said. But I cried, and so one day she said, 'All right, go.' And then she saw how we were the cleaner and better, and now she likes it, and comes too, herself, and my father, sometimes."

A PARK SANDPILE

A ten-year-old Polish boy came into the reading room at Davis Square and asked the librarian: "Have you a First Reader? My brother can read English; I want to get the

English." Quietly seating himself in a corner, he began to study the book, objectively, of course, and I was afterward told that he pored over it for three solid hours, and that he came there day after day, for several weeks, always asking for the First Reader. With but a little aid from the librarian, he got on famously. He is now attending the public school. Then there is the youth, who, after a brief attendance at one of the gymnasiums, proudly exhibited a bank-book to his instructor, and, pointing to the balance of six dollars, explained: "I've saved that much since I began coming here. A little while ago I would 'a' spent it rushin' the can 'n' shootin' craps."

COMING FROM THE DUMP

To return to the matter of schools. When one visits buildings like the John Hamline School, with its three thousand dollars' worth of beautiful pictures and statues—given as a memorial by friends of the late John Hamline—and the Hedges School, just completed, large and splendidly equipped, one cannot forbear making special comment on the fineness of the surroundings, where the girls and boys of Packingtown are learning the A B C's of Americanization.

The public school, growing all the time into more and more of an educational center, is the only genuinely democratic institution in the community, and is undoubtedly the greatest single aid in moulding Americans out of foreign children. "Apart from the book-learning phase," said a principal of one of the schools, "the movement to interest the pupils and so far as possible the parents, in people and things and affairs of the world and proper habits of life, is having its good results. I have noticed a marked increase in the growth of the very best principles of citizenship; and I must say, that, particularly in seventh and eighth grade children, I find the highest traits exhibited in any strictly American school. It might be added, in passing, that here we have much less difficulty in discipline, for foreign children are taught absolute obedience in the home."

Many parents, wishing their children to receive instruction in their own language and religion, send them first to one of the parochial schools established by the various religious denominations. Later, they enter the public school, the majority remaining there at least until they are fourteen years old —when the law allows them to go to work. The proportion who attend after that age varies. At one school, for instance, where the pupils are largely German, Bohemian, and Irish, I am told that fifty per cent of those who reach the eighth grade go on into high school. But this ratio would be considerably lower in a school where the neighborhood predominates in, say, Poles, Lithuanians and Slovaks.

Few boys in Packingtown who reach the high school period go into the stockyards, unless in the capacity of office help, and no one is allowed to work in the yards before the age of sixteen. The majority of American-born girls, as well as those who come to this country when very young, and have attended public school a few years, seek employment in stores and offices and factories, rather than in the packing houses, where probably three-fourths of the female workers are the so-called "raw" girls and women. A girl's wages range from seventy-five cents to four dollars a day. Those who can make the latter sum are of course few and far between, and are among the more educated class of skilled workers. A young woman who has been for years in the labeling department of one of the packing houses, told me that she had often made the highest amount named. "But," she explained, "that means that one must work hard every second of the day, without looking

to left or right. No matter how little a girl may earn, she always helps at home, and those of us who make good wages keep buying things for the house, beside supporting ourselves entirely. I myself bought a piano and practically refurnished our home, just from my weekly savings, and other girls have done the same thing. Then, too, some earn considerable on the side, by such things as making shirt waists for each other, trimming hats, or embroidering. There is a good deal of rivalry among us to see who can do the most with our money."

SOME OF THE PACKINGTOWN WORKERS

And while speaking of the packing-house girls, I should like to say that the impression that sensational writers have left regarding their morals does not seem to be borne out in evidence. Those who are in closest touch with all phases of life in the community, tell me that their moral standard is surprisingly high, and furthermore that it is not true that they are dependent upon favoritism for the keeping of their situations.

When the interest of the young man or woman is transferred to a new home—and they marry young in Packingtown—the working and saving are given fresh impetus. It often comes to pass that, because of continued economy and longing for better things, many a family leaves this way-station between Peasantry and Americanism, and proceeds a little further along the road. Thus all the while there is an outgoing—and all the while there is a greater coming in. At the same time, because of the ability of these people to progress—once the opportunity is theirs—and because of the various forces which are constantly making for the betterment of the community, each year sees the standard of life within it raised a little higher; the Americanization germ a little more fully developed. Packingtown is a great primary school of advancement, whose apt pupils do not long keep the peasant point of view. And the door that opens the way to a future of still greater and better things, swings on the hinges of work. It is the watchword of the community, the pivot, upon which, without exception, the whole scheme of life there revolves—this work provided by men who have built up one of the tremendous industries of the world, who are making it possible for thousands to emerge from poverty to material comfort, from ignorance to enlightenment, from peasant Europe to democratic America.

OAK KNOLL, THE HOME OF WHITTIER, AT DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THROUGH GAIL HAMILTON'S EYES

By Kate Restieaux

I HAVE been reading this morning little snatches from Gail Hamilton's "Life in Letters," dipping into a letter here and there, just deeply enough to extract the overflowing good nature and human sympathy that prevails throughout, and now I have turned back to the title page, to read the short but suggestive note written to the authoress by the poet Whittier in May of '65. This is a true copy of the letter.:

My Dear Fd:—

I was a little blue this morning, but thy letter was just the tonic I needed. If anybody is out of sorts and hypped, I shall prescribe a course of thy letters.

Ever and Truly Thy Friend,
J. G. WHITTIER.

In the midst of the trials and the heart rending scenes of those terrible days, how tranquilizing seems this concourse of great souls. The giving and taking of confidence and cheer, each for each, between those who were the nation's spiritual guides and supports. There never has been published, from the pen of womankind, anything that rivals Gail Hamilton's "Call to My Countrywomen," which appeared during the early part of the Civil War. Letters, written almost in blood, came to her from men on the battle-field, who had read the grand, soul-stirring lines.

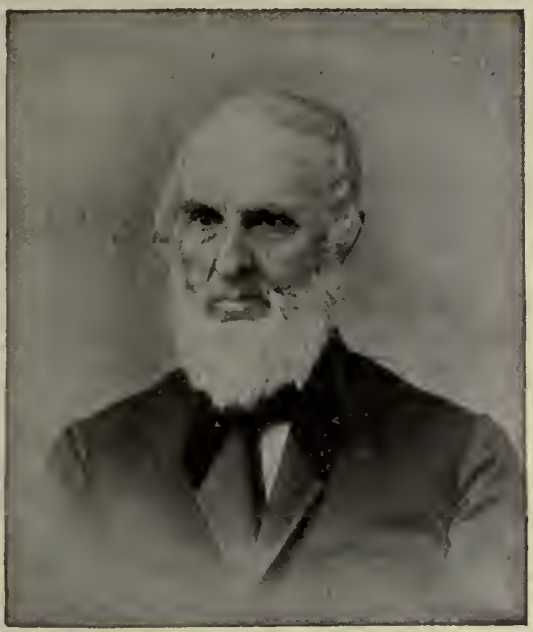
The poet Whittier, though some years her senior, was among her closest friends, and through her cheerful discourse I see the strength of his personality radiate.

Sunday, December 17, is the ninety-ninth anniversary of Whittier's birth; and it has

occurred to me, as one who knew and loved the authoress well, that nothing can throw a kindlier light on the Grand Old Quaker Poet than to flash anew the sunshine of her friendly, loving reminiscences over him.

In a letter written to a friend, March 17, of '65, she says:

"I went to see Whittier about the Bailey biography business. They did not know I was coming. I rang the bell and was shown into the sitting room, where Miss Whittier sat facing the door, reading; and he writing, back ditto. I went up to her and said, 'Shall I have to introduce myself?' She had seen me but twice, both times in summer dress. She answered, 'No,' but looked dubious. He jumped up and came to me with both hands extended. 'Why, it is Gail Hamilton!' and then we all three walked into paradise, locked the door and threw away the key. I cannot tell you what we talked about. Miss Whittier is a modest, large-eyed, but not beautiful woman, gentle, timid, but opening on acquaintance. He is the king of men, and what is the good of talking. They, too, liked my book 'A Spasm of Sense.' I lamented the fact that I could not be anonymous. I had always meant to be, and never succeeded. He answered, 'It is a great deal better as it is. It puts thee on thy good behavior.' 'You don't trust me,' I said. 'Yes, I do trust thee; but thee has a great audacity, a great audacity.'



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

"I told him about my Xmas present. Miss Whittier said, when any good thing came to her it seemed that she should have it—be thought worthy of it. 'I warrant thee didn't feel so,' said Whittier. 'No,' I said, 'I took them like a queen.' He laughed and clapped his hands in glee. We were talking of music, and I bemoaned my incapacity. 'Thee mustn't complain,' he said, 'the Lord has given thee a great deal.'

"They have a parrot which kisses and snuggles up, and walks over the house, and asks for water, and eats peach preserve. I lamented that I did not look as an intellectual woman should, and made a fool of myself when I wished to be particularly wise. He said that was the best part of it. He liked me because I didn't seem literary, bore no mark of mental effort, care or logic. When I came away, he said he thought some good angel must have sent me. He had had a headache, and I rather suspect they both needed brightening up." I quote from this breezy epistle, written by Gail Hamilton to her family, because it seems to give a very life-like picture of the poet as he was then, and as he appeared to her.

In another letter she says, "I went to Amesbury in the 6 train. Whittier was at the station to meet me. She spent Sunday, speaks of attending church service, and then says, "but most of the talking was done at home. The man himself I like better than ever, if that were possible. He is so thoroughly sweet and simple, with such a childlike manliness. I think him looking better than he has done. He likes my dress, for once in his life admired it without my flaunting it in his face. I suppose he knew I should if he didn't, so he took time by the forelock. He seemed in good spirits and we had a real good time." Toward the close of the letter she again refers to the dress, as a "rare shade of silvery gray," which we may safely assume

was just the shade to suit the Quaker poet; and one which her abundance of natural coloring must have aided to good effect.

Later, in February of '71, she writes, in answer to a letter of his, forwarded from Hamilton to Washington,

To John G. Whittier,
The Dear:—

Why! I am away down here in Washington. What a wound to my self-love that you never missed me! Dearly beloved: How I should like to see thee. I am doing all sorts of things and seeing all sorts of people, fine, superfine, and not fine at all. We have come to the conclusion here, that people who are decently happy ought to consider themselves supremely happy, because there are so many wretched folks extant; so now good morning to you, and call me cross if you dare, when I love you so.

February 3, of '74, she writes:

To J. G. Whittier,
Dearly Beloved:—

Mr. Gillettee was here Saturday, and engaged me to lure you to Hartford; but I said I would not. I have your last living picture, transferred from Hamilton, and it stands before me on my mantel-piece, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." You know you know, you are handsome; that is what spoils you, makes you take on airs and stay at home all the time, because no one else's house is good enough for you. Since the new "regime" the publishers of the "Atlantic" have found grace to send the "Atlantic" to me; so I shall read your "Reminiscences of the Pre-Raphaelite World." And O, my dear, Washington is just full of stacks of people, anyone of whom would drive Amesbury and Hamilton wild! There is no place like it, and no one like you. Only yours always,

M. A. D.

After he had removed to Oak Knoll, she writes, "Why don't you write to me, why don't you come to see me, why don't you say you love and admire me? Because you have perched on Oak Knoll, and are lapped in luxury, and petted to death by your cousins, and are nothing in the world but a sleeping beauty. When you were in Amesbury, you seemed definite and local; but now I have lost you out of Amesbury and don't find you anywhere else."

And last, but not least, this birthday letter, written in the same sweet, roguish tone that she used to all who were near and dear to her, but most lovingly to him, whom she had truly called "a king among men." At this time, in '84, he was seventy-seven years old, she about fifty.

Hamilton, Dec. 17, 1884.

Dear Angel:—

Is it your birthday? Thank heaven you were born! Thank heaven a thousand times that you will never die, for the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. Sweetheart, I am going to Newburyport this week, but I don't believe you will be in Amesbury so soon. Early next week I go to Salem, thence I will run up to sit with you an hour or two between meals. I shall not come to stay, but just to tell you how lovely you are, how blessed is the ground on which you stand, and a few little, newsy things like that. If you don't want me, I will run away and come again. But I will notify you beforehand the exact day. Will this suit you? Tell a lie just for once, and say "Yes."

Always truly, whatever else I am,

M. A. Dodge.

Such a friend, I think, our poet was to all who loved or looked up to him; and it comes to me now to think on the blessedness of this little tract of land we call New England, where such lives as Whittier's, Lucy Larcom's and Gail Hamilton's were lived. It is pleasant to know that his name has been chosen as worthy a place in that Hall of Fame, wherein shall be enrolled the names of our greatest and best; and surely he deserves all fame and glory, but one can hardly imagine the saintly Quaker poet as an aspirant for earthly preference. He was too much concerned in the uplifting of others, to care an iota for personal emoluments, and so we do glorify his name forever and ever. I remember a few lines from "Snowbound", seldom quoted:

"Clasp, angel of the backward look,
The brazen covers of thy book
Life greatens in these later years
The century's aloe flowers today."

SECRETARY TAFT AND BACON ON QUARTERDECK OF BATTLESHIP LOUISIANA

CUBA'S MALADY

By John Vavasour Noel

THE mob shouted lustily. Their cheers disturbed the peace of the quiet moonlight evening and brought us to the balcony, wondering. Carriages, surrounded by men and boys carrying standards and campaign torches, were passing, crying: "*Viva Pina Guerra! Viva Asbert! Viva Zayas! Viva la Constitution!* and *Viva El Partido Liberal!*" I am reminded of the father who, a wild blade in his day, seeking his son and finding him in the wings making love to a chorus girl, exclaimed reminiscently: "The same old theater, the same trite plays and the same old girl!" Thus, the same old revolutionary drama has been enacted recently in Cuba, amid the usual tropical stage setting, propped up by more or less justified reasons. I see the indications of the most dangerous of Latin-American maladies which requires no expert diagnosis. The *machetero* type is the same here as elsewhere below the tropic of Cancer, where "there aint no ten com-

U. S. BATTLESHIP "LOUISIANA" LEAVING HAVANA WITH MESSRS. TAFT AND BACON ABOARD

maudments" for such as they. I have voyaged with them on the plains of the Orinoco, and in the mountains of Colombia, and met them in Santo Domingo and Central America. Of mixed blood usually, they are a hardy, adventurous crowd, daring, reckless and unscrupulous. The "bravi" of the tropics, they live by their machetes, much as their medieval

MESDAMES TAFT (with fan) AND BACON AT THE PALACE, RETURNING FROM A SHOPPING TOUR

brethren did by their rapiers and stiletti which they used in the service of the Viscontis, the Medicis or the Pope. Without discussion of the merits of the cause, so ably led by Alfredo Zayas and his friends, the vital fact remains, that Cuba has been given a sample of the revolutionary cake, and like the tiger, which has tasted blood, is apt to want more. And we shall see our *machetero* friends, the wielders of the machete, become a part of the social life, and a dormant one in the bargain, ready to join the most generous leaders. Further, they will themselves become plotters, and tempt financiers and merchants to give them financial assistance in return for grants and concessions when in power.

Cuba's two revolutions or wars were fought in a just cause and inspired by patriotism; and noble deeds were done, and much abnegation and devotion displayed by the Cuban women. Those strenuous days raised a crop of hardened guerrilla warriors who learned woodcraft and machete fighting simultaneously, and who harassed the Spaniards in-

AMERICAN LEGATION IN HAVANA, WITH MARINE GUARDS

cessantly, without expectation of victory over men who could in turn never hope to exterminate them. These men, who would not help American soldiers clean up Santiago, have not forgotten their comparatively easy adventurous life in the "*managua*" (brush), and it is from their ranks that this new element, the Cuban *machetero*, is being evolved.

Such is the cancerous growth that is preying upon the vigorous Cuban frame, and unless Uncle Sam promptly uses the surgeon's knife, we shall have another Santo Domingo to make our jackies curse, and give our middies a chance to learn Spanish and study the color question in all its subtle shades, on the ground.

GOVERNOR CHARLES E. MAGOON

Friends write me from the North, asking: "How did it happen? What is the truth? Forswear your journalistic pyrotechnics and

MORIS MENOCAL (in center), PRESIDENT VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

forget for once the existence of Ananias." The National shall answer them all. 'Tis a tale Arcadian in its simplicity. A weak executive, surrounded by unscrupulous politicians, ergo, grafters. Palma, a dear old gentleman, was not by character or training fit to

CROWD IN FRONT OF CONGRESS DURING THE LAST SESSION

govern men. He never did, even in the days of the Cuban Junta in New York, when brainy men, like Rubens, swayed him at their will. He was their show piece, and put forward on account of his earnestness and almost fanatical patriotism, and unquestioned moral rectitude. Palma was forceful only when pleading for Cuba and asking for financial assistance. One day he decided that it behooved him to buy a hat, after being urged to do so repeatedly by his intimates. He spied a small shop on Broadway, and vaguely thinking that the price would be small in proportion, selected a hat and, without asking the price, had his initials stamped on the band. The salesman said, "Five dollars!" It was a Knox. He excitedly rushed into the offices of the Junta exclaiming: "What do you think, gentlemen; five dollars for a hat?" This incident, insignificent per se, serves merely to show how unworldly he was. How then could he govern and check the intriguing Latin-American politician and office seeker? But Roosevelt knew he was honest, and as the chairman of the Junta, he was the logical candidate for president. The men he confided in became bolder, and planned to perpetuate the Moderate party in power forever. They resorted to methods of oppression and persecution. They did not play fair. They wanted it all, and the Liber-

als, who would have been contented to take the leavings, found that, like the boy in the cereal advertisement, "there ain't going to be no leavings," and took to the woods. In justice to Cuba's first civil war, whatever the ultimate object may be of its projectors and leaders, there was some excuse and justification. Theirs was really an armed protest (they claim); a militarily-organized strike to attract the attention of the United States to the real condition of affairs. They succeeded, and it was assuredly a most bloodless war, and the damage done to property trifling; the greatest loss to the innocent bystander was the suffering caused to the small farmer through the loss of livestock. But the Liberals say to him: "You have suffered temporarily, but your credit is good, and your lands are rich. Under our government, you shall have peace and plenty."

The revolution only lasted a few weeks and Palma has retired, a broken-hearted old man, who does not seem to understand how it all happened. In the early days of the trouble, he was opposed to any compromise, and with his henchmen preferred American intervention, which he asked for, rather than grant any concession to the Liberals. A few offices and

ONE OF THE STREETS AT CAMP COLUMBIA, WHERE THE UNITED STATES MARINES ARE QUARTERED

president of the Veteran's Association, nearly succeeded in bringing about an understanding, but at the last moment the Moderates repented, the constitutional guaranties were suspended and many jailed. This step was the death knell of the Palma administration. The revolution took impetus, and rebel forces under Guerra and Loynaz del Castillo were soon at the gates of Havana. The "Denver" brought Colwell and his blue-jackets, who landed for a night, at Palma's request. Taft

SENATOR DOLZ, WHO PRESIDED AT THE LAST SESSIONS OF THE CUBAN CONGRESS

SENATOR LANGUILY, INDEPENDENT

the promise of new elections decently held, would have put an end to the whole thing, and Palma would still be president. Menocal, and Bacon followed, with warships and troops. American intervention was a fact. And still the erstwhile pedagogue thought, as did the

Moderates all, that Washington would unconditionally uphold his administration. Taft was patient. He listened to both sides, and tried earnestly to have them settle their difficulties without the necessity of any but mo-

SECRETARY TAFT AND PARTY GOING UP GANGWAY ON BATTLESHIP LOUISIANA

mentary interference. It was hopeless from the start, and wh n the extraordinary session of Congress fai ed to produce a quorum he was obl ged o ak charge. He induced the rebels to disband, a delicate task, and sailed from Cuba with added prestige, having secured peace and saved the sugar and tobacco crops for the coming year.

Magoon followed, and is now head of the medical staff which is to cure Cuba of her most recent ailment. His hand is on her pulse, and he is taking her temperature frequently. So far the patient shows no sign of relapse, but there must be no relaxation of vigilance. Taft did a star play, but Magoon's team work must be perfect to support it. Tact and watchfulness must be the by-word. No people ever needed it more. American intervention, supervision or control, call it as you please, must exist for years, not necessarily by actual military occupation, but the situation requires that the Cubans be taught the futility of civil war and convinced that a repetition of recent occurrences means the loss of their sovereignty forever.

Since the establishment of the Provisional Government, and the assurance of peace and protection, business has been resumed throughout the island, and the farmers are planting their tobacco and preparing for the sugar cane grinding. Investors are again casting an eye toward Cuba, and the coming season will undoubtedly bring many tourists here. Unless sentimental considerations or the fear of offend-

RURAL GUARDS PARADING THROUGH HAVANA

ing South America, shall cause Cuba to be again abandoned, as before, without some fashion of control until civically fitted for self-government, the Pearl of the Antilles, richer in proportion than any land, will soon regain her former prestige and be envied for her wealth, her climate and prospects.

MYSTERY BETWEEN FLOORS

By F. R. Weir

ALTHOUGH Hixon had slept for three hours, he was still drunk, yet not so drunk as he desired to be; not so drunk as he could be, and yet, to a superficial observer, remain a reasoning, thinking human being.

He knew this breaking of his promise to stay in his den "between floors" would hurt his employer's feelings, and he hated to be unkind to him.

He could hear Witherspoon talking with the district attorney about the watch the latter was having repaired. He hoped, from his point of vantage half way down the stairs, to see the customer leave by the side door, closing it tightly behind him. If he did so, the way would be clear for Hixon to go down to Riley's and attain that perfect condition of inebriety to which he aspired. If the door was again left ajar he must even creep back "between floors" with his thirst unabated.

Crouching upon the stairs, with his back against the wall, Hixon took form his pocket a buckskin bag of loose gems, and emptied part of its contents into his trembling palm.

With the deftness of much practice, he rolled the stones about, gloating upon their beauty.

"Aqua-marina," he murmured, singling out a specimen, "and cool as a drop of seawater! It is the young minister's new wife, seemingly transparent, yet changeful, foggy with passion at times, again amethystine with the warm blush of love!"

Hixon possessed a powerful imagination, never so active as when he was in the condition named, by his friends as, "three thimblefuls to the bad."

He singled out an irregular globule of amber. "You beauty!" he sighed, "you big, beautiful blonde, with skin like peaches and cream, and hair like clots of sunshine! Big, conceited, selfish, adorable, breakable, meltable, altogether undesirable; but with the world at your feet since the days of Helen!"

He experienced some difficulty in assembling three brilliants which graced his collection. "Society women," he muttered. "Hard, glittering under artificial light, but rather unresponsive during the common hours of daylight; sufficient unto themselves, and entirely out of place except in rich settings. Pshaw! The most costly, yet the least interesting of the lot!"

He slid them into the bag, and fished for the pieces of a broken opal; a beautiful thing, full of changing fires, green, gold, and purple, but ruined now, and fit only for the plaything of a drunkard—a Magdalene among gems.

But that garnet! He had owned that since first his passion for gems possessed him. He had paid quite a sum for it when money was more plentiful with him than it was now; and no pitiful stress of unquenched thirst had ever been strong enough to make him part with it.

He had never seen a woman who could be compared with that best-loved of his collection, until Margaret Wendell had nursed him after the night when a drunken teamster ran down a drunken pedestrian and broke his ankle. Ah, yes, that garnet was like "Peggy Wendell," as all the village called her. They called her thus because they loved her. She belonged to them in their joys and in their sorrows—especially in their sorrows. The women liked Margaret Wendell, because of her sympathetic helpfulness; the men, because she possessed a rare sense of humor—could see their jokes and was willing to wrinkle her face in laughter at them.

"Peggy Wendell," murmured her admirer in the stairway, "with your shadows, and sudden, red illuminations; with your unexpected glints from unsuspected facets; with your—"

He paused to verify an old saying in regard to what listeners are apt to hear of themselves. Witherspoon was talking about him to the district attorney.

"Harley Hixon would be a remarkable fellow, if it wasn't for whiskey," he was saying.

The door which led into the side entrance, and which—to Hixon's discomfort—was ajar, allowed him to hear the conversation quite plainly.

"By what I hear, he is, ah—rather remarkable in spite of whiskey," suggested the attorney.

"Ha! Well—yes," admitted Witherspoon.

"Light fingered, I understand."

"Never! Never—except when he's drunk; and then he's so very light-fingered—why, say, he's so damnably light-fingered then, that he'd steal the glasses off your nose without your knowledge!"

"Rather a dangerous man for a jeweler to employ, I should think." said the district attorney with a sneer.

"Oh, it isn't dishonesty with Harley; it's insanity, appearing only when he is under the influence of liquor. He doesn't take things he wants, or could use himself. Why, bless you, the last spree he had—only has 'em about twice a year, but they last a couple of weeks—during the last spree he stole young Mrs. Lane's baby-carriage and hid it up in his loft. Now, you know he couldn't possibly have any use for a baby-carriage."

"Meant to sell it, probably."

"Oh Lord, no! He might as well have tried to sell the town hall and not have it recognized, as to sell that baby-carriage in this town. It's Lane's first baby, you know, and the carriage was quite an affair—green satin canopy—elaborate wickerwork basket—everybody in town talking about it, when Lane brought it home from the city. Oh, no, Harley just took it because it was a difficult theft to put through successfully. How he ever got it up those side stairs into his den remains a mystery. Gave it up willingly enough next morning. Why, when Harley gets on a spree, and somebody loses his fire shovel, or the fine-toothed comb, or the ladder, he comes right up here to my store to demand 'em of Harley, and ten to one he gets it, too. He lives up over my store between floors. This building used to be a church, you know, but afterwards they cut it up into stores, with a lodge room overhead. They wanted to keep the ceilings reasonably low, in order to save heat, so they left a space of about seven feet between the ceilings of the stores and the floor of the lodge room. That is where Harley lives, and it is quite a curiosity-shop. Besides being a first-class jeweler and lapidary, Harley is a taxidermist. People send him queer things from all over the country; specimens of minerals for him to polish, wild animals and snakes and reptiles to be stuffed and mounted. Why, between his own collections and the collections of other people, that rat-hole of his is a sight. I don't know, I'm sure, where he will store his stuff when they take this old barracks down, as they talk of doing when I move into my new store. I intended to move tomorrow, if Harley hadn't gone off on this spree.

"Yes, Harley is a queer fellow. Shy, retiring, except—at those times, you understand—and educated to a fine point. Can string off Latin like a professor. Never does, though, except—at those times, you know. Never says much of anything when he is in his everyday condition, but will crack jokes that would make the pope die laughing when he is about half-shot. Always keeps the boys down to Riley's in a perfect gale when he is there. Never goes near a saloon between sprees; would rather sit up in that old glory-hole of his and read Horace. But when Hixon is on his spree there is always a big time. Riley is a great joker himself. Everybody goes in to see the fun.

"Traveling man in there one night—all dressed up—high collar, light gray felt Fedora, soft and mousey. Boys got to talking about Harley's ability to find hidden articles. Harley gave Riley the wink and went out, while Riley hid some article which Harley was to locate. Riley took a fresh egg, and they argued as to the most unlikely place to hide it, until at last the traveling man let them slip it into the crown of his soft gray hat. Harley came in, gazed around dazed-like a minute, then hit the hat a sounding slap and called out, "There's your article—a fresh egg!"

"Well, they say it was awful the way that drummer swore as the boys wiped the egg out of the back of his collar. That's what they say; I don't know from personal experience. I don't frequent saloons myself. But I do know Hixon is funny enough and foolish enough to make a ghost laugh when he is drunk. I am in hopes this spree will be short on account of my needing his help to move, if for no other reason. He is up in his den now, and he has promised me to stay there. If he does he will be all right in a day or so."

On the stairs, Hixon smiled calmly and got upon his feet. He could wait no longer; his throat was dry and parched, he must have a drink!

But fate was against him. His mind and that of the district attorney were in accord about moving on. They met in the little entry, and Witherspoon introduced his way-

ward clerk to the official, who, much to the jeweler's disgust, immediately invited Hixon down to Riley's to have a drink. He desired to be a witness to some of Hixon's mirth-provoking tricks.

And Hixon did not disappoint him. Fortified by a mixture which Riley declared contained everything in the house except the license, Hixon proceeded to grow wittier, and drunker, and more upright in his carriage. His eyes glittered with an unnatural brightness, but his steadiness upon his feet was misleading.

"I hear you have a surprising collection of curios in your ah—apartments," said the district attorney.

Hixon nodded, smiling.

"Would you mind showing them to a person deeply interested in such matters?"

"What matters?" inquired Hixon, still smiling.

"Why—er—stuffed animals, and minerals —and—ah—"

"Yes, I have a collection there—things which would astonish you—things worth seeing," said Hixon softly.

His fine, slender hand lay loosely on the coat-sleeve of the lawyer. "I have a collection of opals well worth looking at, and—other things—valuable things, you know, '*Tantum bona valent, quantum vendi possunt.*"

"I should like very much to see your collection of opals and—other things."

"Sure—and other things."

"Suppose we go up after closing time—Riley, you and I."

"I very seldom take visitors up to my place. They are apt to lose their nerve—"

The attorney laughed. "No fear of that in this case, but what have you up there that is so frightful, spiders?"

"I have a fine collection of Araneida."

"Awh, I don't know your scientific names for bugs and beetles—"

"Araneida are neither bugs nor beetles, my friend. But to return to opals—jewels—I have a very pretty little conceit here of tiny pearls and emeralds—only the emeralds are imitation."

Hixon stuffed a forefinger and thumb into his vest pocket and produced the jewel. The district attorney's hand flew to his own tie, and the crowd howled. "Very clever," he acknowledged, only half-pleased, as he held out his hand for his property. "If I go up to your rook's nest tonight, I'll leave my valuables with the night clerk at the hotel, and have my socks soldered on."

When Hixon made good his promise and led them up the narrow stairs to his den, it was near the small hours, and the liquor which the district attorney had absorbed lent a fantastic horror to surroundings which needed no such illusions to be uncanny. It seemed to him as if the glass eyes in the head of the crouching wildcat glittered with ferocious life, as they reflected the light from the inadequate lamp which Hixon carried as he waveringly led the procession through the labyrinths of his chamber of horrors.

Before Hixon took possession, the place had been used as a dumping ground for disabled machinery, and, having neither the wish nor the authority to remove it, he suffered it to remain.

Across the front of a cottage organ wandered the nicely-rounded body of a rattler, awaiting shipment to its Montana owner. A dainty fawn peered from behind a discarded cider-press, and an assembly of the feathered denizens of half a dozen states blinked down at the roisterers with piercing eyes. Here a case of beetles, and there a collection of butterflies; and back, far back—where the shadows gathered in the dim recesses of the place, the district attorney could discern some white object, long, bumpy—fearsome. It might be —it looked like—but of course it was not!

Harley Hixon set the lamp on the top of a rusty oil-stove and invited his guests to be seated. Somewhere, far away, near the front of the building, a little four-paned window let in sharp flashes of lightning, and the old building shook with the first rumbling thunder of a coming storm.

The district attorney shuddered and pushed aside the bottle proffered by the convivial Riley. "I should hate to be found dead here," he muttered.

Hixon took the bottle, but waited to find a glass, which he dusted carefully before pouring the liquor into it. "You wouldn't be alone if you were, you know."

"No, you bet," laughed Riley, "for whatever killed you would be apt to get us too. Harley and me would be all in, as well as yourself."

"The rain falls upon the just and the unjust," murmured Hixon softly, holding his liquor to the light, and examining its color as though it had come from the cobwebbed

vaults of a millionaire, instead of a disreputable barrel in Riley's back room.

"You would have better company than a common drunkard and a third-rate saloon keeper, whose one redeeming point is that he can see a joke," said Hixon, still contemplating his glass in the attitude of a connoisseur, "that is, a certain kind of a joke, a Falstaffian joke, to be sure, gross, palpable—but so many are incapable of that, even."

The thunder pounded so quickly after the electric flash that even Riley cringed. The district attorney's eyes refused to look elsewhere than in the direction of that shadowy space at the back, and the last sharp flash revealed that which stiffened the tongue in his mouth and made the little bristles on the back of his neck rise like a dog's in terror.

"Hixon, what have you got there—back there?" he demanded, pointing tremblingly.

"Do you care to see them?" smiled Hixon, lighting a pipe which immediately turned turtle between his unsteady lips. "It really isn't pleasant, though, especially at this time of the night, and—in such a storm—almost gruesome, don't you think? However, I have promised to show you my treasures—stock in trade, as you might say."

He reached for the lamp, but the district attorney had struggled to his feet. "Are those—do you mean to tell me—"

Hixon nodded and smiled. The lamp in his hand wavered perilously, his pipe was upside down. "Farthest one, Mrs. Flatterbush—buried only last week—just a bone, you know—carried her up myself. Next, old man Williams. That poor, old fellow hadn't a friend left when I took him up. That thickest one is Mayor Clark's mother—nice and fresh—only yesterday, as you know, of course. That required skillful handling, but Riley here—we two old chums got her up all right, eh, Riley? And you know, old fellow, '*Amici vitium si feris, facis tuum.*'"

With the lamp still wavering, Hixon advanced towards the district attorney, who recoiled under the sudden impression that he was to be dragged by force to the contemplation of the horrors in the shadowy corner. He forgot his dignity, his boasts of reliable nerves, he forgot everything save his mad desire to breathe the outdoor air. He plunged and fought in the labyrinth of decrepit machinery and discarded furniture, but owing to his own hazy condition and the uncertainty of his path, he lost his bearings. Down went the fawn. He took an opposite tack, and something furry touched his neck. He cried out in his terror.

Once he was certain he fell over an empty coffin, and then he ran his hand through a case and felt the blood gush out as the broken glass cut his wrist.

Worse than all else, there was something fierce, powerful, terrifying, plunging after him, its hot breath on his neck, its panting always in his ears. In reality this was Riley, actuated by the same mad desire to get away which spurred the lawyer; but how was he to know this until, sprawling together at the foot of the narrow stairs, they recognized each other, and felt once more the blessed splash of the rain upon their faces.

In the chamber of horrors above, Harley Hixon chuckled weakly, set the lamp on the rusty stove, and, slinking into a chair, took out his bag of jewels. They swam before his eyes in a translucent mist, mingling and changing, and winking into sudden brilliancy when the lightning snapped through the far-away little window.

"Ah, Peggy Wendell! Peggy Wendell!" he murmured, "you are the brightest, you are the dearest of all! With your dark, mysterious side, your flashing side, your highlights and your impenetrable shadows. How you would have laughed to see them run, and how I could have loved you in your laughter! '*Si sine amore, jocisque, vivas in amore jocisque.*'"

He fumbled for the bottle, but found it broken. "'These should be hours for necessities, not for delights; times to repair our nature with comforting repose, and not for us to waste these times,'" he quoted, as his head sank upon his arm.

And there he slept, and there he dreamed strange, impossible dreams of Margaret Wendell coming to him—even there, in his own foul den; of her trying to arouse him; of her clasping his hands in her own; boxing his ears tinglingly in her efforts to awaken him; of his murmuring maudlin love to her; telling her that she was like a certain garnet in his possession, disclosing side by side, mysterious depths, and sudden, gleaming fires.

He seemed to remember, soddenly, of being pulled down his own stairs, supported and propelled at the same time, by a strong yet tender arm.

Once he awoke to consciousness of brilliant sunshine, a bad headache, and a withering thirst; but the place where he lay was so comfortable that he dreaded even to turn his eyes, so he slept again.

Then, suddenly, he was really awake, the fumes of liquor gone from his brain, and his far-away little window strangely near. It was open, too, and there was a scent of apple blossoms stealing through it. Through apple boughs the light of a summer moon streamed in and lay across the floor.

He was fully alive now—back to his own again, drunken audacity and versatility all gone; nothing remaining but his broken, shrunken self, with the shame of a fresh debauch added to his record.

But he could not understand his situation. Where was he? And how came he there? The window, crossed and recrossed by blooming boughs, was out of place, and so was the door; but, by groping, he found the latter entered a little passageway, found another door, which he was obliged to unbolt before passing through to a tiny garden.

If he were not still dreaming his drunken dreams, this was Peggy Wendell's garden, with its lilac bushes on either side the walk, its apple trees, its floating hint of lilies of the valley.

He had never been in it before—if he were really in it now—but he had passed it many times merely for the pleasure of the glimpse which satisfied his longings for the good and innocent.

The night breeze was cool upon his forehead, and the draught from the iron pump refreshing.

But he must go; he must not awaken Peggy Wendell; she would be frightened to death to see a man wandering about her mite of a yard.

And then he stopped still in a shrinking terror, for there was a light in the kitchen, an odor of coffee mingling with the fragrance of the apple blossoms, and Peggy Wendell herself standing in the open door.

She came down to him and laid a hand upon his arm. It was the same compelling, sustaining touch which he had felt in his dream.

"Come drink your coffee," she commanded.

He shrank away from her. "No—no, thank you, Miss Wendell—I—I don't know how I came to be here. However it was, I have no business here. I'll — did I have a hat, or—"

He was unable to resist the clasp of the little brown hand upon his arm, and, somehow, despite his protestations, he was in the toy kitchen, drinking the coffee which was grateful to his parched throat.

"Now," she asked with some sternness, "can you listen to me?"

"Yes, Miss Wendell, but first explain how I came to be here in your innocent little house —I, a drunken saloon brawler! As I remember it, I was at Riley's—no—I was—why, I don't seem to be able to recall where I left off. And it doesn't make any difference. I thank you for the coffee; it has done me good. You will pardon me—I—will go back to my den."

"You have no den. Your den, as you call it, is razed to its very foundations. The whole town is after you, and if I—if you had not been hidden all day and all night, they would have torn you to bits, even as they have torn your den."

Hixon had risen to his feet and was moving towards the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Away from here! You don't know what you are doing—smirching your good name to save—"

"I have risked much to save you, it is ungrateful in you to make it all of no avail. They will mob you! The whole town is in a rage!"

"Miss Wendell, tell me what I have done."

"Don't you know? Don't you really know?"

"I do not, further than that I have been boozing for nearly a week, but that has happened a good many times, and they have never threatened to mob me before. You say they have torn down my den? To rout me out, I presume, like the rat that I am!"

"No, trying to find *where you had concealed the bodies* "

He sat limply down in his chair again, his haggard face upturned to hers in the lamplight, a pitiful trembling about his lips; the eternal childishness of the masculine appealing to the motherhood of the woman before him.

"Am I a murderer, then?"

"Worse! oh, even worse! You are a ghoul! A body-snatcher!"

And then, as he sat broken under his pun-

ishment, her heart relented, as the true mother heart ever does. "How can you do it? Oh, how can you put that into your mouth which steals away your brains, your heart,your soul! You, with all your love for the beautiful, and your knowledge of it gained through culture! What wouldn't I have given for the chance you have thrown away! I was bringing chips to build the fire under my mother's wash-boiler, as she painfully earned our daily bread, while you were delving into the books I longed for! And what use have you put it to—all that eagerly sought knowledge? You have addled your brains with poor liquor, and wasted your fancies upon tipplers in saloons!"

She pressed her hands together passionately; her cheeks blazed with the shame of what she had said, and what she was about to say; there were points of white light in her excited eyes like the white glints in Hixon's beloved garnet.

"Last night, when you did not know what you were saying, nor to whom you were saying them, you spoke words of burning, beautiful love to me—to me, who have never known what it was to have a lover—until I could imagine what it would mean to be young and to be loved in that way, and talked to in earnest, as you talked in your drunken insanity last night!"

"I wonder you did not kill me," he groaned. "Insult heaped upon injury!"

"And I thought, if it were not for the liquor, you would have made some woman happy by wooing her in that sweet way of yours—not drunkenly, but earnestly, honestly—not me, of course, but some sweet woman, your mate in education and—"

"Not you, Peggy Wendell? Why not you? You have brought this upon yourself—listen then, to the confession of a drunken slink, not worthy to look you in the face! I love you. Sober, I have worshipped you from afar; and drunken, I have dreamed mad dreams of you!"

It was she who shrank from him now, hiding her face in her hands. "Don't! Don't!" she whispered.

"You must hear me out. Perhaps if I had known you earlier—but that is a weak excuse for a man—for a man? I am no man! I am a fool! A degenerate! But tell me this: If—if a disgraced sot, who had been able to overcome his weakness, say for two years, should—dare to make love, 'earnest, honest love,' even as he made drunken love to you—"

"You must go! You must go right away!"

"There would be no hope, then?"

"Nothing of the kind has happened, or ever will happen—now you really must go, if you hope to escape at all. You must hide daytimes and travel nights. Go back to New York, to your brother—that was my plan—he will hold you, he will help you to be a man once more!"

"Goodbye, my jewel among women, my little garnet girl; and remember this: You have had a drunken lover, you shall have a sober lover; a poor, shiftless, inadequate one, to be sure, but steadfast forever. And now I am going back into the town to prove if there is any manhood left in me."

"You won't try to get away? They will kill you! They will! They will! They think you are guilty, whether you are or not! Oh, did you do it? Did you?"

She came close to him, and impulsively he put out his arms, then as suddenly folded them behind his back. "God knows, Margaret, I don't. When I am drunk I seem to have a fancy for taking everything within reach. I don't know why I took them—if I did—still—they would have been fully as much use to me, probably, as—Lane's baby-carriage—and I took that. But I must get out of here. I should hate to have them find me here in your house. It would go hard with you, in spite of what you have done for them all. 'Good name in man or woman dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls:'" he quoted as he went.

She followed him out under the apple-boughs, still begging him to save himself from the wrath of the injured mayor, and the town's people; but he shook his head, smiling down at her. "I'm going back to take my medicine," he declared, then suddenly stopping, pressed a fold of her gown to his lips. "Goodbye, my garnet lady," he said, and that reminded her, and she took his beloved buckskin bag of gems from her bosom and gave it to him, warm from contact with her flesh.

"I found them scattered on the floor about your feet—and—I saved them for you. They are all you have left in the world!"

He touched the bag reverently, as if it were something sacred, and as he walked back to town kissed it and pressed it against his cheek because of its late sanctuary.

The case of The State against Harley Hixon accused of desecrating graves, was tried before Judge Oliver. The mayor strongly favored burning Hixon at the stake in place of giving him a trial of any sort, and there were many who agreed with him in his extremity of indignation, but before the trial the passion of the public had cooled to a great extent, appeased by the destruction of Hixon's belongings. Men crowded the court-room, actuated rather by the desire to hear the witty things Harley Hixon would say while pleading his own case, rather than from any feeling of anger toward him as a felon and disturber of the peace.

They had sworn great oaths and talked loudly of vengeance, while wrecking Hixon's den; and had they found that for which they were seeking, would, undoubtedly, have put their threats into execution. But their search had proven fruitless so far, and now they awaited the confession of Hixon as to where he had concealed the bodies; a confession to be wrung from him by the awesome process of the law.

Hixon took his place quietly, almost shrinkingly. There was an imposing row of witnesses for the prosecution. First and foremost, came the district attorney and Riley, the saloon keeper, to testify to the horrors witnessed that stormy night between-floors; then Witherspoon to testify, much against his will, to the intemperate habits of his clerk; lastly a dozen loafers, who had been in the saloon the night of the discovery.

On the side of the defense there were neither witnesses nor counsel; just the shrinking, pallid prisoner, with his downcast eyes and whimsical, smiling mouth, sitting alone, awaiting the opening of the trial.

Witherspoon's evidence was of but slight value to the prosecution, but Riley's was most important, and the district attorney's convincing. He knew! There was no "guessing," no "thinking," about it! What he had seen he could swear to, and when he finished the audience suffered a returning spasm of the late desire for swift and summary justice. There were muttered oaths and threats, especially in the rear near the door.

When Hixon took the stand the jury glowered at him, and the judge, a handsome old man inclined to mercy upon the slightest excuse, eyed him with unaccustomed severity. Hixon hesitated a moment before beginning his defense, and the room held its breath the better to hear his confession.

"Your honor, when a man is drunk he is more or less a fool," began Hixon, and the house nodded, "but when I am drunk I am not only a fool, I am a thief in the bargain. Not consciously; I never know what I take, and I have never been lucky enough to chance upon anything of value. When drunk, my capacity seems to be bounded only by my ability. And this, your honor, is the point to which I desire to call your attention. It would have been physically impossible for me to accomplish unaided, the theft of which I am accused. If the crime were really committed, more than one person had a hand in it."

"Your honor," interrupted the prosecuting attorney, bristling, "the defendant infers a doubt as to the crime ever having been committed. In fact, he insinuates that we have failed to prove the *corpus delicti*. If the crime were not committed, how does he account for what these witnesses heard and saw in his apartments?"

Hixon shook his head reflectively. "Liquor and lightning, and, perhaps, a certain hypnotic influence unconsciously exercised by myself, may have had something to do with what the witnesses saw," he suggested, then waited a moment for the prosecuting attorney to proceed. But that gentleman settled back in his chair with a snort, and Hixon resumed:

"I would humbly suggest, your honor, that an investigation be made to ascertain if the bodies in question have really been disturbed. It seems strange that such an investigation has not been made before."

"Your honor," broke in the prosecuting attorney, "in the face of such indisputable evidence as to the presence of the said bodies in this man's apartments, such an investigation seemed unnecessary."

Judge Oliver conceded, however, that such an investigation was certainly in order, and, ignoring the district attorney's objection, ordered a recess that it might take place without further delay.

When the court had re-opened, and the evidence of the committee had been heard, Judge Oliver, of his own motion, hastened to render his decision. The judge was a man who appreciated a witty saying when another uttered it, but enjoyed it more keenly if it were

his own; and circumstances had conspired in a manner which made it possible for him to say a very bright thing indeed.

"From the testimony of the committee on investigation," announced Judge Oliver, with a twist in the corner of his mouth, "this court has located Corpus Flatterbush, Corpus Allen and Corpus Clark, but has failed entirely to find Corpus Delicti; therefore, the case and the prisoner are both dismissed."

Nearly two years later, Judge Oliver, pacing with stately, judicial step in front of the courthouse, was confronted by a wiry little man, who bared a bald pate deferentially as he accosted the judge.

"Good morning, judge. You remember that clerk of mine, Harley Hixon, who was up before you once charged with a serious crime?"

Judge Oliver had no trouble in remembering. He had been successfully relating that *corpus delicti* story ever since.

"A very interesting fellow—a very bright follow!" declared the judge.

"Yes, Harley is a bright fellow, but he is up to his old tricks again."

"Hum! Too bad! Drinking, eh?"

"Oh, no, no—body-snatching. He hasn't drank a drop since that trial. But our town played him a dirty trick that time, and last night he got even with us—carried off Peggy Wendell, and he couldn't have served the place a meaner trick. Might better have swiped the whole cemetery! Why, we needed Peggy Wendell—every last one of us! The ladies are awfully indignant at losing Margaret. Couldn't indict him, could you, judge? Lots of proof this time—eye witnesses—not under the influence of liquor." The old man grinned gleefully at his joke.

Then the judge told his two-years'-old story of the *corpus delicti* over again, as if Witherspoon had never heard of it before, and they separated chuckling.

THE WEALTH OF POVERTY

By Edward Wilbur Mason

WEALTH bides with poverty. The wilding rose,
Or little violet nestling by the stream,
'Tis these that set the gazing eyes a-dream,
Not all the beauties of the garden-close.
'Tis not in mighty tempest where it blows,
Nor in the sea that shouts to cloud and sail,
That music lives, but in the nightingale,
The wee, brown bird that sings at dusk its woes!

Yea, and the crowns of happiness and love,
Grace not the troubled brows of king and queen;
But, Fate's free gifts, they deck the hearts that move
In lowly state amid the quiet scene.
'Tis not rich Crœsus, owner of the sod,
But passing beggar hath the peace of God!

ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES

Anne Richardson Talbot

MISS MAHALA TUCKER had quite finished her afternoon work. Outside, the snow was falling heavily, and there was no possible excuse for giving her attention to the passin'." She was undeniably at liberty to entertain the unwelcome guest who had braved the storm for the pleasure of her company. With a sigh, she took a piece of sewing from her basket and seated herself in the old yellow rocking-chair at one side of the kitchen stove.

The chair was apparently bent to its peculiar curves in order to accommodate just such a round bent back as that of its owner. Mahala herself was very bent, very wrinkled and so much distorted by the ravages of her constant companion, rheumatism, that her hands and wrists reminded one of nothing so much as of the gnarled branches of an apple tree. Her face seemed gnarled too, with its protrusions over the eyes, its high cheek bones, and a habit she had of twisting her lips before speaking.

Miss Tucker herself was a model of neatness and precision, from the crown of her smoothly combed auburn "front" to the tips of her feet in their black flannel slippers cheerfully lined with red. On this particular afternoon, her companion was not to her taste, for Eunice Vose was, according to her verdict, "as slack as they make 'em." She noticed how down-at-the-heel one of the woman's rubbers was, but it occurred to her how out of the common it must have been, for Eunice to be able to find two rubbers in any condition whatsoever. Miss Mahala pitied Eunice Vose even as she disapproved of her. It was her habit to pity all poor "shif'lus creeters," and the feeling was nearer akin to love than she herself knew; still it was natural that the down-at-the-heel rubber should act as an irritating influence.

She folded the skirt of her dress well back over her knees, and drew as near to the stove as her quilted woolen petticoat would permit, determined that her visitor should open the conversation.

"Myry's failin'," remarked Mrs. Vose; in the drawling, complaining tone which would have been the same had she given tidings of a wedding instead of the condition of her only child.

"She wus'n usual?"

"Some consid'able. I tell 'em it'll hev to be one of us—her or me. I ain't one to complain, but I've ben so broke of my rest!"

"Sense when?" Mahala's eyes were fixed severely upon the offending rubbers. Mrs. Vose drew her feet beneath her skirt.

"O, I do lay down," she answered hastily. "Jonas he takes the nights, but land—you've ben a nuss Mahaly 'n' you know how it is—up'n and down."

Miss Tucker shook her head.

"No, I don't—I don't know nuthin' about down—with me 'twas mostly up. How's Myry's appetite hold out?"

"Pretty fair—considerin'—better'n what mine does. I don't know when I've eat a meal of victuals Mahaly—I don't really."

"How Jonas make out?"

"Well, I don't know's I've noticed; I guess he makes out."

"Hadn't you better notice?"

"P'rhaps I hed. But you see with Myry failin' 'n' them spells of mine, when I don't breathe none, it ain't to be wondered at. Them spells are mostly weakness, 'n' some heart."

Mahala twisted her lips into a double knot.

"Sure's you live Eunice Vose, them spells is gas—jest gas, 'n' that mostly comes of overeatin'."

As she finished her remark she rose slowly and painfully, and stooped for the basket which was partly hidden by the folds of her visitor's draggled brown skirts.

Eunice, starting to her feet, made a feint of recovering her property. "Now Mahaly," she exclaimed, "you aint agoin' to rob your-

self for me—no two ways about it this time."

In the sudden movement, another of the few remaining buttons upon her already gaping basque snapped off into seclusion behind the wood-box. Mahaly closed the lid of the cake-box with a snap.

"I ain't robbin' myself," she ejaculated. "I'm tryin' to keep Jonas from bein' robbed 'n' Myry. You better be gittin' 'long towards home now, Eunice—the snow's driftin' some."

Mrs. Vose took the admonition, together with the well-filled basket, meekly, and went down the snowy pathway dragging her snuff-colored skirts unheedingly after her. Mahaly watched her through the kitchen window. She saw her "placate" gaped widely, and that she stooped often to pull up the offending rubber; she turned away impatiently and seating herself by the fire, took up her sewing.

While she worked, her sister entered. Mrs. Hodge lived in the "other side," and she too had watched the visitor's departure.

"Gone?" she questioned, seating herself opposite Miss Tucker.

Mahaly did not turn her head. She felt that self-defense lay in meeting her accuser stiffly.

"Two loaves?" queried Mrs. Hodge.

"'N' cookies," corrected Mahala. 'N' half a pie."

"Um! 'n' pickles 'n'—"

"Cup-custards."

Mrs. Hodge pursed her lips and nodded her head.

"That's good. She ain't likely to hev' a spell *'fore* she gits home is she? My! won't Myry 'n' Jonas have a night of it! I pity 'em!"

Mahala's stiffness was no longer proof against her sister's sarcasm.

"That's why I done it," she exclaimed hotly. "It was for—Myry 'n' Jonas. Eunice *can't* eat two loaves tonight,—they may git some. I don' know's there was ever anythin' so slack as some folks!"

"What you doin' Mahaly?"

Mrs. Hodge had gained the day, and she changed the subject magnanimously.

Her sister broke her thread with a snap, removed her steel thimble, and stuck her needle into her tomato pincushion before answering with a gleam of returning satisfaction:

"Lucy I've jest set the very last stitch in my suit of grave-clothes, and when the time comes, you'll find 'em second draw from the top in the parlor-chamber bureau. They won't be nuthin' to be ashamed of come the day of jedgement, 'fur's I know. I don't know's there's anythin' appears to me more shif'lus 'n' passin' away without a full suit. You see, Lucy, I've got the kind of rheumatiz that's likely to ketch a holt on the heart suddin, but I'm pretty certain I should make out to live ef my grave-clothes wasn't ready 'n' waitin'."

Mrs. Hodge laughed comfortably, and held the finished garment up for inspection.

"Seems to me I shouldn't be in any hurry 'bout finishin' of 'em up then," she said, "why don't you jest leave the needle stickin' in the last stitch, the way my husband's niece did with her last baby? She left it stuck in for luck—pretty poor luck, I call it, that rampagious baby of hers—clear Hodge through 'n' through, I tell 'em—but see here;" Mrs. Hodge laid down the linen and then brought her chair around with a hitch, that she might the more easily watch the effect of her words upon her sister, "I don't see's it makes much odds—somebody's moral sure to borrow 'em 'fore you hev a chance to git the good of 'em. Ben cheaper to hev 'em out of cotton, 'stead of linen."

Mahala drew her bent form up. A flush passed over her face, and she twisted her lips nervously.

"How you talk, Lucy," she said, "your conversation is so free it's somethin' like blasphemin'! All comes of my jest lendin' a few nut-cakes 'n' a pie to a fellow creetur in distress—like's not Eunice'll feel to return 'em. I expect her *to*"

Mrs. Hodge smiled satirically.

"Don't expect her to return the grave-clothes, do you? She's about as likely to do one's the other."

Mahala dragged herself stiffly from her chair and took several hobbling footsteps, before her bent knees would support their burden. She turned her back upon her sister, and occupied herself in another part of the room.

"I hope I ain't unsisterly, Lucy," she remarked, after a while, "but I wish you'd be goin' into your own part. I don't feel to talk any more on this subject."

After her sister's departure, Miss Tucker proceeded to "press out" the precious gar-

ments which it had been so difficult for her unflexible fingers to fashion. She propelled the iron with the arched palm of her hand, and her thumb stood up almost at a right angle, yet she lingered as if she took pleasure in the work.

All the signs of increase in her malady had been growing upon Mahala of late, and they were easier to face now that her "provisions were made." When she had done she folded each article neatly and carried them to the parlor-chamber. She laid them primly in the drawer "second from the top;" then she mounted painfully to the attic where her herbs hung in bunches to the dusty beams. Among them there was lavender and sweet clover. For a moment, she hesitated, then put the clover back and carried the lavender down to lay between the folds of her handiwork.

During the evening, Miss Tucker thought often of her sister's words, until by degrees she acknowledged to herself that there was perhaps some ground for their implication. As a matter of fact, there were few people in turn who had not profited to some extent by the generosity and warm-heartedness which were hidden beneath her somewhat grim exterior. It had always been hard for her to say "no", and doubtless Lucy knew about the disappearance of the warming-pan, and the episode of the loaned preserving kettle, to say nothing of the extinction of the "new-fangled" egg-beater which had been her sister's especial envy, for Lucy was quite given to a certain process sometimes described as "swoopin' round." Whenever she did so, circumstantial evidence was not wanting against Mahala's strength of character. But there was no one whose good opinion she wished more than Lucy's. Lucy must know at once her resolution neither to "borrow nor lend."

When bed-time came, Miss Tucker rose from her musing and crossed the small square "entry" between her own side of the house and her sister's. She opened the door and thrust her head into the room, which was lighted only by the flickering flames of the dying fire. Lucy sat in her rocking chair, quite ready for bed, but toasting her feet "the last thing," true to the custom of her life.

"Come in, Mahaly 'n' set a spell," she urged, sleepily.

"No—I can't—I'm jest lockin' up, but I come to say I shan't, Lucy—you needn't expect me to lend that suit. I don' know's anybody's got any better right to them grave-clothes 'n what I hev. I ain't agoin' to lend 'em, Lucy."

Mrs. Hodge leaning back in her chair, smiled.

"It'll save Eunice Vose dyin' then. I guess you'll be a benefactor—to her, for she's too shif'lus to die, ef *she's* got to do the gittin' ready."

The next morning dawned beautifully clear, after the storm of the day before. It was weeks since Mahala had ventured out, but the warmth of the sunshine tempted her. After dinner she prepared herself, rather shamefacedly, it is true, to make a call upon the Voses. The Voses were usually on her mind, always a factor in her baking, and she had baked that morning. The abundance of food called out to her reproachfully. Her softly-shod feet made little noise when she started out, but the latch of the door was treacherous; it slipped from her cautious hold and clicked loudly. Lucy heard it, and peered curiously after her from behind that half of the outer blind which she kept closed, for the greater privacy of her observations.

"She ain't no ways fit to go out!" she soliloquized.

"She'll make out, I guess," remarked Mr. Hodge, blandly, sitting comfortably in the snuggest corner by the fire. He was half-asleep over his weekly paper, but his wife's words aroused him.

"She's bound for the Vose's, I'll bet. Why Mahaly'd ruther bolster up them Vose's 'n eat her dinner, and 'tain't right. Mahaly's a good woman, but good folks hes their own ways o' bein' wicked. Mahaly's way's wastin' of her substance."

His wife turned upon him sharply.

"You let her be Joseph," she exclaimed. "She'll pass in a crowd, I guess. Perhaps it's your way of bein' wicked, to let me go fetch an armful of wood. It's my duty not to let you, so you jest go along! Huh! I guess Mahaly'll show up 'long side of some folks!"

In the meantime, Miss Tucker was well down the road. The basket she carried was heavy, but she did not care. She had a conviction that but for her the Voses would starve, and sometimes she caught herself almost wishing that Eunice might; but common sense told her it would never be Eunice, and the

others must not be allowed to. But she could not help hoping that Lucy had not seen the basket.

When she reached the graveyard, she paused, set her burden upon the low stone fence, and proceeded to pin her shawl more closely. She no longer needed the loose and careless folds which she fondly hoped had concealed her purpose.

How pleasant the place did look! The graves were spread so neatly with their coverlid of snow, and above it the stones gleamed scarcely less white. The extreme "tidiness" appealed to Mahala. It looked "swep up" she thought approvingly. The old slate stones and the black iron fences stood out in bold relief; clusters of wild rose berries and the blackberry canes gleamed deep crimson against the snow, illumined by the low, winter sun. Mahala liked the cheerful color, and she noticed how soft the plumes of the pines were, and that their shadows upon the snow were almost purple.

"It's real sightly," she mused. "It's a mercy I'm all ready to lay down in it when my turn comes. I wonder how I should feel ef I was Eunice Vose."

When she reached her destination, Mrs. Vose opened the door for her, and relieved her somewhat eagerly of her basket.

"Well there, Mahaly," she drawled. "Step right in—now do! You'll hev to excuse us. You see I've ben so upsot with Myry, I ain't caught up with my work. That's how it is; the more you hev to do, the more you hev—that's what I tell 'em!"

Mrs. Vose rambled on with one eye upon the food and one upon her guest.

"I d'clare, it almost seems to give me an appetite," she said feelingly, as she deposited the cake and pie in an untidy cupboard.

Eunice still wore the butternut-colored gown. The missing button had been replaced by one of blue glass, but the one just above it had now departed, and well-worn slippers, spread to accommodate the generous width of their owner's feet, were now in evidence in place of the rubbers. The dingy balbriggan stockings showed goodly holes at the heels. She wore no collar; her shrunken sleeves exposed her fat red arms, her sandy, lusterless hair was twisted into a loose knot from which stray locks hung in various places.

As Mahala fixed disapproving eyes upon her, Eunice tried to pull her sleeves down, but they were too tight and resisted her efforts. Then she caught nervously at her hair, pulling a pin out here and replacing it to worse advantage. Mahala gave a comprehensive sniff, and turned her head toward the inner room, where the invalid lay.

Her hostess dived suddenly, and pulled a slipshod slipper up at the heel.

"How's Myry?" Miss Tucker asked grimly.

"O, stammered Eunice, "Myry's pretty spry—I ain't as well's I was. I guess my spells ain't overeatin', after all, Mahaly. Ef they was, it oughter be Jonas to hev 'em. I didn't sca's'ly taste them cup-custards you sent."

"How 'bout the pie, Eunice, 'n' the nut-cakes?"

It was the voice of a man and it came from the other room. Miss Tucker rose when she heard it, and Eunice followed her.

"Well, Jonas, you don't expect me to starve, I s'pose, ef you be unfeelin'! I declare, I won't stay round to be so put upon."

Mahala sat down by the bed and took the frail hand of its occupant in her own. The girl was very young and very pretty, yet with an aged look in her face; the great blue eyes were restless and full of anxiety, Every now and then she pushed the mass of wavy, red-brown hair impatiently away from temples where great blue veins throbbed quickly. Her pale face flushed pitifully now, as she struggled to raise herself in bed.

"There—there! Father 'n' Mother!" she panted, "Don't! O, don't hev any words! Mother, she does a sight, Father—Father's ben so broke of his rest, Mother—don't you mind him. O, Mahala, you tell 'em how it is! You're a nurse—you know. I must be a dretful care—to—mother! Tell her it—can't last long!"

Mahala laid her gently back on her pillow and fanned her during the fit of exhaustion which followed one of coughing. After a time she looked up at Mrs. Vose. "Can't you make out a few days longer?" she asked coldly. "That's full long."

Jonas started abruptly from his chair by the bedside, and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, walked to the window.

"That's what I tell her," he muttered almost savagely. Then, with a sudden change of manner, he turned to his wife.

"It wa'n't your fault this time, Eunice," he

said, "It wa'n't your mother's fault, Myry. I aggravated her. I won't do it again, girl —ef I can help it!"

He had gone back to the bedside now, and he laid his rough, toil-worn hand on his child's brow with infinite tenderness.

But Eunice was not appeased.

"That's jest him," she complained. "I wish he'd think 'fore the harm's done, 'n' I don't b'lieve Myry's very sick. I don't b'lieve she's so sick as what I be, this very minute. I declare ef she was to go, I should be surprised! Besides, there ain't a thing ready —not a thing! She hasn't took a stitch for months. It all comes on me jest as it hes today. I hed a sight to do today, Mahala, 'n' then there was a big wash extry. It's allers the way, sure's I hev a sight on hand, I remember there's an extry wash!"

Myra's voice broke in excitedly upon her mother's complaining.

"It's true," she moaned, "I haven't got a thing that's fit, 'n' it's goin' to be soon! O, father, I'd be *glad* ef it want for you 'n'— 'n' mother. I'd be glad, ef I hed anythin' fit. I've always tried to keep decent—I couldn't bear to be thought shif'lus—then! Mahaly, you're so good—if I was to go—tonight — couldn't you see I was made decent?"

Jonas rose hurriedly and shuffled from the room. His flannel shirt was faded and worn, buttons of various hues held it together. He stooped hopelessly. Eunice took his chair and drew it to the window, and with her hairpins held between her teeth, sat twisting up her hair and craning her neck to see the occupants of a passing sleigh.

A cold chill ran over Mahala, but she felt the pitiful gaze of the anxious blue eyes. The hard expression, which Eunice always brought to her own face, passed. There was only a moment's hesitation.

"When you go, it shall be all right, Myry; I promise," she answered.

The girl gave a smile and sigh of relief. She turned her face away and laid her cheek upon her hand, as if to sleep. The room grew silent. After a while, Miss Tucker rose to slip away. Myra did not open her eyes. Mahala bent over her.

"I'm jest as contented!" she whispered, sleepily. "Kiss me, Mahaly—I'm agoin' home now—no—it's you, Mahaly—is it you, or me that's goin' home?"

But no answer was needed. She was asleep.

* * *

This time Mahala passed the burying-ground without a glance. Lucy met her at the door.

"Got your skirts draggled?" she asked.

"I've got father's socks over my shoes," her sister answered, "'n' Lucy, I don't feel to talk."

When she was alone, she went upstairs heavily, and examined her handiwork. Then she remembered the lavender, and replaced it with sweet clover.

"It's some younger," she explained to herself. "And I should hope I knew my duty."

When she went downstairs, she set at once to work upon just such another suit.

"Ef she does hold out," she said, "I'll give her these, but—I work so slow."

"Better save your fingers," Lucy advised, when she came in later, "I was right, Mahaly; you'll lend your grave-clothes yet. But, there now—don't you mind my talk. Why, Mahaly, I'll rejoice to see 'em so used."

At the still, cold hour of dawn, Eunice Vose came to Mahala.

"Myry's gone," she sobbed. "I can't seem to stir Jonas. He jest says 'let me be!' He's so unfeelin'! I hed to come myself, oh! she's gone, Mahaly—jest as you said. I shouldn't hev ben so surprised if it hed ben me—but Myry! O, dear! She slep' right along after you left, 'n' never woke up.' O, I think she hed orter hev woke up—jist to tell if she'd made her peace. O, I do, Mahaly! I said so to Jonas, 'n' he jest stuck his head into the bedclothes, 'n' said, 'fer God's sake!' O, he's blasphemous!"

Mahala was dressing quickly. She made no response.

"Nuthin's ready," Eunice wept on, "and she'd feel so bad. You heard her, Mahaly. I was lookin' over her clothes, 'n' they ain't fit. Myry'd got so slack! She used to patch 'em; they're all patches—Jonas said I'd orter hev seen to it, but there—I won't patch —it looks so shif'lus! I'd ruther a thing would go when it needs patchin'. O, I hate to ask you but, you'll lend me your things won't you, Mahaly? I'll return 'em, I will."

Miss Mahala went up stairs, and came down with a bundle in her arms. Her face was cold and set. She pinned on her shawl, and drew

the blue socks over her boots and was ready.

"Then you'll lend 'em to me?" asked Eunice.

"No," said Mahala. "I won't. I'll lend 'em to Myry, though."

As they reached the door, Lucy joined them. She was in her night clothes, but she had thrown a gaily-colored afghan over her shoulders. She laid a sympathetic hand on her sister's shoulder. "Don't draggle your skirts, Mahaly," was all she said.

Mahala walked quickly and silently, and she turned her head quite away when they passed the graveyard.

"You're real good," the companion ventured. "I'll return 'em—certin."

"I'm lendin' 'em to Myry," then with a still, cold anger in her voice: "Eunice Vose, I ain't good—I wouldn't lend 'em to you if —no—I wouldn't."

Eunice was sobbing again.

"O, Mahaly, don't. I feel so bad, losin' Myry! I'm her mother 'n' I *do* feel bad. P'rhaps I show it different—but I feel bad! *Don't* speak so! I'll return 'em—sure!"

Mahala made no reply, but after a while a great tear rolled down her cheek. Mrs. Vose saw it and her sobs ceased.

When they reached the house, the dead girl lay as Mahala had left her.

"I'm goin' home," she had said, and she had gone home, and Mahala had helped her to pass away with that ineffable smile upon her face. Such a little thing, she thought to cause so sweet a smile!

Almost eagerly she untied her bundle and, as the odor of sweet clover filled the room, she was glad that she had put it there. How strange that it should be a girl who would wear these things! And how light she herself felt; how free of pain!

Jonas lifted his face at last from the pillow where it had lain close to that of the dead girl.

"God bless you, Mahaly," he whispered, and Mahala felt as if the blessing was from God.

When Myra was clothed in the sweet folds of the garments over which Mahala had toiled so patiently, Eunice bent over her.

"She's so neat," she sobbed, "'n' comf't-able. She'd like it. I'm her mother, 'n' I know what she'd like. I thank you, Mahaly, because I'm her mother."

And Mahala smiled kindly into the mother's face.

* * *

The cold winter passed, bringing the exquisite New England summer, and still Mahala was well and strong. She gave no thought to her sacrifice now, and the grave-clothes had not been replaced.

One summer afternoon, the two sisters sat together in the little square hall between their respective "parts," when Mrs. Vose appeared from behind the clump of pine trees which had once shielded Mahala from observation. Eunice carried a large bundle, and she panted from the exercise.

Lucy rose to greet her.

"Here, let me take it," she said. "You set a spell, Eunice—why, you're clean beat out!"

"I shall be all right," answered the visitor, "when I git my breath, but I've got to hurry home 'n' git supper—I try to hev a hearty supper sence—well, Jonas, he needs it, 'n' I like it punc'shal. No, I can't set out; you open the bundle when I'm gone. I done my best—Mahaly."

When she had passed out of sight, the sisters carried the package and laid it upon Mahala's kitchen table. As they opened it, there was revealed a mass of dingy linen, fashioned into a clumsy resemblance to the garments in which Myra slept so peacefully.

"She's returned 'em!" ejaculated Lucy. "She's kep' her word!"

"But her sister did not speak.

"Look at them button-holes, jest as crooked! 'N' the seams 'n' the stitches! A child could hev kep' them stitches cleaner."

Still silence.

"Mahaly—speak out! Yes, I know I'd orter be ashamed! Eunice wouldn't and couldn't hev done it at all 'fore Myry went. Eunice 'pears to be tryin', poor creetur. Look at Jonas' clothes nowadays—why, they're almost whole 'n'—now you *look* at them seams. Poor, shif'lus thing! But there—I guess she hes tried, 'n' Mahaly—it was you showed her how."

Miss Mahala was looking with far-seeing eyes off into the blue summer sky. When she spoke though, her voice shook slightly; it was as solemn as when she had smoothed Myra's death bed with her promise.

"I'm so glad!" she whispered to herself. "She's jest one of His little ones."

SOLVING THE RACE QUESTION

By May Stranathan

ZILLAH had brought Mrs. Brown's fine laundry work upstairs and was putting the baby's white dresses in the drawer in the back room, when she distinctly heard Mrs. Brown's voice from her own room adjoining; "Yes, I like a colored girl better than I do a white one. They don't expect to be treated like anything but a nigger, but a white girl thinks she is just as good as you are and expects you to treat her like an equal."

Zillah was a neat and comely young colored girl who came three times a week to help Mrs. Brown's servant girl. She went softly out into the back hall. It was true, she thought bitterly, she did not expect to be treated white; but sometimes she had a great longing to be so treated. How would it seem? Why shouldn't she be? Was she to blame that she was black instead of fair?

She had never forgotten the question a wondering little classmate put to her the day she started to school — the only colored child in the primary class—"Do you like to be a darkey?" Zillah did not like it. There were times when she disliked it very much. At home with her own people she did not think anything about it; but at school and after she had gone to work, she felt it.

Mrs. Brown was over-bearing in her manner There was something in the way she gave even the slightest order that emphasized her feeling of superiority. It was as plain to be seen as if she had worn a sign, saying, "I am a superior being," and had compelled her servants to wear one proclaiming their inferiority. Today especially, it had seemed to Zillah that she had been supercilious and fault-finding, and the girl was tired and unstrung. The words she had heard capped the climax. A great wave of rebellion swept over the soul of Zillah. Why had she been born with feelings only to have them lacerated? Oh, to be white, to be the mistress of a lovely home and to have every thing she wanted, as Mrs. Brown had!

As she passed through the kitchen to the laundry, the cook handed her a big envelope.

"Here's a letter the postman left here for you," she said.

"That's queer," said Zillah, "why do you suppose it came here?"

She took it and went on to the laundry, where she opened it and took out a pamphlet which read thus:

THE RACE QUESTION SOLVED AT LAST
THE MODERN MIRACLE! GOOD NEWS FOR DARKIES!

After many years of patient research, Dr. Morcean, the celebrated scientist, has discovered the cause of the color of the skin of the negro; and, what is more important, the remedy for it. By a harmless vegetable compound which acts upon the corpuscles of the blood, you can obtain a Caucasian fairness of skin. In fact, in a few short weeks you can change yourself from a negro to a white person. Modern science has triumphed over nature. The question, "Can the leopard change his spots; or the Ethiopian his skin?" has at last been answered in the affirmative—at least the latter half of the query—and the race question has been solved forever. For this change is thorough and permanent; not only does the swarthy face become white, but it stays white. The negro is changed completely. The kink leaves the hair, and the distinct negro features are thoroughly eradicated.

The discoverer of this wonderful remedy was himself once a negro. Now he is white and has been so for ten years, and no one would suspect that he had ever been a colored person, while his health is excellent and his mind alert.

Dr. Morcean makes no money out of this discovery, but offers it to you simply from a desire to benefit those of his former race. The ingredients are expensive and

sold at a figure which barely covers the cost of compounding, packing and postage—that is $5.00 for the full treatment—enough to complete the necessary change in the system.

This is a confidential letter addressed to you, because you have been reported to us as a superior person of your race—both intelligent and discreet—and you will therefore readily understand the necessity of keeping this remedy a secret for the present, on account of the prejudice against the negro race. Address

Dr. Morcean, Box ——, Milwaukee, Wis."

As she read Zillah trembled with excitement. Her deliverance had come. No more would she be obliged to endure the slights and slurs of being a "coon", as Mrs. Brown's young son had called her.

When she got home that evening, she hastened to her room and looked at herself in her little cracked glass. She was what Will Brown called "a good looking coon". She would be a perfect beauty, she thought, if only she were white and the kinks taken out of her hair.

Zillah made $3.00 a week at Mrs. Brown's. Half of it she gave to her mother. The rest of it she had for her own, and with it she clothed herself so well that she was considered a stylish dresser by the colored people she knew. Five dollars meant a great deal to her, but she took the money she had been saving for a new dress, and sent for the concoction that had solved the race question.

She said nothing to anyone, but began to take the treatment according to directions. In six weeks she would be a white person. The treatment, so the directions said, would last a month, but the change would not take place for some days after it was gone—some persons assimilated it faster than others—but it would surely do the work, positively not later than two weeks after the last of the tablets had been taken. Zillah decided to wait till she had the proof of it in her own person before she should tell anyone of the discovery. In her first eagerness, she had thought of nothing but that she would soon be white, but afterward she began to be troubled by the thought, that perhaps her parents would not be pleased at the change. It would be awkward to appear suddenly before them as a white person, but she shrank from telling them beforehand. Her mother was a good, old-fashioned mammy, busy and happy with the care of her many children, and Zillah felt that she would consider it all nonsense and would not care so very much to be white anyway. Neither the race question or her personal appearance ever seemed to bother her; while her father, who was a pious old deacon in the A. M. E. Church, would doubtless think it a sin to change the state wherein the Good Lord had placed him.

When the month was gone, and also the tablets, which she had kept carefully hidden and taken in secret, she still could not see the slightest change in herself, so she wrote a letter of inquiry to Dr. Morcean, Box ——, Milwaukee, Wis., but she received no reply. Dr. Morcean was most likely not at home. So she was forced to content herself with reading the pamphlet and directions carefully. The change might come at any time now—perhaps would be almost instantaneous—she might go to bed some night a negro, and wake up a white person.

As the days passed, the prospect almost terrified her. A gradual change she could think of calmly; but imagine coming down some morning, a full blown white person, in the midst of this family of darkies. Would they disown her and refuse to believe it was she? The baby might refuse to come to her. She almost wished she had not done it, but now she was in for it, for better or for worse. Of course she still wanted to be white; but as the two weeks sped by she found herself wishing every night as she went to bed, that she would not be white the next morning. Whatever would her parents say? She could only hope that she would be so lovely that the very sight of her would dazzle them into silence. Perhaps she need not tell them about the tablets, and they would think the change was a miracle of the Lord's instead of Dr. Morcean's. It looked as if she wanted to desert her own family and she felt mean about it. Perhaps, too, Mrs. Brown would discharge her when she found she was no longer colored; and she would be, for a time at least, entirely dependent on her mother and father. A hundred perplexities of which she had not thought before, came to Zillah.

On the evening of Saturday, the last day of her life as a colored person, she went to hear Rev. Mr. Barnes preach. He was a young man,

a graduate of Tuskegee. He had come to stay over Sunday at Niles, and to assist the pastor of the A. M. E. Church with the communion services. Mr. Barnes was also a graduate of a theological seminary and was going to work—as a missionary among negroes in Alabama. He was full of the hope and enthusiasm of the young man just out of school. His theme was "The Needs of the Negro," and his heart was in his theme. He did not believe that his was a degenerate and helpless race. As a man thinketh, so is he," said he. "What the negro needs today is faith in himself, faith in his race, faith in his God. 'Thy faith hath made thee whole,' said Jesus to the woman, and faith only can cure the ills of the negro race. For no man puts his soul into his work unless he has faith in the outcome. He realized that the race question was a tremendous one—tremendous alike to the white man and the black—perhaps the evils of today were in some respects a greater menace to his race than slavery had been—but things were as they were—there was no time to waste in vain sighing over the mistakes of the past. Perhaps, as some contended, the negro had suffered a great wrong in having the ballot thrust into his unready hands; perhaps the finest type of negro, the old uncles and mammys of slavery, was gone forever—but these things are not the question with which we have to deal, but with the present and the future.

Let the dead past bury its dead. The time has now come for the negro to rouse himself from his lethargy of sin and idleness and equip himself as a man, in these trying times.

Oh, that the Lord would raise up more men who should have faith in their own race!

He knew not why the Lord had made them black, but with them lay the power to make of themselves an upright people before the Lord. He believed that character could transform to beauty, even the homely face of the black man, and that, if his people were a righteous people, they could stand among the nobles of the earth and say, "I am black but comely, O, ye daughters of Jerusalem."

The concern of the negro should not be worldly place or honor, but to fill honorably the place whereunto they were sent. It was not theirs to question why the Lord had made them black, and cast their lot with the despised and rejected of the earth; but it was theirs without question or envy or repining, with stout and grateful hearts to "embrace the purpose of God and the doom assigned."

There might be those, who would if they could, deny their birthright, but to his mind there was no nobler act recorded in history than that in which Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, but preferred rather to stand by his own people, though they were of the downtrodden of the earth, without a country of their own, slaves — the foot of Pharaoh on their necks—yet Moses refused the honors of the Egyptian court, to cast in his lot with them.

The little congregation had never before heard such a sermon as that—their own preacher, an old man, generally preached about the Jews only. They were transformed into would-be martyrs for their race. Their black faces shone and tears ran down their cheeks. The men cried "Amen, Amen!" and the women sobbed. And there sat the poor little traitor, Zillah, stabbed to the heart by the words of this young man. Like Jonah, she was running away from the work the Lord had given her to do. On the morrow she would be without a people—an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth. She had denied father, mother, sisters, brothers and her whole race.

She sat there trembling with remorse and fear, and when the meeting was over she tried to slip out alone, but was dragged forward by her mother to be presented to the preacher, whose mother had been her friend in her younger days in old Virginia. And there, with the sociability of the colored race, they stood around and talked, and finally took the young man home with them to stay over Sunday. Zillah could not talk; but there was no need, since her mother gave no one else a chance to say a word. As the girl helped to bunk the younger children together to make a bed for their guest, she felt an awful misery pressing on her heart. She felt she had shut herself out from Paradise.

All through the night she lay in an agony of soul, and determined that if the change should come to her by morning, that she would go away before anyone should know of her perfidy. As the day began to break she lay, longing, yet dreading to look at herself in the glass. She raised her hand to push back the coverlet, and by chance it came before her eyes. It was still black! She sprang from the bed and ran eagerly to the mirror on her old fashioned little dresser. She was even as she had been.

Hope began to spring in her heart—perhaps she would not turn white after all. Perhaps it was all a fake. The critical time was past and she began to feel easier.

But at breakfast her mother looked across the table at her and exclaimed, "Why, chile, you look peaked this morning. You're pale as can be."

Zillah's heart gave a fearful throb, and the young preacher looked at her with much solicitude. It was only the effect of a night of worry and sleeplessness, but the poor girl sat throughout the meal expecting every moment to hear them exclaim that she had turned into a white person. But when again she found an opportunity to look at herself she was reassured.

That Sunday was a day that Zillah never forgot, so tossed about was she between dread and hope. In the morning she went to hear Mr. Barnes preach again, and afterward flew around helping her mother get up a dinner fit to set before him. That evening he sat late with his host and family, and talked of what he hoped to do in the field to which he was going, laboring with his hands as well as with his head and heart. He gave a more familiar and personal account of his plans than he had done in his public speech. He addressed himself mostly to Zillah's father and mother—so they thought—but in some way it became evident to her that his words were really addressed to herself, and another hope began that night to spring in her heart—a hope that kept her, during the whole year before he came again, from ever wishing that she did not have to be a darkey. And after that she was so busy that she never thought of such a thing.

ANNETTE

By Louise Cann Ranum

GUTHRIE DALTON, after a friendship of five years with Lettice Brayton, had asked her hand in marriage. With Guthrie, friendship had not ripened into love. His lonely life on the isolated little strawberry farm across the lake, had become unbearable; so he had asked Lettice, the one person of his acquaintance who was entirely congenial, to share it with him. With his usual directness, he had suffered her no illusions. She knew that his heart was with Annette.

Guthrie married Lettice without misgiving. She was what he termed "a sensible girl;" that is, old enough to no longer expect romance in marriage, well-educated, and so, capable of accepting a situation philosophically. Moreover, Lettice had many of the qualities he precisely admired in a woman. She was sincere, direct in speech and manner, loyal, practical. He had made her understand—and she had agreed—that the marriage was to be a comradeship.

The day of their wedding, he brought Lettice to the little house on the lake shore, where he had passed ten solitary years, and where they were to live. In the big wainscotted living room, hung with skins of wild-cats, that he himself had killed; lined with bookshelves, full of his favorite books, a fire in the great fireplace was laid ready for lighting. While Guthrie ran to put a match to the heap of logs, Lettice stood at the door and looked in.

"This is what I have always wanted," she said in her low, mellow voice, "a big living room, a fireplace, and stacks of books."

Guthrie turned toward her with a smile.

"Come in, come in!" he cried. "Don't stand there! I want to feel that you have really come to stay."

He placed a chair for her before the fire, which was still but a narrow tongue of flame darting between the smoke-wreathed logs.

He went to his desk to get the lamp. As he put his hand out to take it, his cuff caught on the corner of a small silver picture frame that stood just below the lamp. The frame fell over with a crash. Guthrie caught it up, fumbled with it a moment, then set it in its place. He knew the features of the enclosed photograph so well that, even in the gloom, he saw clearly the delicate, girlish face. Something like a pang shot through him as he stood for a moment, seeing before him the original rather than the picture. When he came back with the lamp, Lettice was gazing at the fire, which now crackled and roared among the logs. Guthrie sat the lamp on the table, which he had made from a big red cedar. He lighted the lamp, then said quite formally, "Will you excuse me for a few moments?" Noting the change that came into her face, he added, "I must see to the chickens."

He wanted to readjust himself. The sweet eyes of the picture, with their subtle prevision of pain—the look that had haunted him throughout his twelve years of widowerhood—had gazed at him through the gloom with accusation. "But this marriage could not possibly be a disloyalty to Annette," he reasoned, as he pressed under his feet the soft sod soaked by autumn rains. Annette was warm in his heart. Surely, if she could see, she would understand. The terrible loneliness had driven him to it. Yet, when he thought of good, pleasant Lettice sitting in there by the fire, the joy in the cheer of home it suggested, tortured him. He began to think that he had made a terrible mistake in marrying. He could not get away from the thought that he was committing a sort of moral bigamy. "*I have not been steadfast,*" he whispered over and over again. Under the test of time, his loyalty had failed.

The terrible scene at Annette's death-bed came back to him; when, possessed by the knowledge that she was no longer to be part of the lives of those she loved, and wrenched by jealousy of the living who would take her place, she had cried, "You will not be able to live all your life alone, grieving for me. Another will take my place—Oh, I shall turn in my grave!"

And he had sworn, over her dying hands, never to even *look* at another! Why had he not thought of all this before marriage! Before he had seen Lettice seated there in the glow of the fire, by *his* hearth, marriage with her had seemed a cold thing. She was to get his meals, keep his house, read to him evenings, keep off the chill of isolation. But now, the warmth of living close to that sturdy, soft-skinned little body of hers, penetrated the arteries that for twelve years had been chill. Yes, and the twelve years vociferated for the warmth of which they had been deprived! As his thought shifted to this change in his feelings, he forgot his pangs and returned to the house. Lettice was still gazing into the fire, but when he entered, she looked and smiled. Guthrie had always thought her smile womanly; and, in truth, it bespoke sweetness and strength.

As the days passed, the pleasantness of Guthrie's life with Lettice told more and more on his worship of Annette's memory. The house, from a mere habitation, became a home. The appetizing meals Lettice served accompanied by much pleasant chat over the happenings of the day, made the dismal, dyspepsia-haunted meals of his "baching" seem like nightmares. He put on flesh and looked younger by five years.

Evenings, she read to him with her soft, mellow voice from his "Journal of Agriculture," and she constantly surprised him by the soundness of her judgment on the new methods of chicken-raising and berry-culture. But this was not all. She had been raised on a farm; but she had also had university training, and years of teaching literature; so they read together Shakespeare, Plato, Milton—Guthrie's three favorites.

Annette's picture stood on his desk like an accusation. He never looked at it without a shudder. It reminded him of his deflection from his ideal. The moments of gloom that invariably followed were filled with painful reminiscences of his life with her. She was his mother's adopted daughter. He had returned from college to fall in love with her. He went over his mother's warnings against the marriage. Annette was too young, too fragile. It was not right for him to marry her before she had had an opportunity to know something of life and of men, and so have a standard of contrast to judge by. He went over the night of their marriage; how, on her eighteenth birthday, they had stolen

from the house in the rain, and had been married, and how, on their way back, she had cried and clung to his arm.

Then, step by step, he went over their life together. Notwithstanding their passionate love for each other, they had never attained happiness. If she had lived, adjustment would certainly have come, but she had died before fulfilment. Back of the sparkle of her eyes was always a shadow of pain. It was this expression, more than anything else, that he had kept with him throughout the years since her death. His pity for her had perpetuated and intensified his cult of her memory. With agony, he relived the long months of torture before her death in child-birth. He felt her tears yet, and the settled look of doom in the eyes she turned upon him. Phrases long forgotten, came back to him in these hours when the chill of the past penetrated the warm present.

"I shall never be happy, Guthrie; because I want the absolute."

"As if you knew how absolute is my love!"

"And yet it cannot warm the chill of death. I shall go out into the cold alone. Another will take my place."

With what pain he reflected, that he had never been able to dislodge this idea from her mind; and how her conviction of approaching death had acted like a subtle poison in their relation! Both felt, without saying so, that he was to blame.

But if Annette only knew, she would understand. He always came back to this position, and rehearsed to himself that his love was buried with Annette, that he had been on the point of losing his mind through loneliness. After the exhaustion following upon these painful recollections and still more painful self-justifications, he always returned to Lettice with a new feeling of comfort. She was so calm and wholesome and sweet; there was such reliance to be put on her strength that, like a tired child, he returned to her with an unexpressed, almost unconfessed appeal for cheer.

During these days of struggle, it never occurred to him that Lettice also was under a strain. Accordingly, when one afternoon he returned earlier than usual, and, thinking that she might be resting, stole noiselessly into the living-room, he was shocked to find her in tears.

"Why, Lettice, dear!" He hurried over to her. A woman's tears were peculiarly painful to him. She laid her handkerchief across what he took to be a book in her lap, and turned away her face. He took her hands.

"You are not well?" He bent over her. She began to sob, and the handkerchief slipped partly off the smooth surface of the object in her lap.

"Why!" Guthrie caught it up. He had been grieving over his debt to Annette; but now, in a flash, he saw that he was a debtor also to Lettice. He laid the picture face downwards on the table.

"Oh, I have tried so hard to be satisfied!" said Lettice, her voice catching and breaking at each word. "I am a hideous woman—but I—have—tried—so—*hard!*" She uttered the last word with a low-toned dynamic force that revealed the intensity of her silent struggle.

"Oh, I never suspected this!" groaned Guthrie, his head in his hands. "You said you did not mind."

Lettice, with trembling hands, dried her eyes, then looked at Guthrie with a faint, flickering little smile.

"I shall try again, Guthrie." She placed her hands gently, almost timidly, on his, that lay clenched on his knees.

Vividly, Guthrie saw that with all his tenderness, he had somehow failed to make Annette happy; that that failure had been the specter that haunted his life, and that now, because of it, he was about to fail again. Because he had failed in his ideal, had somehow slipped in his allegiance to Annette, he was spoiling Lettice's life, too.

As he sat there, the warmth from his wife's hands penetrating his, her earnest, devoted eyes searching his face, he knew that the past had glided from him. He no longer felt the cruelty of the fact. The present, vital, insistent, was enwrapping him, the usurping Now was trampling out the moribund Then.

THE MIRACLE AT MRS. SMILEY'S

By C. W. Tyler

[Reprinted by request from an old copy of the "Southern Magazine," now discontinued]

AND I wish I could 'a' gone, mudder; I thes wish that," says little Becky.

"Oh, no, no, no!" says Mrs. John H. Smiley, cheerily, from her place at the ironing table. "Oh, no, no, no," says she, "that would never have done. With all the bright lights in the church, and all the fine people, and all the richly dressed children, so happy and joyous around the beautiful Christmas tree, and my little girl the only shabby one in the whole house? That would never have done."

"I could 'a' put my feet up under me, so," says little Becky, crossing her thin legs and thrusting her feet so far beneath her faded skirt that they were no longer visible to the naked eye. "I could 'a' done that, mudder, and not a single, solitary person would 'a' seen the hole in my toe. Not a single, solitary person would 'a' seen it."

"That's all right," says Mrs. John H. Smiley. "That's-all-right. Mother's going to fix her little daughter up before long, and then there will be no more hiding of holes in toes, I guess. That business will be about through with, when mother fixes her little daughter up. Times are a little tight now," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, says she, sprinkling a little starch on the garment that she is smoothing out. "Times are just a l-i-t-t-l-e tight, but times are not going to stay tight always. Times are not surely going to do that, I reckon."

"I could 'a' set all scrooched up in the corner, with your big shawl round me," says little Becky, pursuing the subject; "and not a single, solitary person would 'a' noticed my old clothes."

"Yes, indeed," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, moving the flat-iron now briskly to and fro; "yes, indeed, you could surely have done that. But it was best for my little daughter not to go tonight. It was best for her to stay at home, I think."

"I thes wish I could 'a' gone, anyhow," says the child, after a short pause, leaning back in her chair and looking up at the plaster of Paris image of the Virgin Mary that adorned the mantel. "I never saw no Christmas tree last Christmas, nor yet the Christmas afo' that, nor yet the Christmas afo' that. When my pa was here, I saw Christmas trees —lots and squares of 'em."

"Yes, indeed," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, chiming in in rather a subdued tone; "yes, indeed, lots and squares of 'em."

"When my pa was here," says the child, half soliloquizing and half addressing the Virgin Mary, who is looking straight at her and is apparently a very attentive listener. "When my pa was here, afo' he got killed that time on the Ridge, he brought a great cedar bush from out the big woods that his road run through, and he toted it plumb home from the engine on his shoulder. It wasn't this home," she says, explaining to the Virgin; "it was that other home. He toted it plumb home and set it up in our parlor, and lit it all up. And there was so many, many pretty things for me; and other folks' chillun 'sides me come and got things off it. That's what my pa done. I saw him with my own eyes. I was a little bits of a tot then, but I saw him with my own eyes."

"That he did; that he did," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, bending over her ironing table and working away for dear life. "That he did."

The blaze in the grate struggles fitfully, being but a feeble blaze, to hide its head up the chimney. Now and then thick puffs of smoke go up; thick puffs of black smoke, reminding the child of the engine over which her father, the late John H. Smiley, was called in this life to preside. No cricket chirps upon the hearth; not even a cat purrs by the fireside to make things look cheerful and homelike. With elbows propped upon her knees,

the child sits and regards the Virgin Mary, who from her perch on the mantel in turn looks fixedly down upon the child. The wind has whipped around to the north, and it is growing colder. A little while ago it was drizzling a misty sort of rain which was discouraging to travelers; now it is sleeting, and the hard little ice pebbles may be heard pelting the unprotected window panes.

"When my pa was here," says the child, speaking now directly to the Virgin, "afo' he got killed that time on the Ridge, Santa Claus used to come to our house same as he goes now to other folks' houses. When our chimbley was bright with a big blaze of Christmas nights, and we had lots of pretty things on our mantel, and a carpet—a nice new carpet on our floor, Santa Claus used to come down our chimbley, same as he comes now down other folks' chimbleys, and fill my stockings, and set things down by the fireplace what the stockings wouldn't hold; and even fetch things for mudder, and set 'em on our table in the middle of the room. I was a little bits of a tot then, but I saw them things with my own eyes, and I know he done it."

"Yes, yes, yes," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, with a little huskiness in her voice as she bends over the iron; "yes, yes, yes; that's what he done."

Tap, tap, tap at the door, and, without waiting for an invitation, not being overstocked with manners, in walks Mr. Biddle.

"I might 'a' know'd it," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, as she turns round and greets him. "I might 'a' know'd it, Cyrus. On Christmas eve you always used to come, and Christmas eve you come still." She takes his large and rather dingy hand and shakes it cordially.

Now, Biddle is a brakeman. I wish I could say he was a lawyer, or a banker, or a dry goods clerk, or something nice and genteel of that sort; but I can't afford to stretch my conscience for Biddle, so I tell you plainly he is a brakeman. He earns his bread by making flying leaps from car to car, while speeding across country, and by tugging fiercely at the brakes when the whistle of the engineer smites his ear. On duty he is lightsome as a cat or squirrel; off duty he is rather slow and heavy and shows by his manner that he was not cut out for a gentleman.

"'Deve-nin," says Mr. Biddle, in response to the widow's salutation; and then he sidles along to a chair in the corner near the mantel. Pretty soon after taking his seat, apparently feeling it incumbent on him to do something, he lays hold of the poker and is in the very act of punching the fire, when, suddenly, catching the widow's eye, and remembering that he is about to violate one of the rules of the establishment, he hastily sets the poker down again and retires within himself.

"Mr. Biddle," says the child, after a reasonable time had elapsed and no effort at conversation had developed, "I could 'a' done my feet so," and she tucks them away again. "I could 'a' done 'em so, and not a single, solitary person in the church would 'a' seen the hole in my toe."

"No odds," says Mr. Biddle, "if they had seen it."

"I could 'a' scrooched myself up in the corner," says the child, "with mother's big shawl round me, and not a single, solitary person would 'a' knowed I was there."

"No odds," says Mr. Biddle, "if they had knowed it."

"I haven't seen no Christmas tree," says the child, by no means averse to assuming the entire burden of conversation, "since afo' that time my pa got killed on the Ridge. When my pa was here, he got a Christmas tree out of the big woods, and toted it home on his shoulder, and set it up in our parlor, and lots of nice things was on it for me and other folks' chillun. I was a little bits of a tot then, but I remember that tree. Don't you remember that tree, Mr. Biddle?"

Mr. Biddle nods his head gravely and taps the hearth gently once, twice, thrice with the poker, which he has again taken into his hands.

"Yes, indeed; yes, indeed," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, again chirping in from the ironing table, "we all remember that. It would be a strange thing, indeed, if we did not all remember that."

The feeble blaze which has been struggling in the grate for some time, now dying low, and now suddenly reviving, has almost made up its mind to give it up as a bad job and go out once for all. The dim lamp at the ironing table sheds but an uncertain light about the room. Without the wind is rising, and comes now in gusts, driving the sleet before

it. The loose window sash rattles, and above and around the lonely tenement in which they sit the storm king makes his moan. The shadow of Mrs. John H. Smiley, busily plying her iron, looms up like a giant spectre against the opposite wall. A hush falls upon the little group.

"Mr. Biddle," says the child, again breaking silence, "do you believe in s-p-eer-its?"

Rap, rap, rap. How particularly loud and distinct! This must be the sheriff or some high officer at the door.

"Come in," says the widow, nervously, as she opens the portal of her single-roomed dwelling a second time. "Come in, Colonel Simcoe;" and she brushes a chair which has not a speck of dust or dirt on it, and sets it close to the fire for her distinguished visitor.

"Ah-h-h!" says the smooth-voiced, smooth-faced colonel, rubbing his fat hands at the fire. "Ah-h-h!" says he; "it's a rough night, ma'am," placing one of his hands close to the flickering blaze. "It's a very rough night," applying the other and then again rubbing the two vigorously together. "It's sleeting now, and by tomorrow morning the ground will be as slick as glass. The poor are bound to suffer such nights as this;" and, rising, he takes the scuttle of coals and, turning it bottom upward, empties the last lump on the fire. This done, he withdraws the poker from the reluctant hand of Mr. Biddle, and, thrusting it between the bars of the grate, vigorously stirs the whole. The child, with sharp elbows resting on knees, regards him seriously, while Mr. Biddle is, so to speak, dumbfounded at his behavior.

"Tomorrow," says the colonel, smiling now blandly upon the little assemblage, "will be Christmas day—a day of rest for man and beast. A day on which all cares should be laid aside and the human heart go up in gratitude to the Giver of all good things. The world over—the civilized world over—Christmas day is a holiday. To be bright and cheerful and thankful on that day is a Christian duty. I hope, ma'am, it will be many a year, it will be ages, it will be centuries, before the world ceases to send up thanks and to rest from toil on the return of this blessed occasion.

"Yes, indeed, sir; I should hope so," says the widow, standing now idly and with folded hands by her ironing table. "Oh yes, indeed, sir; I should hope so."

"And the best way," pursues the colonel, serenely, "the best way, ma'am, to prepare your mind for the proper enjoyment of Christmas, is to get all business matters off hand before the blessed season arrives; to have nothing of a disturbing nature on the memory; nothing left undone that could or should have been attended to.

"Oh, yes, sir," says the widow, "oh, yes, indeed, sir. No doubt about that."

"And, therefore," pursues the colonel, in his smooth and polished manner, "on my way home from church tonight, I called by to collect the rent. I might have put it off, ma'am; I might have left undone dozens of other things that demanded my attention; but what sort of a frame of mind would I have been in tomorrow, if I had not rid myself of these matters? Promptness in business, ma'am, brings happiness and content; neglect this quality, and misery and distress will surely be the result in the end."

"Oh yes, indeed," says the widow, "you speak quite truly, sir."

As Mrs. John H. Smiley makes this last remark, she advances in a somewhat hesitating way and places in the colonel's hand a bank bill and some coin. "It is not quite all, sir," she says, apologetically, "not quite all, but I can make it up in a few weeks. Times have been a little hard on me this winter. They have, indeed, sir. The weather has been rough, and coal has been high, and Becky there had a spell, and I was bound to call in the doctor. Things will brighten up when the spring opens."

The colonel sums the money up with his eye, as he holds it in his open hand. "You were behind lost month, ma'am," he says; "and you are left a little further behind this month. This is not business, ma'am. I cannot afford to build houses and pay taxes on them and then fail in my rents. Promptness, ma'am, and a strict compliance with your obligations is a Christian duty."

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir," says the widow, "yes, indeed, sir; that it is. But times are just a little hard now; just a little hard, sir. The spell that Becky had cost me more than I expected. Doctors come high, sir. It will be all right soon. I just feel it will. I just feel," says the little widow, speaking with a show of confidence, "that times will get better with me soon."

The fire in the grate begins to crackle, and

in one or two places the seams in the lumps of coal have parted, and a ruddy blaze is forcing its way up through the heap.

"I have a good sewing machine, sir," pursues the widow, still more hopefully; "almost as good as new. That shall stand for your debt. It would grieve me to part with it, for it was given to me by—by him; but it shall stand for your debt. Let me stay here, sir, during the winter, and in the spring I will pay you the last cent. I just know I will; I just feel it; and if I don't, the sewing machine shall go. There it stands now, sir, and it's almost as good as new."

"Ah, well," says the colonel, in a burst of generosity, "let it stand until then, ma'am. We Christian people, ma'am, must trust each other. We cannot introduce the harsh rules of business"—he now beams on those around him—"into all the affairs of life. There must be an exception. I will trust you, ma'am and—ah—the sewing machine."

"Thank you," says the widow, earnestly, "what you say is true, sir; what you say is very true. Thank you for your kindness."

The fire now burns and flashes merrily, as befits a Christmas fire. It sends a ruddy glow through all the room and crackles defiance to the roaring wind and rough weather without. The widow's face as she stands with hands folded a little way off, has a peaceful look. The child watches the bright blaze go dancing up the chimney, as it used to go on the happy Christmas eves when Santa Claus, with his reindeer team, stood waiting at the top, ready to come down and lavish his wealth upon the inmates, when folks fell asleep and all the house was still. The benevolent colonel, warmed by the fire and also by the recollection of a good deed done, sits with face all aglow in front of the glowing grate. Even Mr. Biddle assumes a pleased expression of countenance, and appears to be on the eve of offering a remark.

The colonel now rises and, going to the table, takes up a large bundle which he had deposited there with his hat on entering. Smiling upon the widow, he hands this bundle to her. "Open it," says he.

The widow unties the bundle and holds up to view—now what do you think? Why, one of the most beautiful dolls you ever saw in the whole course of your life. Cinderella at the ball, I am sure, could never have looked half so bewitching as this lovely creature.

"Ain't she a beauty?" exclaims the colonel.

"She is that," says the widow; "she is that very thing."

"Hold her up," says the colonel, dropping a pace or two back, so that he could the better admire her. "There! that's it! Turn the lamp up a little, and let the child get a good look at her. What do think of her, little one?"

Becky has climbed down from her chair and stands now awkwardly by it, nervously clutching one of the rounds in her little hand. Her mouth is open, her eyes are wide open, and she swallows a few times in her unconscious interest and excitement. Such a vision of glory the poor child has never before beheld. Even Mr. Biddle drops his under jaw and stares ahead of him with smiling face.

"How would you like to have such a beautiful doll in the house here with you all the time? How would you like," says the colonel, addressing in soft and seductive voice the little child, "to take her to bed and have her lie by your side all night, to wake up in the morning and find her close by you, and then to put her nice clothes on and have her keep company with you all day? How would you like that, hey? Don't you think she would like that, madam?"

The poor widow looks up at him, and gratitude, like a bright light from within, illumines her careworn face.

"Don't you think, madam, your child would be happy if this beautiful doll was all her own?"

"Oh, indeed, sir"—begins the widow, but her voice chokes with emotion and she cannot proceed.

"It's for my Helen," continues the colonel, after an impressive pause; this beautiful doll is for my little daughter. We should never forget our children, ma'am."

What actors women are by nature! The light died from the widow's face, but she gave no other indication of surprise or disappointment. Even the smile she was wearing a moment ago faded off so gradually you would scarcely have noticed its disappearance. Little Becky crawls quietly back into her chair, and looks first into the blazing fire and then up at the Virgin Mary, who now, her face lit up by the ruddy light, looks down, it seems, in tender sympathy upon her. Mr. Biddle drops his head, and devotes himself once more to the inspection of his boots.

"I got it from the Christmas tree," pursues the colonel, taking the doll now from the widow's hand and beginning to wrap it up again. "The night was too rough for my child to go out, so I went down and got this from the tree for her. Won't she be proud, though, when she sees it in the morning?"

The beautiful doll, which was to delight Miss Helen Simcoe, in the morning, is now once more obscured from sight by the paper covering which envelopes her; and the colonel draws on his gloves, buttons his thick overcoat to the throat, and, with due deliberation, being a personage of importance, makes ready to depart.

"Christmas is the children's festival," he remarks to the widow. "It takes us back in imagination, ma'am, to the time when the Saviour of the world was a little child, a helpless, little child. The wise men brought gifts to him, and we should bring gifts to our children at each return of this blessed occasion. What would Christmas be, ma'am, without the joyous shouts and the happy faces of the children? I paid five dollars for this beautiful doll, for it's real French bisque; but I will get my money back in interest in the morning, when my child sees the handsome present I have bought her. The man who does not delight in making children happy is a brute, ma'am; he is a brute, ma'am."

"Don't Santa Claus come down the chimbley at your house of Christmas nights and fetch things? You're rich," says the child.

Colonel Simcoe is grieved. He is a pious man, and strictly orthodox.

"There is no such a being as Santa Claus," he says, looking firmly and somewhat severely toward the child. "We are Christian people here, I hope. This Santa Claus is a myth, a heathenish superstition, unfit to have place in a land of bibles and churches and Sunday schools."

"Then," says the child, "who was it, afo' my pa got killed on the Ridge, that used to come down our chimbley? Not this chimbley; that other chimbley. And fetch me things, and cram 'em in my stockin', and even leave 'em for other folks' chillun right here in this house? No, not in this house; in that other house—who was it done that? It was Santa Claus; 'cause my pa said so. He told me so with his own mouth. I was a little bits of a tot then, but he told me them very words, and I remember 'em."

Colonel Simcoe looked solemnly around upon the little assemblage. He compresses his lips, and a frown of disapproval comes over his face. "Madame," he says, speaking in a low tone to the widow, "I am surprised. I thought I was in a Christian home, an humble home, but a Christian home. This child should be sent to Sunday school. Such ignorant, such heathenish superstitions should be weeded from her mind. My little girl," withdrawing his glove and laying his hand on the child's head, "it was not Santa Claus who brought you these things. It was not Santa Claus who was so good to you when your father was alive. It was—tell her who it was, ma'am. Tell this child whether it was Santa Claus who made Christmas so bright to her when her father was alive."

She hangs her head for awhile, this poor, debt-ridden woman, she hangs it for a little while, and then she shakes it mournfully.

"Then," says the child, coming down from her chair and boldly facing the colonel, "if it wasn't Santa Claus, I just know who it was. It was the Virgin Mary."

Colonel Simcoe turns abruptly and takes three hasty strides toward the door. He then turns again and gives the widow a look which is sufficient to extinguish any person of ordinary sensibility. Before he finally quits her presence, he lifts his hand and offers this impressive remark:

"Popery, ma'am, is worse than heathenism."

The poor widow closes the door behind him, and, coming back, takes her seat and looks mournfully into the fire. "It is a rough night," she says, after a little. "The ground is white and slick with ice. I'm afraid he will fall down."

"No odds," says Mr. Biddle, "if he do fall down."

Again there is a pause, and the blaze goes leaping up the chimney. Without, the wind whistles around the corner, and the sleet still drives against the window panes. The child addresses herself to Mr. Biddle:

"He married a rich widow with a large estate, 'cause my pa said so."

To this remark there is no reply. Mr. Biddle nods gravely; but whether this signifies acquiescence in her assertion, or simply that the information has been duly received, cannot be determined.

"Afo' he married a rich widow with a large

estate," continues the child, "he wa'n't nothin' but a lawyer."

Mr. Biddle nods to her again. Then he leans back in his chair and appears to be turning over something in his mind.

Mrs. John H. Smiley arises and goes back to the ironing table. There is work to be done in this world, even if the merry Christmas is nigh at hand. She sprinkles and starches and plies the iron busily. Out of doors the pitiless tempest blusters, but the bright blaze in the grate and the red glow of the coals make the room unusually cheerful and cosy and home-like. The widow feels the warmth even as far off as her table; and she works with double energy, being encouraged by her cheerful surroundings. After a while, as it is waxing late, Mr. Biddle arises to go. His flow of conversation has not gone far toward enlivening the family circle during his visit, but the widow shakes again most cordially the large and dingy hand which he presents on leaving. As he passes out, the wind rushes from around the corner as if it had been lying in wait for him. It buffets him rudely, and he has to hold his old slouch hat on his head to keep it from being blown away.

The hands of the old clock against the wall move around slowly, slowly. The blaze in the grate is losing its brightness, and the glow of the coals grows dimmer. The child nods as she sits in the chair, and, with gentle hands, she is put to bed. Tucked in beneath old, thin quilts, with some of mother's garments thrown over her to keep her warm, she struggles for a while against slumber and stubbornly refuses to close the lids over eyes from which the light is fast fading. The fire is dying low. Shadows dance fantastically about the room. The *tick, tick, tick* of the clock sounds farther and farther away. She exerts herself a little and looks hard at mother bending over the ironing table; at the sewing machine, which is almost as good as new; at the few phials on the mantel, kept for sickness; at the Virgin Mary, who has grown, somehow, astonishingly large and life-like, and, with eyes directed straight into hers, appears about to speak to her. She looks and looks, and just as she reaches that mysterious border region which lies between the kingdom of this world and dreamland, as sure as I am a good Christian—which I profess myself to be—the Virgin Mary nods and smiles upon her. I know there are those who affirm that an unusually fierce gust of wind, penetrating a crack behind the Virgin, compelled her to nod, and that, as to smiling, she has all her days been afflicted with a sort of simper, which was perhaps intended for a smile by the genius who fashioned her. I have nothing to say of such vague fantasies as these. I confine myself to facts. I say that, while the little child is lying with eyes wide open, and just as she is slipping softly down the road to unconsciousness, the Virgin Mary nods and smiles upon her.

The hands of the old clock against the wall move around slowly, slowly. The widow sits by the dying fire and muses on bygone days. Viewless forms from out the past come and take their places beside her, and are gone again. Ashes gather over the coals in the grate, as they have gathered over the hopes and plans of other years. She draws closer and closer, as the embers grow cold, and she dreams and dreams, as mortals will. The fierce energy of the storm has expended itself; the wind has lulled, and the world awaits in silence, as the festival of the birth of Christ draws nigh. From her place above the mantel, the Virgin Mary, still smiling through the shadows, looks down upon the weary mother. The old clock gives a premonitory rattle and prepares to strike. *One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven*—she looks up as the last note, *twelve*, falls on her ear. Christmas day has come. The weary woman rises and prepares to lie down beside her sleeping little one. Hark! a knock at the door. Who comes at the midnight hour to this lonely house? For a while she holds back through fear; then, stepping forward, unbars the bolt. Before her stands a sable imp with glistening eyes and white, shining teeth. He hurriedly thrusts a package into her hands, and then—before a man hath power to say "behold"—the jaws of the darkness do devour him.

She holds the bundle in uncertain hands for a while, then, bolting once more the door, she unwraps it. There are warm stockings for a child; there are nice new shoes; a little hood for the head; a long cloak intended to come down almost to the feet; and, lastly, (her eyes brim with tears as she sees it), there is a large doll with curly hair and great, bright eyes, staring the widow nearly out of countenance, when the two first meet. She

is gaily, perhaps somewhat flashily, dressed; and pinned to her skirt there is a paper which, when it comes to be read, bears this mysterious inscription:

"For Little Becky
From the Virgin Mary."

She falls upon her knees—'tis a woman's instinct in the hour of sudden joy or great trouble—and her heart goes up to the Throne of Grace in prayer. She cannot know who the generous donor is. It must be—yes, he is a little pompous and the world calls him selfish, but God puts things into people's hearts. God has shown him at this holy season that there can be no sin in the simple faith of a little child. God has taught him that, though correct of creed, he cannot render true homage to the infant Christ without some love of his neighbor. Reverently she places the Christmas doll on the mantel close by the side of the Virgin Mary. She kisses over and over again and washes with her tears the thin face of her little one, and lies down to rest beside her.

* * *

Are not these the church bells a-ringing, ladies and gentlemen, and is not this the blessed Christmas morn? Locked in the embrace of the ice king, the world is beautiful. The laden branches of the trees bend toward the earth as if in silent worship, and the long icicles gleam in the sun. The sky is blue and clear, the frosty air keen and nipping, the breath of the speeding church-goers ascends as incense toward heaven. Troops of happy children skip and slip along the smooth streets. Full of life and spirits, they romp and call to each other, and their laughter makes the morning glad. Who is this that comes now, accompanied by a plain and rather diminutive middle-aged lady, and hugging a great, wide-staring doll tight in her arms? Have the kindness to observe that there are no holes in her toes, and that this is not mother's big shawl which enwraps her little scrap of a body. Ah, no; she is neatly and most comfortably clad from head to foot, and everything about her is spic-span-new. See her bright and happy look, her shining morning face, her honest pride in her own appearance, her admiration for the beauteous creature she carries. Others may fancy themselves fine on this occasion; but I say unto you that, if to be clothed on with thankfulness and well wrapped in the sweet garment of content go for anything with Him who regardeth both the outer and the inner man, then Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like our little Becky.

The church bells ring, ring, and here are rich people and poor people, quiet, genteel people, and loud, flashy people, all trooping in together. Here, as I live, is Mr. Biddle with his large, dingy hands, looking, I am sorry to say, altogether too shabby for the occasion. He has been saving up money, his friends know, to buy himself a new overcoat for Christmas; but he has on no overcoat today. In his faded every-day clothes he has not the audacity to take his seat in the midst of the congregation, but, slipping in unobserved, tries to hide himself in an obscure corner. Here is Colonel Simcoe, smooth and orthodox as usual and well dressed, you may depend upon it, from his neatly brushed silk hat down to his polished boots. As he passes in, the grateful widow drops a little curtsy to him, and addresses him in a low, earnest whisper: "The Lord will reward you, sir. The Lord will reward you." Manifestly not understanding her, Colonel Simcoe looks down upon her in surprise, and by a frown rebukes her familiarity. His stylish wife and daughter regard her with a blank stare, and are shocked that one in her station should presume to interrupt gentle folks in church.

The organ peals, and the poor widow sinks into a seat. As the loud swell of the organ rolls over her, it seems to lift her up and bear her onward with it, and her dim eyes fill with tears of gratitude. As she kneels down with her little girl, she humbly thanks God that he has put it into the heart of someone unknown to remember the child on this blessed Christmas day. The music swells again, and human voices with words now broken, now prolonged, but always unintelligible to her, mingle with the notes of the organ. As she stands and listens, the voices in the choir seem to be crying out to her, over and over again: "For little Becky, from the Virgin Mary; for little Becky from the Virgin Mary; for little Becky from the Virgin M-a-a-ary." Time and again it seems to her the tenor and the soprano, and the rest of 'em, drone and shout these words at her until they fall now on her ear with startling distinctness, and she

trembles almost with awe as she hears them. "For little Becky from the Virgin Mary; for little Becky from the Virgin Mary; for little Becky from the Virgin M-a-a-ar-y."

Now the parson opens the lids of the Book wherein no lie is writ, and, as he reads in sonorous tones of the visit of the angels to the poor shepherds on the first Christmas eve, she hangs on his words as if the story to her were a new one, and wonders as she ponders the tale afresh if the age of miracles has passed forever.

And here I, for one, having my Christmas dinner waiting at home, and my Christmas turkey browning in the oven, am compelled to leave them. If you demand of me to know what kind soul it was that brightened the humble home of the Smiley's, on this Christmas morn, I tell you candidly that I do not know. I might have my guess on the subject, and so may you, or anyone, but as for knowing, that's a different thing. Little Becky is firmly of the opinion that her new doll, with the staring eyes, came directly from the Virgin Mary, for didn't the paper that was pinned to it's dress say so? For my part, I express no opinion on the subject. There was the shiny-eyed imp—or whatever it was—at the widow's door on the very stroke of midnight, when Christmas day was being ushered in. There, too, was the singular behavior of the Virgin herself just before the child dropped off to sleep on Christmas eve. All these things, to my mind, should be weighed carefully before a conclusion is reached. It is my present intention to report these weighty matters to the Psychological Society, at Boston, and I shall not be surprised if hereafter among the transactions not to be accounted for except upon the theory of supernatural agency should be set down—"The Miracle at Mrs. Smiley's."

WINTER BOUND

By Edward Wilbur Mason

AROUND me, to the far horizon's rim,
The snowdrifts lie in spotless purity.
But all day long I dream of violet dim,
And of anemone.

The million silences forever sing;
The winds of winter lift their organ note.
But all day long I sigh for flame-struck wing,
And for the song-thrilled throat.

All day I see the sunlight on the plain;
I know that winter's patient peace is best.
But my poor heart goes mad for April rain,
And springtide's wild unrest!

MY HOUSE—OR MY BOY—WHICH?

By Anna Huber Kent

SO many times I fret and grow
Discouraged, for it seems each day
That now I've got the house so clean,
It surely clean will stay
Until the morrow. But, alas!
The morrow comes, and with it brings
For me to do, in endless round,
The same old, common, homely things.

I look around each morning; there
Upon the tables and the chairs,
I find cut paper, strings and nails;
Oh me, the same old, humdrum cares!
While whittlings litter up the floors,
And here's a cap, and there's some shoes
To put away. Does it seem strange
That I, sometimes, my temper lose?

I think how nice the house would look,
And how much easier work would be,
If I had nothing out of place,
And everything from dirt was free;
No strings or toys to be picked up,
No misplaced cap, no muddy shoes;
Then life would be a happy dream,
And I would never have the blues.

But when the shades of night are drawn,
My day's work done, I sit me down
To read or write, 'tis then I'm tried;
'Tis then I try to think, and frown
Because of Grandpa and the boy,
Who laugh and chatter, blithe and gay.
Dear me! I wonder who could think?
They drive my every thought away.

But when I think of how I'd feel,
If nevermore should come my boy;
If he should go far, far from me,
Would not my pleasure, all my joy
In life go too? And then I know
That I had rather keep my boy,
With all his litter in the house,
Than all my happiness destroy.

For oh! how desolate the house
Would seem with him afar away.
How quiet always would I be;
How I could think by night and day.
No, no, I would not have it so;
A life like that would be no joy
To me; I'll take the strings and nails,
The misplaced things, and keep my boy.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

WASHING WOOL SHAWLS

By Gertrude C. Whitacre, Alliance, Ohio

Many people having yarn or wool shawls (knit or crocheted) find that they stretch out of shape and present a hopelessly stringy appearance after washing. I have a white and pink shell pattern which has been washed many times, and always looks like new.

Lay your shawl out, perfectly flat, on a piece of cloth sufficiently large to cover it, and baste with heavy thread several times around, until held firmly in place. Cover with another piece of cheese cloth, and baste this enough to hold well in place. Wash in good suds of wool soap, squeezing rather than rubbing; rinse well, pressing out as much water as you can without wringing; hang on line to dry. When properly dry, remove covering, and you will find your shawl in perfect condition—light and fluffy, and not stretched at all.

—

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE

By M. E. G., Memphis, Tennessee

A cure for toothache is made of equal parts of oil of cloves, laudanum and creosote. This should be used with great care.

A LUSTROUS STOVE POLISH

A pinch of sugar dropped into the stove blacking greatly heightens the lustre.

WHITE KITCHEN FLOORS

A white kitchen floor is obtained only by the use of cold water and common soap. Hot water and washing powders tend to make it yellow.

—

HOW TO KEEP FURS

By Mrs. E. B., Dayton, Washington

Sprinkle dark furs well with black pepper, wrap up in brown paper, and put away in hat-box, and you can keep for years with no fear of injury from moths. To keep white furs, use white pepper, and when time to use again, hang out and shake out well.

—

TO RENEW LINEN

By Mrs. R. B. Beckes, Belma, Washington

Linen suits often become badly faded while the fabric is still good and servicable. To renew or freshen to make over for children, fill wash boiler half full of nice, clean hay, boil an hour or more in sufficient water to cover the hay; strain through coarse cloth into jar large enough to entirely submerge the goods. Wash them and put to soak for twenty-four hours. Be sure it is well covered with the tea, (best to weight it down); rinse in cold water and dry in the shade. The result will be a nice shade of green linen. How durable the color is, anyone who has tried to wash grass stains out of cloth will know.

APPLICATION FOR APPENDICITIS

By Mrs. James M. Merrill, Grant, Michigan

Equal parts of water and spirits of turpentine. Heat and apply hot fomentations, until all inflammation is relieved. At the same time take internally, sweet oil in teaspoonful doses at frequent intervals.

—

GARGLE FOR TONSILITIS

By Janie Brown, Bloomington, Nebraska

Put a few drops of spirits of myrrh in half a glass of water, and gargle the throat often.

FROZEN FEET

Make a poultice of soft soap and corn meal, and bind on feet

REMEDY FOR POISON IVY

If poisoned by poison ivy, paint the affected parts with iodine.

—

CRANBERRY POULTICES

By Helen Perkins, Canton, Ohio

Cranberry poultices are cooling, and afford speedy relief to those suffering from erysipelas; poultices made from cooked cranberries, applied hot, often relieve cases of inflammation of the bowels.

BOILING CABBAGE

A couple of little red peppers dropped in the kettle with cabbage will keep the odor from going all over the house.

—

TO CLEAN A CHIMNEY

By Mrs. W. O. Merrill, Sergeantsville, N. J.

To clean a chimney, place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove. The vapor produced by the zinc will carry off the soot by chemical decomposition.

EVERLASTING FENCE-POSTS

To make fence-posts durable, take boiled linseed oil and stir into it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint; put a coat of this over the timber and it will never decay.

RENOVATING BED-CLOTHES

After washing and thoroughly drying bed-quilts and "comfortables," fold and roll them tight, then give them a beating with the rolling pin, to liven up the batting. It will make them soft and new.

—

NEW USES FOR RUBBER TAPE

By Jennie W. Root, Brandon, Wisconsin

If rubbers tear down at the top, draw the edges together neatly with strong linen thread, using the "ball stitch," then on the inside of rubber apply a strip of adhesive tape large enough to extend well beyond the threads. The inside lids of trunks and suit-cases can be repaired with the tape very successfully by passing an iron, slightly warmed, over the tape while held tightly stretched in the proper position. It makes a "binge" superior to that usually found on a new trunk.

—

CLEANSING WATER BOTTLES

By K. Oldfield, Fort Rouge, Winnepeg, Manitoba

A little salt and vinegar mixed together is splendid for cleansing the inside of water bottles, etc.

MOTHS' ENEMY

Equal parts of coal-oil and turpentine mixed together are splendid for painting the inside of wardrobes, cup boards, etc., to keep away the moths.

FRESH LETTUCE

Lettuce will keep for days if washed and wrapped in a dry towel and laid on ice or on a cold cellar floor.

PLUM TARTS IN MID-WINTER

Take good, ripe plums, (they must not he at all hruised) put into gem jars, screw down tops and put into the oven leaving them there till the fruit cracks; take out and fill jars up with boiling water; screw down tops and put away. These will keep for months and are most delicious.

FOR IMPROVING THE NAILS

Ruh cold cream on the nails at night; this will soften and improve them.

PREVENTS DISAGREEABLE ODOR

When any liquid boils over on the stove, a little salt sprinkled on, will prevent a disagreeahle odor.

—

TO COOK SWEET APPLES

By Emma F. Dalbow, Pennsgrove, N. J.

If, in cooking sweet apples, one will put a spoonful of vinegar to a small saucepan of fruit, they will cook to pieces as well as sour ones.

—

REMOVING AXLE-GREASE FROM COTTON

By A. E. B., Joplin, Mo.

Ruh a little stale butter on spot, and lay away over night. Rinse out next morning with cold water and any good laundry soap.

—

KEROSENE AS A CLEANSER

By Mary E. Caldwell, Sandy Hill, New York

If one gets fresh paint on a garment, wet a cloth in kerosene and ruh it off. Unless the fahric is very delicate, it will not injure it, and soon evaporate.

If a paint hrush gets hard and stuck up with paint or varnish, soak it in kerosene to clean it.

If one gets axle grease or varnish on their hands, which will not wash off, wash them in kerosene, then in hot water and soap.

RAILROAD BREAD

At dinner time save out about a pint of mashed potatoes and enough of the water in which they have heen boiled to make about one and one-half quarts. At hed time, add three tablespoonsful of sugar, one compressed yeast cake, or any good yeast; let it he in a warm place over night. It should have more or less white foam on the top if the yeast is good. Add a pinch of soda. Then put in the hread-pan a pint of hoiling water, two tahlespoonsful of salt, half as much hutter or lard. Stir it thick with flour; now add the potato water, and more flour, mixing it hard. When light, put into tins, and hake when the loaves have about douhled in size. This will make four large loaves, which should he done for dinner. Very easy and good.

—

TONIC FOR THIN PEOPLE

By Mrs. K. S., Leavings, Alta, Canada

A teaspoonful of olive oil is an excellent tonic for thin people. It is very good for a sallow complexion, as it acts directly on the liver. Taken for costiveness, it is very good, as it acts on the bowels without producing any griping pains.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM TABLE LINEN

By Fannie Blodgett, Ripon, Wisconsin

Dissolve five cents' worth of oxalic acid in a pint of water; also dissolve five cents' worth of chloride of lime in a pint of water. When the tahlecloths or napkins are washed ready for the hoiler, dip the stained parts in the solution—first the cloride of lime and then the oxalic acid; then boil and finish as usual. Years of experience have proved the recipe infalihle.

—

ONIONS IN DIPTHERIA CASES

By Mrs. C. A. Sires, Iowa Falls, Iowa

A pan of sliced raw onions, placed in a room where there is diptheria, will ahsorh the poison and prevent the disease from spreading. The onions should he huried every morning and fresh ones cut up.

TO REMOVE STAINS

First ruh tar stains with a few drops of salad oil. They can then he completely removed hy the application of henzine.

Cold rain-water and soap will remove machine grease from washahle fahrics.

TO KEEP MEAT FRESH

Fresh meat heginning to sour will sweeten if placed out of doors over night.

TO SOFTEN BOOTS AND SHOES

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have heen hardened hy water, and will render them as pliahle as new.

—

TO CURE A COLD

By Mrs. J. N. Wilson, Lower Lake, California

Put one ounce of camphor gum in a half pint of good whiskey and inhale the fumes often; also sniff it up the nostrils. I have known it to hreak up a cold, if used in time.

KEEPS THE HAIR FROM FALLING

To stop the hair from falling out and to cure dandruff, put a tahlespoonful of flour of sulphur in a quart bottle, and fill the bottle with rain water; let stand until the sulphur settles to the bottom of hottle, then use the water to wash the scalp two or three times a week. You can wet the tips of your fingers and ruh the scalp, and not wet your hair, if you do not wish to. There will be no odor of sulphur, as it seems to he deodorized when it settles.

CLEANS KNIFE HANDLES

Do you all know that a half a lemon dipped in salt and ruhbed over the discolored white handles of knives will make them white like new ones?

NEW BATHING HINT

Do you know that hathing in water made strong with hicarhonate of soda will prevent any odor of perspiration and help to cure rheumatism?

TO LAUNDER LACE CURTAINS QUICKLY

To launder lace curtains quickly, and easier than pinning them to the carpet, wash and starch rather stiff, then pin them on the clothes line hy each scallop in one edge, full length; stretch and smooth out nicely and leave them to dry, and when dry lay a damp cloth on the scallops that were pinned on the line and press them smooth. That will he all the ironing they will need, and the curtains will he crisp and look like new ones.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL PEPPER

Do you know that the "coral gem bouquet pepper" makes a heautiful little pot plant for the house in winter, and the peppers are good to season anything in which you would use common ground pepper.

CLEANING SILVER QUICKLY

By Irena Y. Edwards, Harris, Colorado

To save much labor in cleaning silverware, stir whiting in alcobol to tbe consistency of cream; put on with a woolen cloth; when dry rub off, and the silver is cleaned, unless very black, wben a second application may be nccessary.

—

TO REDUCE A FEVER

By Mrs. J. F. Currier, Orienta, Wisconsin

Nothing is better to reduce a fever tban hot sage tea witb a few drops of spirits of nitre in it. The dose of nitre varies from tbree drops for an infant to a teaspoonful for an adult.

TO KEEP YOUR GRANITE WARE CLEAN

In a burry, sometimes you would like to put your nice graniteware pan over the fire, but you don't like to blacken it. If you just rub the bottom first with lard, you will be surprised how easily the black will wash off.

—

TO CLEAN WHITE FURS

By Neota A. Johnson, E. Eddington, Maine

Buy ten cents' wortb of plaster of Paris, and with the hands rub into tbe fur until every part is reached; then hang on a line and beat gently (I use a rattan beater), until the powder is all out. Repeat the process, using corn-starcb instead of plaster of Paris, and you will find your furs are white and fluffy as when first bought. The work should be done, if possible, in the open air.

—

SHEARS USEFUL IN THE KITCHEN

A Subscriber, Guysboro, Nova Scotia

Have a pair of sbears In your kitchen, or better yet, what we use ourselves, narrow-bladed barbers' scissors, (which cut anything, from a piece of thread to tin and zinc) and find out by experience how much better they are than tbe generally *dull* knife for neat service, in cutting into shape any kind of meat or pork for frying.

Especially useful are the scissors when preparing *fish* for cooking, as they cut through the *tough skins* of either salmon, haddock, codfisb, pollock or mackerel, or any frying fish, so very easily and to whatever shape or size desired.

—

WORTH TRYING

By D. D. Smith, Yorkshire, New York

When you put your bread to rise on a cold night, try placing your dish on a warm soapstone.

Put borse-radish through a meat-cutter, instead of grating it.

Wben eggs are scarce, put a dessert-spoonful of corn-starcb for every egg in your rice pudding.

Try putting a teaspoonful of baking powder in your buckwheat batter.

In baking juicy pies, put a teaspoonful of tapioca in each pie. It prevents juice from running out.

Tn open a fruit-can, try placing a warm flatiron on tbe cover for a few minutes.

When scraping fisb, hold it under water, to prevent scales from flying.

Wben cleansing rice, wash it twice in warm water; it is said to be more effective in removing starch than several washings in cold water.

In frying doughnuts, drop a few slices of peeled Irish potatoes in the fat. It will prevent tbe cakes from absorbing too much grease.

Try alcohol to remove grass stains.

FOR TIRED FEET

By Rev. F. B. Nelson, Wheelock, Vermont

Persons afflicted with tired, painful feet, will find relief by frequently changing from one kind of shoes to another.

—

ABOUT THE SINK

By Mrs. H. E. Firth, Spokane, Washington

Should the lead pipe become clogged, take a piece of hose about two and one-half feet long, with a coupler on one end, and couple onto faucet. Insert the other end in pipe (after removing strainer), hold down firmly, turn water on full force, and you will find it does its work well, removing the obstacle.

MAKES TOUGH STEAK TENDER

Should you have a piece of tougb steak, try this method of making it palatable: Pound well, dip in vinegar quickly and fry in very hot butter at once. You will have tender meat.

WASHING WOOLEN UNDEAWEAR

Before washing, turn wrong side out, hang on line out of doors, whisk thoroughly and leave out to air. You will be surprised how mucb nicer tbey wash and press.

—

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

By Ida P. Messick, Belle Plaine, Kansas

Gasoline is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Rub the afflicted parts thoroughly witb the gasoline, taking care not to be near a fire or a ligbted lamp.

HOT WATER FOR BRUISES

Bathe all wounds, bruises, cuts, etc., in *hot* water to prevent discoloration.

CURES STOMACH TROUBLE

A cup of *hot* water taken before each meal and on going to bed, is a sure cure for constipation and chronic stomach trouble, if persistently taken. I cured myself of stomach trouble of twenty years standing.

TOO MUCH SALT

If in cooking one gets tbe food too salty, add a teaspoonful of sugar. The sugar counteracts the taste of tbe salt.

WASHING WOODWORK

To make tbe washing of windows and woodwork easy, take a pailful of tepid water, put into it a tablespoonful of kerosene; wash tboroughly with a cloth wrung partially dry; tben rub witb newspapers until bright and shining. In wiping off furniture, wring the cloth out as dry as possible, wipe off all dust, and then take a soft, dry cloth and rub hard and dry. One does not need furniture polish.

FOR CAR-SICKNESS

For sickness caused by traveling in the cars, take a sheet of writing paper and place on tbe chest next to tbe body.

—

TO STOP HICCOUGHS

By Harry M. Rouzer, Montgomery County, O.

No matter bow severe or bow long the spasm or hiccougb, by eating freely of ice cream you will have no difficulty in stopping it very soon.

TO PREVENT INK FROM BLOTTING

To prevent ink from blotting or running, after erasing mistake, or scratching out with knife, scrape over the spot a small quantity of rosin and rub over and in well, with a clean handkerchief on end of finger. Then place over spot a smooth piece of paper, and baving removed the rosin, rub hard with some smooth article. You may then insert the desired word witb ink without fear of blotting.

HAPPY HABIT NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

By the Editor

WHEN I begin to write you about the happy habit, the puzzling thing is to know just what to say first; and after I have commenced, the puzzle is to know where to stop. In order to have a start, I will emulate the good old deacon whose musical ear was somewhat uncertain, and who, when he had to "raise" the hymn in "meetin'", used to say:

"Well, friends, I'll begin on the chorus, and then we'll think o' the verses."

My chorus tonight is:

"Everybody happy,
No one nappy,
Weather rather snappy,
Prospects somewhat scrappy."

A quorum has been counted; I take the chair and announce to the Ancient Order of Happy Habiters, in accordance with the time-honored traditions of the order, the set of resolutions for the year 1907. This is the proper order of procedure, and the first resolution partakes somewhat of the nature of a pledge.

First. "*I am determined to be happy, or just as happy as I can, for every day of the year to come, giving my best efforts for the happiness of others.*"

Second. "*To try not to write, say, or think a maliciously, deliberately unkind thing about any other individual, and just go right ahead and take up each day's work with all the energy and enthusiasm that I possess; realizing that my work, if well done adds to the happiness of others as well as myself.*"

* * *

There is one good thing about a happy habit meeting—we never lack a text, and that reminds me (for the nonce,)—see, I am trying that word again—of the good old custom in Scotland of carrying a Bible to church, and when the minister announces the text, all the listeners flutter over the leaves of the sacred Book and find the "grund"—that is, the ground, or text—of the discourse. When once you have found the right place, you feel it does not matter so much what the preacher says, because you can anchor your thoughts to the subject at any time—there may even be some who indulge in tiny naps in between. One good old lady once arrived late, and, conscience-smitten by her tardiness, sat down and hastily whispered to her neighbor, who sat with a superior air, her open Bible on her lap:

"What grund has the meenister the day?"

"Eh, wumman," came the whisper back, "He's left the grund lang since—he's swimmin' now."

So, our text is always the word "*happy*," which does not require any extensive "looking up,"—it is in every dictionary, and should be in every book published, and reflected in every face that looks out upon the world. You see, I have already left "the grund," and now am fairly swimming, and as I proceed with these lines, it seems that the pen goes more smoothly and blithely a-skim over the paper, for I feel that telepathic wave of happiness which I am sure now girdles the earth from the thoughts and efforts of the readers of the National.

WHAT a wonderful thing it is to sit and reflect in your own little corner, realizing that through the medium of a steel pen, a few drops of ink and some paper, you can touch elbows with many people, far scattered, whom you may never meet face to face, but with whom you feel in heart-unison—not like the old Hindoos, who fasted until it was almost possible for the sun to shine and the rain to beat through them, and then discovered they had the power to cast their bodies into a deep sleep, leaving the spirits free to wander wherever they would—perhaps to mingle with their ancestors or descendants—or gather information in some far distant land—all within the space of a few minutes.

No! In our Ancient Order, we sit at peace in our own homes, the lodge-room walls decorated with those pictures with which we have been familiar for years, and that all speak their own story to us; with no sign of forbidding aspect,—"Smoking Not Allowed," or "Wipe Your Feet"—no ritual to try our patience, and with bodies by no means transparent from fasting, but just snugly ensconced in the old chair where we have spent so many of those happy, reflective hours, we commune with each other.

Sometimes it occurs to me that now-a-days we do not reflect enough. We do not sit down to look back over the day that has passed, and take account of the deeds that we have done, and make our plans for better action tomorrow; we do not act as we should in business; for the good merchant never fails to balance his cash at night, and keep watch of his stock; at least once a year, he makes a complete inventory of all that he possesses. I wonder if it would not be well to keep a ledger of our deeds and take an inventory of our actions day by day, instead of setting down prosaic utterance or useless rhapsody in diaries that are often but a chronicle of the moods rather than the actions of the writer. I recall the school-boy's diary which so often chronicled "brite and fair," until it really seemed that his days must have been "brite and fair," whether it snowed, poured rain, or the sun shone. The boy had the right kind of spirit, because he remembered the "brite" days and let the gloomy ones pass into obscurity. Possibly we might take a lesson from that youngster, and despite the clouds of disappointment that gather, find a little light in each day, and record it "brite and fair."

* * *

For many years, I have carried a diary, but there are woeful chasms in the written pages, where whole days are blank to infer the legend, "too busy." Then I have a sudden inclination to write, and for perhaps a dozen days at a time, I will keep the record faithfully; but, after all, the real, thrilling events of those days have become somewhat hazy.

Now I am coming to my suggestion—that everyone of you keep a diary this year, and call it your "Pleasure Book." Every day of the coming year, find at least one pleasure in the twenty-four hours which you can record as having enjoyed during the waking moments. I am tempted to offer a prize of fifty dollars for the best Pleasure Books sent to the National Magazine for the year 1907. If you have not started in time, it will not be very long since the first of the year, and you can think back for the days that have elapsed since January commenced and find pleasures to record.

Members of the Happy Habiters Club have already acquired the habit of looking on the bright side, and it will be easy to set down your pleasures. Have you ever noticed, when you want to fix something, some business detail, in your mind, you think, "Well, it will be best to write it down," and how much better worth remembering are the lofty, noble thoughts of a genuine Happy Habiter! Would it not be worth while to write down each day all the pleasures and happiness that the cycle of the sun has witnessed? Now, everybody begin.

EVER since I delivered a school-boy address on the subject of "Only a Farmer's Wife," I have been especially interested in that theme. Investigation shows many of the inmates of our asylums to be farmers' wives who have given way under the strain of the monotony of their every-day existence. True, they are surrounded by beautiful country and pure air, but they have no time to enjoy either, and the constant demands on their time and strength deprive them of the opportunity to feed the mind by reading or coming into contact with those whose ideas are different from their own. One of the great advantages of periodical literature is, that reading is provided in an easily available form for busy people, and no other medium has been of so much permanent importance in making the world brighter and better for those in isolated places.

This is why I earnestly desire to have every reader feel, at least once a month, that I am coming to see you and take my place at your table. I will drink your tea —one lump of sugar, if you please—and you will find I have a lusty appetite, for which I never apologize; and thus we sit and chat concerning the events of the month, as we look into each other's faces.

True, I travel far and wide with my valise, that is as inseparable a companion as a soldier's knapsack, and sometimes I become weary, and sometimes I dream of the time when I can get far away from the railroad trains—yet I know that each day's new scenes widen the horizon of life. So, despite the sympathetic alarm of some of my literary friends, I go on chatting and chatting, telling you that the president's favorite flower is the heliotrope—that the tender heart of Admiral Dewey was almost broken when his dog fractured a leg—etc.

We talk together in a colloquial way, and you want to know what the people in Washington are doing, just as you read your local paper to see what the neighbors are occupied with today. The potential purpose of the National is to make the neighborly spirit regnant—we want no section or boundary lines. I want you to feel that your editorial envoy is passing from coast to coast, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, receiving a cordial welcome; not because of his own worthiness, but because he is trying earnestly to represent the thousands of National Magazine neighbors.

The label on the valise has been changed. Now it reads 1907—that magic number, seven—how easy it is to make: just a horizontal line, and a diagonal line, and it is done. It is the perfect number of Scripture. The number that can be evenly divided by no other; it represents the seven days of the week; it stands for the seven-fold shield of Ajax; it is the perfect number of Holy Writ; and the magic number of mythology. On the seventh day, the Lord rested from his labors and pronounced them "good," and ever since it has been the sacred number of the Jews. It represents the cluster of the neck of Taurus, called the Pleiades. The wonders of the world numbered seven—I could go on indefinitely telling about this remarkable number.

* * *

Here's hail to 1907! May it be as perfect a year as the number is perfect, and may the noble order of the Happy Habiters live and flourish even more than seven score years, the allotted span of Bacon's Countess of Desmond, "who did dentize twice or thrice" during her long life.

If you want 1907 to be a complete year, start right in with the diary at once, and send on the record of your pleasures after the year has passed—after the first of January, 1908,—with stamps for return, and our erudite editorial board will begin then and there to dissolve the composite wisdom and pleasures of these subscribers, repeating, as they read each book, the words of rare old Ben Johnson,

"Oh, sir, you are very pleasurable!"

HARBOR SCENE AT PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

By I. T. Van Patten

THE new or modern Portsmouth, situated almost on Hampton Roads, within sight of the Jamestown Exposition grounds (where the three-hundredth anniversary of the first permanent settlement of the English-speaking people on this hemisphere, will be celebrated), in a most salubrious and temperate climate the year through, has but recently come into prominence as a manufacturing centre, owing to a large, commodious land-locked harbor, with twenty-eight to fifty feet of water from the wharves to the nearby Chesapeake Bay and Atlantic Ocean; a situation most inviting for factories, reached not only by the prominent and large steam vessels in the coasting and foreign trade, touching at her wharves daily, but as the terminal of several of the principal great trunk lines of the country, extending north, south, west and southwest. The Southern Railway, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Atlantic Coast Line, Chesapeake & Ohio, Norfolk & Western, and the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk R. R. all center here, competing with the water lines of this section and giving the city an advantage in rates, possessed by no other locality on the Atlantic coast. Five miles of water front is partly occupied by wharves and docks, including the Government Navy Yard, the largest in area in the world, with three immense dry docks, machine shops, warehouses, traveling and water cranes, training station, torpedo boat headquarters, rendezvous for supplying the outlying insular and foreign United States possessions with men, ammunition, provisions and stores of all kinds. Also a large powder plant and naval magazine, where the greater part of the shells for our large battleships are prepared and delivered direct to the vessels themselves, or forwarded by transports and colliers to the many bases or sub-stations, established in the last few years by the various acts of Congress.

The city enjoys the blessings of an unequalled location, good city government and is inhabited by a distinctively hospitable race of people who welcome the stranger to partake of the many advantages the section presents. In a business sense, the city is in its infancy, the residenter is slow to grasp or realize the opportunities that are here; hence the big propositions are conceived and handled by new blood which is pouring in from other localities, while the home people though slow to initiate, are quick to join hands in pushing what others promote, if of merit.

The city has an income approximating $200,000, with a very reasonable tax rate, and

UNION DEPOT AT PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

UNITED STATES NAVAL HOSPITAL AT PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

TERMINAL OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY AT PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

encourages the establishment of industries, of which she has now thirty-five, numbering among others a branch of the H. J. Heinz Pickle Co., The Southern Oil Refining Co., The Wyckoff Creosoting Works, Ornamental Iron and Wire Works, Wood-working, Ore Crushing, Woodenware, Hosiery Mills, Underwear, Cotton Mills, etc. In the estimation of many this section is soon to rival the thickly settled New England manufacturing centres, for cheapness of production, freedom from labor troubles, proximity to the coal mines and the best freights on the Atlantic coast. The celebrated Pocohontas and George's Creek Mines empty almost their entire output here, either for local consumption or transshipment to all parts of the world. The financial institutions are liberal, strong and healthy and their statements, issued at regular periods, attract the attention of the business man to their accumulating assets and steady increase in deposits. The city is in a good sanitary condition, serious epidemics being unknown to this generation, and has the lowest death rate of any southern city so far as known. New asphalted and vitrified brick streets, give the city an air of progressiveness, while the many new, handsome residences, impress the visitor with the fact that the citizens are not unmindful of their own comforts. Handsome church edifices of all creeds, and schools of learning are numerous, well sustained and flourishing. Thirty-two miles of electric street cars extend throughout the city to neighboring towns, while the city water works and electric plants furnish the best of power. The large, early garden farms, which supply the markets of New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, etc., with early spring vegetables, are immediately contiguous to the city's limits and are visited by thousands every year, being a feature of a trip to this section. Portsmouth is justly proud of the immense oyster-producing waters of Virginia and has the distinction of being the immediate center of the district in which thousands are employed and hundreds of thousands of bushels are shipped, both in and out of the shell. Many have made fortunes in this line of business and many more are on the same prosperous road. The city is beginning to wear a cosmopolitan aspect and within a few years will take her place alongside the larger energetic industrial marts of the south.

HIDE HOUSE PLANT OF CARROLL S. PAGE, VERMONT

CARROLL S. PAGE OF VERMONT

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

RETURNING from Chicago recently, I sat in the dining car opposite a pleasant-faced, bearded man who very courteously obliged me by passing the salt. A second glance confirmed my first impression that this gentleman was Ex-Governor Carroll S. Page of Vermont.

"Why, I know you!" he exclaimed, "I have been reading the National Magazine many nights for years past, by the electric light, after retiring, and have felt as though I should like to take a trip with Joe Chapple."

It was what might be called in the story book phrase, "a happy meeting." There is no one in the state of Vermont who does not know Ex-Governor Page, one of those genial, whole-souled, energetic, pushing men, who have wrested success from fate, despite obstacles. As we left Montreal, I concluded to accept his kind invitation to take a trip into the emerald valleys among the hills—the real heart of Vermont.

"You never can know Vermont, shooting through it on an express train. I should like to have you understand why Vermonters never lose their affection for the old Green Mountain State," the governor told me.

* * *

We left the train at Waterbury, the home

of Senator Dillingham, a picturesque little village nestling in a secluded valley, that makes a junction of the mountain ranges. An electric line went up hill and down dale, presenting to view many thriving little farms and substantial homes among the hills, which indicate why the Vermonters can never forget the old state. The terminus of the electric line was the town of Stowe, a quaint place, possessing evidence of what wealthy New Englanders often do for the honor and love of their birthplace, in the shape of a town hall presented by Mr. Henry Akeley in 1904, on the anniversary of the founding of the town. Mr. Akeley is a Minneapolis millionaire, who took this way to signify his unchanged affection for his native town. The building is a beautiful bit of colonial architecture surrounded by relics of past days and former inhabitants of Stowe.

This called to mind the fact that at the Grand Army encampment one of the state departments which made the finest showing in the line was from Vermont. How stately and sturdy the old Green Mountain boys looked, with the twigs of green on coat lapels and hats, as the men marched far down the line past the reviewing stand, bearing on either side guidons spelling "Vermont." We felt a thrill of pride as the Vermont boys passed by.

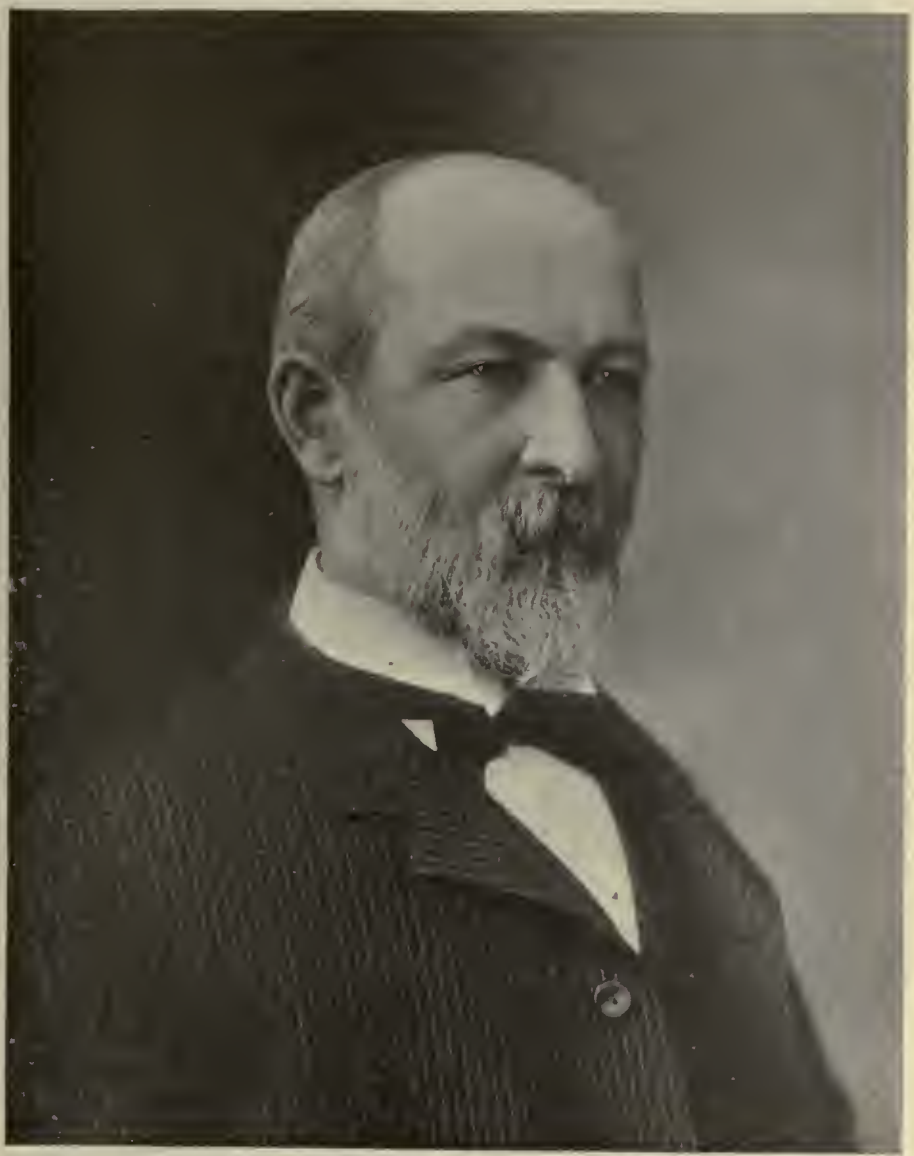
* * *

After we left the electric cars, a delightful drive to Hyde Park led us through the bus-

GROUP OF OFFICES OF CARROLL S. PAGE, VERMONT

tling little city of Morrisville. Near the town, up the river, we saw in progress of erection an enterprise which suggested the enthusiasm of the West allied with the business acumen and thrift of the East. A gigantic dam is being built to utilize the water power of this bustling river. The dam will flood hundreds of acres bordered by a beautiful, wooded bottom-land—but, as we drove on to Hyde Park, I suspected that "the best was yet to come," and at last we saw, nestling against the crest of the hill, the extensive plant of Carroll S Page. Years ago I heard of this

institution, but could never quite understand how an establishment for the sale of skins should be located at a little village in Vermont. After I met Governor Page and went with him to Hyde Park, I quite understood the reason. Here was an enormous business of international scope transacted in a modest village—but back of the business was the powerful personality of the man, and the same man, wherever he had been located, or in whatever pursuit he had engaged, would have achieved the same positive results.



CARROLL S. PAGE

Hyde Park is located on a trunk line of a railroad in the very heart of a prosperous dairy section. As I went about this large establishment with Mr. Page, I wondered

RECEIVING PLATFORM OF HIDE HOUSE

no longer that I had heard of men from the remote farms, from eastern Maine to the North and Northwest, sending hides to C. S. Page. From a small and modest beginning in the calf-skin business, the trade has now broadened out to include hides, sheep pelts, wool, bone, tallow, fertilizers and poultry food. As I here looked upon Mr. Page's accomplishments, I thought of the old time stories of the intrepid voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company, and the hardships they endured while buying pelts for the furriers of the old world. It seemed impossible to believe that these individual efforts have, in our day, developed into a world-wide business transacted by a single firm. I saw orders from Germany and France and one from Norway come in as I sat in Mr. Page's office.

* * *

To an uninitiated onlooker like myself, there seems to be something little short of actual magic required to handle and correctly classify the thousands of hides shipped in here, but it is the care taken in the "sorting" which has made the enormous Page product so keenly sought for all over the country by tanners who require *the best.* Everything about the establishment has been especially designed for the express purpose of handling carloads of skins to the best advantage, as they are unloaded, sorted, classified and packed, and then re-loaded ready for the buyers.

In the sorting and grading rooms Mr. Page has established a careful and accurate system of examination, which could only be learned by men who have spent a long time at the business, acquiring that unerring and almost intuitive judgment which can be gained only by long experience in handling and classifying the skins for the market.

In grading the skins, the first consideration is quality, the weight being afterward considered. Every consignment which comes in is so carefully recorded that it can be looked up at a moment's notice, and definite reasons given as to the basis on which the price was settled. Everyone who has skins to dispose of brings them to Mr. Page without hesita-

tion, for his exact methods and sterling business principles have won the confidence of the people, and have made it possible for him to secure, year after year, the best hides produced all over the country, and, on the other hand, to sell them at a fair profit after they have been carefully classified and prepared.

I was astonished to see the piles of hides, which would doubtless have been regarded by tanners with much the same delight and admiration that a connoisseur would look upon a rare specimen of pottery or some old painting by a celebrated master. Every imperfection is watched for with an eagle eye, and, with true Yankee economy, every particle of the hide is preserved for use. It was plain to see here why it was that tanners and purchasers all realize that it is as safe to order by letter as to "personally select." The buyer knows exactly what he will receive—if he orders Page's "Special" grade of calfskin, he may be absolutely sure of obtaining a standard of unquestioned value.

No traveling men are required to collect the skins—nothing more than men to handle them when they arrive, for no advertising or effort is needed beyond the absolute, sturdy, uncompromising carrying out of the principles on which the business has always been transacted. Neither is any elaborate system of bookkeeping required, for the hides and skins received one day are paid for on the next. A complete record is kept, and with fair buying and spot cash settlements, what more is needed to make a transaction satisfactory?

Mr. Page understands that poor material means poor work, and in every department the best is the rule. The whole establishment demonstrates the utilization of specialized energy in understanding both the wants of the purchaser and the consumer.

In another building was the bone mill, for the production of fertilizers, and it is here that Page's Poultry Food is made, which is without an equal as a stimulating, shell-producing food.

Over 10,000 buyers are kept posted on what is on hand ready for the market, in order to give them the benefit of knowing just how prices range and vary. These circulars are printed in various foreign lan-

VIEW OF THE CALF-SKIN PACKING ROOM

guages, as well as plain English. To realize that this great business has been built up entirely on voluntary shipments from dealers who place confidence in the judgment and integrity of the firm, and that the stock is paid for promptly on arrival at the prices current on that day, gives some idea of the manner in which the Page establishment is conducted

* * *

Hyde Park is a typical Vermont village, with wide-spreading elms, a good water system, electric lights, two well-established banks and everywhere spacious and comfortable homes. As we drove up, I noticed a handsome drinking fountain, placed for the wayfarer, while the churches, schools and homes prove that Hyde Park is thoroughly a New England town.

From Mr. Page's handsome residence we walked out on the promontory of land, and had a view up and down the mountains, and then I fully realized why he has so strong an affection for his native place. Although the Vermonter may sometimes find it to his advantage to move elsewhere, he always retains an attachment for his home, even as Mr. Page does for this village for which he has done so much. Just in sight, beyond the hills, we could see the site of the cellar of the house where Secretary Shaw was born, and outlined on the horizon was the home of the Vilas family, from whence sprung President Cleveland's postmaster general, W. F. Vilas. In this state are the birthplaces and homes of many celebrated men, for Vermont is not noted for merely its dairy products—it is famous for its men.

SORTING THE HIDES

The state is divided north and south by the mountains, and the governor is selected first on one side of the mountains and then on the other. This little state rejoices in the distinction of having more living ex-governors than any other in the Union, the longevity seeming to be unusual. The only war-governor living, with the exception of Governor Sprague, resides at Brattleboro.

Though Mr. Page is the largest calf-skin

merchant in the world, I discovered that he is engaged in many other enterprises. He is treasurer of the Morse Manufacturing Company and the Hyde Park Lumber Company, president of Lamoille County Savings Bank & Trust Company, and the Lamoille County National Bank, and a director of the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain Railroad. At the early age of twenty-six, he began his political career in the state legislature, being promoted in 1874 to the state senate. In 1890, he was elected governor of Vermont, and wherever I went throughout the state they seemed to know and remember the ability and dignity with which Carrol S. Page had served as governor of the Commonwealth. In September of this year he was nominated one of the trustees by the International Policy Holders of the New York Mutual Life.

In educational matters, Mr. Page has always taken an active part. Aggressive and earnest in his views, quick and accurate in his business, with a passionate devotion to his native state, he has always maintained those principles which have done so much to build up the nation. Generous in every impulse, he is just the sort of citizen of whom the state may well be proud, and Hyde Park is indeed a monument to the half century of success which has been achieved by one of its residents.

* * *

The visit was all too brief, and as I drove to the little station on the main line of the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain Railroad, and saw that to this little place comes traffic from all parts of the country, as well as from Europe—coming and going with the ceaseless regularity of the ebb and flow of the tide, "high tide," in fact — as I felt the hearty handgrasp of a man who has achieved — achievement is a popular word in Vermont— as I departed in the delightful glow of the memory of Vermont hospitality, a new vista was opened for me into the veritable heart of the grand old Green Mountains.

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

Byres H. Gitchell
Secretary Binghamton Chamber of Commerce

IN a broad and beautiful valley, entirely surrounded by partially wooded hills, in the southern part of New York state, lies one of America's most beautiful cities. Its beauty is both internal and external; internal because of its wide and well-paved streets, lined on either side with maples and elms, new, modern business and office buildings and factories, while the residence sections of the city are like great parks where there are beautiful homes with extensive well-kept and shaded lawns; external because of its surrounding hills half covered with woods and half with field and meadow, and its location at the meeting place of two rivers, world-famed for their beauty, the Chenango and Susquehanna, just before the latter starts on its course across the great state of Pennsylvania.

Like most American cities, Binghamton derived its name from its founder. Before white men settled in the interior of New York state, the Indians set up their lodges at Chenang Pint. The Delawares were driven away by the Five Nations, and in turn these gave way before the whites. In the early part of the nineteenth century, William Bingham of Philadelphia obtained a patent grant from Congress of a large portion of the land now covered by the city which bears his name.

From that time to this, its stride has ever been forward. No falling off in population or business has ever been recorded. It has never had a period of stagnation, during which it lay dormant, neither gaining nor losing. It has never passed through the boom period. Its history has ever been a record of a clean, steady, healthy growth and development.

Binghamton's growth has been healthy and steady because it has been internal, a development from within, of its own resources,

brains and energy. The chief factors responsible for this have been its location, excellent transportation facilities and the progressive spirit of its people.

Location has been an important factor in the development of Binghamton's industries. It is here that the raw materials can be assembled, manufactured into the finished product and distributed among the consumers from Chicago to Maine and from Montreal to Virginia to the best possible advantage. That it is a natural center, its industrial success has proven.

The advantage of location is materially aided by its transportation facilities. The Erie railroad, the first trunk line from New York to Chicago, depends upon Binghamton for the largest volume of its business between Buffalo and New York. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, which came later, has increased its facilities between these two points and placed it in direct connection with Syracuse and Utica in the central part of New York state. The Delaware & Hudson railroad has Binghamton for its southern terminal and gives frequent service to Albany and Montreal and New England points.

Now, there is to be added to this already excellent railroad service, a new road, the Pittsburg, Binghamton & Eastern, which has been financed and is now in the course of construction. This will place Binghamton in closer touch with Pennsylvania territory, aside from making it the central point of a through service from Pittsburg to Boston. This road, completed as it will be within two years, will make Binghamton one of the most important railroad centers in the East.

LOOKING EAST ON COURT STREET, BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

The factor which more than anything else is responsible for the position held by Binghamton in the affairs of the world today is the progressive spirit of its people. Their record has been a record of undertaking and achievement. Beginning in a small but mod

est way, they have builded broad and deep their foundations, and their results have been a lasting benefit to the community.

No local industry having merit has ever lacked financial support from their own people. Not a dollar has ever been given as a bonus or a free site to an outside industry to locate in Binghamton, yet its people have ever been ready to invest in any proposition having real merit that would add a new industry to the already growing list.

Soon after the Civil war, a cigar maker started a little shop in which he made and sold cigars. His success was phenomenal, for in a short time he had one of the largest factories in the country. Others started in a small way, and met with the same success. This continued until in the latter eighties Binghamton ranked third in the production of cigars in the United States. A protracted strike of the cigar makers nearly killed this industry for Binghamton. The manufacturers were victorious, but it has taken fifteen years to bring Binghamton back to its proper place as a cigar manufacturing town. Today it has nearly resumed its place as third, with an annual output of over 125,000,000 cigars, and yet the manufacturers claim that they could largely increase this output, if they could get more of the right kind of help.

About fifteen years ago, a bright young man was employed as shipping clerk in a large shoe factory. The company failed through improper management, and it was just this young man that was needed to reorganize the company and the business. To-

PANORAMIC VIEW OF A BUSINESS SECTION OF BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

day he is at the head of the largest shoe manufacturing plant in the world, all of which is located within eight miles of Binghamton.

This shoe manufacturing business has been responsible for the building up of Binghamton's two large suburbs. It was the shoe company that built up the village of Lestershire until it comprises about four thousand people. Five years ago, confronted by a demand for an immediate extension of their business on a large scale, they bought up many acres of land about eight miles from Binghamton, built a branch of their factory, and today this is the village of Endicott, with a population of fifteen hundred people and growing rapidly. Within the memory of the younger generation a local physician discovered a medicine that possessed certain curative properties. From this has developed one of the largest and richest patent medicine houses in the world.

About twenty years ago, a man was making wicker chairs in one of the rear rooms of his house and selling them as he made them. Today he has the largest output of Morris chairs in the world, and is in the front rank in the manufacture of mission furniture.

Within the last decade a man brought a patent washing machine to the city. The son of a very wealthy man, hardly out of college, saw its merits, and, against his father's judgment, furnished the money and brains necessary for its development. The road to success was strewn with rocks and boulders, and there were many broken bridges to cross. They found a way around the rocks and mended the bridges, and today this washing machine is saving women's lives in all parts of this country and Europe.

AT THE JUNCTION OF THE CHENANGO AND SUSQUEHANNA RIVERS

Less than a score of years back, a life insurance agent believed it possible to start a mutual life insurance company. He backed his own faith and started. The pit was open before him many times, but his fellow townsmen helped him over the pit with the result that today the company is established on a sound basis, made the best showing of any New York state company in the life insurance investigation, and is daily insuring the lives of men and women in every state in the Union.

Scales from two Binghamton makers may be found in all sections of the globe. Saddle blankets from Binghamton factories save many a British army horse from a sore back

and furnish protection to the horses of the second prince of India. Extracts made in Binghamton flavor the food of millions of families. Binghamton carriages are sources of pleasure and profit from Maine to California. It had the first electric street car in New York state; today has one of the best equipped newspaper plants in the country, and skyscraper office buildings second to none.

This fall, two well-known companies have decided to establish branches of their business in Binghamton. One is an Auburn, New York, company, manufacturing ladies' shoes. The buildings for their branch factory are now in the course of erection, and when their plans have worked out they expect to be employing about two thousand hands. The second will be the eastern branch factory of the largest lounge company in the world. The buildings for this plant will be completed the first of March, and it is expected to furnish employment for four hundred men. Negotiations for the location of these two plants were completed by the Binghamton Chamber of Commerce in October, and the work of construction for both companies begun that month. Both will be in operation early next spring.

Though well and widely known as a manufacturing city, Binghamton occupies a warmer place in the hearts of its people as a city of homes. The best evidence of this is to be found in the fact that many wealthy and influential men thinking to retire from active business, have of recent years made their homes there. But better for Binghamton than this, they have lived there but a short time when they found the activities of the business life too strong, they have come from their retirement and have devoted their money and energies to the building up of their adopted home city. As many social clubs will be found in Binghamton as are usually found in a city of twice its size. It has the finest appointed Press Club in the country and one of the best women's club houses in New York state.

Binghamton, like many other cities in the country, has been in the hands of the political grafters and has suffered much therefrom, but unlike most others, it is out of their hands, and, thanks to the interest which the more conservative and best business men of the community have taken in politics, the municipal house has been cleansed and the city placed in the hands of officials whose only interests are the best interests of the city.

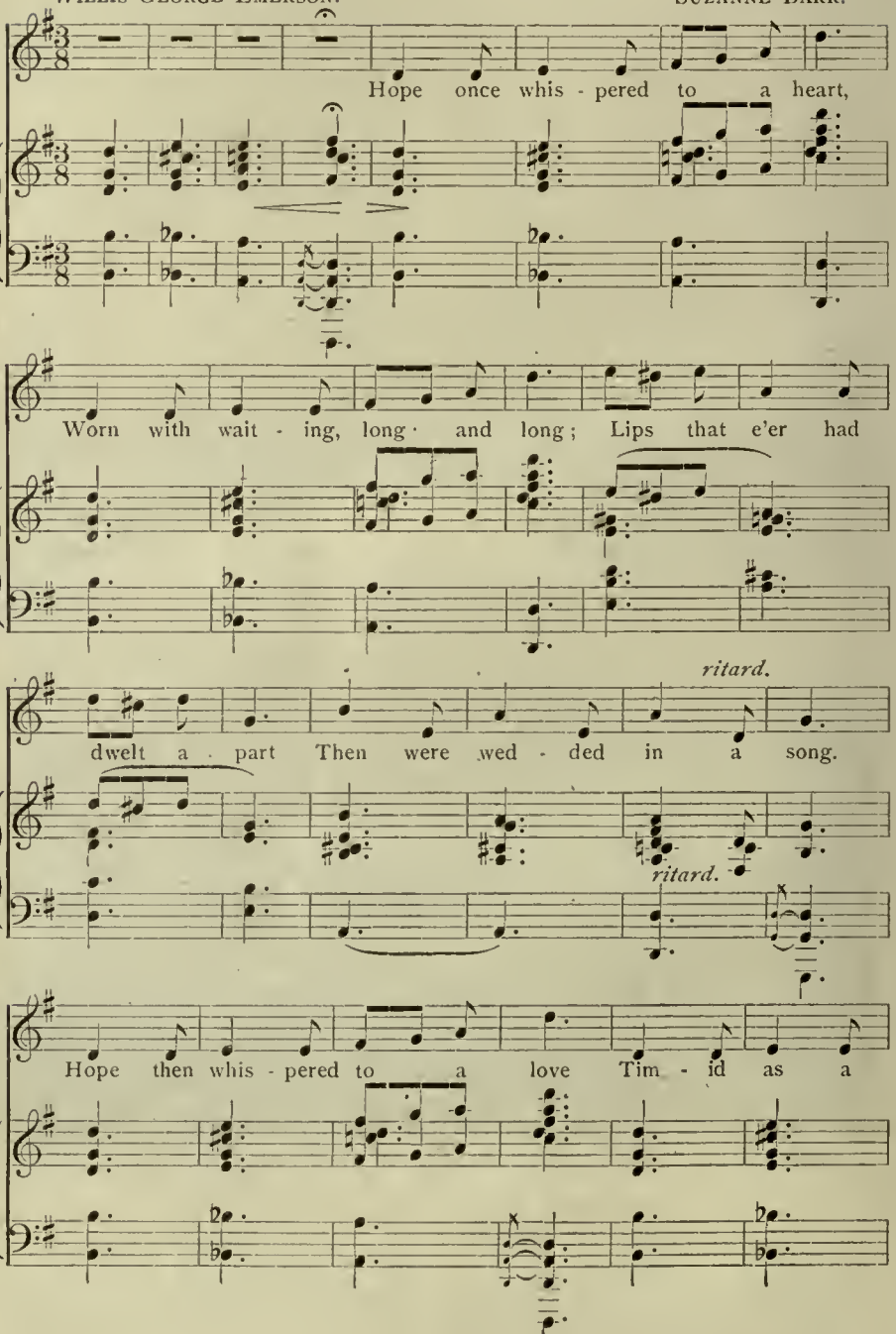
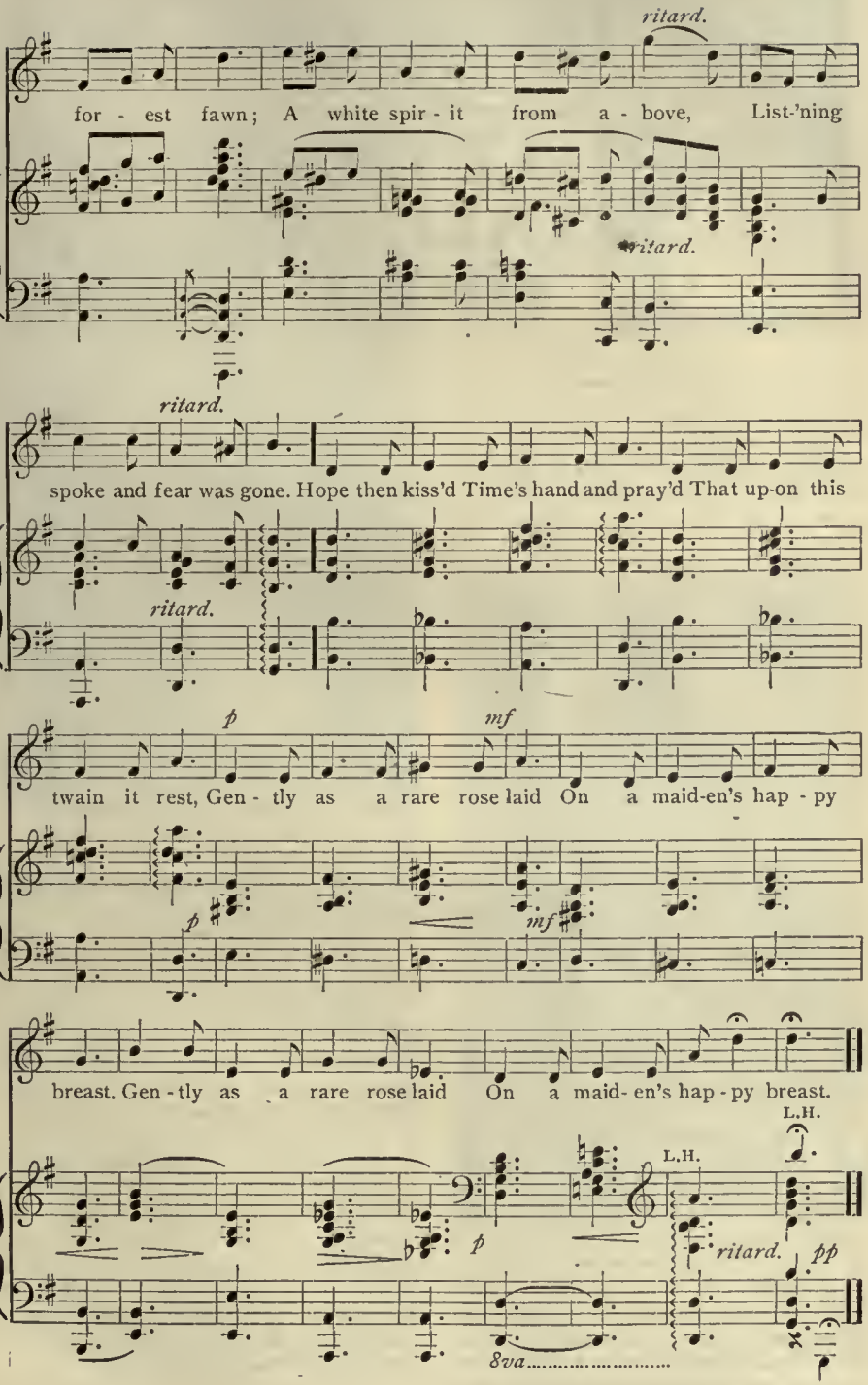
In fact, when all has been said, the stranger in Binghamton, if he will tarry awhile, must agree with the Binghamtonian who will always say, "We have the best city on earth, in which to live and do business. If you don't believe it, come here, and we will prove it; for 'we have what you need, and need what you have!'"

BINGHAMTON STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, AND EASTERN SECTION OF THE CITY

HOPE.

Dedicated to the National Magazine.

Words by
WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON.

Music by
SUZANNE BARR.

Hope once whis - pered to a heart,
Worn with wait - ing, long and long; Lips that e'er had
ritard.
dwelt a part Then were wed - ded in a song.
ritard.
Hope then whis - pered to a love Tim - id as a

ritard.
for - est fawn; A white spir - it from a - bove, List-'ning
ritard.
ritard.
spoke and fear was gone. Hope then kiss'd Time's hand and pray'd That up-on this
ritard.
p
mf
twain it rest, Gen - tly as a rare rose laid On a maid-en's hap - py
p
mf
breast. Gen - tly as a rare rose laid On a maid- en's hap - py breast.
L.H.
L.H.
p
ritard.
pp
8va

P. H. GILSON COMPANY, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

THE February National will contain an article by Admiral Robley D. Evans regarding the advantages of a naval career for young men. It will be a strong article, giving an inside view of the navy — past and present.

An article by "Sandy Broad" on South America in general and Chili in particular, will give incidents in the life of our Southern neighbors. This article will be illustrated.

An article on the navy league, by Gen. Horace Porter, late Ambassador to France, will also be an interesting feature of the February issue, and will afford a wide range of information on this subject.

The Washington department, and other regular departments of the magazine will be more entertaining than ever. The ten stories of American life will also make the February issue a strong fiction number.

If you are not already a subscriber for the National, do not miss this February issue. Begin now, and if you desire back copies we will be glad to send them to you, as long as they last.

* * *

ONE of our subscribers has written concerning the Heart Song contest, that "it might be called the renaissance of American music," being in harmony with the efforts of some educators to rescue from oblivion the old-time plantation songs. Musicians and others are now endeavoring to get hold of and cast into permanent form those sympathetic and touching melodies of slave days, that are known the world over—for these early plantation songs had a descriptive beauty all their own, and real worth that is recognized from a musical standpoint.

While the white race appreciate these bits of song, it is singular that no man of the race has ever been able to render these songs with the plaintive tenderness given them by the people with whom they originated, for these melodies have grown with the negro race, and are a part of their very being. There is nothing in the modern assimilation of "coon" songs by white people that at all resembles the beauty of the originals of which they are but a poor copy. There is always something missing, and even if the original songs are attempted, the white singer fails to give the proper expression. It is generally agreed that the plantation melodies are in truth the folk lore of a race with a pathetic history, and are well worthy of preservation, and they should be better understood.

* * *

SEND us your favorite old song in each class, though each individual may be represented in the whole ten classes.

This is not a prize contest, but the main purpose is to find out what are the people's favorites in music, just as in "Heart Throbs" we have embodied the people's favorites in verse or prose. We want to know what the rare old songs are that have lived through generations, centuries perhaps, and have been sung by millions of people, in many tongues and dialects. What do you most admire? What is the favorite expression of your thought in music? This is for you to think out, just as you did your favorite selection for the "Heart Throb" book.

The readers of the National should not

fail to realize that the interest of the "Heart Songs" contributions is now at its height; and that the number of old, sweet, rare and curious songs received to date has made its

WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON, AUTHOR OF THE WORDS OF THE SONG "HOPE" DEDICATED TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

success already assured; but the possibilities of even greater things are almost immeasurable.

And first I premise—that no choice of songs, or award of prizes, have as yet even been considered; and that none of the songs named are to be considered assured of receiving any reward, great or small, for these matters must finally be left to the decision of the judges.

Next, I wish to say, that participants should, by all means, send both words and music of the songs forwarded by them, as those sending only the words, must depend largely on the chance of someone else furnishing the score of the music. Considerable effort is, and will be given to this end by the compilers, but the contributor must be content if we fail to complete his work, and cannot use beautiful words whose melody is forgotten.

Again, contributors must not exceed reason by sending in whole hymn and song books, or their equivalent in loose music. Some songs are universally popular, and must, of course, be the choice of scores of contestants. They are "household words," and do not really need to be collected and re-published. There are, however, many others which were once known to millions, and are scarcely heard of today. Where these have real nobility of melody and sentiment, a great benefit is conferred upon mankind when these are collected, printed and circulated among the people.

Now let all the readers of the National send in their favorite old and rarely-heard songs, than what is now new and popular music; and also to make an honest, personal choice of the songs to be sent in. Do not exceed more than three or four pieces in any one class of songs, and only send your favorites. The ten classes are defined in detail in the page announcements on "Heart Songs," on another page.

MISS SUZANNE BARR, COMPOSER OF THE SONG "HOPE," PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

YEARS ago there was an apprentice in a printing office whose first piece of "copy" was a printed postal card. On the back of it was a review of the contents of the

North American Review. The names of the contributors were set in small caps, the titles of the article in italics, and altogether it was the most comprehensive catechism of the case and boxes that could be devised for a young apprentice. How he struggled with "uppers" and lowers"—it seemed as if the type were possessed to go wrong; and it appeared utterly impossible to discover the difference between "p" and "b" or "q" and "p," until it suddenly occurred to the novice that the stomach of "b" ran right and the stomach of "d" left, and the same rule applied to "p" and "q," with the tail at bottom. Perched for hours on that high stool, laboring over that postal contents page, the lad somehow imbibed the idea that it would be advisable for him to read the periodical which appeared to contain so much mental pabulum.

* * *

What young beginner in the printing trade does not remember the bliss of successfully emptying his first "stick" on the galley, relieved from the terror of having to pick up "pi" after the sponge bath given to make the letters lift together.

On going one morning to Doctor Wasson's desk, the apprentice espied a copy of the periodical which had taken hold upon his admiration because of the contents page he had immortalized in the columns of "The Progress,"—the first type set. During the afternoon the paper went to press, and as the lad passed through the office, ink-smeared, he asked in tremulous tones:

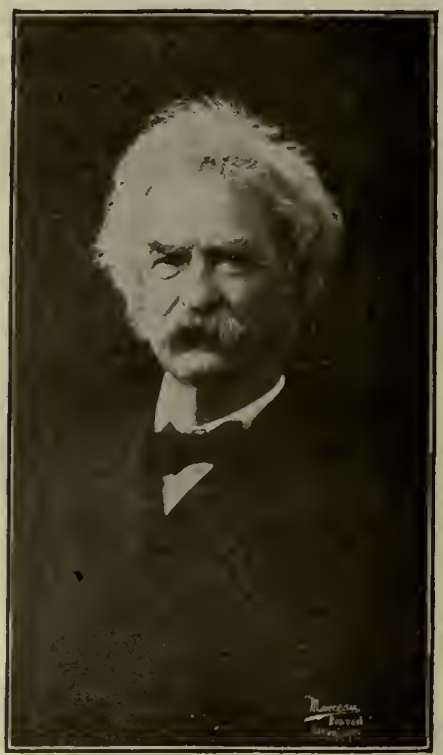
"Doc, may I take that magazine home to read tonight?"

Doc looked up sharply and his burly form shook with laughter, "So you really think you could read heavy-weight stuff? My boy, you may have the right thirst, but that magazine is a pretty heavy dose for a tow-headed youngster like you."

That evening the North American Review was laboriously studied. There was an article by Henry Ward Beecher, with one in a succeeding issue by R. J. Ingersoll. It was, as Doc had said, "a heavy dose" for a boy to understand these masters of English diction, and often he stumbled over a word, but with a big Webster's Dictionary close at hand, and upheld by belief in his own power of comprehension, he went through the somewhat painful process of assimilating "solid" reading matter for the first time, but the youngster will never forget the inspiration in perusing the North American Review.

* * *

Up in the attic at home those North American Reviews are collected, to remind me of the time when I had to keep the forms properly inked and washed with dexterity, and have a sharp lookout to evade "type lice," a bugaboo held up to initiate all beginners.



"MARK TWAIN"—HIMSELF, AT 71

These mysterious insects are supposed to come where the type is surrounded with water; the printer invites the novice to look close and see the "type lice" move. Then, behold, as he goes to see this strange thing, the type is shoved together quickly and a spray of inky water reveals to the guileless youth that he has seen something never scheduled by any professor of zoology.

* * *

This has been brought to mind by the recent popular interest indicated in this pub-

lication, through the appearance of Mark Twain's autobiography in the North American, now stronger and more potential than ever under the editorial wand of Colonel Harvey. How little was it dreamed in those days, when Mark Twain was thought of only as the author of the phosphorescent and passing flashes of humor that came and went in the light literature of the day, that the writer would live to become the most noted contributor of all Americans in one of the most stately and solid publications that has ever graced the annals of American periodical literature.

MR. FRANK SEAMAN ADVERTISING AGENT

Who then anticipated the eagerness with which the issues would be looked for that contain an autobiography in which the seer and philosopher reveals himself. His writings are full of the genial wholesomeness which has won him friends all over the globe, whom he meets in that merry corner of the North American Review.

* * *

The good old magazine, with its career of ninety-nine years, has been changed from a monthly to a fortnightly publication, and inside those pages I feel that there is a rich glow of the best in retrospective literature, the bright gleam of thought and imagination which seeks to interpret the future—to say nothing of the inspiring present.

It would not be truthful to say that I have read every article that has appeared in the Review from those early days until the present time, but I often look it up nowadays to obtain an anchorage amid the calm philosophy of the best thought of the times, and to gather once more within the portals where great minds meet in generous debate of lofty themes. I have found the North American Review a sheet anchor to a course of reading that is, alas, too desultory.

* * *

DEALING with so many diverse propositions, analyzing their subtleties, wooing public favor—which no one has been able yet to exactly define—and reducing their work to an exact science year by year—this is the employment of the advertising agents of America. The nature of their work compels a wide range of comprehension, and they are veritable mines of information on all subjects.

Among the advertising agents of today, whom it is an inspiration to meet and talk with over world-affairs in general, and advertising in particular, is Mr. Frank Seaman of New York. He has a very compact and exhaustive organization in his agency, and handles a tremendous volume of business. In his handsome, spacious private office on Thirty-Fourth Street, New York City, many a plan of gigantic dimensions has been effectively thought out, and the problem wrought out on a solid basis until it yielded the desired results. Mr. Seaman has been identified with advertising of the highest class.

The specialty of his agency is back page covers, and he has, perhaps, handled more of this kind of business than any other concern. It was he who brought the artist Remington Parrish and other noted knights of the brush into the service of advertisers, and I believe the public would be interested sometimes in knowing who the artists and others are who prepare the advertising, which is so widely distributed and in many instances even more widely noticed than the general text of the magazines in which it appears.

* * *

A widely traveled man and broad gauged in every respect, Mr. Seaman has won not

only the confidence and admiration of his customers, but of the publishing fraternity as well. He is always fair and just, and seems to take as much interest in the development and improvement of a medium which he is using as do the publishers themselves. He has also the happy faculty of bringing together the advertiser and the publisher, for the common good of both. One of this most recent trips has been to Japan, and this has made him an enthusiast on the subject of "The Flowery Land." Few American citizens have been honored by the distinguished favors bestowed upon Mr. Seaman in Japan; and he became so much of a Japanese enthusiast that now he is completing a handsome Japanese summer homc in the cosy woods of Napponnock.

PRIVATE OFFICE OF FRANK SEAMAN, NEW YORK CITY

* * *

On reaching the office of Mr. Seaman, the visitor feels for the time that he is suddenly transplanted to some "cool, sequestered glade of life," far from the hurlcy-burley of Broadway—and yet within a stone's throw of this great thoroughfarc. The maelstrom is shut out of that handsome, blue-furnished room, in which there is always an atmosphere of thoughtful deliberation that stimulates without tiring the mind. The host always has the happy faculty of mingling with the deliberation and discussion of business a sociable congeniality that marks all his business methods, and has a potential influence in determining the character and scope of the work at hand to bc undertaken. There is a certain dignity and forcefulness in all of Mr. Seaman plans and policies that has given his customers a unique class of advertising. It is interesting to listen to a conference on advertising, and realize how thoroughly all phases of the subject are treated by an expert like Mr. Seaman. The various psychological facts—that have no meaning to casual observers—are carefully considered, the different classes of people to be reached,

the character of the distribution in the towns, the widely varied interests of different sections and climes—all have to be considered in a plan covering a national campaign of advertising. In all this discussion how many things which seem to have no bearing on the subject are co-related when the whole matter is brought to a focus. No proposition is too large to engage the attention of Mr. Seaman; nothing is too small to be beneath his notice. His work is not confined to the United States, but embraces many foreign countries, where not only the interests of the

Photo by J. Elworth Gross

MISS MARY HUMPHREY, AUTHOR OF "THE BRIGHT SIDE OF PACKINGTOWN"

export trade are looked after, but whole sections and countries are exploited. Results often accrue as vital to the country or section exploited as to the advertiser—in directing public interest and travel to all points of the compass. On the whole, Mr. Seaman usually achieves the result which he sets out to accomplish; for, when Frank Seaman has a full-fledged and well-matured notion in his head, it is only a question of time when it will crystalize into action—and action with him means success.

WHEN I was going over the thousands of contributions sent in for the National Magazine's recent and world-wide "Heart Throbs" competition, in which the people indicated their best-loved bits of verse, I was delighted to find that among the younger generation of writers, one of the prime and popular favorites is Nixon Waterman, America's poet of cheerfulness, optimism and inspiration. Probably no other writer of the present day has done more to arouse in his readers the spirit of self-help and the earnest yet joyous determination to make the most of one's surroundings, be the conditions what they may. It is precisely this spirit that the genial poet and philosopher has so happily embodied in his latest volume, entitled, "Boy Wanted," which the author very truthfully calls "a book of cheerful counsel."

On taking up this volume recently, my attention was first challenged by the handsome cover, on which is the likeness of a barefoot boy, depicting him at the careless, tousled-headed period for which all of us, who have not forgotten that we were young retain the fondest recollections. The frontispiece shows the very humble cabin home in which Abraham Lincoln was born, and scattered through the volume are other illustrations, designed to teach a boy that men who attain the loftiest and most honored positions in the world's work often begin life amid the most lowly and unpromising surroundings. My attention was again caught by the dedication, so characteristic of the kind-hearted, pleasant-faced author—

To the boy who discerns
He can never be "It"
Until he develops
Some "git-up-and-git."

The preface breathes the spirit of good cheer, and before one has read many pages of the book, he feels that every boy of his acquaintance should be made familiar with this volume so admirably designed to bring to the the mind of youth a message that is really worth while. Even the opening lines of the book are quite enough to bring about this decision:

"Ho, my brave youth! There's a 'Boy Wanted,' and—how fortunate!—you are the very boy!

"Who wants you?

"The big, busy, beautiful world wants you; and I really do not see how it is going to get on well without you."

Then the author goes on in that chatty, entertaining way of his, to describe the kind of boy that the world really wants, and must have, if, by and by, it is to have the right sort of men to carry on the great work that is forever doing but never done. Every thought is presented, not only in rugged, graphic prose, but it is illuminated or "clinched" by verses interspersed throughout the book that are as humorously philosophic as they are convincing. After indicating the many positions which the boys must fill by and by, when they have had time to prepare their minds and muscles for the work, he says, "You cannot wonder that the busy old world is ever and always hanging out its notice—

"BOY WANTED."

"Wanted—A Boy." How often we
This quite familiar notice see.
Wanted—a boy for every kind
Of task that a busy world can find.
He is wanted—wanted now and here;
There are towns to build; there are
paths to clear;
There are seas to sail; there are gulfs
to span,
In the ever onward march of man.

The several stanzas of this particular poem, and the scores of others scattered throughout the book are all intended to make the boy feel that he must learn to achieve, and that he should choose for his watch words "I can!" Here are some stanzas of the kind with which the book abounds:

"Couldn't" and "Could" were two
promising boys
Who lived not a great while ago;
They had just the same playmates and
just the same toys,
And just the same chances for winning
life's joys
And all that the years may bestow.

And "Could" soon found out be could fashion his life
On lines very much as he planned;
He could cultivate goodness and guard against strife
He could have all his deeds with good cheer to be rife,
And build him a name that would stand.

But poor little "Couldn't" just couldn't pull through
All the trials he met with a sigh;
When a task needed doing, he couldn't, be knew;
And hence, when be couldn't, how could he? Could you,
If you couldn't determine, you'd try?

In the preface of the book, the author says that while the volume was designed primarily for the guidance of youth, it need not be passed over by grown-ups who are not too old to learn, and adds—

Age bringeth wisdom, so they say,
But lots of times we've seen
A man long after he was gray
Keep right on being "green."

A man of mature years will read the book with the suspicion that, after all, the author is aiming his gentle, humorous, philosophic satire directly at him and his follies and foibles and failures. Surely every "silver-top"

NIXON WATERMAN

must admit the truth to be found in lines such as these:

The world will buy largely of anyone who
Can deliver the goods.
It is ready and eager to barter if you
Can deliver the goods.
But don't take its order and make out the bill
Unless you are sure you'll be able to fill
Your contract, because it won't pay you until
You deliver the goods.

Just here it should be stated that Nixon Waterman's optimism is of a most practical kind. He teaches us that we should not only

hope for the best, but that we should do for the best. We may dream, but we must also do. With his sharp pen, he pricks the too-hopeful procrastinator in this wise:

Hope's a magical compound
To increase our strength, we've found,
It can charm our hars and barriers all away;
With its impulse, which we horrow,
We can always do tomorrow
Lots and lots of things we never do today.

And in the following lines, he concludes a most clever versified preachment to "The Going-to-Bees:"

He who would win must work! The prize
Is for the faithful one who tries
With loyal hand and heart; whose skies
With toil-crowned hopes are sunny.
And those who wish success to find
This homely truth must hear in mind:
"The 'going-to-bees' are not the kind
That fill the hive with honey."

I find the inclination to go on quoting from this most quotable of books is almost irresistible, but nothing short of the reading of the whole volume will give one a correct appreciation of its many charms. The book has several unique features, one of which is that the page margins, the veritable waste places of most volumes, are so deftly interwoven with quotations apropos to the text, that one could wish he might go through the book, using his two eyes, each quite independent of the other; one to read the text and the other to peruse the side notes. All in all, the book is a decided innovation, and every quotation, every bit of verse, plays an essential part in the entertaining hours spent by the reader. In my enjoyment of the book, I could almost feel that I was sitting on the veranda, or before the open fireplace of the author's home, "Oak Lodge," at beautiful Arlington Heights, hearing the pleasant voice of my friend speaking the words; for there is a lilting, musical quality in his verses that makes the reader feel he is listening to an orator's pleasing delivery of them.

The well-defined purpose of the book is to teach the youthful reader to acquire, first of all, a true manliness, and with that, such other prizes as may be within his power. The closing lines of the volume are:

"But above all others there is one who, either in spirit or in her living presence, must ever and always be near to you, and for whose sake you will—God helping you!—stand up in your boots and be a man!"

Boy, your mother's dreaming; there's a picture pure and bright
That gladdens all her gracious tasks at morning, noon and night;
A view that takes the whole of life within its loving scope;
O Boy, heware! you must not mar that mother's dream and hope.

Aside from all commercial considerations, it seems as if the boy who begins the New Year with this "book of friendly counsel" as a silent but potent force in his task of character-building, will play better and study better, think straighter and come nearer doing the right and happy thing than he could do without it.

* * *

AS an institution grows, it is quite natural to look back and take a retrospect of all that has been pleasant in the past. I shall always account it a stroke of good fortune that I was obliged to become an advertising solicitor in the early days of the National. In meeting and mingling with the men of affairs — men who have money to spend for publicity, and who insist on receiving therefor tangible results — I know that my own wits have been sharpened. Such work may not be exactly conducive to the development of the poetic mood, but then, Chatterton says that "Poetry is to live upon, when you can't get bread and cheese," and most men try for the bread and cheese first. When you are sitting at the desk of a man who has money to spend, and you see a glint in his eye that betokens a willingness to part with some portion for advertising, it is not at all essential to be able to reel off poetry to him —the story he is most interested in is what he is going to get for his money.

Yet, after all, there is more or less sentiment in every human being; it may be latent, but sometimes it appears, and you reap results that you never expected to obtain.

* * *

In reflecting on that first year's struggles, I must not fail to record my grateful memory of the men who heard my story and gave me a favorable verdict. Among the first of my new friends was W. H. Beck, now of Washington, but at that time with the Eastern Talking Machine Company of Boston. That was a talking match for a talking machine ad, and I felt very proud when I won and secured the order.

Then there was the genial Mr. F. O. Heald

of the Raymond & Whitcomb Company, who became interested in my stories of travel in various parts of the earth, for he said, "Here is a man who proposes to travel—who has traveled. He is running a magazine, and most likely he will interest many of his readers to travel also."

So we began in the pages of the National our recruiting parade for the Raymond & Whitcomb parties.

* * *

Then it occurred to me that another desk was needed—one desk was hardly sufficient for two brothers, although they did sometimes manage with a single pair of cuffs; one wearing them in the morning when going out, and the other brother wearing the same pair while he did the rounds of the business houses in the afternoon. I think it was rather a severe tax on the cleansing abilities of John Lee Wong's washing fluid.

After this, Mr. G. F. D. Paine, of the Paine Furniture Company, looked with a kindly eye on the new magazine and its editor, and listened with patience to a stump speech on the future prospects of the National. He said:

"A man who talks business like that face to face, will be likely to get something into his magazine that will make a favorable impression for us."

* * *

It was a little while after this that I concluded to try Nashua, New Hamphsire. I don't know why I tried Nashua, unless it was that it looked good on the map, and it was associated in my mind with the White Mountain Refrigerators. I saw Mr. I. Frank Stevens, just at the close of the day, and he could only give me ten minutes by the watch. You may be sure I talked my level best during that time. The order came along later, and I have always felt ever since that he would send anything possible down our way, for there is nothing of the refrigerator nature in the kindly twinkle of Mr. Stevens' eye.

Then, because the store where Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes had purchased clothes possessed a fascinating interest for me, and being actuated by the hope of doing business, I entered the counting room of Mr. Wesson, treasurer of the Macullar Parker Company, and before I came out I felt that anyone who wishes to be sure of obtaining the cleanest, the best, the most fashionable and thoroughly sanitary clothing, ought to deal here. Standing there, I proceeded to write on the back of an envelope the thoughts as they came to me.

"That sounds well," he said, "let your readers have it." Another page recorded.

* * *

It was about this time that the handsome advertisements of Mellin's Food, showing healthy babies and the testimonials of fond mothers had a special charm for me. I felt this advertising ought to go into the homes of all our readers, who had already learned the excellence of other Boston products of various kinds. A conference with Mr. William Dolliber, and later with Mr. Charles W. Cheney, brought with it victory in the shape of kindly consideration and business, which has been a pride and pleasure to the National staff ever since.

* * *

That was the time when we obtained Sulpho-Napthol, which has continued so loyally with us, and I hope there is not a housekeeper reading our pages who does not understand the virtues of that wonderful fluid. Mr. Howe was very considerate when he listened to the story of how the housekeepers of the National would be interested in receiving his messages, explaining what Sulpho-Napthol does.

* * *

Then there came the Quality Chocolates; for Mr. Foss listened patiently, and the Fleur-de-Lis trade-mark has since then often graced the pages of the National.

It was in Portland, State of Maine, that I secured one of the first advertising contracts for the National. There was something in the attractive copy that the Baker Extract Company was putting out that drew me toward it, and I carefully cut the ad out of the Companion, placed it in my pocketbook, and made my way to Commercial street in Portland, on a contract conquest.

Mr. T. W. Carman listened to me with unusual patience, and seemed interested in my enthusiastic portrayal of the prospects. When I had reached the climax, he said, "Well, I like the National, so I can assume that there are others."

Copyright
Armour & Company
1906

Drawn by
F. S. Manning
For Armour's 1907 Art Calendar

Armour's Extract of Beef Calendar Offer

Armour's American Girl Calendar for 1907 consists of six original drawings—by F. S. Manning, in red chalk (as illustrated above); by Harrison Fisher, in crayon and wash; C. Allan Gilbert, in crayon; C. D. Williams, in pastel; John Cecil Clay, in colored chalks; Karl Anderson, in crayon and wash; six sheets (10 x 15 inches), daintily ribboned for hanging. It will be sent postpaid, on receipt of 25c, or metal cap from jar of

Armour's Extract of Beef

—The essence of prime lean beef, packed in convenient jars and ready to serve in scores of delightful cooking ways. For *soups, sauces, gravies and beef teas.*

Art Plate Offer We have a limited edition of calendar designs as art plates (11 x 17 inches), with calendar dates and advertising eliminated, for framing or portfolio. Single plates will be mailed, postpaid, for twenty-five cents each, or the six complete, by prepaid express, $1.00. One Armour's Extract of Beef metal cap good for single sheet, or six caps for complete set.

Armour & Company, Chicago

As a judge on the bench reviews the evidence, noting the trend of each material fact, so Mr. Carman appreciated that a large percentage of National readers had a personal interest in the magazine, and even if 1,000 out of every 10,000 subscribers have a friendly interest in a periodical, it counts; for such readers are the kind of people whom every advertiser is seeking to reach.

Well, I secured "copy," and since then there has always been a personal pleasure in seeing the advertising of Baker's Extracts—no matter whether it appears in the pages of the National or in the columns of some contemporary.

* * *

It seemed like an accident. 'Twas an anniversary, and I wanted flowers to express the message. Now when one thinks of flowers in Boston, he is sure to recall the name of J. Newman & Sons, and I went direct to their well-known establishment on Tremont Row, where both the Newman brothers were hard at work amid a wealth of floral treasures. What a treat it was, on that cold winter's day, just to look upon those splendid masses of rare blossoms, with their dainty, beautiful petals and delicate foliage —I was enraptured with the priceless orchids. The advertisement was asked for as a matter of habit—'twas given, and the habit has since become well-established. Whenever there is a festive occasion, at or in connection with the National office, the first thing to be done is to telephone J. Newman & Sons for flowers. And they are always a treasure.

* * *

When National readers began writing about a good homey place to "stop" in Boston; who could fail to suggest the United States Hotel, made famous years ago by mine host Tilly Haynes, one of the most noted Bonifaces of his time. Mr. Hickey is indeed a worthy successor, and a strong battalion of traveling men and tourists look upon the "States" as their hotel home in Boston. There all the good things to eat for which New England is famous are to be found, and in all the years past since the United States Hotel advertisements found a place in the National, that hotel has been a notable rendezvous for visiting subscribers.

* * *

Every time I go down Cornhill, I stop to look over some of the volumes to be found there, for no book-lover can ever quite forsake the habit of searching after books, even if he is not prepared to buy. Yesterday, I dropped in to see Mr. Thomas C. Swan, and there he was, in his "atelier" of artistic decorations, surrounded as usual with the latest styles in wall-papers, borders, friezes, dados, costly panel designs, etc. Few lovers of exquisite parlors, dainty chambers and airy, cheery halls and libraries, fail to seek and get their heart's desire when they consult Mr. Swan.

For nearly thirty years, he has had the same store, on historic Cornhill, which was only registered as a street in the year 1810, and was formerly known as "Old Market street." Until a few years ago, Brattle Street Church, which long bore imbedded in its walls one of the American cannon balls fired during the siege of Boston, stood near Mr. Swan's office. He has for some years been one of the National's advertisers.

* * *

It was also on deliciously windy Cornhill that I found, in the days of the National's infancy, an attractive furniture store presided over by a genial, blue-eyed man with gray beard and moustache, who seemed to me at first sight a man who was "all there." My case was submitted to him, and he listened patiently, and I walked out feeling that winning the friendship of Arthur McArthur was a prize worth even more than the contract he had given me.

Since that time, his name has become familiar to our readers, and through our pages many a home-maker in Boston and New England is well acquainted both with him and his goods. The establishment has recently moved to handsome quarters at 111-117 Washington street, one of the finest places of business in the city. It is just on the way to the North Station, and you cannot miss it. When you go there, do not fail to mention the National Magazine to the salesman who waits on you, for there is no one in the establishment who does not understand that that "means business."

* * *

In passing up Congress street one cold winter's day, I saw in a window the words "Winchester Heater," printed in solid green. I entered and found Mr. William H.

Music Master: "I give the assurance that the effectiveness of any speaking machine is improved by the use of

Columbia Records"

YOU cannot get the best results from any talking machine **without using Columbia Disc or Cylinder Records.**

Why? Because they are as unapproachable in **quality** as they are in **repertory.**

Columbia Records reproduce the voice, whether in song or speech in exact fac-simile, unmarred by the rasping wheezy sounds produced by all other records.

Perfect **purity of tone** with **perfect enunciation** are the distinguishing features of Columbia Records. You hear the **real** Sembrich, the **real** De Reszke, the **real** Bispham among the other famous singers for the Columbia. And **only** from the Columbia's enormous repertory will you find the **best** in Opera—the **best** in Popular Songs—the **best** in Bands, and the **best** in Everything.

All talking machines accommodate Columbia Records.

Columbia Gold Moulded Cylinder Records, 25c, if you pay more you waste your money. Columbia 10 inch Disc Records, 60c
Columbia Half Foot Cylinder Records ("20th Century") . . 50c
The Half Foot Records contain **every verse** of a song and complete **dance music**
"20th Century" Records are played only on the newest style Columbia Cylinder Graphophones

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l
N-17, 353 Broadway, New York

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900 Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904 Grand Prize, Milan, 1906
Stores in every large city—Dealers everywhere

Thayer at his desk, busy with correspondence. I stated my proposition, and, like a true Yankee, he began figuring almost before I had completed my statement, and ere I could catch my breath, he had made out an order. Now the Winchester Heaters are known to readers of our pages as combining all the latest important improvements in their line. If you are building a new house, or renovating your old home, and wish to secure the most warmth at the least cost, look up the Winchester heater. Drop a line to William H. Thayer, and you will learn all about them.

* * *

Perhaps it is because the National has always stood for what is wholesome and palatable in a mental way, that another Boston firm, the importers and roasters of the now widely celebrated White House Coffee, has spent its advertising appropriation generously with us.

I remember how, not many years ago, the restaurants and railway lunch counters in the West were wont to dispense to thirsty travelers, about the worst concoction that could pass as an excuse for coffee. Gradually, the reassuring signs went up: "White House Coffee used here" and they were a never failing credential of quality thereafter. When Messrs Dwinell & Wright were in their old quarters on Batterymarch Street, it was frequent that I dropped in to get a quarter page copy of Mr. Wright.

Now when I see the splendid establishment of White House Coffee on Summer Street Extension, Boston, with every convenience for merchandising the enormous quantity that is demanded by hotels and the family trade, I feel like exclaiming, like pious Aeneas of old, "*quorum magna pars*" for while all good magazines now carry White House Coffee copy, it was the National, I think, that launched Mr. Wright's national advertising campaign.

* * * *

When I enlisted in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Corps I was duly initated, and after I had carefully drawn my sword ready for action, I found my comrade in arms was none other than Frank Davidson, head of the most famous apothecary stores of Boston.

Metcalf's handsome new store is known as the best in the country and is located on Tremont Street, on the site of the house once occupied by Peter Faneuil and opposite historic King's Chapel. Probably no visitor to Boston has failed to hear of the drug stores of Theodore Metcalf, where they make a specialty of preparing perscriptions to send out by mail. Few merchants in the Puritan city have more real snap and enterprise in them than this kindly faced gentleman who sits armed for action at the telephone on his desk, directing the large interests of this company in its headquarters, 39 Tremont Street.

* * *

It makes me feel a special pride when I go in to purchase a new Lamson & Hubbard hat to recall the way their business has magnified since they were finally convinced that it would pay to advertise in the National. Now, their business reaches every state and territory and they are moving their factory into larger quarters, or rather adding a new building for manufacturing purposes, so that all their room at headquarters can be used for salesrooms and offices. My! I must get a bigger hat.

* * *

It was about five years ago that I first saw the plant of the Shaw Stocking Company, Lowell, Mass. I never can forget that pleasant conference with the treasurer of the firm, Mr. William E. Hall. It was late in the afternoon when the busy manager was trying to gather the threads of his work and attend to signing his letters; but even at that inopportune moment there was a pleasant and hearty greeting from Mr. Hall.

This great stocking industry has grown out of the effectual adoption of a basic principle of foot comfort. The "Shawknit" stockings are made without seams and are so fashioned that the instep is never strained. Cool, comfortable, dressy, such are the adjectives that describe the "Shawknit" hose, and what more could any man desire.

* * *

When I look over the roll of names there is one advertiser that has never been "tardy" and seldom "absent". He is my good friend C. J. Bailey. I don't think we could "keep school" now, much less keep house, without Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brushes, that aid for health, good living and longevity. Mr. Bailey has been one of our successful advertisers, starting with small space and increasing to half pages.

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

"IF you wish to get at the real kernel of affairs at Washington for your readers," said a well-known diplomat recently, "the best point of observation is certainly a reception at the White House.

"It will give you one of those psychic glances at world policies—as related to national affairs—that are indispensable if one would comprehend both," he continued with a twirl of his *pince nez*.

The president was fresh from his vacation at Pine Knot, Virginia, and all things were ready for the New Year's reception. The weather was balmy as a spring day—and the weather counts for the temper of guests—for a happier, jollier crowd never stood eagerly near a circus ticket vagon window than was lined up by the White House fence on New Year's Day, 1907.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt
request the pleasure of the company of

Mr. & Mrs Chapple
at a reception to be held at
The White House
Thursday evening, January the third
nineteen hundred and seven
from nine to half after ten o'clock

FAC SIMILE OF INVITATION TO THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION

* * *

THE diplomatic reception is the first social event of the season in the White House. It still gives me a thrill of pleasure to receive one of those square envelopes inscribed only with our own name and bearing nothing but the simple legend "The White House" embossed in gilt, in one corner. The enclosed invitations have the recipient's name written in the printed form, and enclose a little card for "admission." "Non-transferable" regulations are as strictly enforced as those on the "old-time" railroad pass. There was a flutter of excitement as I dressed for this affair—anchoring my necktie and fortifying against a breach between trousers and vest. Over 2,000 guests would be assembled, and I could imagine that in many boudoirs in Washington bright eyes would glow with unusual excitement, except, indeed in those to whose queenly occupants use had lessened marvel. I could imagine how, all over the city, diplomats were donning their epaulettes and gold braid, and artistically arranging their medals and decorations for inspection—all eager to do honor to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and this great state occasion.

At the reception the guests were marshaled in three grand divisions—first the diplomats,

who drove up in carriages to the west entrance of the White House; second, the guests in carriages to that opposite the Treasury Department, the north entrance; and third, those of us who arrived on street cars made our entrance through the glass revolving door,

HENRY WHITE, THE NEWLY APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE

about which was as great a flutter of envelopes and tickets as that at a theater foyer.

* * *

Once inside the long corridor, we were relieved of our cloaks and hats; my check was for Box 1313—and I went on, never more lost in my life, for I had gone to this reception alone; at other receptions I had always been accompanied by the good lady who knows just how to grace any occasion. As I stood lonesomely in one corner, I caught sight of the bachelor brigade, and promptly enlisted. The line had already formed in the long hall, and stood waiting for the signal to move. In the ranks were admirals, generals, majors, colonels, senators, congressmen—all happy and good-natured—the proverbial American "crowd." Then the waiting began; and we happy mortals stood first on one foot and then on the other, much as, when a boy, I had seen the chickens stand in the yard at home. The gentleman with whom I paired I had never met, but I grabbed his white-gloved hand and said:

"My name is Joe Chapple."

He said, "That's all right, Joe," and we began a delightful conversation concerning our life stories, and found, as is often the case, that we had several mutual friends.

While patiently waiting in line, we heard many remarks which would furnish interesting material for the American Dumas who may hereafter, like the great French novelist, paint word-pictures of the Washington court receptions of the first decade of the Twentieth Century. One especially impressive and gorgeous lady with a tiara and other fixtures that would have alarmed the demure wax models in a show window, was volubly explaining for the general benefit how much better these things were done "abroad."

"How awkward these arrangements are," she said with a disgusted twang. "Why, in Europe, at royal receptions, they have a "lift"

MAJOR W. C. GORGAS OF PANAMA

(notice the Anglice of the word "lift") "that takes you directly from the cloak room to the reception hall, and back to your carriage."

Miss Ivy Langham is a sister of the Baroness von Sternberg, the German Ambassador's wife. She is now Mrs. De Farmond, wife of an attache of the French Embassy. Miss Mercedes Godoy is a daughter of the Mexican Minister to Cuba. She is one of the charming debutantes of the season. Miss Catherine Clayton is a sister of the Belgium Minister's wife. She is a great leader in Washington society. Mme. Gurgel do Amaral is the wife of the First Secretary of the Brazilian Embassy at Washington. Miss Hoz is a sister of the Baroness Busschi, wife of the First Secretary of the German Embassy. She is a charming young lady, and will visit this winter at the German Embassy.

In Europe, the good lady might also have had to stand for three or four mortal hours, awaiting her turn to be "presented," and allowed to "kiss the hand" of royalty—provided she could get someone sufficiently well-born to "present" her; but she probably

CONGRESSMAN DALZELL OF PENNSYLVANIA

would have felt compensated by having lackeys to care for her trains, and stately gentlemen in livery to spread it out with their wands as she marched up to bow almost to the floor before the scion of royalty who happened to be present. I am told that "the curtesey" is a most difficult achievement in diplomatic posturing, and requires careful training, lest the *debutante* lose her footing, and turn a somersault over her train.

* * *

In sharp contrast to the richly-decked and carping dame, were great bevies of sweet young *debutantes*, looking as charming and bewitching as only American girls can, in their dainty costumes of silk and tulle and lace, and rich but simple adornments. One wore a wreath or garland of flowers over her shoulder and across her breast, and others nodding aigrettes that became each fresh young face and lustrous coiffure even better than a diamond tiara.

Several gentlemen who are prospective candidates for the presidency passed along the line, shaking hands with their friends and occasionally one heard jocose remarks, like: "He's thinking that we shall be calling on him after New Year's Day, 1909."

Step by step, the procession moved on, aggravatingly slow to anyone who was a swift walker; but giving ample time to such of us as wished to inspect the line and exchange hearty greetings. Through the corridor and up the stairs—a sort of subway—we passed, mounting the stairs one step at a time, and looking up with one eye at an angle of forty-five degrees, while the Marine Band in the vestibule above played bewitching two-steps and waltzes until it seemed that we were part of some great, endless procession,

CONGRESSMAN BATES OF PENNSYLVANIA

though the lively strains of the music made it almost impossible for the young people to resist the impulse to indulge in "the poetry of motion." Nearer and nearer we approached to swing left-about into the vestibule, until we reached the red-coated band that was playing the grand charge. The

BARONESS ROSEN, WIFE OF THE NEW RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

MME. QUESADA, WIFE OF THE CUBAN MINISTER

VISCOUNTESS AOKI, WIFE OF THE JAPANESE MINISTER

SENORA DE PORTELA, WIFE OF THE NEW ARGENTINE MINISTER

MISS CHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG, THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHINESE MINISTER

SENORITA ELENA CALDERON, DAUGHTER OF THE NEW BOLIVIA MINISTER

MME. LENORADE LAN, WIFE OF THE NAVAL ATTACHE OF THE ARGENTINE LEGATION

MADAME SEGER, WIFE OF THE MINISTER FROM HAITI

SENORA DONA DE OBALDIA, WIFE OF THE MINISTER FROM PANAMA

bass viol was planted firmly over the coat of arms on the floor, and the players were sawing away at a truly Rooseveltian pace on their separate instruments.

* * *

On one side the picture of the president

WILLIAM H. GRAHAM, CONGRESSMAN FROM ALLEGHENY, PA.

looked genially down, while the portrait of President McKinley beamed from the opposite wall. Into the small anteroom we passed, and then into the family dining room, where a large portrait of John Tyler hangs over the mantel. In the china cabinet were a number of souvenirs of the happy Christmas time just passed at the White House. From this apartment we moved more rapidly into the state dining room, where the armed frontlets of bison, bear, antelope, big horn and other trophies of the chase in the Wild West hung along the frieze above our heads. The line gave a square "right wheel," and following the outline of a gigantic rug, we crossed the threshold into the Red Room, and into the presence of Ambassador Reid, of silver beard, graciously greeting old friends, and many another world-famous diplomat. There was an elaborate array of gorgeous gold braid, chapeaux and fezes and capotes—a scene which called to mind a congress of the nations. Here was the Japanese minister, talking pleasantly with the Russian ambassador, as if there were no suggestion of national differences—nothing to bring to mind those "receptions" on the plains of Manchuria. It recalled days when in the *salons* of Richelieu, Mazarin, Colbert and Talleyrand, world policies were determined. In this prosaic age, the *salon* has largely ceased to be a field of encounter, for no matter what amenities or enmities of national affairs may be, the social function gives slight suggestion of a subject of diplomatic consideration which, big with peace or war, or a mere "sighting shot" at the political target, may for the time being be "on the carpet," and yet a woman's look of scorn or a careless word here may affect national destinies.

* * *

At the entrance of the blue room stood the president, in evening dress, wearing his white kid gloves with the same grace in which he handles the boxing gloves. At his right was

PROFESSOR ANDERSEN, FOUNDER OF THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY, AND FATHER OF ELBRIDGE ANDERSEN, A PROMINENT BOSTON ATTORNEY

Mrs. Roosevelt with the ladies of the cabinet, all in line with the members of the cabinet, drawn up behind them in the alcove of the window. The ladies wore the continuous long white kid gloves, and their splendid costumes and the uniforms of the diplomatic

corps, who were ranged on one side of the ladies, while the members of the cabinet stood behind them, made a brilliant color scheme.

On entering the East Room, I could not but think of Dolly Madison and other reigning Southern beauties of the early years of the republic; and what a contrast! But now the insatiable handshaking began, and I do not think I ever saw anywhere such an utter absence of formality. Amid the wealth of foliage and choice flowers, the blaze of a thousand lights and diamond tiaras, ruby

THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

coronets and ropes of pearl, I noticed now and then a furtive glance from one lady at the costume of another, or caught the gleam of a diamond stud in the wide expanse of white shirt bosom which graced the stately form of some senator or congressman; but altogether it was a jolly, democratic, social gathering, with a cheery "Howd'y do!" coming from every corner. As the crowd swayed hither and thither, many a passing salute might be heard here and there along the corridor or in the vestibule, which may have a significance in a political slate later on. Talking I presume in the vernacular of simplified spelling, I noticed Andrew Carnegie in a cosy corner. He may have had an idea in his mind of the effect of such a peaceful and friendly assemblage as of this night, on the Hague Peace Tribunal—"acrost the sccc's."

* * *

Yes, there was Hawkes of Harvard, "class of '98,"—of course you know that's not the real name—who was not slow in informing everybody as to just what position he occupied. Hawkes knew how to make a French bow, with his heels close together and a quick recover—had the latest style vest with pointed tips, and an imperial way about him that may possibly characterize the class of—we'll say '98—because that's not it—but it is certain that he had the most important air of anybody at that reception; for was he not "Hawkes of Harvard?" It was truly thrilling to learn what progress he had made since Harvard had the honor of conferring a bachelor's degree upon him; for Hawkes, it seems, is now getting $2,000 a year, simply as an option on the mighty intellect which surges beneath that shining head indicative of early

piety. Well, Hawkes was very gallant; but somehow he did not impress his greatness on those about him; for after all, was not Hawkes only Hawkes?

There was also the man with a monocle, who looks as though he had lost one eye, and that but one-half of his brain was working. In the midst of the "buzz, buzz, buzz" of conversation, such trifles as these seem to loom suddenly forward into prominence, impress themselves on the memory, and vanish.

When at last I passed up in line, I found myself behind a number of congressmen who had made up the rank and file of the bachelor brigade, and had been announced to the president in the stentorian tones of Colonel Bromwell. When it came to my turn to give a modest name, he had become so imbued with congressmen that he could think of nothing else. I whispered my name sŏftly, and he said, loudly:

"Congressman Chap—" To which I hastily protested:

"Not yet; not yet—just a citizen!"

But the president gave me the congressional grip, just the same.

* * *

The reception began at nine o'clock, and the curtained doors closed promptly at 10:45.

It was like a scene from some play where representatives of all nations have appeared

VICTOR A. METCALF, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, AND MRS. METCALF

in the ensemble, meeting in the simplest and most unaffected manner, in strong contrast to courts and courtiers in other days and other lands. Here was no jester with cap and bells; no gorgeous feast following after; no wild orgy or midnight revel such as undermined the governments of earlier times. The haughtiness that comes from the "taste of power" was not there; no arrogance, no stony stares at those of lower birth, but just a gathering to "get acquainted," such as might have been held in any village or hamlet in the country, so far as the absence of needless ceremony was concerned. Of course the decorations were lavish and elaborate, and the costumes costly and artistic, but the general demeanor was as simple and unaffected as could have been wished for, even by Jefferson himself, when he rode up to the White House and hitched his horse to a post while he went inside to officiate at a diplomatic reception, after scraping the mud from his boots on the doorstep.

What a contrast it all was to similar functions where royalty is honored instead of the people's own choice! There none may enter unless he or she arrives in a carriage—with crested panels for preference—while once inside the sacred precincts, there are so many pitfalls of etiquette for the foot of the unwary, that those who desire to travel that difficult path must be "coached" for weeks, in order that they may not commit some terrible social *faux pas*. They must advance into the royal presence in just such a manner; and must retreat from it backward, in danger of stumbling and presenting royalty with a fine view of the boot soles of the unwary mortal who has ventured into forbidden ground —I can readily believe that it "takes many generations to make a perfect courtier," for assuredly such points of etiquette must be learned at a very tender age to be remembered.

DINING ROOM OF THE ITALIAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

I bethought me, as I glanced about at the charming, sweet-faced, elderly ladies in plain, rich costumes, that in order to appear "at court" they must either display their

shoulders and arms *ad libitum* or else come armed with a doctor's certificate that their health was unequal to bearing the strain of such exposure. At the White House, if a woman has to look out for her own train, she may do as she chooses about her dress, and wear it as high or low as she pleases. The lady with the tiara was not far from me; and I heard her murmuring again that in Europe "there are servants to look after one's train." A gruff old congressman overheard her this

SENATOR WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE OF MARYLAND

time, and grunted: "She'd better look out for the cars with her d—m train—I am coming, and I have no mercy on monopolies."

* * *

Prominent in the diplomatic corps were Baron Edmondo Mayor des Planches, the Italian ambassador, in a rich uniform of green and red and gold, Baron von Sternburg of Germany, attired in silver and blue, Mr. Ladislaus Hengelmuller von Hengervar, the Austrian ambassador, whose uniform was trimmed with costly furs, as if for a winter's parade in Vienna, and the French ambassador, Messr. J. J. Jusserand, who wore the tiny ribbon of the Legion of Honor on his plain dress coat. He was the first to pass the line, happening to be in advance of the Italian ambassador, who is the dean of the diplomatic corps. It was the first public appearance of Viscount Aoki of Japan.

An even half-dozen of potential Republican presidential candidates were at one time standing together in one corner of the room: Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary Shaw, Secretary Root, Speaker Cannon, Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker. All were in the usual conventional black evening dress, in sharp contrast to the elaborate attire of the alien diplomats. The tall form of the vice president stood out among the forest of people like a great sycamore on the plains. Secretary Taft, portly and jolly, his hearty laugh ringing throughout the room, was close at hand, with Speaker Cannon standing near, like the sturdy old oak that he is, braving the storm and stress of many a tempest. Secretary Shaw, smaller and somewhat bowed with study, talked with Secretary Root, who to carry out the figure, might be compared to a tough hickory—and lastly Senator Foraker, virile and active, recalling the days when he was called "Fire Alarm Foraker." Altogether, they made an unique group of personages, representing Republican presidential candidacy timber for 1908.

* * *

While there was all the elegance that befits a government function at the White House, it possessed at the same time a rigidly democratic tone—no dining, no wine, no costly absurdity of any kind. At the White House is apparent the capacity of the individual to be entertained and to entertain—for each person must depend on his or her own natural resources, rather than on the inspiration of the artificial stimulants of jaded minds.

* * *

AT a diplomatic reception I am always interested in learning the personal views of foreigners concerning our government; and a very distinguished man called attention to the tremendous power in the hands of President Roosevelt, and how it had been utilized only for good.

He also remarked that next in authority to the president came the speaker of the House of Representatives, and insisted that it was especially fortunate that this power had been placed in the hands of just such a man as the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois. As an official in Washington, we must always address him as Speaker Cannon, or as Mr. Speaker, but to many he will always

remain the same sweet "Uncle Joe" of old times, a man who is without question one of the most picturesque figures in our history at the present time—strong, rugged, American to the heart's core. He has pioneered; was Lincoln's friend, and, like the Great Commoner, has, with his own hands, split rails in the Middle West, and experienced hardships such as have fallen to the lot of few modern statesmen. This actual experience is what tells. When he moves about, hands in his pockets and cigar in mouth at an angle of forty-five degrees; with his rugged and perhaps homely face; when he turns on his listeners those blue eyes twinkling with the joke or story that presses to the lips below them, he assuredly typifies the gracious heritage that such a man must bring to his country; and besides all this, he is a living link between us and the memory of Lincoln.

GEORGE W. VANDERBILT

When the speaker has in mind something of importance, his blue eyes light up like one who "knows the answer," with a wonderful gleam of humor always lurking in their blue depths, and he lowers his head and looks up under his brows at his listeners, before he advances to flash out a determined conclusion.

He makes an inspiring picture, with his gold-bowed spectacles, as he sits at his desk with its old-fashioned ink-well and numerous papers;—a picture which I wish could be looked upon, as I have viewed it, by every boy and girl in the country. Every time I

MR. JOHN F. STEVENS, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION

see Speaker Cannon my faith is renewed in the perpetuity of American institutions. His career as a leader, his unswerving patriotism, his long service in Congress, his bright, wholesome, optimistic way of looking at things, all give one a feeling of confidence; and blessed indeed is a country that can have the great power of the speaker of its House of Representatives placed in such hands—the more I thought of it, the more confirmation I found for the remarks of my foreign friend.

To see Speaker Cannon presiding with the gavel in his left hand, and the irrepressible folded handkerchief which comes out after prayers, is one of those innocent personal mannerisms which no one blames and everyone accepts as the simplicity of a man too great to be conventional; but it is in the speaker's room that the wonderful work is done that surprises the uninitiated. There are 387 members to whom committee appoint-

ments are to be assigned, for he holds his hand on the throttle of the engine of legislation for the whole country. Uncle Joe is in the engine cab, and to him the President looks to complete "the run" and move the massive traffic of government along the track.

The speaker's room is where distinguished men come in to talk over legislation, and there is no question but that Uncle Joe receives more general advice than any other man in the country. He is a good listener, though he has a way of coming to conclusions so tactfully and decisively that it is not apparent

MISS MOODY, SISTER OF WILLIAM MOODY, THE ATTORNEY GENERAL WHO WILL SUCCEED JUSTICE BROWN ON THE UNITED STATES SUPREME BENCH

that much of the advice received has been quietly thrown overboard—the one thing which impresses all who meet the speaker is the great, kindly warm heart that beats for his fellow man and his nation.

During the holidays, the lack of railroad transportation kept many of the legislators in Washington, but before Christmas Uncle Joe remarked to his secretary:

"Busby, I simply must go home and have Christmas with those children—it won't seem like Christmas without them."

And true to his word, Uncle Joe made his way to Danville. When I heard of this, I said to myself: "Now, if foreigners are so much interested in our speaker, I am sure the readers of the National would like to know how he spends his time at home. Off to Danville I went, arriving the evening after Christmas. During the wet, rainy evening I set out from the Etna Hotel to find that home at which everyone in the town points with pride as the residence of Uncle Joe. I passed the modest postoffice, which he had secured for his home town—it is not so gorgeous, perhaps, as the postoffices of some other cities of the same size, but Uncle Joe doubtless felt his position on the Appropriations Committee demanded prudence, even for Danville, although there is no doubt that he loves that city better than any other on earth. During recent years it has come up from 12,000 inhabitants to nearly 40,000, and its industries are springing up and showing greater gain in proportion than those of any other city in fair Illinois.

Up the steps of the speaker's house I went that night, but he was out visiting friends. The children had all gone to bed, and I passed into the library, with its bay window in the corner, and looked upon the Christmas tree, the pedestal covered with cotton batting—imitation snow—and the branches richly decorated and glistening with tinsel and other colored ornaments of Christmastide. At the foot, and strewn about the room were picture books, dolls in boxes, Teddy bears, and many other trophies of Santa Claus.

On the walls were pictures of many friends of the speaker and on the library shelves were the books with which Uncle Joe had lived all these years. Yes, there were new volumes there, too, as well as the old favorites. The whole house possessed that attractive "homeiness" that is the very essence and soul of a dwelling. When I looked upon that scene, I did not wonder that Uncle Joe insisted on leaving his work in Washington for a few days to go home and have a real Christmas with his grandchildren.

The next morning, at half-past six, a. m., there was Uncle Joe with dress suit case and ever-present cigar, ready to take the train.

On this trip there was not a subject brought up but what there was some incident in the speaker's life which seemed to elucidate it. True, some were rough and ready illustrations, set forth in the vigorous language he

MADAME DE PEDERNEIRAS, WIFE OF NEW ATTACHE OF BRAZILIAN EMBASSY

SONORA DE PEREZ TRIANA, WIFE OF THE NEW FIRST SECRETARY OF THE COLOMBIA LEGATION

MRS. HENRY WHITE, WIFE OF UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE

MRS. W. W. ROCKHILL, WIFE OF NEW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA

BARONESS MONCHEUR, WIFE OF THE MINISTER FROM BELGIUM

MRS. GODOY, WIFE OF MEXICAN MINISTER TO CUBA

has at command, but there was no mistaking his meaning or the apropos-ness of his words. There was a glimpse of his boyhood days in North Carolina, and the early years on the law circuit with Lincoln, and through all there gleamed his love for his home state, Illinois, and the great nation which has made all this progress possible. Still vigorously maintaining his advice to young men to get up early in the morning and go to work; setting their minds on what they mean to do, and then doing it; he insisted that it was necessary to be prepared to make sacrifices and not live beyond one's means. In fact his conversation that morning and his advice to

MR. T. P. SHONTS, CHAIRMAN OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION

young men might be epitomized in three words, Industry, Frugality and Temperance.

Everywhere I went during that brief visit to Danville, there was the same overflowing tribute of love and admiration whenever I mentioned the name of Joseph Cannon. I never met anything quite like it before. When I went out to seek the speaker's home, and inquired the way of a citizen of Danville, he took me by the arm and conducted me to the house; and then when I got back to the hotel, it seemed as though every man, woman and child there, as in the city—from the pop-corn man to the bell-boy of the hotel; from lawyers to business men—wanted to emphasize to me that Uncle Joe Cannon was a man who had always had hold of the heart strings of Danville. This caused me to reflect that a man who can so absolutely possess Danville, might easily do more—if Danville, why not the nation?

* * *

IN a recent interview at Washington, Mr. Elmer Dover insisted that the general expectation of the people was that something would soon be done to remedy the present defects that exist in the tariff, and his opinion is that the next session of Congress will see the tariff theme under full and active discussion. He thought it wise that nothing was done or attempted in the Fifty-Ninth, but that the entire revision was left to be handled by the Sixtieth Congress; and upon the work of this Congress would depend the success of the next presidential candidate. Mr. Dover is looking as hale and hearty as in the days when he was secretary to Senator Hanna.

* * *

THE recall of Ambassador Durand caused quite a flutter in diplomatic circles; for whatever else may be said of Sir Mortimer Durand, he made many warm friends and admirers among those with whom he came into contact. While his departure was sincerely regretted, there has been no foreign ambassador whose arrival was more eagerly awaited than James Bryce, for he will come to the United States almost as one of our own people. His book "The American Commonwealth," is a text book in our colleges, and no one has more clearly defined the republic than the new ambassador. Every American school boy and girl will feel a personal interest in Ambassador Bryce, for in his text book he demonstrates a simple, hearty friendliness that has made him friends all over the country. There is no Englishman who could come closer to the hearts of the American people. Manly, intelligent and tactful, it is probable that he will aid in bringing England and America even closer together, and into still more friendly and enduring relations than ever before.

* * *

AT the first day's session of the Senate, after the holiday recess, from my point of observation in the gallery, my attention was called by a stranger sitting beside me

to the effective manner in which Vice President Fairbanks dispatches the routine business of the early morning hours. No sooner had the chaplain, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, retired, than the rush commenced. The vice president began at one corner of the circle of seats, and the gentleman from Idaho, California, or some other state, responded, and no sooner had the senator arisen with his bill, petition or resolution in his hand, than the senate page seized it and rushed to the desk, scrambling through the alleys between the seats, to hand his papers to the secretary, when the vice president announces the proper committee for reference, before the introductor had scarcely taken his seat. Such is the speed of the regular routine work. It seemed like the quick action of a dress rehearsal, or the form and ritual in a lodge; for in precisely thirty minutes, I think there were two baskets full of bills, petitions and resolutions piled upon the table, which had been properly arranged.

Then came the speech of Senator Culberson on the action of the President in regard to the Brownsville business, into which he threw all of his Southern eloquence. This came after a report from Senator Foraker.

Senator Tillman seemed to be keeping quiet during the opening day, but Senator Spooner was evidently scattering mental sawdust in readiness for the fray that was sure to come later on; for the Little Giant of Wisconsin appears to relish a "scrap" with the gentleman from South Carolina, and these events are looked upon as most interesting interludes in the proceedings in the Senate.

Here was Senator Clarke, still writing letters; Senator Knox on the Democratic side, and Senator La Follette were keenly watching proceedings. That first day's session was closed promptly at five o'clock; and the vice president swung out on the front steps of the Capitol for his two-mile walk down the avenue, doubtless feeling the satisfaction of knowing that he had finished a good day's work; and certainly no presiding officer of the Senate has ever given more arduous and conscientous attention to the never ending flood of legislative matter laid before him.

* * *

ABOUT the time that the bill for Public Buildings Appropriation approaches completion, one of the busiest men in the upper House will be Senator Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, a genial, whole-souled, man who has made a splendid record in the Senate, and who carries on his work in a way that is especially appreciated by his constituents and those who know him best. Senator Scott is particularly interested in the development of his own state, and closely watches over the interests of the West Virginians, individually and collectively. Few men have been more active in presidential campaigns than he, and it would not seem possible to have a national republican campaign properly conducted unless "Scottie"—as he was lovingly called by Senator Hanna—had a finger on the keyboard, as in the earlier campaigns of '96 and 1900.

WILLIAM M. COLLIER, WHO HAS JUST BEEN APPOINTED MINISTER TO SPAIN

* * *

MANY amusing incidents occur at the Agricultural Department in reference to the enforcement of the law in relation to the use of deceptive labels. One wag left a sample label on the table which read as follows:

"The Famous Uggle Health Food, made at Combat River, Ill., contains the following ingredients. Excelsior, five parts; curled hair, one part; flour, one-eighth part; selected

mud (very choice) two parts; sugar (a wee bit); steel filings, quantity sufficient.

Now the Frankfurt men are puzzled over giving a complete pedigree of their own products; and the president of the Amalgamated and United Order of Frankfurter Vendors

SENATOR N. B. SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA

waxed positively pathetic over his sorrows the other day:

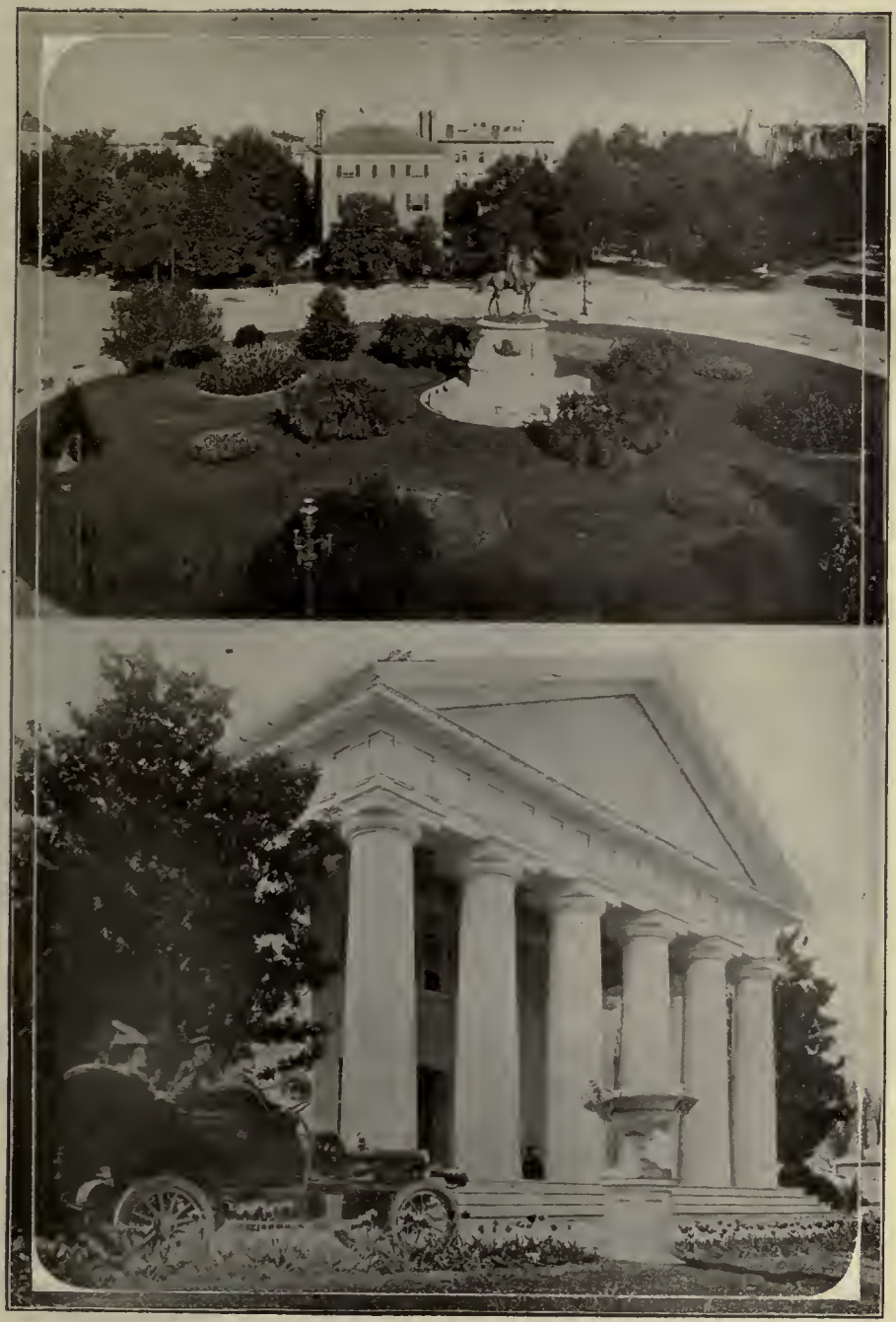
"By golly, vot ve do? Vot ve do? Der law says der label must say vot is in mit der sassage. Now, how in der name uv der kaiser can an human being tell vot is in a frankfurter? By golly, ve are ruint!"

The soda fountain man will solemnly pass out with each glass of pine-apple and raspberry fizz, a ticket telling how much chemical is contained in each glass; for, despite the wails of the vendors, "the law is the law for a' that," as has been facetiously remarked by one of the newspaper sharp-shooters.

* * *

AN embarrassment confronts the Navy Department in the naming of the new war ships. Some of the names suggested are the Congress, the United States, the Macedonian, the Levant, the President, and many others, but it is thought by many that the British nomenclature indicates more of the battle spirit, as the Dreadnought, the Devastator, the Invincible. The French name their ships after the poets and philosophers. The Navy Department will have to organize a bureau to consider the naming of the vessels, and supplement the work which has been so successfully carried out in the christening of the Pullman palace cars. There has been some talk of naming the new war vessels after the celebrated humorists of the nation, as Mark Twain, P. V. Naseby, Artemus Ward; but on the other hand, the question is raised as to what a Japanese or other combatant would think if confronted with a name which suggested torpedo explosion—only in laughter. Hitherto there has been no difficulty, as the ships have been named after the states, but now the war vessels are being built more rapidly than states are being added to the Union, and possibly the readers of the National might help out the Navy Department by suggesting names for the new war vessels, for it seems likely that they will be built in quick succession in future. Only four states, including Oklahoma, now remain unrepresented in the naming of war vessels.

MRS. N. B. SCOTT, WIFE OF SENATOR SCOTT



THOMAS CIRCLE, ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

SENOR M. CALVO, COSTA RICAN MINISTER, AND FAMILY, IN FRONT OF THE OLD LEE MANSION AT ARLINGTON

A DINNER given by William B. McKinley, treasurer of the Republican National Congressional Committee, to his coworkers, was one of the most elaborate "stag" parties of the season in Washington.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon was toastmaster, and prominent speakers were listened to; viz, Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary Shaw, Secretary Taft, Representative Babcock, Representative Dalzell, Representative Tawney, Allen D. Albert and others.

The decorations were especially beautiful, being a replica of the vista between the Capitol and the Botanical Gardens, and the eighty guests might well have imagined themselves in the open air, for the Capitol loomed up, brilliantly illuminated at one end, and real palms and real flowers were growing everywhere in the rich luxuriance of a tropical summer.

The table was a huge topographical map of the United States, showing the mountain ranges, valleys, lakes, gulfs and the coastline; all worked out in moss, sands and tiny foliage. The courses of the rivers were indicated, and the various divisions of the states, and the railroads running across the continent. Californian and Floridian orange trees were in bloom; the cacti of Nevadian and Arizonian sands; tall pine trees belted the northern boundary, and on the broad sweep of the western plains there stood a substantial elephant, typical of the "G. O. P.," drawing a chariot, in which were representations of Chairman Sherman, "Jim" Tawney and "Harry" Loudenslager, who was beating a drum. "Jim" was represented as blowing a horn, while the stately chairman drove the chariot, labelled "60th Congress." The map was surrounded on every side by flowers—a beautiful frame to the picture. The menu cards had been very cleverly prepared, and were reproductions of the red Republican text books used during last fall, and every page of it was replete with wit and humor. Many quotations from the campaign book were given, and a number of Berryman's cartoons were reproduced. Interspersed in the menu itself were apt and witty political allusions. There was the Pure Food Bill in big black letters, to say nothing of the Free Alcohol Act, the Full Dinner Pail, Foreign Food Stuffs, etc., while among the cold entrees appeared the "Railroad Rate Law."

Uncle Joe paid a handsome tribute to the giver of the feast, Congressman McKinley, observing that he was the "unobserved force that makes the wheels go around."

MRS. JOHN HEWITT AND THE DEER AT GRIMSBY

* * *

A PLEASANT chat with General Horace Porter, formerly ambassador to France, who was awarded the special thanks of Congress for his work in bringing back the remains of Paul Jones to his native land, is always a refreshing anticipation in the stopover in New York. There are very few who have been awarded this honor, which gives the recipient the *entree* to the floor of Congress at any time. It was appropriate that this

distinction should be so bestowed, and that it was also given to Admiral Dewey. It is almost impossible to meet a prominent man and not absorb information. I was interested in hearing General Porter explain the origin of the word "protocol." It seems that this word comes from the Greek, and indicates the first leaf of a document, glued onto the real papers and notarial documents, on which the date was written. The name has developed in signification, until it now means the first copy of any written treaty or despatch, or the minutes or rough draft of an instrument, the "glued" page, as it were. It struck me as curious, because it is like the first page of the magazine, which is so much sought after by advertisers; so now we can call the preferred position, the first white page, the "protocol."

General Porter also explained to me the *feuilleton* in the French newspapers, and made the contrast between the French and American newspapers very apparent. The feuilleton is the lower part of the page, distinct from the rest, and is devoted to light literature—here the "story" is run; and this accounts for the large amount of dialogue inserted by Hugo, Dumas and other French authors, who were paid for the space covered. In printer's parlance, this would be described as picking up "phat," for they were free with "Yes," "No," and crisp dialogue.

There is always a special charm in the conversation of General Porter, for few men have a more genial grasp of world affairs, and many are expecting much from his work at the forthcoming Hague Tribunal.

ADMIRAL DEWEY, THE HERO OF THE AMERICAN BOY, AND THE IDOL OF THE AMERICAN NAVY TAKING A DRIVE WITH MRS. DEWEY IN WASHINGTON

* * *

AS the justices of the Supreme Court, in their somber robes, entered court the other day, all eyes were fixed upon Justice William H. Moody, the latest appointee to that distinguished body.

Born in 1853, the cradle of the blue-eyed baby who has since become Justice Moody was rocked under the roof of an old, weather-beaten house in Byfield, parish of Newbern, Massachusetts, just above the old woolen mills. The family afterward moved to Dan-

JUSTICE WILLIAM H. MOODY

vers, where later the boy attended Phillips and Andover, and graduated from Harvard in the centennial year, 1876. When he was examined for admission to the bar, he was asked:

"How many years have you studied?" and replied:

"Eighteen months."

"That is not the regular time—the regular course is three years," said the chairman of the committee, with a conclusively dignified air.

"Try me on a three years' basis," urged the undaunted youth. So they tried him on the three years' basis, and found him one of the best informed candidates ever examined to that time for the Massachusetts bar.

At Haverhill, the young legal aspirant began to practice law, and he laughingly tells how the total gross receipts of his first month's practice were six dollars and eighty-three cents. In his early career, Mr. Moody won his spurs in prosecuting for conspiracy certain local liquor dealers trafficing in licenses. He was elected to Congress in 1885, and served until appointed to the cabinet by President Roosevelt. Mr. Moody's career as attorney general has shown him equal to grappling with the great problems of the country. Justice Moody's home is in a large, old colonial mansion in the pleasant part of Haverhill, where he resides with his sister, never having married. For many years he kept bachelor apartments in Washington, with several other congressional colleagues, and when he took his place at the end of the line in the Supreme Court there was a feeling that the young men of today were to be represented in the highest court of the land by an aggressive and sturdy personality. Two of President Roosevelt's appointments to the Supreme Court are from Massachusetts. Although Justice Moody has passed his half-century mark, he is still classed a young man.

* * *

IN business parlance, the phrase, "taking the matter up," is especially appropriate to the way business is now conducted at Washington. When the President wants information on any subject, it is "taken up." Recently Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commission "took up" the matter of car shortage. Congress has not heretofore dealt with any matter concerning the physical operation of railroads, and this conference was undoubtedly for the purpose of seeing what action the commission may have to adopt in the "clearing house" suggestion for supplying freight cars in time of need; the shortage being largely due to the fact that the railroads find it is not profitable to return empty cars, and are prone to insist on having a "cargo" going and coming.

DOCTOR ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, WHO WENT TO JAPAN WITH NURSES

MRS. CHARLES BONAPARTE, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

MISS E. CASSEL, DAUGHTER OF REPRESENTATIVE CASSEL OF PENNSYLVANIA

MRS. JOHN R. MCLEAN, A WEALTHY WASHINGTON WOMAN, AND HER PETS

MRS. CHAS. LANDIS, WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE LANDIS OF INDIANA

MRS. STRAUS, WIFE OF OSCAR STRAUS, WHO WILL SUCCEED MR. METCALF AS SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

MRS. A. FAHMSTALK, PROMINENT IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY

MRS. GEORGE W. PRINCE, WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE PRINCE OF ILLINOIS

ON a cold winter's day I found myself at the Sands Street entrance of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The street was lined with the navy boys, some of them stopping at the large building, which is at once the library and rendezvous of the lads with the wide trousers.

There was a sub-suggestion of colonial times in the style of the entrance to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, which, however, is one of the most completely equipped in the country. At the wharf lay the magnificent battleship Connecticut, one of the largest in the navy, and

REAR ADMIRAL ENDICOTT

a sister ship of the Louisiana. How formidable appeared Uncle Sam's naval envoy of the military state! On every side there was something that made one feel that he was just a little bit proud of the fact that he was an American citizen, and had a share in all the surroundings.

On crossing the bridge and looking down upon many cruisers and battleships, I soon discovered the battleship with a famous name, the flag ship, Maine. Ascending the gangway to the deck, I saluted the officer in charge and presented my compliments to Admiral Robley D. Evans, who just at that moment — attired in full uniform, epaulettes and all — emerged from one of the tented companion-ways. With a cheery salute to the commanding officer on deck, he announced that he was on his way to the farewell dinner given in honor of Admiral Coghlan, who had just been retired.

"I am leaving the ship, sir," he said, and having committed us to the care of the captain, he departed down the gang-plank.

The captain in his turn gave us in charge to Ensign Sleyton, and we began to feel the spirit of a Sunday on board a battleship. On the the main deck below, the boys were just finishing their Sunday dinner, and there was much laughter and whistling, singing and strumming of banjos, and everybody seemed happy and good natured. Here the enlisted men all mess together and sleep in hammocks, slung at night on the same deck; and in close proximity to their quarters are secured the formidable guns, side arms and rifles of the crew, so that the men are always ready for action, as it were, even when they are eating or sleeping.

Just now they were most peacefully employed: one seated in a corner was writing letters home; in another corner, a young fellow was doing a little extra washing, for be it said that no men in the world are neater or more particular as to cleanliness than those who compose the United States navy. There was a sociable, cosy air between decks, though above us the cold winter wind was sweeping down the Sound. The boiling of "spuds" and onions had added an appetizing odor to the air, and I could sniff several other good things to eat, which made the ship seem like a great club, wherein 700 men had just dined and were now having their after-dinner smoke.

The ship was undergoing repairs, preparing for a Caribbean Sea cruise, and everything was being thoroughly overhauled; but nevertheless it was evident that all was kept "shipshape and Bristol fashion."

How strange it seemed to open the massive swinging breech of the great guns and look through and through the polished rifle tube and see the chamber where the big shells and bags of smokeless powder are put! At one side of the gun when in action stands a trainer and on the other side a pointer, both of whom sight the gun by a telescope, resembling a civil engineer's field glass. The trainer finds the vertical line, or in other words, levels the gun; the pointer swings the piece along the horizontal line, until the two lines coincide upon the target; then the pointer presses a trigger and

the gun is discharged. When it is considered that a record has been made for putting a fifty pound shell into one of these guns in three seconds, and that this year this record has been improved upon, and the time reduced to two seconds, some idea may be gained of the skill and training acquired before the navy boys can arrive at this degree of dexterity. Almost within the time that it takes to lift up one foot and put down the other, the gun is loaded and before you can take a step, off she goes. A new contrivance has been recently adopted to cleanse the guns after each discharge by means of compressed air, so that the bore is com-

UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP MAINE

pletely emptied and nothing remains of the product of the fierce combustion of the charge that has just been fired.

There are, at the side of the breech of each gun, massive, yet delicately constructed contrivances for elevating and accurately aligning the destructive engine, indicating the swing of the target, allowing for the velocity of the wind and the motion of the vessel and all the other details that must be adequately provided for to secure perfect accuracy in naval gunnery.

During the firing of the large guns, all the

CHARLES E. HUGHES, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

gunners have to keep cotton in their ears, open their mouths and stand on tiptoe at the instant of discharge. By so doing, the effect of the intense compression of the air is lessened, which might otherwise rupture the eardrums and cause dangerous shock and even hemorrhages.

It is a singular fact that the six-inch guns are those which give the greatest shock to the hearing; the large, thirteen-inch rifles speak in a deep diapason that somewhat resembles an earthquake; though the concussion drives the gunner and bystander backward, it does not give that acute shock to the hearing which is caused by the firing of the smaller guns.

As I stood on the bridge of the flagship Maine, overlooking the bow, I could not help thinking of the many scenes which have been witnessed from this vantage ground in all parts of the world. Flanked by the six-inch armament, just below the bridge, is the conning tower, wherein in action the commander takes his stand. There are little "peep holes," slender slits, through which the officer can view all that is going on without endangering his eyesight.

Near at hand are apparatus connecting with all parts of the ship, by means of which every naval manoeuvre can be ordered and, if necessary, immediately directed. In the chart-room overhead is the submarine telephone and all the delicate and costly appliances known to modern steamship equipment. There are four wheels which, worked by as many men, may be used, in case of a failure of the steam-steering gear, to direct the course of the great battleship.

Aft of the main mast (see I'm getting nautical) is located the wireless telegraphy room, by which communication is now maintained with vessels hundreds of miles away at sea, and this service is constantly being improved. By means of this invention a modern squadron of eight vessels can cover a sea belt nearly three hundred miles wide, in clear weather.

Just amidships, a revolving turret contains the big thirteen-inch guns, which can sweep the horizon with their tremendous missiles. After all is said and done, in a battleship the important feature of the equipment to be considered, is having guns that will shoot—manned by men who can hit the mark. Think of these guns being fired at a distance of five miles and hitting the bull's eye twenty-nine times in quick succession. This record in target practice counts when the ship comes into action.

On board a battleship one cannot help thinking, that any man of the hundreds who pace the decks may have been on the ships which blockaded Havana Harbor, or perhaps was once a messmate of those brave lads who met their fate on board the hapless Maine. The universal cry of "Remember the Maine," virtually established the nation of America as a world power, for without that terrible incentive to war and intervention in Cuba, the achievements of Dewey at Manila and Schley and Sampson at Santiago would never have taken place, and Spain would still hold her ancient island-colonies.

MRS. CHAFFEE, WIFE OF GENERAL CHAFFEE, U. S. ARMY.

MRS. FORAKER, WIFE OF SENATOR FORAKER OF OHIO

MRS. GUDGER, WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE GUDGER OF NORTH CAROLINA

MRS. HIGGINSEN, WIFE OF REAR ADMIRAL HIGGINSEN, COMMANDANT OF THE NAVY YARD AT WASHINGTON

THE GRAND STAIRWAY IN THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

MRS. FRANKLIN BELL, WIFE OF GEN. BELL, CHIEF OF STAFF

MRS. ELKINS, WIFE OF SENATOR ELKINS OF WEST VIRGINIA

MRS. BANKHEAD, WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE BANKHEAD OF ALABAMA

After going over a battleship one does not wonder that President Roosevelt, after his recent voyage was even more than usually enthusiastic concerning the navy. It will be well if every congressman and senator can be made to realize what a potent factor every battleship, cruiser and torpedo boat is in maintaining peace and forwarding the industrial interests of the world — interests not of this country alone, but in which everyone is vitally concerned. When this fact is fully grasped, there will be little haggling over naval appropriations. The great navy yards, like that at Brooklyn, should be kept up to their fullest

REAR ADMIRAL HARRIS, PAYMASTER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

capacity in preparing for every possible emergency, and it seems little short of criminal neglect to omit all possible precautions for securing an adequate navy, for by it the impregnable peace of the world is assured. The Americans are a peace-loving people and will have peace at almost any cost, but what avails this desire without the power to enforce it?

We visited the junior officers' mess — bright and alert lads from the class of '05, '06 and and even '07, for Uncle Sam so greatly needed officers that the boys of 1907 were sent to sea after they had finished their course at Annapolis last September, which ordinarily would not have been completed until 1907. Here was Hickey of New Hampshire, who made a record with his gun crew; there was McCandlass of Colorado, always ready with jokes and quips; there was Hayes of Kentucky, reputed a good judge of markmanship. Then there was Decker of New Jersey, who his brother officers insist is familiar with Hoboken. There was Lewis of the marines, a body of soldiery who are virtually the police force on shipboard, and Ensign Drake of Waltham, Massachusetts, appointed by Senator Hoar, who reflected the enthusiasm of the junior officers' mess, and had such a charming way of explaining their work. Doughty Admiral Drake, who first circumnavigated the world, has in him a namesake, who we hope will worthily follow in the wake of the great captain who first led his stout English "Shippes of Warre" around the Horn. We also met Ensign Leahy, officer of the watch who, with his glasses strapped over his neat officer's uniform, looked in to see that orders were strictly observed — or possibly to get an idea as to the fun that was going on.

In the tiny mess-room, where officers sleep in hammocks, were a number of books, including Admiral Evans's sailor's "log." It was truly inspiring to hear tributes of affection and esteem paid the Admiral by these young officers, and it is evident that he remembers the time when he was a young man entering his novitiate in the service. Although uncompromising in his discipline and determination to have things done just right, he is popular and beloved by his men, with whom he is always just and square in his dealings. As one of the men remarked, he would "rather face a court martial than Admiral Evans's reprimand." Another thing that especially impressed me was the spirit of fraternity and atmosphere of perfect good feeling between the young officers and men. On board were many young naval "tars" taking a course in some correspondence school and being assisted by the youthful officers, fresh from Annapolis, who help the men through their algebra and other difficult exercises in the higher mathematics. Neither are the gentler arts forgotten, for on board the Maine is one of the best bands in the navy.

Incidents were related of how many of the enlisted men would retire at the end of the four years' service, with a handsome bank account, and then find good positions in civil life. One instance was related of a young man who could not make a success of farming and, in despair, entered the navy. During his four years' service he saved money and returned

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"PEACE"—PAINTING BY WALTER L. DEAN IN NAVAL COMMITTEE ROOMS AT THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

home again to make good his aspirations as a farmer. He had learned discipline and other useful lessons, and is now a very successful agriculturalist.

A band master recently retired with $3,000 to his credit, and this is not surprising when one reflects that the lowest remuneration is $16 a month, with no outlay for board.

Pay advances gradually to as high as $70 a month and the incidental expenses on the Maine, I was told, do not average over four dollars a month, so that a man who desires to save money has an excellent opportunity to do so. These young navy men readily secure positions in civil life, if they desire them in preference to remaining in the service. The Pennsylvania Railroad has hundreds of these young fellows, fresh from the navy; so has the Westinghouse Company, the Boston Elevated Railroad and many other large corporations, who all agree that they have no young men who have been more thoroughly trained in the performance of careful and responsible work, or who have better learned the lesson of self-reliance.

The neatness of the navy is proverbial. The men take care of their clothes in every respect, can sew and wash, and it is said that a bucket of water will go farther in the navy than anywhere else. First the "tar" uses it to wash his teeth, next his face and hands; then he takes a bath, then washes his clothes and lastly scrubs the deck — all with that one bucket of water. This statement was originally intended for the marines, and is an accepted tradition or naval myth. Every man in the navy bathes every day, and in his knapsack is always a tooth brush and other small toilet accessories not usually associated with sailors. The regulations in regard to cleanliness are very strict, and the men complain of each other if the standard is not lived up to. A story is told of one of the lads who complained that a mate had but one shirt; and if it is discovered that a man is neglecting his daily bath, the "canvas and sand" ablutions are brought into use and there is never any after-trouble with that man in regard to bathing.

* * *

As in the English navy, the closest inspection is daily made of every man, and how much this means in regard to health it is difficult to estimate. With good teeth, plenty of food and exercise, and strict cleanliness, the navy is doing much to raise the physical standard of American manhood. It has been said of the British navy that it "either kills or cures" a delicate lad, but with the precautions used in the United States service the cure is almost certain, and many a round-shouldered, sallow-faced youth has enlisted and come out a splendid type of physical manhood. What a jolly crew they are! A visit to them on a dreary winter Sunday is a sure cure for the "blues."

A more promising gathering of young men than those youthful officers could hardly be found, and I was perfectly sincere in saying that I "believed I looked into the eyes of at least one who would some day be an admiral in the greatest navy of all time." Before paying my visit I had heard something of the "snobbishness" of naval officers, but am satisfied it has no existence in the American navy. True the lads know what they are talking about, but I never met a more congenial, companionable set of men than those I visited on board the Maine. The 700 tars on the flagship have reason to be proud of their family characteristics, of their floating home and of their record in the service.

* * *

A week in port is about as long a time as any of the men desire — they want to be out and doing. Even the groans of the Appropriation Committee over the expense of the maintenance of the battleships and the cost of target practice are as nothing compared with the alive alertness which is stimulated in our navy, and the sharp contrast it presents to the lagging and lassitude apparent in some of the navies of the old world — notably in the Spanish navy, when it found itself confronted with the realities of conflict.

* * *

The flagship of the Atlantic Squadron has gone on her cruise for target practise in the Caribbean Sea, and in every port she enters in the waters of South America, the Maine will command respect as the floating ambassador of Uncle Sam, the precursor of peace, the evidence of "preparedness," and the harbinger of the time

"When the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flag is furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

FORTY-SEVEN YEARS OF NAVAL SERVICE

By Admiral Robley D. Evans

AT the request of the editor of the National Magazine, I am going to have a friendly chat with the people who read the magazine, and especially with the young men, concerning the navy of today. After forty years of active service in the navy, it seems to me that with every year my personal enthusiasm increases, as I come in contact with the personnel and the splendid work of the naval 'boys in blue.'

ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS

I entered the navy in the old days of sailing craft, when every man in the service was first of all a *sailor*. Yes, I have witnessed the flogging, which was then a standard punishment in the navy, and am familiar with many of the old customs which have long since passed away; yet which possess a picturesque and charming interest in story books. I now have the proud distinction of belonging to the new navy; and it is with this navy — the navy of today—that we have to deal. If every American citizen could realize the efficient and practical utility of the United States naval service, as it now exists, there would be no hesitancy in appropriating sufficient money to create and maintain a navy adequate to our standing and needs as a nation.

I have long been interested in watching the personnel of the recruits. We have those high-tempered, quick, alert, young fellows — after they have learned the first lesson of self-control —the lesson of discipline and obedience, that means as much for themselves as it does for the service — I love them.

They have made the American navy what it is today. There is a glint of "go" and intelligence in the boys who pace the decks of the American men-of-war. Strange as it may seem, a large proportion of our best recruits have come from the farms and interior, inland cities of the Middle West. Once accustomed to the sea, they seem to take to their duties with a zest and enthusiasm that equals even that of the well-seasoned sailors of the coast towns.

If you could see the boys as I have seen

them, working and studying to perfect themselves and win promotion, you would be no less enthusiastic than President Roosevelt was after his trip on the Louisiana, when he witnessed with his own eyes the progress which we are making. The president desired to see some expert target practice during the summer, and we were fortunate enough to make a record which stands out prominently in the history of marksmanship. When you consider the difficulty under which this work of firing at sea is carried out, and the exactness with which the calculations are made—not only made but executed—it shows the results which may be obtained by what President Roosevelt has so often insisted upon—"Preparedness."

A REPRODUCTION OF THE TARGET WITH HEADS OF NAVY BOYS SHOWING WHERE THE SHOTS STRUCK INSIDE THE CENTER TARGET. NOTICE THE BULLSEYE SHOT IN THE BLACK SQUARE

* * *

One thing that makes the blood boil in my veins with indignation, and tempts me to use some words which may be proper on a quarter deck, but not at a social function, is the discrimination in certain cities and public resorts against the boys in blue. Like all American naval commanders, I cannot help loving the men who serve so efficiently in a work which our people little understand and sometimes fail to appreciate, and I want to see the boys treated as they deserve.

With the question of the extension and building up of a merchant marine before us, which is certain to follow in the wake of Secretary Root's visit to South America, I feel that nothing is more important to the industrial and commercial interests of the nation at this moment than an aggressive policy in the Naval Department, which should be kept fully abreast of the armaments of the world.

* * *

To my mind, there is no calling, no vocation, more honorable and more likely to develop the real earnestness of manhood in the average young man than a career in the navy. If young men would only read carefully, and understand what a naval career means, it would certainly inspire an interest which

would even increase the recruiting of the best blood of America into the navy today. Nearly seventy per cent of the sailors on board our men-of-war at the present time are native-born; and while the service offers no sinecure, but means a great deal of earnest and hard work, it does offer for faithful service a sure and certain, and comparatively liberal reward from Uncle Sam when the period of active work is over. After thirty years of faithful service a pension is issued averaging about $900 per annum, and this means much in encouraging and concentrating attention toward the improvement of the service by the promotion of deserving young men.

The old sailor—God bless him—I remember with kindness. He was almost always a character; often little short of a genius in the matter of small curiosities, ornaments and models of sea-going craft, and not infrequently a confirmed grumbler; or to use a sailor's phrase, "a reg'lar sea-lawyer."

He frequently affected something of the sea-dandyism of the Spaniard, Portuguese and other Latin sailors. His hair was worn rather long and ringletted; golden hoops dangled from his ears, and gay handkerchiefs were knotted at his throat in voluminous and seamanlike ties, while his sheath-knife or Minorcan dirk was often ornamented as to

THE TARGET AFTER THE BATTLESHIP MAINE HAD FIRED AT IT AT THE FIVE MILE RANGE
A HIT WAS MADE WITH EVERY SHOT

With the stupendous development of the manufacturing interests of this country, with our naval vessels visiting every port on the high seas, a liberal education is available for the young sailor. Travel will broaden his ideas and develop that acute business ability that is inherent in the nature of every average American. It has been truly said that a career of even a few years in the navy often fits a young man for some other life-work, for, understand me, the American navy boys are imbued with the American spirit, and that is why the American guns in the Spanish war seldom missed their mark—that is why, in point of marksmanship and efficiency, the American nation has reason to be proud of "the man behind the guns."

hilt and sheath with original designs and materials picked up in his wanderings. He always felt that he had to show his individuality by making just about so many complaints—with or without grounds therefor. I remember once, in the Southern seas, making arrangements to cool the water, so that it would be palatable for the men to drink. One day one of the old tars came to me with a complaint—I suppose there was not much else to find fault with, so he spoke of the chilliness of the water. It was explained to him that it had been refrigerated so that it might be more palatable.

"Well, captain," he said, "that may be all right, but that was not the way it used to be, and I can't stand cold water. Grog's all right, but cold water makes my teeth ache!"

The navy of today is strictly a business proposition—in fact it might be termed scientific, and I venture to say there are more good mathematicians among the men than can be found among any similar lot of men gathered from all sections of the country, as these boys are.

A few figures in reference to target practice might be of interest in this connection, but the officers are not expected to make public interesting returns which are in their hands, though they are all kept on file. Some idea may be gained of how numerous are the telling shots fired, when it is understood that the accompanying illustration shows a stretch of canvas used as a target, and where the heads of the men come through are the various spots that were struck by the shots fired in target practice.

As one old tar remarked:

"Blowed if a grain of powder in practice does not save a ton in service; for when it comes to straight shooting, the men put every grain where it counts."

Thus the ravages and waste of war are lessened in the actual outlay, if target practice is regularly held.

The building of the Panama Canal means an impetus to the trading interests of this country, and if the people could realize the power of the American flag on the high seas, as it floats at the masthead of a modern cruiser or battleship, they would understand that the navy is a business proposition, aside from the spirit of national pride and patriotism and the necessity for "preparedness."

Despite the general impression, my own experience leads me to the conviction that a naval career tends to a general rounding out of moral stamina and the other essentials of true manhood. Contrary to the general impression, men in the navy are taught self-reliance and are encouraged to use their brains and think for themselves. One exercise for initiative force and inventive genius in the navy today is expert signalling at sea, and it may also be noted that wireless telegraphy was first put in use in the United States navy. These are simply the straws of fact which show the way the wind blows, and that the progressive spirit is inculcated and regnant among the boys in blue.

Another impression is that the men of the navy waste their money, but I venture to say that as fair a proportion of savings bank accounts will be found on the decks of the men-of-war as on the floor of any mercantile house employing a similar number of men. The officials in the navy recognize their responsibility in these matters, just as those in charge of large business interests understand that the success of the business depends on the efficiency of the men; and there never was a time when commanders and their men were closer together than they are now. Many an earnest young man in the navy has found his every impulse toward betterment responded to and aided by his officers.

It seems impossible that during the life of one naval officer, like myself, there should be so tremendous an evolution from the days of punishment by ropes-end and cat-o'-nine-tails, or a blow with a marlin spike, to the present time; when the officers insist that every equitable right of American citizenship and reasonable courtesy shall be publicly accorded his men. What could better show the broad and cohesive spirit that is giving our country today a government whose glory will shine with a luster not excelled by that of even the picturesque days of 1812, because the government of the present time is in direct harmony with the spirit of the times and sees to it that every prow that ploughs the high seas is not only making a path for commerce but carrying to the nations of the world the uplift and power of American principles and institutions.

THE DREAM LADY

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

HAD the Doctor not assured me, on his word of honor as a medical man, that such was the case, I should never have suspected it. Had he not persisted in disclosing a diagnosis that was at once convincing, I might still question his authority. But I am one of those persons who do not dispute a fact, with a man to back it, or question a fiction that hallows the fame of the softer sex. We had spent an entire evening in admiration of the Dream Lady. We had diligently compared notes and experiences. We had dined; mutual confessions naturally followed. The delicious fragrance of the Doctor's cigars pervaded the apartment. At reasonable intervals, my learned companion prescribed palatable doses of a cordial, a flagon of which stood on a small table between us.

The Dream Lady had first attracted our eyes on the half-hourly ferry—that floating school of flirtation—plying between Oakland and San Francisco, before the days of the cataclysm, when life was well worth the living in that part of the world. We were for some time at a loss to decide whether she resided in the metropolis, or only visited it on some flighty purpose. I believe neither of us had as yet detected her in the act of transporting those perennial packages that are the ensigns of citizenship in that populous grove on the eastern shore of the Bay.

Nor were her hours numbered, although every pleasant day found her seated on the sheltered side of the boat, inhaling the salt air and looking off upon the lovely harbor with eyes singularly tranquil—herself the embodiment of absolute repose.

It is not often that birds of passage ruffle their plumage so little as did this transmigrant — albeit it is a tradition in the forecastle that the albatross sleeps upon the wing —for even when surrounded by friends, the Dream Lady never for a moment lost that sweet composure which is perhaps the least common, as it is the most magnetic form of feminine fascination. In vain I awaited the hour when, under trying circumstances, she might forget that she was a little more than human. I hoped to find that in the role of the belated passenger, she could run a race with the "last man" from the gate to the ferry. She was never late. Indeed, she often remained upon the boat, returning at once to the other shore, evidently voyaging only in search of sunshine and salt air.

As the steamer entered the slip, the Dream Lady was the last to rise and follow slowly in the wake of the throng that passes at least one-third of the time on its feet, crowded into the bow of the boat in a state of agonizing suspense—for each would be first ashore. Other voyagers looked care-worn, anxious, impatient. To the majority, the forty-minute trip is a dead loss. Business men observe the journals, moist from the steaming press; business women nurse their cares in their faces; the young of the species wander to and fro, happy in seeing and being seen. Not a ferry-boat crosses the bay, from sunrise to midnight, but the census is voluntarily taken by scores of the curious students of humanity, whose labor is a labor of love and entirely complimentary and gratuitous.

The Dream Lady seemed to know nothing of all this. In her turn, she passed from the breathless tranquility of repose to the ecstatical tranquility of motion. Mark her! she moves with the indolent grace of the swan. There is languor written in all her outlines. The modistes of the hour copy nature with the fanatical devotion of the artist. Fashion is imperative, and fashion has once more unmasked the divinity of the human form, from the rose that rocks upon the bosom of the Dream Lady, to the rhythmical undulation of the hips, and the soft folds of silk or satin gently agitated at the knee. The rounded arm cased in a close sleeve, the faultless hand

and wrist—the glove, a perfect fit, idealizing the flesh of the hand, but wrinkled to the elbow—how it droops at her side. Your eyes wander from the barbaric bangles that hold those arms in luxurious bondage, over all the lines of beauty to the superb shoulders, her proud, white throat—a tower of ivory—the low brow, burdened and overshadowed by disheveled locks, and become entangled at last in the bewitching chaos of the shapeless hat.

When she enters a train, let it be never so full, there is room for her. The energetic little woman who has been buzzing like a bee, and a very plain bee indeed, is not so fortunate, for all her haste; she stands and glares at the comfortable brutes who do not abdicate in her favor. She is no Dream Lady; her parasol is not a magic wand with which to sway the hearts of men; her eyes are not dreamful and magnetic; she does not turn them upon you with that far-away look that makes you, poor fellow, feel as if you were nothing more nor less than a mote in a sunbeam—neither does she woo you with the delectable *frou-frou* of her skirts; nor hold you captive with the voluptuous aroma of *ylang-ylang*.

The Doctor smiled on me—a patronizing smile of superior intelligence, which you have doubtless often observed in professional men. There is nothing more exasperating than for one to throw open the secret chamber of his soul, and have the family physician depreciate the furnishment thereof. I was about to turn the subject, realizing that I had betrayed an inexcusable, perhaps too gushing, interest in the Dream Lady, when my friend refilled the glass that stood within my reach. We moistened our lips; we restored our souls; we naturally resumed the subject.

"Bye-the-bye," said the Doctor, with the egotistical hesitation which usually precedes the utterance of any professional opinion—as if it were too weighty to be given until your whole attention was fixed upon it, and you in a sufficiently appreciative state of mind. "Bye-the-bye, have you noticed the Dream Lady in society or at the play?"

Of course I had. The same midsummer calm was hers, redolent of *ylang-ylang*. She floated in the waltz. She was the embodiment of all that yearning after something we have not and which we know not of; the vague unrest that never whispers louder than a sigh; the delightful melancholy born of the elysian minor key, the quickening spirit of the Strauss melodies. At the play, she looked not at the actors, for they were but shadows; she was born to see the motive over and beyond them. All this was written in her wonderful eyes. She seemed never to say anything; she just listened as one who suffers you to address her, and replies with but a half smile or a lifted eyebrow. Not many are wise enough to expend only the interest on their capital stock of intelligence. Why need she speak when her eyes were like open volumes, though volumes written in an unknown tongue? In the buoyant waltz, her features were illumined with the rapturous look of a young dervish, whose turbaned head sinks backward upon his shoulders, while his outstretched arms, waving like wings, mark the slow circles in his sacred dance, and the dilated pupils of his staring eyes search the pale dome of the mosque and guide him in imagination through airy spirals into the prophet's Paradise. When the music ceased, she resolved herself into a cloud of gauze and ribbons, with two glorious orbs like fixed stars peering from above it—and all the while that subtle odor exhaled upon the air as if she were a moon-flower—it was ever and forever the breath of the intoxicating *ylang-ylang*.

I had lost myself in a revery, when the Doctor turned suddenly toward me in a manner which I half resented; I thought it supercilious. Unbending for a moment, he pushed my half-filled glass toward me, saying:—"*Ylang-ylang*,"—and he said it in a fastidious fashion that put me on my guard—"*Ylang-ylang* is very often but a cunning disguise and evidently, in this case, assumed successfully." I caught his meaning—an insinuation that startled me for a moment; then he continued in a low voice, as if he were giving an instruction to a private pupil:—

"It is needless to ask why your hound follows your trail in the night, after your footsteps have been obliterated by the resurrected grass. He will track you over city pavements that are worn smooth by myriads of restless feet. You know as well as I do, that it is a consolation to be near some people; only to be near them is enough, while the mere presence of some others is distressing; in both cases you may be total strangers to one another. There are those whom you admire, and even reverence, yet the clasp of

their hand is disagreeable to you; and there are some who, though utterly unworthy of you, unconsciously distill the balm which is the one thing needful for your peace of mind, body and soul—and this you may seek in vain elsewhere. The human flower breathes forth a subtle fragrance; it is the artless medium through which true love is first awakened; the heart has nothing to do with it, save to respond or to resist; the mind and reason are subordinate. You ask but one question, the moment you become conscious of the influence of aromatic flesh: "Is it appealing, or repellent?" If the warm-scented heliotrope parches my throat and suffocates me with an impalpable dust; if the tuberose prostrates me with direst melancholy, it is not the fault of these delicate perfume-distilleries; it is because there is no affinity between us. My neighbor feeds ravenously upon substances that are poison on my lips; all physical relationship is distinguished by this unlikeness. If the Dream Lady were an incarnate heliotrope, my obdurate soul would instinctively turn from her in disgust, though she were the paragon of animals. It is the animal in us that is, at all times, too little considered in our most intimate relationship. Beauty of face and figure are fair to look upon, but of no permanent avail. It were a thousand times better to do one's wooing in the dark—by the aid of the olfactory nerves and the sense of touch—than to yield to the lust of the eye; this is the only way to lasting happiness in the sacred sanctum of the domestic circle; and in this sign only shall you conquer and accomplish the certain extermination of the divorce microbe Now, is the Dream Lady a heliotrope masquerading in an atmosphere of *ylang-ylang?*"

The question startled me. I turned to the Doctor in my perplexity and begged him to explain .

"I see plainly that you are on the wrong scent," said he, and added, "Do you know anything of *opiophagy?*"

I knew something of *opiophagy*, had read of it, though the word can only be found in the larger dictionaries. The Doctor objected to the term, probably because it was the invention of a medical rival in Indianapolis.

"The *Opiophagists*," continued he, "or rather, let me call them the *Theriaki*—since every apothecary prefers his own compound —the *Theriaki* are increasing in numbers to an alarming extent. *Opiophagy;* I condescend to use the term for convenience's sake; is rapidly becoming a national vice."

"To whom may we attribute the primal cause of this unfortunate, and, alas! fatal habit?" I asked.

"To the physicians—notably to the allopaths." The Doctor was of the other school. He continued:—"You have observed the Dream Lady too often and too well, to have overlooked the diagnostic which she cannot always veil from the eyes of the world. Not all the perfumes of Arabia can so charm her retinue of admirers, that she shall forever escape detection."

The Doctor leaned forward in his chair and fixed his eye upon me. I trembled like a guilty thing, though I was wholly guiltless; he was about to say something I feared to listen to; what if he should make a revelation too horrible to be repeated beyond the private consultation room of my professional friend? Of what nature was it? Listen!

The Doctor was one evening summoned hastily to attend a case in a family previously unknown to him. He could not be expected to indulge in speculation, being already past the meridian of life and, moreover, that is not professional—though the messenger, who urged immediate action, was profoundly silent as to the condition of the patient and the nature of the attack. Never was the sister-city more serene; it seemed at peace with all the world; one might thread its shady thoroughfares, flooded here and there with moonlight, without meeting so much as a solitary policeman. The Doctor, who returned with the messenger, was ushered into one of those beautiful mansions, the pride of the city, environed with flowers and lapped in the languors of eternal summer. He was led at once to the chamber of the patient, whither, pardon me, I dare not follow him. This is what he told me in strictest confidence —please let it go no further.

A lamp-globe, tinted like the harvest moon, diffused a roseate glow that was enchanting. How could sickness, or sorrow, or death cross that hallowed threshold. On a low couch, shrouded in lace, reclined the victim—the victim of what? She was insensible; she had remained so for many hours—a graven image, breathing softly as an infant, but sunk millions of leagues under the waters of Lethe

—a slumbering beauty, overcome with the unearthly joys of her nepenthe-cup. The air was impregnated with an amber-scented odor which once inhaled can never be forgotten. It was not *ylang-ylang;* it was not the breath of any flower that breathes; nor was it the very potent exhalation, finer than air, sweeter than honey, softer than silk—the life and the delight of fair and fruitful flesh. It was alien and artificial, and the Doctor at once began searching for the source thereof. With a freedom which is the patent of his profession, he examined every nook and corner of my lady's chamber. With relentless hands, he disturbed the delicate decorations of the toilet-table; he drew open the secret compartments of that magazine of mysteries, the bureau; he penetrated the dark recesses of the closet, yet found no clew. Sagacious woman, who is more cunning than thou—unless it be thy maid?

The maid was summoned to assist in rescuing the patient, who still languished in billows of lace. The maid was interrogated by the Doctor, and, not without fear and trembling, she tearfully betrayed her mistress. A casket was brought from an adjoining boudoir and opened in the presence of the physician and the family. The casket contained a pipe, a probe, a small lamp, a box of gum-opium. The mystery was solved. The Dream Lady lived in cloudland; when her dream was over it was her wont to repair to her enchanted chamber, where she arrayed herself for that passionless bridal with the angel of sleep. While there, her fingers clasp the fateful pipe; she lights the vestal lamp; she annoints the pipe-bowl with the magic gum and applies it to the flame; then from the cloud of incense that arises before her is evolved the genie under whose irresistible spell she swoons in rapture. The fumiferous rites are followed by trances, ecstacies, and seraphic visions which are at last swallowed up in death-like sleep.

It was out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, that the Doctor sought to rouse the Dream Lady. It was her prolonged sleep in the valley of death-shadows that alarmed the house, and was the occasion of the Doctor's precipitous summons. Slave of the Lamp! Never again could she withold herself from the alluring flame, but, like the infatuated moth, her joy was in a dreadful martyrdom.

I ventured to express the hope that her fate was as exceptional as her beauty. On the contrary, she was but one of thousands. The Doctor spread before me a volume of statistics:—

"Observe the chemical constituents," said he, "Meconic acid, meconine, morphia, narcotine, narceia, etc. The beneficent function of opium, and belladonna or deadly nightshade, as seductives or anodynes, cannot be too highly extolled. Applied externally, taken into the stomach, or administered hypodermically, with caution in all cases, who shall gainsay the soporific virtues of the infatuating drug? Note the sale of it in every form: laudanum, elixir (the deodorized tincture), wine of opium, black drop (opium vinegar), and paregoric. Look into the secret haunts of San Francisco, where white men and women, and youths and maidens are furnished with pipes and pots of opium paste. Consider for a moment these official figures: Twenty-four thousand pounds of opium were imported into the United States in 1840—a pound of opium for every seven hundred and thirty-three inhabitants. In 1872, the importation amounted to four hundred and sixteen thousand, eight hundred and eighty-four pounds—a pound for every one hundred and twenty inhabitants. Forty thousand dollars supplied our opium market in 1840. In 1872, we were paying two millions of dollars per annum. The importation had increased 1,600 per cent in thirty-two years; the consumption of opium had outrun the growth of the population nearly four times over, and this in spite of the four-fold increase in the price of the drug."

Think of the havoc it has created in the last thirty-four years—I dare not make my estimate of it here. Appalled at the statements set down in black and white, I was about to suggest the feasibility of cultivating hypnotism as a fine art, and of developing clairvoyance, so that they should, if possible, become available as a substitute for the calamitous infatuation. I looked to the mesmerist for a potential cure, and, turning to the Doctor for corroboration was astonished to find his eyes fixed on vacancy, while his body was shaken as with palsy; he could evidently no longer control the nervous tremor that threatened to throw him into convulsions.

Frightened at the spectacle, I rose from

my chair; he sprang forward and seizing me by the wrists, held me fast, while with a smile that was not his own he cried, excitedly:—"Will you feast with the *Theriaki?* Will you submit for once to the spell that binds the *Opiophagist* to the body of this death?"

He dragged me to the door of an inner chamber, unlocked it and pushed me forward. There was his couch waiting to receive him; his pipes, his lamp and various jars, the uses of which I easily conjectured, were all close at hand upon an Oriental tray. The unmistakable odor which he had referred to as permeating the chamber of the Dream Lady was noticeable here. He begged me to join him in this sensuous and fashionable dissipation. He threw himself upon his pillow; he trimmed his lamp with a care that would have done credit to one of the seven wise virgins; his eyes sparkled with anticipation; he filled the room with white clouds of smoke; the air was sickening. At intervals, he implored me to join him, but he was growing calmer and less urgent by degrees; at last I saw the pipe slip from his relaxing fingers, and he seemed to wither away, while the lamp burned blue in the dense and fetid vapor, to me nauseating in the extreme.

He had followed in the footsteps of the Dream Lady, and of all the dream-children that feed on the baleful drug. In imagination, I saw hundreds of thousands of willing or unwilling victims broken upon the wheel of relentless fortune and doomed to a common fate. I thought of DeQuincy and the anguish of his slavery; and of "The Hasheesh Eater," Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, whom I had known in earlier days in California; and of all those who have feasted on "Poppy and Mandragora" and drunk of the Waters of Marah in all their bitterness—and with horror I turned from the altar of his sacrifice and fled into the street, where all was silent as the grave.

The last train was about to meet the midnight ferry; I boarded it in haste, and with the proud scorn which is the birthright of the metropolis, I shook the dust of the Athens of the Pacific from my retreating feet.

RONDEAU AND SONNET

By A. A. B. Cavaness

ONCE, Elsie, when a pretty child you were,
Blithe-hearted as the merry birds of Spring,
And every sweetest flower rivaling,
With dreamful, wondering eyes, yet void of care,
Ideal of the Spring you seemed, most fair;
Then of your beauty might the Rondeau sing,
Its tripping feet your own seemed following,
And of their music, echo, everywhere.

Yet now, with throbbing heart and lifted head,
Stepping into the kingdom of the Soul,
Slow-paced, becoming Summer's statelier tread—
As hearing first, Life's muffled organ-roll—
The Sonnet's measured music marches by
And touching earth, aspires to reach the sky.

AN EVEN THING

By Rosa Kellen Hallett

ONE, two, three, four, five—" Robert Alexander Duncan, sitting upon the side of the low, wooden bedstead in his small chamber under the eaves, was counting his marbles.

It was a brilliant, breezy spring day. The sunlight fell warmly through the open window, and the brisk, southerly wind buffeted the branches of the blossoming peach tree near-by and flung a shower of its vivid petals into the room. They swirled and danced across the carpet to the boy's feet, but he counted on, unheeding.

"Six, seven, eight—" The heir of the house of Duncan, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed and ten years old, placed the marbles gently one by one within the stout, buff linen bag that his grandmother, sharp-tongued but dotingly fond, had made for him at the beginning of the season. Then there had been only twelve, just a paltry dozen of ordinary clay marbles that had rattled lonesomely about in the bottom of the sack, but now there were —the boy's face glowed with delight as he thrust the last one in—forty-eight! A most satisfactory assortment of alleys and agates and chaneys, intermixed with the plebeians of their kind.

With a furtive glance around him, Robert reached between the feather bed and the straw mattress, and extracted six shining glass marbles, clear crystal, with hearts of ruby and purple and gold. He gazed at them with an air of affectionate proprietorship, for were they not his by right of discovery? Had he not found them upon the parlor floor? And aren't "findings, keepings?"

"Bobby! Bobby, dear!" called his mother, in her sweet, high-pitched tones. "School-time! You'd better hurry up!"

"Yes, ma'am, coming!"

The vision of sister Mary's solitaire board, with its six empty spaces yawning hungrily, faded, and the boy laid the gorgeously-tinted spheres into the top of the bag, drew the string, tied it with a flourish, and pushed the bag far down within his trousers pocket, where it formed a remarkable protuberance on his plump person.

He clattered noisily down the stairs, sending ahead a series of shrill inquiries: "Where's my cap? Who's seen my cap? What have you done with my cap?"

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Grandma Baines. "Has that young one of yours, Susan, lost his cap again? If he belonged to me," the old lady glared angrily over her spectacles, "he'd go bareheaded one spell."

"He'll be late, sure's fate," declared the mother, and dropping upon her knees, she inserted an exploring hand beneath the tall black walnut book-case. Little Mary dived under the haircloth-covered sofa, and Grandma, leaning forward, stretched out her trusty cane and prodded viciously at the fat cushion in the big Martha Washington chair, and, finally, by determined effort, hooked it out from the seat, whence it went spinning across the floor.

"'Tain't there, anyhow," she breathlessly announced.

Robert Alexander Duncan, having thus provided occupation for the members of his family, escaped without any close scrutiny, and shouted lustily back as he careered down the plank walk, "Oh, I've got it on!"

Mrs. Duncan straightened her bent back and clapped her dusty hands vigorously. "Land of love! If that ain't the queerest thing ever I knew! Had it on!"

Buddy Grandon was yodeling wildly at the gate, and as Bobby joined him he exhorted, "Run! run! the last bell's ringing!"

The morning hours dragged, as did recess also, for playing marbles for "keeps" had been strictly forbidden within the school precincts, and as Bobby and his mates would have chorused, "What else is there to marbles, anyhow?" But Buddy Grandon and Toots

Tuck, whose dingy calico bags presented a starved and lank appearance beside the rotund pouch flaunted by Bobby, challenged the latter to meet them during the long nooning in the grassy lane behind the schoolhouse, vowing that there they would win back from the champion some of the spoils of war contained within that same stout, buff linen bag.

Hastily swallowing their dinners, the three boys had returned to the appointed spot. In high glee, they drew a great circle, arranged the marbles around it, and began the sport, each shooting or knuckling down according to his own sweet will. Robert Alexander Duncan's star was still in the ascendant, and he had already added to his store, using with patronizing assurance his lucky taw, gained from Buddy himself at the beginning of the week, when the game was interrupted.

Peter Flint, the French-Canadian, who did odd jobs at the livery stable, slouched into the lane on his way home to dinner. With an ugly grin on his swarthy countenance, he advanced toward the players, and a moment later one massive, cowhide boot had been planted in the middle of the ring, while the other, with a well-aimed sweep, had driven the marbles broadcast, and Peter, chuckling maliciously, was marching on.

"You, you beast!" yelled Bobby. "You low-down, white-livered, frog-eating Frenchy, you!" He doubled his chubby fist and shook it impotently at Peter's back. "I'd lick you within an inch of your life, if I could!"

Peter turned his head, with its shock of coarse, black hair, and looked back derisively from beady little eyes beneath shaggy eyebrows, and snarled in his odd Canadian patois, "Speel arbel!" but the trio of ten-year-olds could not "spell able," and Peter Flint went his way, leaving the boys crawling unhappily about hunting for the scattered treasures.

Presently Toots rose to his feet, proclaiming joyously, "I've got all mine!" and the next second Buddy chimed in, "Me too!" But the poor little champion was not so fortunate, several of his most prized marbles had disappeared, and to his dismay, he discovered also that the bag lying near-by had evidently shared in the impetus from the French-Canadian's boot, and one of the pretty glass balls with which Bobby had dazzled the eyes of his comrades had hopped out in the scuffle and rolled away.

Now the boy was confident that he had only meant to *borrow* the stragglers from the solitaire board. The tears sprang to his eyes.

"Ho!" jeered Toots.

"Cry baby, Cripshy,
'Fraid your mamma'll whipshye!"

But Bobby was too full of gloom to resent the gibe.

"Ding-dong! ding-dong! ding-dong!"

That was the cracked old school-bell pealing out its summons, and the three boys obeyed, Buddy and Toots blithely enough; but Bobby cast many a longing look behind, and during the afternoon hours he brooded over his wrongs.

At the end of the session, he beckoned to Buddy and Toots, and, leading them apart, unfolded the bold scheme he had evolved.

Buddy paled perceptibly at the proposal, and Toots commented with scorn:

"Aw, what you givin' us, Bobby Duncan? We can't do it, I tell you. Why, he'd chew us all up to frazzles!"

"He won't neither! You're both scared!" Bobby spoke in a contemptuous tone, but changed it instantly to coaxing accents, "You just let me show you how I'd fix him." He stepped toward Toots.

That youngster shrank away squealing. "I don't want to know, Bobby Duncan. I'll take your word for it!" But his protestations died in a gurgling "Ah-h-h!" as Bobby enveloped him in an apparently loving embrace.

"Come on," said Bobby cheerfully, releasing the struggling Toots, "we can do it easy!"

It was six o'clock, and Peter Flint was again taking the short cut to the mill boarding house. When he arrived at the place where at noontime he had so wantonly made mischief, he saw no company of youthful sportsmen, but under the lee of the stone wall a small boy, that was Buddy, pressing against it as close as might be. On the opposite side of the lane, cowering behind the trunk of a spreading oak-tree, was Toots Tuck, breathing very hard, his knees knocking together as he nervously shifted from one foot to the other.

The French-Canadian smiled grimly, but a moment later his attention was diverted by the descent upon his shoulders of a miniature avalanche, a little human tiger-cat, kicking and clawing and pommelling! Simultane-

ously his legs were caught in the feeble clutch of two timid, trembling little lads ,who, after one faint grasp, ran away!

But alas for Bobby! he could not run away, for Peter Flint had gripped him firmly with his stalwart left hand, and with his even more stalwart right hand was dealing out fierce blows accompanied by a stream of "*Sacres!*" and "*Diables!*"

Then he tossed the boy aside and stalked on. Bobby's plan had failed. There had been woeful lack of support on the part of the troops, and the unlucky general lay flat upon the ground, weeping grievously.

But in the midst of his tears of mingled rage and pain there flashed upon his vision a gleam of red, something bright and sparkling, half-hidden in one of the deep ruts now nearly on a level with his eyes. He checked his sobs. It was, yes, it was, oh joy of joys! Sister Mary's missing marble! The one of clear crystal with the ruby heart!

Bobby thankfully seized the treasure-trove and scrambled to his feet.

"Hist!" From behind a sheltering clump of bushes a head protruded. "Has he gone?" The owner of the voice peered about, and then emerged into the open. "Did he hurt?"

Oh, fatal curiosity that had lured Buddy Grandon back to the scene of the conflict!

"Did he hurt?" Robert Alexander Duncan's blue eyes blazed, and Buddy, his question unanswered, put up his hands in unavailing defence.

"You lemme be, Bobby Duncan!" he shrieked. "You lemme be! Quit it, I say!"

Bobby was now battling with a fellow of his own size, and the combat was short and decisive. Master Buddy Grandon was soon down upon the greensward begging for mercy, and the conqueror, with one last, vindictive tug at his opponent's flaxen mop, scurried away.

Trudging across the fields, he paused at the dooryard of the Tuck cottage and puckered his bruised lip into the semblance of the whistle that meant "Come out! It's Bobby Duncan."

"Cracky! but he did give it to you good! I thought he was going to kill you!" giggled Toots amiably, as he issued forth. "You are a sight!"

Bobby raised a compelling finger and Toots followed him around the corner of the wood-shed.

"You mizzible, sneaking, cowardly coot! You pizen mean, two for a cent weasel!"

Toots began to retreat, but Bobby, his fiery spirit still unquenched, threw himself upon his comrade and five minutes later, rubbing Toots' head in the dirt, he urged, "Holler nuff!"

"Nuff! nuff!" blubbered the vanquished one.

Bobby jumped up. It was none too soon, for Mrs. Tuck was bearing down upon the twain.

Over the picket fence Bobby clambered precipitately and rushed down the road to his own home. Quietly the boy entered the back hall, hung up his cap on the hook assigned for that purpose, stole silently around through the sitting-room into the parlor, where he restored to the empty niches in the solitaire board the six gallant rovers, and then walked into the dining-room. As he slipped into his chair, his mother almost dropped the teapot in her horror and agitation.

"My angel child!" she gasped. "What is the matter? What on earth have you been doing to yourself?"

Bobby's nose was swelled, both his rosy cheeks were puffed abnormally, a purple lump decorated his broad, white forehead; but vengeance was satisfied, his conscience was at rest, and his mouth was already appreciative of the comforting, hot corned beef hash.

"Nothing, ma'am," was his serene rejoinder.

Mr. Duncan contemplated the battered visage of Robert Alexander Duncan. "See here, young man," he said, "you look to me as if you'd been monkeying with a hydraulic ram!" Then, abruptly, "Who licked?"

Bobby hesitated, and then confessed. "Well, one of them *did* lick me first, but," with a beaming and grotesque smile, that caused his mother to murmur distractedly, "Oh, oh, oh!" "afterward, I licked the other two!"

TWO THOROUGHBREDS AND A COMMONER

By Alice Woodruff McCully

LITTLE Jockey Willen had but two loves in this world. One was the chestnut thoroughbred, Diavolo, and the other was Marjorie Colfax. "The Little Jockey," as he was more commonly called, had never ridden in a race, but he had always devoted himself so closely to Diavolo, and looked so longingly at the few who did attempt to mount him, that the men around the stables had long before given him that name. He was still only a boy, and a homeless waif at that. All his short life had been spent around the stables and country estate of Mr. Colfax. He was slight even for his years, and underneath exceptionally fair hair lay the great, wistful, blue eyes of the boy who in childhood has been left much to himself, and who has early learned the stern necessities of the world without sensing many of its deeper vices.

For three months each year, his life had been made divinely happy. Then it had been that Marjorie had come down to the estate for the season out of town. Large, imperious Marjorie, with the red-gold hair and flashing eyes. She was a couple of years older than he, and she had always ruled him, from the time when, as a little thing, her mother had brought her with a basket of dainties to his own sick and widowed mother at the little lodge gate. Then he had toddled back after her, even into the great house, and Marjorie, in her imperious way, had taken possession of him. She was a wild child then, always bubbling over with high spirits, and always into every form of mischief that a fertile brain could devise. In those days, the red-gold hair had always been a tangled mass of flying curls; the frocks were always torn; and the round little face covered with a mass of freckles and mother earth. But Marjorie, or Madge as she was then, could run faster than any boy in the village; jump fences and climb trees better than anyone in all the country round. She would take a dare quicker, her hooks always beguiled the finest fish, and she could ride bare-back any horse in the stables. All these things made Dickie Willen admire her; but that which first won his love was her unfailing kindliness toward him. Even with a louseful of the children of the great, she never forgot him, and would often turn around to lend him a helping hand in some madcap frolic. Her mother had stormed and expostulated, but to no avail, and, finally, when his own mother had died, Mrs. Colfax had taken him under her wing, for, as she said, if Marjorie would play with him, it would be better to see that he were properly brought up.

Then had come the day when her mother had gone away, too, and Marjorie in her restless sense of loss had entered upon such an era of wild pranks that even her indulgent father had been obliged to rouse himself. As a result, she was sent away to boarding school. On the eve of her departure, Diavolo had come into the world. Together, they went to view him, and Marjorie impulsively kissed the pretty little colt where it lay. Then she had turned to Dickie and said:

"He will always be just ours together, Dickie, and while I am gone you will love him and take care of him for me."

Dickie's heart was full then, but he had answered her bravely, and the compact had been sealed between them. After that Marjorie went away, and he devoted himself to Diavolo as he had to her, wearily counting away the days until she should be back again. At first, the stable-men smiled at his shadow-like following, but gradually they grew to depend upon him. Diavolo grew daily more beautiful. His shining chestnut coat glistened in the sun, and his neck arched proudly. But beneath the kingly carriage and the dainty lifting of his feet there lay a fiery and uncertain temper. Only for the boy, Dickie, did he show any toleration.

When the time came for his training, no one could hold him. More than one man

had given him up as hopeless, and Mr. Colfax was doomed to the chagrin of seeing the fastest thoroughbred he had ever owned idle because of a nasty temper. Then it was that Dickie, by much coaxing, persuaded Diavolo to let him mount his back without saddle or bridle. That day had sown in his heart the seeds of his great desire that was as yet unwhispered to a living soul, save into the ear of Diavolo himself. And that wish was that some day he might ride the high-strung colt in the great Derby.

But the days ripened into years, and when Marjorie came back at last she was changed and different. She still had the same high spirits and gay laughter; but now the hair was gathered in a loose knot on her neck, her clothes were the very essence of cleanliness and order, and the freckles had disappeared. Marjorie had grown up, and Dickie had lost his little Madge. She brought a gay young bevy down with her, and though she always spoke pleasantly to him, her time was taken up with her guests. It was the hardest battle that Dickie Willen would ever fight, but he had it out with himself in his little room in the loft. And he won. Then he crept down stairs in the darkness and threw his arms about Diavolo's neck, talking gently, as though the horse could understand and sympathize.

"Yes, Diavolo, it is right that it should be so. She is a great man's daughter, and very, very beautiful, while I am only a poor stable boy. She and you Diavolo are thoroughbreds, but I am only one of the common herd. She is very good to me, Diavolo; yes, very good, and jealousy and envy would be wrong toward her. Thoroughbreds may run together, but those of the common herd must stay among themselves—or else run alone. And I will run alone, Diavolo."

The horse rubbed his nose against Dickie's cheek, as though he understood, and the boy curled up beside him for the rest of the night. After that, Dickie did not become bitter, or morose or sullen, as many in his place might have done. It was only characteristic of the boy that though his eyes grew wistful and he became a little more silent, he still went about his duties in the same conscientious way, only growing more thoughtful. He knew how much an oversight could hurt. More than ever before, he devoted himself to Diavolo. *She* had forgotten, probably, but he never would. Diavolo was the link between.

But as Dickie's nature became more kindly, Diavolo's became daily worse. Mr. Colfax had already despaired of ever entering him for a large race. The horse had seriously injured every man who had attempted to ride him, and absolutely refused the bit. Even the stable-men would not go near him, and his entire care fell upon Dickie's shoulders. Then it was that the boy's great ambition took tangible form. Each day he took the princely chestnut down to the old meadow course and led him round and round. By gentle coaxing, the day came when Diavolo submitted to a canter around the track with Dickie on his back. The boy said nothing to anyone about the horse, but he began to feel that things were materializing for him. Patience and hard, steady work were beginning to bring their reward, and Dickie was fast gaining Diavolo's confidence. In time, the horse looked upon the run around the track as part of the daily program, and even responded to the boy's guiding hand. Dickie tried to race him in the fields with the riderless horses, and gradually brought the animal to an understanding of what was expected of him. Then the boy would spend hours with the few jockeys who came down to the place, watching their every move and point, and talking eagerly with them whenever they would notice him.

As the time drew near for the big races, Mr. Colfax came down to the stables to pick out the horses for entry. He easily found ones for the smaller races, but he shook his head when he looked for a Derby winner. Black Dan was good and reliable, but the Derby was a little beyond his class. Bluegrass was not up to his usual mark, and Fanciful had proved herself too uncertain. The winning of the Derby had been the ambition of Richard Colfax's later life, and as he saw this year roll around without furnishing him with even a possible entry, he leaned back in keen disappointment.

"If only Diavolo had proved more horse and less devil," he sighed.

Dickie had never before spoken to the great man unless he had been first addressed, but Mr. Colfax's despair and the near presence of his wonderful Diavolo emboldened him, and throwing his arm about the horse's neck, he asked, with an attempt at nonchalance:

"And why not enter Diavolo, anyway?"

Mr. Colfax jumped in his chair, then settled back with a bitter laugh.

"Why, boy, there is not a jockey in the country who would mount Diavolo; not if you gave him ten thousand dollars for it."

"Perhaps not," Dickie answered. "But I would give all I have to show the mettle in him to the world."

Mr. Colfax turned slowly in his chair, and regarded the speaker incredulously, taking him in from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.

"You! why, you are nothing but a boy. Diavolo is man's work, and bad work at that. He would kill you before you had even mounted him."

Dickie smiled and then his face grew earnest.

"Oh, no, not me. Diavolo would never hurt me. And I—I think he would run for me. He could walk away with the Derby, if he had half a show. Give it to him, Mr. Colfax, please do. There is no horse in the world like Diavolo. He can leave them all. Look at his beautiful coat, and see his proud neck. Then watch him step, and see his nostrils quiver. Can any horse in the world beat him? And he is left at home to watch others, miles below him, walk off with all the honors while he don't get a chance. Oh, sir, I know Diavolo and I love him. He can be gentle. Watch."

Tears stood in Dickie's eyes, but he put his hand on Diavolo's questioning nose, then vaulted to his back. Diavolo, unaccustomed to being mounted in the stable, sniffed the air fiercely for a moment, prancing back and forth, then calmed down under the influence of Dickie's soothing words. "Come," the boy called, and the amazed stable-men followed, with Mr. Colfax, to the old meadow course. Here Dickie began the run. First slowly, then faster and faster. It seemed a miracle to the astonished men who watched as the dirt flew from the horse's heels. At last Dickie triumphantly brought him to a standstill before Mr. Colfax. Dickie turned his eager face to the man.

"Diavolo can run. Won't you please, please let him have a show, sir?"

"Wonderful, boy, wonderful. But what will you do when you get him with the other horses, and he won't take harness?"

"He's learned the hardest part already. We can practice here, with the others, and then try him there over the track once or twice. And he can win, I know; can't you, Diavolo?"

"Yes he *can*, but the question is, *will* he?"

"If he's given half a show. O, sir, he's the finest horse you ever had. If you don't think I can ride, try someone else, but give Diavolo a fighting chance. It's all he needs."

As Richard Colfax looked down into the flushed face, something of his own lost boyhood came back to him. Men said he had won in his race with life, but they never knew of the tugging pain and the longing that sometimes crept into his heart. Back in his own life there had rested one strong desire unfulfilled, and he wondered if this thing did not mean almost as much to this other boy. He was a rich man. He could afford to lose a little, and he really felt that he owed the boy something for his loyalty. He thought of the difference that might have been in his own life, if that one great void had been filled, and Richard Colfax was a kindly man. So Dickie Willen won his point, and Diavolo was promised a fighting chance.

"And, boy, you will of course ride him. My old offer of ten thousand still holds good for the jockey who wins the Derby for me. I'll get the best man on the turf down to coach you, but Diavolo is your especial charge. You are his jockey, trainer and stable-boy."

That night Dickie poured out his heart to Diavolo, and the horse listened patiently with a look of understanding that seemed almost human.

A busy time followed, and Dickie went about with the lightest heart he had carried since his little Madge went away to school. He was just a little dazed, and when he thought of it, it seemed almost impossible that it should be he who was to ride in the great Derby and that his mount should be Diavolo, of all horses. Marjorie had come down to the stables herself one morning to talk to him about it, and to congratulate him. With her came a young fellow, tall and broad of shoulder. He spent most of the time at the house now. Someone had pointed him out to Dickie as Harvard's famous center. As they turned to go, he put his hand lightly on Marjorie's arm with an easy air of right.

For an instant Dickie caught his breath. So rumors were true, and he was to lose the imperious little Madge more hopelessly than ever. A dumb pain shone in his eyes for a fleeting moment, but he drew himself together and answered her parting smile with one almost as bright.

After she had gone, Dickie muttered several times to himself:

"Only a thoroughbred may run with a thoroughbred, Dickie Willen, and don't forget you are to run alone." It was a tight rein that the boy held upon himself, but his generous nature and way of looking every problem squarely in the face soon told.

At last the great day came. Dickie had been up several days, but the wonder of it all was still upon him. When the time drew near, he looked out over the track and the field, across to the great grandstand filled with the thronging thousands. They were cheering Suburban Queen now, and a great swelling rose in his throat. What if they should cheer Diavolo like that! Diavolo was a better horse, and the Derby was a greater race. As Dickie thought of all this, and his wonderful mount, he began to feel himself a very small atom thrust into a very large place, and to feel for a moment as though his place were back in the meadows and the quiet stable. No one knew him or his horse, and he had been told not to talk, and he obeyed scrupulously, remaining by himself in one corner of the paddocks, near his precious charge. No one paid very much attention to him, and he simply watched and listened. As each new horse was brought in, he looked it over carefully and summed up its points, making a minute comparison between them. In the early mornings, Diavolo had been tried around the course with a couple of other horses from the Colfax stud, and there seemed little to do now but to watch and to wait.

When Suburban Queen was led back to the paddock, Dickie went inside to saddle Diavolo and to weigh in. He looked anxiously at the horse. "You will have to show the world the stuff you are made of today, Diavolo," he whispered. It took him a long time to saddle the horse, and his fingers lingered and caressed. Today was to be the greatest day in both their lives. There was only one horse he feared, and that one was Anvil, the big bay. The horse had been well named, and he united the good qualities of speed and strength, and good temper. Still, Dickie felt that Diavlo had more in him, if he would only use it. He looked around, and wondered what had become of Mr. Colfax. He longed to see a friendly face. For the moment, he was oppressed, and felt the need of a strong word to put confidence in him. He looked wistfully around the paddock and across the field, when a voice behind him cried:

"There he is, all ready," and Marjorie rushed up to him, putting out her hand. Dickie thought she had never looked so beautiful before. The very joy of living danced in her eyes and shone on her face. "Ah, Dickie, Diavolo is the finest beauty of them all."

Her father and the Harvard center followed. They both smiled, and Mr. Colfax drew close to Dickie, whispering in his ear:

"I counted on you to win, boy, and I backed Diavolo heavier than I ever did any other horse."

That was all; but it was enough to spur Dickie to the utmost. Then Marjorie said:

"We are going back to watch the start, now, and be sure you don't disappoint us. We'll expect the Derby for the purple and gold this year." But after going a few steps, she turned and ran back, holding out a great purple aster to him.

"I almost forgot this, Dickie. It is to be a mascot, you know, and of course you can't lose when you have a mascot with you."

She laughed and was gone. As Dickie tucked the flower in his jacket, he thought longingly of a yellow marigold she had given him once in the long ago, when she had told him quite confidently that they should live together always, and nothing should ever come between. He sighed for the lowly marigold, but the prouder flower was the better symbol today, and he carried it blithely into the field, as Diavolo curvetted and pranced down the track to the judge's stand.

The course was thronged with gaily-dressed and beautiful women, the darker background of their escorts throwing their costumes into strong relief. All were chatting, laughing gaily, eagerly picking their favorites and laying their little wagers. Below, the bookmakers were busy with a surging, struggling crowd that could not be satisfied; elbowing, pushing, crowding, cursing and shouting, all eager and anxious to lay their stake upon a picked favorite or a sure tip. Norman Duke led in the betting. Silver Heels and Anvil followed closely. Last on the list was Diavolo, a sixty to one shot—the new horse, of whom no one seemed to know anything. A few whispered he was a good thing, more shook their heads, and amid the general excitement the dark horse was forgotten.

The crowd burst into cheers as the horses came down the course to take their places. It was a large field, and they were beautiful and high-strung horses. All colors were there. All bore the stamp of the highest type of thoroughbred; but as Dickie came down he looked proudly on Diavolo and thought him the finest beauty in the lot. There were others who thought so, too.

Dickie had drawn fourth place for the line-up, and he was bringing Diavolo down slowly, in order not to excite him before the final signal. Silently, he was praying that the start might be a good one, and that they might be off before Diavolo's uncertain temper were worn away with false ones.

The first signal called them to their places, and Dickie came down easily. Only once did he glance upward, just for a second, to catch an encouraging smile and a nod from the Colfax box. It all still seemed unreal to him. Diavolo took his place with a questioning lift of his head. He did not like the crowding on the line, and he was beginning to get restless. First one and then another horse would back away, and Pericles repeatedly broke through the line. It was a trying time, but at last the wire was lifted, and they were off, Diavolo well up. Then the gong sounded, and it was back to the line again.

Dickie trembled. Already Diavolo was nervous, and many more such starts would throw him out altogether. It was ten minutes before they were again lined up, and then for a second time the gong sounded. A feeling of dull despair settled down upon Dickie as they were recalled time after time. A frenzy seized upon Diavolo, and he plunged and kicked among the other horses, until it became a serious question if he would even be allowed to remain in the race. With each start, the crowds cheered harder, and the excitement grew greater. With one last effort, Dickie pulled Diavolo up to the line, the signal flashed, and they were off, Diavolo, almost by a miracle, well to the fore. The flag dropped, and the crowds stood up, shouted, cheered and stamped. The automobiles and traps were crowded to the line.

Not more than a couple of lengths beyond the wire, Diavolo stopped suddenly and planted his four feet. Had Dickie not been an exceptionally good rider, he would have gone off over his head. Again the huge red monster chugged, and this time Diavolo reared, snorting wildly. Dickie gave one agonizing glance at the Colfax box and another at the striving horses, now almost at the quarter-post. Should Diavola be left ignominiously at the post? Never! and he shut his teeth together tightly. For the first time in his life he used the whip on Diavolo, striking him a cutting blow across the flank. The horse, now thoroughly roused, rushed madly back. By this time, the cheering of the crowds had turned to laughter as they shouted good-natured advice to Dickie. It was too much for the boy. The spirit of conflict dominated him. He raised in his stirrups, pulled with all his might upon the bit, and by main force succeeded in stopping the horse. Then, slowly, he turned his head about, and with another crack of the whip he dashed by the judges' stand once again, not left at the post, but over a quarter of a mile behind.

His pluck pleased the multitudes, and again they cheered: "Diavolo" and "Willen" for the first time sounding through the din. Dickie leaned low on Diavolo's neck and whispered softly to him. Though the race was lost, he wanted the horse to show the crowds the speed that really lay within him. As they flashed by the quarter-post, the fever of the chase took hold upon the thoroughbred, and he laid himself out in his long, easy strides, his sensitive nose stretched forward sniffing contemptuously. Norman Duke was in the lead, with Anvil close upon his quarter; Pericles came third, and the others stretched out behind, though they were running well together.

It was a short track, and the course was three times around. As Norman Duke passed the judges' stand, Diavlo reached the last quarter-post. Again as he passed the crowds cheered him. Dickie's head whirled with the excitement, but he bent low and urged the horse on, on past the first quarter, the half and the last quarter. This time, Diavolo passed this post several seconds before Pericles, now in the lead, dashed by the judges; but he was beginning to breathe heavily, and Dickie's heart sank.

As they passed the stand, for the last round, a girl's clear voice rang out "Diavolo," and, as though impelled by it, the chestnut bent to the work before him. Dickie thought he had seen him run before, but it was never like this. He held his breath as they flew around the course. He wondered if they might get in, after all. Each stride of the slender-limbed

horse told. At the quarter, they were only a few lengths behind the last straggler. On and on Diavolo forged; a couple of lengths, a length, on his flank, then neck and neck. At the half-post he passed. Dickie's teeth snapped, and he caressed the straining neck. "Good boy," he whispered, and Diavolo, responding, caught the next horse and crept up inch by inch. Anselm, Elvira, Norman Duke and Anvil were now running in a bunch, without a length between the four. As they drew down on the last quarter, their jockeys played hard for place. On and on Diavolo sped. His hot breath blew upon the flank of Anselm, then slowly, inch by inch, he crept up. As they came upon the last quarter, he was only a half-length behind.

Then before the eyes of the horrified spectators a thing happened that made men hold their breath and groan. Anselm played for first, gained it, then lost his footing, slipped and fell. Norman Duke and Anvil both swerved, but Elvira, coming on almost behind, reared upright just as Diavolo drew down, and brought her hoofs down on the unprotected head of Dickie, glancing off on Diavolo's flank. The boy fell heavily forward, but grasped the horse's mane. The high-strung animal, as though realizing the responsibility that now lay upon him, took Anselm lightly, and bore down the track close upon Norman Duke and Anvil. The throngs shouted and screamed; women fainted; but the chestnut, with a final effort, crept up on Norman Duke, passed him, reached Anvil, crept nose to nose, and, as the tape was reached, flashed ahead.

Pandemonium broke loose, but the cheers only lasted a few seconds. Diavolo, without a guiding hand, still pounded on, and Dickie's fingers relaxed their hold. As the horse felt his rider slip, he brought himself up on his haunches and stood perfectly still a few seconds. Then he turned his head slowly and looked questioningly at the heap that lay on the track beside him. He cautiously lifted his feet, and turned about, taking up his stand just over the unconscious boy and nosing him tenderly. Men rushed toward them, but the horse arched his neck proudly and snorted defiance. No one dared approach, as much for his own sake as that of the prostrate jockey.

At last Marjorie, pale, with drawn lips and terror-stricken eyes, sped down the track. "Diavolo, Diavolo," she called, and the horse whinnied to her, letting her take his loose bridle and turning his blood and foam-flecked head toward her. Though a Derby winner, no one noticed his condition, as the doctor bent over Dickie and felt his pulse. A purple aster was clasped firmly in his clenched hand. The doctor hurriedly examined him, shook his head, and remarked briefly:

"Concussion of the brain. May survive an operation. I doubt it."

Several hours later, Dickie Willen opened his eyes in a room of spotless white. In one corner stood the freshly-gowned nurse in earnest conversation with the doctor and Mr. Colfax. But Dickie was only conscious of the graceful figure in the window, in its suit of purple broadcloth surmounted by the red-gold crown. For a time he watched it idly, then she turned and came quickly toward him. Dickie saw traces of tears in the large violet eyes, but he did not connect them with himself. He felt a dull pain in the back of his head, and somehow everything seemed very strange. Then it all came back to him in a flash. He started up, but fell back with a deep groan. Marjorie bent over him, smoothing his forehead.

"What is it, Dickie, tell me?"

"Diavolo," he whispered, "Diavolo."

"Why, Dickie dear, he won the Derby, and you rode him to the very finish. It was you who did it."

"And Diavolo, Diavolo is all right?"

The girl flashed a signal across the room, then bent low and whispered:

"Yes dear, he is on the way to the home pasture now. And now tell me, isn't there something that Madge can do for you?"

Dickie stared beyond her, and answered dreamily:

"Yes, but Madge is dead to me," then, wandering, "Only thoroughbreds can run together."

Marjorie's face twitched, but she put her hand gently and firmly on his face, stroking the burning cheeks tenderly.

"No, Dickie boy, I am still Madge. Don't you remember me?"

The boy roused himself and muttered feebly:

"Just one more sight of the marigold."

"You shall have them, Dickie; a whole room full!"

The boy stirred feverishly.

"No, no. Just one from the field at home, like that other one, Madge—dear."

And the old Madge bent lower, touching his brow with her trembling lips.

THE CICATRIX

By Maurice Smiley

HE was coming back—back into her life, in a sense, after all the years. For he could never quite go out of it, although England seemed a long way off, and America, the Empire State, the metropolis itself, would be very near. Heavens! How near; and how bitter-sweet would the nearness be!

Have you never, in brushing the hair away from your brow, or baring your arm, come across the cicatrix of an old hurt? You had almost forgotten just how you got it. Was it where the horse took that cropper, or was it the reminder of an accident in childhood?

But when you suddenly came upon the wan, thin line that marred the healthy whiteness of your flesh, you felt a twinge of the old pain, and the scar seemed to flame again and smart, as you looked at it.

When she got Howard Arnold's letter, she felt just that sharp pang of agony. A sudden twitching at her heart—where the hurt was—sent a spasm across her face, and she sat a long time looking out of the window.

He had sent her his latest volume of poems, but she had not yet had time to read them. Her husband saw it lying on the library table when he came home to dinner. A sigh escaped him, and he looked at her with a sudden keenness that made her flush in spite of herself.

"Mr. Arnold is coming back to America," she said in a low tone.

"He has asked to call?" asked Morley.

"Yes."

"And you will tell him—"

He stopped awkwardly, but the space was quickly filled.

"I shall tell him he may, of course," she answered. "Unless, of course, you forbid it."

She spoke with unconscious bitterness, but only his eyes told how the words and the tone hurt him.

"You know, Muriel," he said gently, "that my door is yours. I do not expect you to shut it against your old friends."

There was a pathetic tenderness in his voice that made her regret her rebellious mood, but his next words drove the softening influence away.

"You know I never pretended to like the man, Muriel," he said quietly.

"I am aware of it," she answered coldly. "There is little about him to attract you."

There was an unkind emphasis on the "you," which made him reply more sharply than he intended:

"There is still less to attract you."

"Are we to quarrel about it?" she asked, icily.

"God forbid, Muriel!" he said, earnestly. "I trust you to do whatever you wish."

It was this very deference, which she fancied servile, that often vaguely irritated Muriel Morley. Women are often attracted by the crass masculinity of a man, especially women who have a certain puissance and virility in their nature. It was perhaps the fault of both of them—possibly of neither—that they were not closer together. There was little of that oneness; of that comradeship, which the mawkish and the maudlin desecrate by prating of affinity. There was much of what Dickens called "the unsuitability of mind and purpose, like which there can be no disparity in marriage."

If Richard Morley had had more of the elements which appealed to the latent and innate respect of women for masterful men; if Muriel had had more of the sweet womanliness which would have responded to the tenderness of her husband's nature — both would have been happier.

As it was, they had never been very close together—at least not since their child was taken from them. There was a time, while she lived, when the cold, snowy nature seemed to melt and shine with the soft motherhood which made her inexpressibly dear, and almost made her husband understand her.

She had the mountain soul, and the mountain soul is mountain-shod. It cannot walk

the lower ways of life. It cannot breathe the valley air.

Something in Howard Arnold's soul had spoken to something in her own, back there in the old days. That is, she thought it was his soul. She did not know that it was only his mind. She could not conceive how a man could write beautiful things, save out of a soul-fairness. And when he told her that he loved her, all the buds of life blossomed into the supreme and crowning flower. Poetry, sculpture, painting, music,—all the forms of art were to her only varying manifestations of Truth, and it seemed to her that he and she were climbing, hand in hand, up the mountains — her mountains — toward peace, the peace of Parsifal that sits upon the heights, where the edelweiss grows.

There is a marvelous illusion one sees at the theater. The curtain rises on what seems a cold, gray stone church. All is darkness for a time. Then, one by one, lights begin to shine back of the curtain. Under the ingenious manipulation, the gray walls melt away, and slowly from the shadows of the interior the pews appear, and through the vibrant shadows sound the strains of an organ. Then, as the lights multiply, an organ loft appears, and suddenly all the lights are concentrated on the organ loft, where a singer stands, and a grand, sonorous anthem echoes through the edifice.

Then, while the light is brightest, the curtain is rung down hastily, and the audience is back in the world again.

It was something like that with Muriel Rose. When Howard Arnold came into her life she was no longer young. She was sitting in the twilight of her young womanhood, watching the cold, gray, loveless walls—watching, waiting, softly calling through the shadows.

Then day by day the inner lights in the man's nature began to shine out one by one, and soon she was in the glow of a great brightness, listening to a hymn. Then the curtain was rung down while the light was still shining. He left her as blithely as he had come into her life, not caring, possibly not knowing, that he had left the red wound on her soul. It was as though one should smilingly break the lilies that were blooming on an altar, toss them aside and stroll away whistling. And she was looking at the curtain in the garish light, with eyes that were dim with tears.

She watched the curtain through many days, trying to pierce it; trying to fix the spot where the light had shone the strongest and the sweetest. It had seemed like a golden wand while the curtain was up, but it turned to a white-hot knife when the something happened. It was the knife that made the wound —the wound that healed, oh so slowly; that mercifully faded, however, to a dull, sullen red and had quite become a dim, white cicatrix when she became Muriel Morley.

Why she had married him she hardly knew Down in her heart, she knew she did not love him with an ideal love. But she had ceased, not to have ideals, but only to look for them incarnated.

As well Richard Morley as another. She could at least respect him. Dull, blundering and stupid, from her point of view, he lived down there in the valley. But he loved her, in his patient way, and at first his tenderness and his patience and his goodness were infinitely comforting. If only he could mount up with her into the snow-life that she lived, up there among the edelweiss of life!

Then suddenly, when this patience and goodness and tenderness were almost on the point of melting the snow of her nature, the tangible shadow came between them. She resented the idea of any secret, and her husband steadfastly refused to make any explanation of, or reference to, visits he made to Rossville. Rossville was where her sister lived, and while Muriel Morley knew her husband, and thought she knew her sister, too well to believe there was any intrigue between them, yet down in her heart she knew that Isabel was far more calculated to appeal to a man like Richard Morley than she herself. They were on what she called, in her pitiful cant, "the same plane" in a sense. Isabel was a bit inclined to imagine herself "soulful" when she was simply romantic. This, however, was rather an attempt to imitate her brilliant sister. She lived the life of the world; she was not particularly oppressed with "ideals," and, within the proper bounds of wifely circumspection, it mattered little to her that she had a husband.

With a curious but characteristic inconsistency, Muriel Morley, while she herself sought in the companionship of thoughts in which another than her husband figured, a certain need which her married life did not supply, resented the idea of her husband him-

self doing something very like that very thing. She knew that she repelled him, and yet she blamed him for being repelled. That this was not the true explanation of whatever was between her sister and her husband, she never dreamed. It only widened the breach, and she sought the snowy comfort of the edelweiss. Twice a year she got a supply of the downy blossoms from a friend in the Alps. It was just a little fancy, a little symbol of an ideal. If only she had held out her hand to her husband, he might have climbed with her the heights where that of which these were types was growing.

But the thought of Rossville stayed the hand.

* * *

Howard Arnold came hard upon the heels of his message. She had had only time to run through the pages of his book. But she had already found many things which for the first time gave her intuitions the key to the reality.

He came back to her as blithe and debonair as ever. It might have been only yesterday that they had parted. What she had read told her it did not matter that she was another man's wife, and what she had read told her some of the reasons *why* it did not matter.

He was a trifle more world-worn; the lines on his face were deeper. He had drunk more fully of the cup of life than she.

But the old arrogant, masterful buoyancy was there. Only his laugh was changed. It sounded with a certain hollowness now. He was more cynical. He had been indulging in intellectual dissipation, and like the wine cup, it had left its marks.

And she? Perhaps she was a bit paler; the lines about her mouth were tenser. But she greeted him calmly enough—too calmly, he thought, with a sense of irritated disappointment. Possibly the old scar was throbbing just a bit, but what she had already read in his book had salved some of the hurt, and the bold look in his eyes, the untrue ring in his laugh, the cruelty of his smile—these were more healing than all.

There was a defiant ignoring of the conventions, which manifested itself in a sort of ardor, that offended her. He pressed her hand too warmly when she first greeted him. He looked at her too meaningly. He seemed to brush aside with an airy wave of the hand facts which were everything to the world; and while she was of all women apart from the world, yet the edelweiss meant a fidelity, a soul-purity, a thought-chastity, that would have made her cut off her hand before any man but her husband should presume to touch it too ardently.

She checked his presumption at the start.

Some whim, the prompting of some little ideal, had made her wear a locket he had given her. She had not worn it since he left her. Now it was hanging at her throat, and Howard Arnold grossly misunderstood her. There was an unpleasant meaning in his eyes as he saw it gleaming against the white of her neck. She flushed when she saw he had noticed it; but it was with affronted pride, and not embarrassment.

She raised her hand suddenly and unfastened it. Then mutely she held it opened toward him. He gave one glance at it.

"I beg pardon," he murmured, awkwardly; "I didn't know."

Then they veered off the dangerous places, and their conversation was turned into safer channels. But Howard Arnold was vaguely irritated, and there was a curious resentment in his manner.

His eye fell on a spray of edelweiss, and it lighted up with something of the old fire. The edelweiss was another connecting link between the present and the past for those two.

"You still live among the snow-flowers?" he said, in a low tone.

"Now more than ever," she answered, very gently. "Do you know," she went on, with a certain wistfulness, "I wish you would live there, too. You have never worn it in your heart. I don't think any flower ever really grew there but the red rose. Won't you wear this; wear it in its true meaning, for the sake of the old days and what might have been; what *can* be, if you will live up to what the edelweiss means — the highest purity and the truest loyalty?"

Again he misunderstood some of her meaning—the finer part. She had meant it to typify what lay between them — the distance that separated them—the "great gulf fixed"; she meant it as a dedication of all the finer, higher things in him, all his great gifts, to all that the mountains stood for. She meant it as an ideal, and while through even his shallow vanity something of it went like a sweet, pure breath, he took it for the most part as a token.

He left her wearing it on his coat, and he left her smiling in much the old way.

She went back to his book when he had gone, and as she read, she saw for the first time the man's soul spread out before her in all its emptiness and vanity and sacrilege. Say what you will, books are but what their writers are. Words have been cynically said to have been invented to conceal thoughts. But she read beneath the words, and at last she realized the truth.

If Howard Arnold had ever loved her, it was only as one out of many. It was only as a botanist regards a rare flower. It was only sensuously. She was only a new sensation to him. She ministered to his overweening vanity, and, worst insult of all, things that were sacred to her; as sacred as the memory of a little hand; were to him merely so much "copy." If he had ever loved her, it was only in a professional, "shoppy" way. Her ideals, her little hopes and thoughts that she hardly dared to breathe, were only intellectually assimilated. They were not even spiritually appropriated and transmuted into sweet, helpful things. They were merely material for dainty sonnets and insincere word-mongering.

In her inmost heart, she was glad of the revelation. She was glad that she did not love him. She knew she could never have really loved such a man; but she pitied him from the bottom of her heart. She pitied the wanton desecration of holy things. How often she had regretted that her husband—patient, tender, worshipping Rich, whose very devotion irritated her at times with its servility; plodding, blundering, prosaic Richard Morley, who saw none of the beautiful things that meant so much to her, and heard none of the music that was the harmony of her inner life—how often she had regretted that he had not been just a little like Howard Arnold; that his soul was not illumed with one spark of the fire that blazed on the altar of Howard Arnold's genius.

And now, with a swift, overpowering revulsion of feeling, she saw the two men as they really were. Perhaps she came down from the heights, where it was so cold; perhaps she rose to eminences that were really nearer heaven. But she listened with a sob to the voice of her own heart, and her own heart told her that plain, practical, loving, unromantic Richard Morley was worth a thousand dazzling geniuses like Howard Arnold—yes, even with the secret of Isabel. She wished she was more like her.

* * *

The book of poems was lying idly in her lap when her husband came home.

For the first time in their married life he was angry. If he had only been tender and gentle in the old way at that little crisis! If he had only taken her lovingly in his arms!

But he was not given to the delicacies of life. He loved his wife with all his great, rough, boyish heart. He could not bear that any other man should presume to stand upon an insolent equality with her and speak lightly, while he, her husband, worshipped at her feet. He did not understand ideals and symbols; but he could understand a supercilious nod at the club, a contemptuous shrug, a remark in an undertone. He could understand those things.

He came from them, to find her with Howard Arnold's book in her lap. Her face was flushed, and she was agitated. Howard Arnold was wearing a flower she had given him, and he had dared to smile.

Her intuition told her why he frowned when he caught sight of the book. It was the worst possible mood in which they could have met. His very dullness of misunderstanding opened up all the old wide distances. If he had only been able to look into her heart and see the white purity of her loyalty, and what she thought about Howard Arnold! But he could only know what he knew, and see what he saw, and hear what he heard.

Her rebellious mood brought back the old willfulness of her nature. She was hurt and defiant, where tenderness would have softened it all.

"Shall I throw the book into the fire?" she asked him, with cutting sarcasm. "Will you make me out a list of books of which you approve?"

"That would not be one of them!" he said, bitterly. "Muriel! Howard Arnold is a cad. I know I am not a genius, and all that; but I know a cad when I see him. You gave him a flower?" he asked sullenly.

"Yes," she replied defiantly.

"He wore it at the club. He boasted of it—not openly, but with a smile, for which I could have killed him."

If she had not been so hurt and angry at

his tone, she would have seen the caddishness of it more clearly. But anger was doubt, and doubt was suspicion—suspicion, not of anything tangible, but that harder, crueler kind that made him believe she could for a moment forsake the ideals that were her very life. She did not stop to think that he did not know her heart as she knew it. She only froze before that cold breath.

"That locket!" her husband said, suddenly observing it. "He gave it to you? You are wearing it? You dare to wear it? Give it to me!" he cried fiercely. "If Howard Arnold's picture is inside it, I'll kill him, so help me God!"

"Richard!"

Her face was very white now. She had been hurt before. Now she was inexpressibly shocked. If only he had been calmer, he would have realized what a deadly insult it was to her—to her, of all women.

"I shall not show you the locket," she said proudly. "Mr. Arnold gave it to me long ago. I have not worn it for years. Your words are cruel"—her voice faltered for an instant—"but your manner is unendurable. I should be beneath my own contempt if I could stoop to assure you, that, not by a single thought, have I given you any warrant for them."

She turned coldly away from him.

"Muriel!" her husband exclaimed, his anger melting, "forgive me! I know that I don't put things delicately, and all that. But he maddened me with that contemptuous smile. You know what our world is. God knows I would rather die than that a breath should stain your name. I would die to save you a moment's pain. Your happiness is dearer than all the world to me. But I can't bear to be pitied. Tell me, Muriel,"—his voice was sad and wistful now, with the great yearning of his love—"tell me—am I to be pitied? Am I losing you, my wife? I am going to Rossville tomorrow, and shall be out of town till late."

She turned so sharply that he was surprised. Something in her face had a new meaning for him. For the first time, perhaps, he realized that she misunderstood him regarding the secret between them. It shocked him more than the thought that he was losing her love—if he had ever really had it—the thought that Howard Arnold's return had opened the old wound; perhaps to change the figure; stirred to life, what had been almost dead.

"Muriel!" he exclaimed, "I would gladly tell you all about it, but it is to save you pain. I would do anything to do that."

The suggestion of a sneer passed over her face, and it cut him to the heart. It was not until he had sighed and turned away, that she could think more calmly.

It was all sad, pitiful blundering, but the sheer shock of his seeming understanding of the situation aroused her to the truth. She weighed things from his standpoint. He did not know of the revelation of the past few hours. He only knew that she had loved Howard Arnold once—or believed she did. He thought she loved him yet. He was wearing a flower she had given him. She was wearing a locket that he had given her.

She knew what hurt her husband so. She knew that world of theirs; where women lift their eyebrows or discreetly drop their fan to hide a smile—and another woman's good name is murmured away; where men blow a woman's honor to the ceiling through the smoke of their cigars, and shrug away the immediate jewel of a woman's soul with a laugh.

Howard Arnold belonged to that world, too. He had dared to desecrate another of her ideals. Perhaps it would appear as a sonnet in his next volume of poems.

He had dared!

She tried to fathom the depths of that infamy; the utter caddishness of that boastful smile.

It was at this moment, when her heart was strangely empty and doubly bereft; when Howard Arnold had left it utterly bare, if indeed it had not always been so, for the completest occupancy of a husband's love; when she was glad that it was so; when she realized something of what her husband longed for and she did not give; when she realized that he found it to a comforting degree in her own sister; when she longed with all her soul for her husband's completest love, and realized that she had repulsed it and perhaps lost it—it was at this moment, torn with conflicting longings and fears, that she received a letter from Isabel:

She wrote:

"My Darling Sister: I am writing to you out of the depths of the greatest thankfulness of my life. You have the noblest husband that ever lived, and it shocked me to learn, from a random

word that escaped him unwittingly, that you misunderstood and misjudged him so cruelly. He has sought to spare you and me the shame of knowing what a foolish woman I have been. But I am going to confess it all to you. You know I have many silly little fancies, and it was in one of my absurdly romantic moods that I formed an attachment for a man whom I thought was vastly superior to my own husband; who would supply all the longings of my soul, and all that sort of thing. I shall not try to evade. I shall tell you the whole truth. I was almost on the point of throwing away my life on this man. No man is worth that, Muriel. Richard, with his infinite patience and tenderness, showed me what I would not let my own husband show me—where I was wild and foolish; how the love of a good man is worth all else in the world. Oh, Muriel, as you value your soul's salvation, cleave to such a love. Strive to keep it. You have it. You have never lost it, but I know from my own experience, and from my intuitions, that you have not struggled to gain it and to keep it. We are alike in that; we did not realize the value of what we were casting coldly aside. Rejoice with me that I see clearly where I was wickedly blind, and let my folly teach you that an honest man's love is worth a universe of geniuses who are not honest. ISABEL."

Muriel Morley's eyes were wet with tears long before she had finished the letter, but it was through the tears that she saw the truth. Out of all the misunderstanding and suspicion and coldness, her husband's love shone forth more unselfish, more tender, than ever. He was no longer weak. She wondered how she could ever have thought him so. It was Howard Arnold who was pitifully, tragically weak. She saw what she had disdainfully cast aside, and come so near to losing forever. Little by little, she came to the sweet consciousness that wreathed her face in happy smiles, that Richard Morley's love was all the world to her; that it was the real incarnation of every ideal she had ever had.

The curtain was rising on the old scene. Stone by stone, the cold, gray walls were melting, and the lights were shining into a sanctuary. Through the shadows, a hymn was sounding—"Love's old sweet song."

The light was on her face, and the song was in her heart when her husband came back to her. She greeted him with a tender caress such as she had not given him since their child was taken from them.

"I have two things to show you, dear," she said, gently, when they stood before the open grate in the library.

One of them was the letter from Isabel, and Richard Morley turned from reading it to find his wife smiling at him through happy tears. The smile made him tremble with the very wonder of his joy. All the coldness, the bitterness, the pride and defiance and willfulness, all that had been between them —all this was gone.

"This is the other," she whispered, handing him the locket.

Together they opened it, and the man broke down utterly when he saw whose face was inside. It was the portrait of their little one.

The locket was a type of the old days, but the face dedicated them to all that the child had been.

"Muriel, my wife!"

His arms were open, and the Great Brightness was on his face.

"My husband!" she sobbed, with his strong, loving arms about her.

It was then that the old wound ceased to hurt—ceased forever and forever.

With his kiss, even the cicatrix was gone.

AND THE LAW GOES A-GLIMMERING

By Frances Nelson

DILLY TAPPINGTON was imaginative, romantic, twenty-seven and—single! To multiply her contradictoriness, she was five feet one, a blonde by divine right, and—a lawyer. Add to this that she looked not a day over twenty-one, and had a real sense of humor, and you cap the climax of her individuality.

With a handicap so great as this, it was nevertheless a fact that ever since the Thompson versus Lloyd trial, old John Bloodgood was not the only lawyer who laughed on the wrong side of his mouth when "Diminutive Delicia"—a court-room appellation—was his opponent on a case.

That Delicia at the bar, and in the pursuit of justice was quite a different person from Dilly off her dignity, and in the pursuit of happiness, passes without amendment.

Moreover, Dilly's single state was not due to any lack of suitors, but rather to an intense desire on her part for a truly romantic love affair. So it will be seen that Delicia, the logical writer of briefs, the pleader on circumstantial evidence, was always peeking into the future, seeking the apparently unattainable.

Taking a last satisfied peep at her pretty face in a long mirror, and re-arranging her square little tie, she started out, on a certain eventful morning, much as she had started on a hundred or more other mornings.

Athletic strides brought her quickly to a car, and she was hurried along, all unconscious of the wicked little demon who was marking time for her that morning.

At just what psychological moment each day, rollicking, jolly, dreamy Dilly Tappington was metamorphosed into dignified Delicia, it would be difficult to ascertain. But the curious fact remains that always, when she reached the ten-story pile of masonry where she spent the major part of her days, the change was wrought.

It was Delicia, then, who braced her small figure against the heavy, swinging door that, by its very weight, seemed to deny the right of entrance to such a dainty individual. By long experience, she knew how heavy the door really was, and exerted all of her strength against it.

Just as she did so, a fat man loomed up behind her, and hastily, though not ungallantly, pushed open the door.

Unexpected assistance is often disastrous to dignity. The weight of her body, meeting no resistance, Delicia stumbled forward, and would have fallen headlong, but for the obstacle of a big, broad-shouldered young man, against whom she ignominiously shot like a bolt from a catapult.

His knees gave, and the good-by he was saying was never finished. But he kept his feet, and, thank fortune, had the grace not to laugh, as he grabbed an unwieldly leather case from a man, and followed an apologetic and apoplectic looking young woman to the elevator.

Confused, Dilly was only vaguely conscious that the fat man, who had plunged her into this abyss of humiliation by his untimely aid, had a carbuncle on his nose, stared at her amusedly, and got out on the second floor. A bleached-blonde and an anæmic-looking young man went past the third floor and had to be taken back. On the fourth floor a messenger boy with a telegram, the last remaining passenger, except the big young man, got off. She was just coming-too enough to give him a sidelong look and wonder what he thought of her as a human battering ram, when bump—bump—whiz!

The elevator stopped short!

"Oh!" Delicia's mind cleared with a jerk, as she was knocked back against the side of the car.

"Allow me!" the big man jumped toward her.

Delicia gave him an unseeing stare, but Dilly grew red again to the tip of her attractive little nose.

"What's up, Tom?" the big man had turned quickly to the elevator boy.

"Stuck!" was the elucidative, laconic reply, and Tom began to shout in a voice that wavered uncertainly from a fine falsetto to a deep bass:

"Sam! Sam! Sam!"

They were between the sixth and seventh floors—the only place in the running where the walls of the building were so high that neither the door above nor the door below was visible when in the elevator.

The short interval before "Sam" answered allowed Delicia to become herself again, and grasp the situation. Here was she, Delicia Tappington, lawyer, forced to face, for no one knew how many lingering minutes, a man whose legs she had nearly knocked from under him, and that same man the one who had been her ideal for over a year. Nearly every day during that time she had seen him and quite every day she had said to herself that he was "her style of a man." He was the hero of a dozen of her "dish-pan dreams." She had imagined that they had been introduced, that he had called, and that they had become great friends. Once she had gone far enough to plan—

"What in thunder do you want, Tom?" was wafted up to them in stentorian tones.

"I'm stuck!"

"What'd you say?"

"You deaf? I'm stuck, stuck! Now do you hear. Stuck. S-T-U-C-K, stuck!"

"I know it you chump! you ain't the only pebble! They're all stuck! We're going 't get the available ones out by ladders, but your load'll have t' wait 'til the power's on.

Dilly smiled. Seeing it the Big Man grinned. That grin was too previous. Delicia bethought herself of her dignity.

"Why don't you pull the lever?" asked the Big Man.

"Ain't I been a-pullin'? Now if you think that jest pullin' this lever is goin' t' do any good, why you jest come right here and pull."

Frightened little screams, confused voices and scurrying footsteps came from below.

The elevator boy turned around, and leaned comfortably against the door.

"Power's off! Something broke. Y'might as well take it easy!"

The muffled sounds below continued.

"How long—" began the Big Man.

"Dunno how long. I was stuck two hours onct."

"Two hours!" Dilly started forward. Down dropped a small parcel she was carrying and down went Dilly just in time to bump heads with the Big Man, who also went down to pick it up.

"Hurt?" grinned the elevator boy.

Surely this was Dilly's unlucky day, for no sooner had she grabbed her parcel and come up triumphant than she loosened the hold on her muff, which slipped quietly to the floor.

This time the Big Man did not stir. He looked on amused while a bewitching bunch of confusion struggled with an overgrown elevator boy for an elusive muff.

"Here's your—" began the Elevator boy, and they both straightened up, but stopped abruptly as a pocket book slid from the muff's smooth interior to the floor with a dull thud.

No one stirred for a second. Each waited for the other. Then simultaneously and with one accord they all bent for it together.

"Allow me!" the Big Man was red. His shoulders shook but he struggled manfully, and the laughter within got no further than his twinkling eyes.

He was thoroughly enjoying the situation. A half hour alone — the elevator boy didn't count—with Miss Demurity was compensation for anything. She had been a three-hundred-and sixty-five days wonder to him, and—he still wondered.

"Hi! Tom! How many's in y'r car?" from below.

"Two besides me. When y'r goin' t' get us out of this?"

"Can't say. Better make yourself comfortable. Dynamo's down and out!"

"You don't mean to say —" but the Big Man was ruthlessly interrupted.

"I don't mean to say nothin' Boss. We're doin' the best we can!"

"You better take it easy."

"Would yez loike a sandwich?"

"Or a rocking chair?"

The entire janitor force of the building seemed to be yelling the consolation of Job's Comforter's to the prisoners.

"Why, oh why," thought Delicia, "did I get this particular elevator?"

The little demon that had dogged her footsteps all the morning, probably chuckled as

Delicia leaned back against the elevator with a sigh.

If any one had been asked to read the Big Man's thoughts just then, they would probably have been up against it. One is free to suppose however that *he* didn't have a case on for that very afternoon for there were no deep wrinkles of anxiety on his brow. In fact whatever his thoughts, they must have been pleasant for a broad grin stole over his jolly, smooth shaven face, his broad shoulders shook, and he suddenly broke out into a laugh that fairly jarred the car.

"Well here's a how-de-do!"

"Here's a pretty mess!" Delicia's gloved hand flew to her lips which she bit 'til they ached, and her eyes grew big in horrified astonishment at the sound of her own voice.

"O, Delicia! Delicia! what have you done?

But Delicia had suddenly, mysteriously left the elevator, while Dilly and the Elevator Boy joined unrestrainedly in the hearty, infectious, but totally uncalled for, laughter of the Big Man.

"Enjoy yourselves!"

"Tell us the joke!"

"What in the devil are you laughing at up there?"

Dilly stopped mid-way in a peal of laughter that slid uncompleted into nothingness. Her face was a study. What was she laughing at? Mr. Smith her stenographer, was undoubtedly waiting for her at that very moment. *She* did have an important case on for that very afternoon. Here she was penned in a seven-by-eight space, like a rat in a trap, and she was laughing—actually *laughing*—with a man whom she had never met, whose name she did not even know! But — work of the demon — away went the conventions. She smiled again.

Flying opportunities caught by the coat tails, had made the Big Man, young as he undoubtedly was, a factor in the financial world. Her smile raised the ante and he called her.

"Looks as though we'd have to make the best of it."

Dilly's smile this time was decidedly noncommital, but he gave the leather case, an extra large, queerly shaped affair, a contented kick further into the corner. Then kicked it out again quickly.

"*You* might as well be comfortable while we are waiting. Won't you sit down?" He might have been offering her a seat of state.

"On the floor?" then remembering how nearly she had precipitated him into that ridiculous posture, she blushed.

"Hardly. On Jimmie Mason's case."

"O, thank you!"

Very carefully the big man fixed the case, which was larger than a small stool, so she could sit on the top of it. Very carefully she sat down—very quickly, with a sudden jerk she came up!

From the interior of the box which had unclasped as she sat down, came a deep, rumbling noise.

The abruptness with which she jumped away from it allowed it to open flat and expose a perfectly shaped model automobile fifteen inches high.

The big man stooped hastily to shut the case. He was too late. With a loud "honk" that juvenile auto, the pride of its fond inventor, set out on its wild career, unhindered and unchecked.

It made straight for Dilly who jumped nimbly to one side. Hitting the side of the elevator it backed with a rush at the open-eyed Tom, who gave a wild whoop of terror at the onslaught and attempted to climb up the elevator's side!

Then the big man did a buck and wing and double-barreled side step, as, striking the opposite wall, it flew back at him.

Thoroughly alive to all its possibilities, the thing made another pass at the now hysterical Dilly.

"Look out!" yelled the big man, and Dilly jumped, just in time to escape being run down.

Back and forth in the tiny space it flew, caromed from one side of the car to the other, while every thirty seconds it gave vent to a "honk" all out of proportion to its size. First a wild dash at Dilly, then a charge at the big man, followed by a flying leap at the heels of the climbing boy, each of whom, dishevelled, hysterical, mad and jubilant, according to age, sex and condition, soon looked like tattered remnants of an Indian war dance.

And still the thing cavorted and careered, until poor Dilly lost all her hairpins; pencils flew from the big man's pockets, and the elevator boy, from his perpendicular post, viewed it all with glee.

Honk!—Bunt!—Bunt!—Honk!

"Stop it! Stop it, or"—honk—"I shall certainly laugh myself to death!" shrieked Dilly.

The big man meanwhile was damning Jimmie Mason, damning the elevator, damning himself for ever promising to look after the foolish inventor's model that morning. Dilly didn't know it, however, for aloud, between his own jumps and the honk of the flying car, he was giving her hasty instructions.

"She's coming! Jump left! Steady! Now wait! There she comes! To your right! To your right!"

Back and forth, and back and forth, it went, until Dilly was dizzy and light-headed with trying to keep out of its zigzag path. Finally, just as she, worn out with laughter and hysterics, would have fallen in an exhausted heap, to be ruthlessly traveled over by that little infernal machine, the big man caught her up in his strong arms and held her there.

"Sir! Oh! Please—"

He had acquired an easy movement now, and only jumped when the auto was directly upon him.

"There, now you can rest a minute, for God and Jimmie Mason only know how long that darned thing will go. It may be a perpetual motion affair. Jimmie Mason is capable of it."

"Oh! please, please!" but the big man did not please.

Honk, honk, honk!

Moreover, he was decidedly too busy to pay much attention to even so eloquent a young lawyer.

Honk, honk, honk!

Tight in the arms of a big man with twinkling eyes and a sympathetic voice, name unknown, Dilly felt the remains of her dignity sail out from her to follow the refractory Delicia. She grew pink and red and blue all over when she thought of it, but she was too exhausted and too full of giggles to remonstrate. After the first horrified squirm, she was perfectly still.

Honk, honk, honk!

"Salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard!" sang out the elevator boy in derision at the big man, who was moving with the agility of a professional rope-jumper.

"It's a good thing"—jump—"that you are little!"

The elevator boy craned his neck to hear, but the words were lost in the whiz, bumps and honks of the auto.

"I guess it's a"—jump—"good thing that you are"—honk—"big!" Dilly shrieked the last word.

"Tom, Tom! What in thunder's loose up there?"

"A law-breaking automobile without no chaffer," yelled the boy to the thoroughly alarmed and mystified crowd below.

Honk, honk, honk!

"Are you"—jump—"comfortable?" he was looking into a pair of wonderful blue eyes as he held her stretched out across his arms in the way a man holds his first baby.

"Perfectly!" then she added ruefully, "but I must be dreadfully heavy."

Honk, honk, honk!

"Not a bit!"—jump—"I like it."

"But you'd better put me down."—jump—"I'm sure it's going slower!"

"Slower! It's gathering velocity at every bump!"

Honk, honk, honk! Now the big man was almost panting in his exertion to keep his feet from under the machine!

"Isn't there—"

"I'm afraid not."—jump—"It will have to run down!"—jump—"Wait 'til I see Jimmie Mason!" Jump.

Jimmie Mason never knew what a simple meeting of two pairs of eyes at that crucial moment saved him.

Dilly turned white. She was obliged to turn some color and was already as red as was consistent with nature.

Honk, honk, honk!

"What"—jump—"will you do to him?" she asked idiotically, and would immediately have kicked herself, if such a feat had been compatible with her peculiar position.

"I think I'd bless him!"

"Please let me down!" and two quivering lashes hurriedly concealed the two half-ashamed, half-pleased blue eyes.

"To be"—jump—"upset by a raging, diabolical red devil? Never!"

"But I—you'll get—"

"The blooming thing must"—jump—"run down soon!"

"Run down!" the elevator boy fairly raised the roof as he caught those words. "Run down! It looks like running down don't it? If it don't quit in about six jerks, I'm going t' fall down! Why don't y' stop it, y' chump? Put down Miss Tappington and throttle 'er, can't ye? I wa'n't educated in no zoo! I can't cling t' elevator sides like a long-tailed

monkey. Kick it! Darn it! Why don't y' kick it?"

"Tom," the big man was as dignified as possible between hops. "Tom, if you are so versed in stopping perpetual motion, you just fall down into the center of this seething arena and do it!"

Miss Tappington! So this was the "lady lawyer" that he had so often ridiculed? This dainty bit of femininity whose name he had never known, but with whom he had been falling in love for a year, was the much-talked of "Diminutive Delicia!" He might have known it!

She was saying something.

"You must let me down; the boy is—"

"You'd get run over!"

"Then why haven't—why don't you kick it?" reproachfully.

"Why, Miss Tappington, I wouldn't injure that machine unless far harder pressed than this. Jimmie Mason has been half a life time—"

Whiz-whir-whir-BANG!

The exasperated boy's boot had given a vicious thrust at the satanic offender that landed it against the opposite side of the car. Vengeance swiftly overtook him, however, for he lost his hold and came to the floor with a thwack!

But cuffs and kicks were as lost on the mechanism of that devilish machine as jibes and jeers on the drivers of its life-size disabled prototypes. Built for travel, it went —a libel on the shape it bore.

Honk, honk, honk!

Heretofore it had simply see-sawed back and forth. Now it dashed backward, forward and sidewise. It was impossible to know when, how, or where it was coming. Diablery was rampant within it.

"Oh! do, do please let me down! I insist! You are panting for breath!"

And the dance of the three was on again!

Honk, honk, honk!

Suddenly Dilly gave a frightened gasp, and clutched nervously at the back of her skirt. Her face, now surrounded by a disordered mass of yellow curls, grew a duller, deeper red than ever before. Consternation, that would have been funny to see had there been time to look, shone out of her eyes.

BUMP!

The engine of torture hit her and shied off at the big man. She cried out in agitation, but did not jump. Again it made for her. The second time she did not offer to budge. And then, after another wild go at the big man and the boy, it shot into the furthest corner—not so far either—and started at her full tilt! It seemed to Dilly that it fairly exuded malice as it came.

"Jump!" shouted the big man.

"I can't," she groaned excitedly.

Instantly he was at her side.

"What—"

"It's comin'!" yelled the boy.

This time, involuntarily, she did jump. Then the big man, following her chagrined glance, looked at her feet. There, in all the profusion of dainty ruffles and shimmering silk, was a dark green petticoat.

Honk, honk, honk!

The elevator boy gave one fulsome shout of glee. He didn't give another.

"Hi, there! Boss! You needn't shake my daylights out!"

Then, in the confusion and in spite of her dreadful humiliation, Dilly had an idea. She stooped down, grabbed the offending petticoat, stepped hastily out of it and stood waiting.

The next second, as the hilarious auto-car, in its rounds, sped at her daintily-shod feet, she side-stepped, dropped on her knees, and threw the skirt over it, and had the thumping machine securely in her arms.

The man was still shaking the boy.

"I've got it!" she spoke triumphantly, but in a low, subdued tone of wonder as at a miracle.

"What do you intend to do with it?" the big man towered above her.

"If I let it go, it will run away!"

"I expect it will!" somewhere behind his eyes he was laughing at her.

"It wants to go now!"

Into the laugh behind his eyes there came a tenderness and determination.

"I can't hold it alone!" She was nearly crying.

"It's destiny, darling. We'll hold it together."

He dropped on his knees at the opposite side of the auto.

A man below—bless him—began a loud, exclamatory conversation with the elevator boy.

"Sir!" Startled and frightened were the blue eyes that now looked into his. Delicia of the conventions was struggling to come

back, but a muffled honk, honk, sent her flying away again into the unknown.

"Please, please, its—"

"If I help, will you promise, dear, that you will not struggle when next I have you in my arms?"

Something in his gaze held Delicia breathless. She was learning—learning something that was beyond the law, beyond justice, beyond conventions, and precious above them all.

"Promise!"

The car gave a start. She grabbed it.

"Oh, please, please, I'll have to let it go!"

"Promise!"

"Why, why—" then with a surrendering little gesture and an inaudible laugh that was almost a sigh, "why, I don't even know your name!"

"John Powers!" he began, as he grasped her tiny hands in his big ones, and together they held the toy machine that throbbed and bumped under the green petticoat.

"It isn't a pretty name, but—"

"Power's O. K.!" called the elevator boy, and they shot up to the top floor.

THE OTHER DAY

By Phil H. Armstrong

THE other day (or so it seems)
We strolled together down this lane,
And we were happy; with our dreams
Chimed in the mating birds' refrain.
You hummed some foolish, sweet love-lay —
Somehow it seems — the other day!

The sun still shines down through the trees
The birds still warble happily;
The same sweet odor's on the breeze —
But somehow they are naught to me;
Naught to me since you're away,
Though you were here — the other day!

The old path winds toward the spring
Wherein the old gourd hangs I know,
'Tis strange — no change in anything —
'Tis just the same as long ago;
Except my hair is flecked with gray
Where it was black — the other day!

Once more I stand and watch the leaves
Drifting, slowly drifting down,
And e'en the south-wind sadly grieves
To miss those tangled curls of brown,
Oh, Youth — Oh Love, that would not stay!
Oh, come back from — the other day!

LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH

By Arthur Powell

MY name is Rickerby—Jeremiah Rickerby. I was born a genius.

I am aware that a straightforward, dispassionate statement of this sort is sure to call forth hoots and jeers. Yet, for my part, I cannot see why it should be deemed improper for a person to confess, with neither shame nor pride, to what is admittedly an accident of birth. I am a poet.

In beginning these Lamentations, I had some faint hope that you might have heard of me as the author of the poem "Vernal Raptures," which was published some time ago in the Home and Farm Journal; on consideration, however, I am constrained to admit the improbability of that faint hope's realization. Poetry,—true poetry,—is so little appreciated in this sordid age, that when not openly scorned, it is hurried through and immediately forgotten.

The editor of the Home and Farm Journal wrote that if I would purchase twenty-five copies of the issue containing the verses, paying for them on acceptance (that is, on my acceptance of his offer) he would "print the stuff." *Print* was the word he used, not *publish*. I myself prefer the latter word. It has a dignity, an air of royalty—or royalties—about it that the other lacks. Don't you think so? Still, as I was a beggar, not chooser, I made the usual virtue of necessity, disguised my eagerness, and accepted his terms. As a matter of fact, I should have purchased a hundred copies had he made that the condition of publication.

It was five months before the poem appeared. For the first six weeks after its acceptance, I bought a copy of the Journal from our genial newsdealer; (to the Local Correspondent of the Democratic Times he is always "our genial newsdealer"). With shaking hands and throbbing temples, I would turn page after page. Of course I don't mean I turned the pages with my temples, but in reviewing the emotional stress of those weekly searchings, the old excitement is renewed within me, and I make some slip of expression that my calmer mood repudiates. At the end of the fruitless search, I would sink trembling into the nearest chair, completely overcome by the nervous reaction. When the six weeks had passed, I subscribed to the paper for three months. In that way I received it a day earlier than if I relied upon our genial newsdealer. At the expiration of this subscription, I renewed for a year. Oh, yes; I know what you are saying. What need, you ask, to go to this expense and trouble, when the arrival of the twenty-five copies would apprise me of my apotheosis? It is all very well for you to argue in that fashion. But suppose the editor neglected to send those copies; or misdirected them; or that some lapse of the postal service should send them astray;—how, in any event, should I learn of my literary debut? I suppose one at last gets to look forward to the appearance of his work in print with a calmness that amounts to indifference. I can only testify that the memory of those five months "is round about us yet,"—and I think always will be.

Soon after my renewal for the year, our popular postmaster (again I use the language of our Local Correspondent,) handed me a huge bundle "too large for the box," as the red ticket has it. He professed to regard this bundle as an extra large issue of the Sunday paper,—he is nothing if not facetious. But, recognizing its true character, I was too much upset to make my usual witty reply. I removed myself from the office with all possible haste, and started for home like a hurricane. On second thought, it might be more in accordance with the facts to say that I tore along like a tornado, with particular emphasis on the *torn*. There is always quite a display of seasonable fruits outside the Italian store on the corner, and I was so unfortunate as to catch my trousers on a projecting nail; this pulled away a box supporting the board which served as a counter, and threw many and divers things to the ground. I did not stop, for the nail had done serious damage to my clothing. I heard a vicious

oath from Cuneo, the proprietor, and a shrill jibe from a truant small boy. Luckily, it was during school hours, or I should have had a mob of youngsters at my heels. I accelerated my pace, until the oaths of Cuneo were mere melodious exclamation points rapidly dying away in the distance. As I passed the house where out Local Correspondent lives, I saw him, in his shirt-sleeves, pushing a lawn-mower. The moment he saw me, his long nose began to twitch, and his straggly moustache moved like the whiskers of a cat that has just scented fish.

"Hey, hold on a minute, Rickerby! What's the matter? Who's sick?" he bawl d.

"Nothing,—nobody!" I panted. But he had noticed the rent in my apparel.

"Whose dog wuz it—old Si's?" he chanted, making a megaphone of his hands. I did not answer; but from the tail of my eye I saw him excitedly struggling into his coat.

Old Miss Adams was shaking her duster from the bedroom window as I galloped by. Now, I usually pride myself on my dignity. Hence, it is small wonder that she should have thought something extraordinary must have happened.

"Murder! Thieves! Fire!" she screamed.

It was the last syllable that reached the ears of the town idiot, Bob Somers, who was chewing a straw on the other side of the way, Bob had one particular delight. That was in pulling on the rope, with the rest of the townsmen, when it became necessary to tug the hook-and-ladder outfit, or the chemical engine, to a fire.

He spat out the straw and started to run toward the town hall, yelling "Fire! Fi-r-r-e!" as he went.

"Shut up, you fool!" I shouted; but he was already too far away to hear my voice above his own hoarse bellowing, and the clatter of his awkward feet.

A minute later, I burst into my own house —the house I rent, that is—and quickly made my way upstairs. I think my wife was hanging out clothes in the yard. Once in my room, I feverishly tore the wrapping from my precious bundle, and, taking one of the papers, began the hunt. The type used by the Home and Farm Journal is small and imperfect, and I actually went through the paper once without finding that for which I was looking. On my second trip through I discovered it in the lower left-hand corner of the last page but one.

I should like nothing better than to give here, in full, my lyric masterpiece, "Vernal Raptures," but space is denied me. A correct rendering is particularly called for from the fact that the editor had not only cut out two verses "in order," so his subsequent answer to my protest informed me, "to keep it from slopping over into the next column,"—but he had also allowed it to go in with several annoying typographical errors. The young devil in his employ,—there is no personal animosity in the use of the term believe me,—was at times careless about distributing the vowels into their proper places in the case. It is to this carelessness that I ascribe the error occurring in the title, which appeared "Vernal Ruptures." You will understand how very annoying this became to me when I say that our Local Correspondent referred to my verses as "evidently an ode to spring house-cleaning, though 'ructions' would have been a better word to employ." Another kindly critic got hold of me in the postoffice, when it was thronged with people waiting for the mail, and said in a stage aside that he really thought a man of my talents could do better than to write medical advertisements, though they *were* in rhyme. Even my wife gave my triumph but scant attention. She has always held artistic beauty and expression to be secondary to material welfare, and our arguments have been long and heated. Woman-like, when cornered, she retaliates by introducing a fact entirely foreign to the discussion, namely, that if she had not brought me a small sum of money at our marriage, to say nothing of doing her own housework, washing included, since, I should have had to work for my living, like other men. As a matter of fact, I work very hard. To say nothing of running the garden, I religiously set apart three hours of the day to my literary labors, and any writer will tell you that work of this highly intellectual order is most exhausting. But I digress.

I had scarcely read the verses through thrice, finding new beauties and, I must confess, more printer's errors, with each reading, when I became aware of a distant uproar, rapidly increasing in intensity. What was my horror, on looking from the window, to see a great crowd approaching, with the chemical engine and the hook-and-ladder in their midst. In the van, I could plainly see Bob Somers, one hand grasping the rope, the

other mopping the sweat from his brow. Our Local Correspondent and Chief Bashun were conspicuous and all pervading. School had just been dismissed, and more than a hundred urchins followed the brigade, whooping like Indians. The whole street was in a ferment. I also noticed what had escaped me before, that the bell of the Congregational church was ringing furiously, as is our custom in the event of a fire. Though fires are rare, if there is one thriving institution in town, in point of numbers, it is our fire department. But this is accounted for by the fact that most of the young bloods have joined it to avoid payment of the military tax.

I had quite forgotten Bob Somers' alarm, and when that crowd came to a stop in front of my door those impudent little demons known collectively as cold chills used my spine for a helter-skelter. I was so amazed and frightened that I was at first incapable of uttering a word. "Bull" Bashun was in aggressive command.

"Now then, a couple of y' end this ladder up against the house here, an' beat thet attic winder in! You fellers with the chemical squirts git inter the place an' see if it's any use gittin' a stream onter the fire there. *You* an' *you* git upstairs on the double-quick and chuck all the vallyables outen the winders. Now, then, step lively, everybuddy!"

No one but "Bull" Bashun could have made himself heard above that hubbub. I tried, once I found my voice, but in vain. My frantic gestures and purpling countenance were taken as attempts to communicate the fact that the fire had cut off my escape by the stairs. In another moment the house and furniture would have been in process of demolition, when the two men who had entered with chemicals came out on the run. One was drenched from head to foot with soap-suds; the other, who fell as soon as he was clear of the door, had a pail jammed over his head—evidently the pail that had contained the suds. At this juncture, the ladder that had been placed against the house was thrown to the ground by someone at an upper window. It knocked two men over as it came down, and caused the rest to surge back in fear.

It was my valiant wife, who, grasping the situation as she entered by the back door, had stood by to repel boarders, and had come off gloriously victorious. I pass over the fact that she has never ceased to upbraid me for my lack of action. It is useless for me to tell her that it is Circumstance and Environment that make the hero, and that she, and not I, happened to be for the moment the favorite of those fickle gods. I have just read over what I have written, and it seemed that I have perhaps unwittingly pictured my wife to you as a virago. On the contrary, she is a neat little person, not bad looking by any means, and never so rosily pretty as when she is in a temper. It is simply her lack of sympathy with the artistic temperament that so grieves me. One instance, and I bring these Lamentations to a close.

I am the author of a Play. Some day you may have the opportunity of seeing it, but the world must change first, if you do. "Clan and Claymore" carries us back to old Scotland, and I could never understand why the combat between Fitzmaurice and David Bruce is not as good as anything Shakespeare ever wrote. The taunts of the two chieftains lead up naturally to the deadly encounter, in which the heather is gouged in tufts from the soil; sparks fly from the rocks as the deflected claymores ring upon them; the bark hangs in strips from the surrounding trees, and thunder rolls a fitting accompaniment to the lightning play of their swords. The dialogue preceding the combat reads thus:

Fitz. Strength opposed by strength grows stronger.
Bruce. Aye; so shall my strength, opposed by thine, outgrow it.
Fitz. Rather say that thy weakness, opposed to my strength, shall fall before it.
Bruce. Enough! the proof of logic lies in experiment.
[*They close.*]

It is a striking example of the way in which I am misunderstood, when I have to relate that in reading this passage to my wife, she criticized the last phrase on the ground of vulgarity.

"You see," she explained, "although you have left out 'their faces,' the words 'they close' immediately suggest the completion of the phrase. You might have said, 'They are silent,' or, 'They cease to speak.'"

Things like this take the heart out of a man. Yet it is just these eternal pettinesses that have always constituted the thorn in the flesh of genius. They shall not drive me to despair. I will not allow them to smother the divine flame within me. It shall one day burst into a beacon-light before the gaze of a wondering world. Yes, I was born a genius; and no power can rob me of that heritage.

THE JAPANESE QUESTION

FROM A CALIFORNIA VIEWPOINT

By E. A. Hayes, M. C.

IN is doubtful if the whole history of diplomacy furnishes, anywhere in the world, a parallel to the recent Japanese school question in San Francisco. Certainly, no nation has ever before made an international affair of the failure of an American city to educate, at the public expense, the unnaturalized citizens of such nation. But Japan has gone even farther than this, and insists that her treaty rights have been violated, because the Board of Education of San Francisco has seen fit to segregate Japanese and Chinese children and adults, from the white children, in the lower grades of the public schools. There has been no effort at segregation in the high schools; and certainly ample reasons for segregation in the lower grades, can be found by those who understand the character and prevalent ideas of the Orientals of the class generally met with in San Francisco.

The statement that San Francisco has deprived the Japanese children in that city of education, by excluding them from the public schools, is wholly erroneous, as a school centrally located is provided for the Orientals, as well equipped and with as capable teachers as any in the city, and doubtless as the needs develop other schools will be provided.

It is claimed by the Japanese and their friends that it is very inconvenient, even almost impossible, for many who would otherwise avail themselves of it, to reach this school; but it should be borne in mind that, in the disaster of last April, San Francisco lost thirty-four of her public school buildings, many of which she has not yet been able to replace, even by temporary structures; and that since that time very many American children have found it inconvenient to reach the schools to which they have been assigned. The schools are all greatly crowded, and San Francisco in this emergency would certainly be entitled to be excused, if not commended, if she had temporarily wholly excluded from the schools all **alien** Orientals, children and adults, in order to properly provide for the children of her own citizens.

The only part of the treaty of 1894 between this country and Japan, upon which any claim of violation could be based, reads as follows:

"In whatever relates to rights of *residence* and travel; to the possession of goods and effects of any kind; to the succession to personal estate by will or otherwise and the disposal of property of any sort and in any manner whatsoever, which they may lawfully acquire, the citizens or subjects of each Contracting Party shall enjoy in the territories of the other the same privileges, liberties and rights and shall be subject to no higher imposts or charges in these respects than native citizens or subjects, or citizens or subjects of the most favored nation."

It is claimed by some that the right of residence thus granted to the citizens of Japan implies not only the right of all Japanese children to education in the public schools in this country and at public expense, but also the right to education in the same schools as the children of our own citizens, or those of other foreign countries. In other words, it is claimed that, under this treaty, when a citizen of Japan comes to this country and takes up a temporary residence, as a matter of international right he can force himself or his children into any public school in the land, without any reference to local or state laws, regulations or customs. If this claim of Japan should be held to be well founded, before long we may expect to see Japan insisting that her treaty rights have been invaded and her citizens discriminated against, because we naturalize the subjects of Germany, for example, put them on the police force and even send them to Congress, and the like privileges are not extended to citizens of Japan. In nearly every municipality in this country, where there is any considerable percentage of colored population, the colored school children are segregated from those of white

parentage; yet under the claim of Japan her citizens are not to be held as bound by the local school laws and regulations, which are universally held to be proper and binding upon our own citizens of colored blood.

It may be confidently asserted that the government of the United States has never intended to make and has never made a treaty with Japan, under which a citizen of Japan on becoming a temporary resident of this country, by that act acquires the right to dictate to an American city how its public schools shall be run. It is furthermore confidently believed, that if the federal government should so far drift from American conceptions of the right of self-government for local communities as to make such a a treaty, under the terms of the Federal Constitution it would be a mere nullity. An examination of the decisions of the Federal Courts leads irresistibly to this conclusion.

This school question, although in itself comparatively unimportant, merits most serious consideration when it is recognized as one of the many problems sure to arise out of the conditions rapidly developing in the Pacific Coast states. Within the past five years there has been a rapidly and constantly growing increase in the immigration of Japanese to the Pacific Coast, and particularly to California, the number coming monthly now being more than one thousand. This immigration has been almost entirely of the coolie class of laborers. The people of the Eastern States should not confound these with the Japanese students frequently met in our American universities. These students are not a fair sample of what we are getting on the Pacific Coast. If the Japanese coming there were not almost entirely from the lower classes, the people of the Pacific Coast would not so generally object to their presence. The thinking people of the Coast have a deep seated conviction, founded upon experience and actual contact with the Japanese, that their continued coming in large numbers is a great menace to the Pacific Coast, if not to the safety of the Republic. This conviction was voiced in California during the last political campaign, by strong planks in the platforms of all political parties, demanding the exclusion from this country of Japanese and other Asiatic laborers, and the same demand is continually made now with increasing insistence by nearly the entire press of California, and by men of every class and shade of opinion.

Certain classes of men east of the Rocky Mountains, who know nothing about the Japanese or the conditions of the problem confronting their brethren of the West, are very apt to conclude that all this opposition and antagonism is to be laid to race hatred, fomented by labor agitators and fanatics. But this is not so. There is very little — I believe I may safely say none — of that blind hatred against the Japanese that marked the anti-Chinese agitation of a quarter of a century ago. The opposition in the West to Japanese immigration is founded upon facts and reason. The American laborer there has already felt the competition of the Japanese. He sees that,if the little men continue to come,it is only a matter of a few years when all of the common labor in California will be entirely monopolized by the Japanese, and that in a few years more the white man will be driven from most of the skilled occupations. This will be inevitable on account of the standard of living of the Japanese being so very much lower than that of the American workman. Confronted with the prospect of being forced to abandon his present home, and retire to the East across the mountains before this Oriental commercial conquest, it is no wonder that the laborers of the Pacific Coast are clamoring for legislation to protect them from this danger.

The American manufacturer, merchant, or tradesman on the Pacific coast sees in his town in rapidly increasing numbers a class of wholly alien laborers, who buy few of the products of his factory, who never spend a dollar with him, but supply their wants from the Japanese shop keeper or trader that follows in the wake of the laborers. He sees Japanese shops and even large Japanese stores and great importing houses growing up in his city, and taking the trade that would come to him if these new laborers were Caucasians. He naturally thinks that he should be entitled to this new trade. He therefore joins his voice to that of the laborer demanding protection from this Oriental menance.

The student, seeing somewhat farther than the laboring and commercial classes, knows that nowhere in history is there an instance of two racially different peoples living together in peace, unless there was amalgamation of the two races or one was subject to the other.

The latter condition under our form of government is, of course, impossible, and the student recognizes that amalgamation of our race with the Japanese would be most undesirable, and in the present state of public sentiment on the Pacific Coast, impossible. Without such amalgamation, he sees that with the coming of large numbers of Japanese, we are importing another race problem, in many respects less easy of solution than the race problem of the South. So the student joins the laborers and commercial classes in demanding exclusion.

Although the demand in California for Japanese exclusion is almost universal, it is admitted that sentimentalists and some employers of labor are strongly opposed to the prevailing Californian sentiment. In discussing this question in California, appeals to selfish interests and commercial considerations are most often heard. But this matter should be settled upon higher grounds than these, grounds which can only be hinted at in this article. In the light of our experience of the last hundred years, if the negro inhabitants of this country numbered only one hundred thousand, confined to two or three states along the Atlantic seaboard, would we welcome the coming from Africa of large numbers of colored immigrants until they reached a total of millions? I believe that every thinking American will answer this question in the negative. Yet this suppositious case is exactly parallel with that which we of the Pacific Coast are now facing in Japanese immigration. With the race problem of the South before them, it seems clear that the people of the United States should steadfastly exclude from permanent residence and citizenship in large numbers any race which cannot be readily amalgamated with our own stock. The difficulties of amalgamation are in many respects greater in the case of the Japanese than of the negro. Unlike the African, the Japanese has traditions, institutions, language and religion, differing from ours. He is not a Christian, he is a fatalist. He is always loyal to the Mikado wherever he goes. He has the Oriental ideas of family life and morality, and his viewpoint is in many respects entirely different from that of the Caucasian.

But if amalgamation of the Japanese were possible, there is the very highest authority for claiming that it would not be desirable. Nearly all biologists and sociologists agree that the results of the inter-marriage of widely divergent races are bad. Says Mayo-Smith, "South America is covered with half-breeds, who seem nearer the inferior stock than the superior and which have produced no high civilization." Herbert Spencer, in his letter to the Japanese Baron Kaneko Kentaro, speaking of the inter-marriage of Caucasians and Japanese, says that these inter-marriages "should be positively forbidden." "There is abundant proof," he continues, "furnished alike by the inter-marriage of human races and the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree, the result is inevitably a bad one in the long run."

Many eastern people regard the danger from immigration of Japanese laborers as very remote, and do not understand or sympathize with the alarm felt by their fellow citizens of the West; but the people of the Pacific Coast, in addition to their own experience, have an object lesson at their very doors in the peaceful Oriental conquest that has been taking place in the Hawaiian Islands. Twenty years ago there were no Japanese worth mentioning in the islands. Yet now the Japanese are a majority of all the inhabitants. According to the bulletin recently issued by the department of Commerce and Labor, the Japanese with the few Chinese and Koreans now there, are performing eighty-five per cent. of the plantation work of the islands and seventy-five per cent. of all the other labor, skilled and unskilled; seventy-five per cent. of the merchants and traders also are Asiatics. There seems to be little lacking to make these islands a Japanese colony, except the pulling down of the stars and stripes and hoisting the flag of Japan. The conditions are much the same in California as they were in Hawaii thirty years ago; and our citizens see that in the absence of legislation, California and probably the whole Pacific Coast will in the next twenty-five years be as thoroughly Orientalized as the Hawaiian Islands. We are, therefore, sending out a cry to our eastern brethren to come to our aid; to protect us and the country from this danger which each day becomes greater and more threatening, and which is already bringing with it many incidental disagreeable problems, one of the least of which is the school question. No official scoldings or threats of bayonets will stifle this cry or settle a question which, until it is settled, is bound to become more and more insistent with each passing year.

KOREANS HUNG BY JAPANESE MILITARY AUTHORITIES FOR PROTESTING AGAINST THE CONFISCATION OF THEIR LAND

MENACE *of the* YELLOW EMPIRE

THE JAPANESE IN KOREA

By Hallet R. Robbins

IT was on September 24, 1905, that I caught my first glimpse of the ancient kingdom of Korea, called "Chosen" by the natives, which means "Land of the Morning Calm." The semi-barren hills surrounding the harbor of Fusan seemed quite a contrast to the highly-cultivated, terraced hillsides around Nagasaki, which I had just left the day before. No less a contrast was afforded by the strange and almost outlandish costume of the natives, consisting of white, baggy trousers, long white coat, and queer little black hat perched on the head and tied under the chin with black ribbons. The first thought that suggests itself upon seeing these multitudes dressed just alike, is, "what a fine comic opera chorus a bunch of these fellows would make."

I had intended to take the train directly for Seoul (pronounced "sowl"), but the service was disorganized, owing to recent floods, so I decided to return to the little Japanese coasting steamer, and continue by water to Chemulpo. I was glad of a few hours ashore, however, to give my limbs, which had been considerably cramped by my five-foot-and-a-half bunk, a chance to resume their natural proportions. It was plainly to be seen that the accommodations on this steamer were designed with a view to the comfort of Japanese, and not of six-foot foreign devils.

Next day, we were passing through the Korean Archipelago, of which few people have ever heard, but which far eclipses in scenic beauty the far-famed and much-lauded Inland Sea of Japan.

Next morning, we were at anchor in the outer harbor of Chemulpo, several miles from land, and close beside the hulk of the defunct Russian cruiser "Variag," which the Japanese had raised and were repairing. An hour's ride, perched on my luggage in a sampan, brought me to the landing-place, and I set foot once more on Korean soil for my long stay of thirteen months, during which time I traveled over one thousand miles through the interior, penetrating several regions never before visited by white men, and making one trip of six weeks' duration into Manchuria by way of Vladivostok.

Ask the average American high-school graduate where Korea is, and by whom it is inhabited, and the chances are he will tell you it is an island in the South Sea, and is inhabited by Japanese. He may, perhaps, have seen a map, however, and recall that it is somewhere near Manchuria, but still he thinks it inhabited by Japanese, with perhaps a sprinkling of some kind of strange aborigines.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE GROUNDS OF THE KOREAN EMPEROR IN SEOUL. THE EMPEROR IS A PRISONER IN A BACK ROOM OF THE PALACE AND THE GROUNDS ARE USED BY JAPANESE OFFICERS FOR TEA PARTIES, ETC.

Be the truth known therefore as follows; Korea is a peninsula, bounded on the north and northwest by Manchuria, the frontier following a certain river called Yalu by Chinese, and Am-nok by Koreans. On the northeast, across the Tu-men river, is the Maritime or Primorsk province of the Russian Empire. On the east is the Sea of Japan, on the south the Korean Straits, and on the west the Yellow Sea. Fusan, at the southern end of the peninsula, is distant 120 miles from Shimonoseki at the western extremity of Japan.

The country lies between 34° and 42° north latitude, and the 128th meridian, east of Greenwich passes nearly through its center. The entire country is mountainous, particularly the northern province of Ham-Kyung-do, but in the valleys, rice and many other cereals grow freely, and ponies and cattle find nourishment on the green hillsides. Mineral wealth is widely distributed throughout the country, but with two or three exceptions, which will be referred to later, the deposits are all too small and too low-grade to be worked with profit by any but the crudest native methods.

The Japanese propaganda, which the Western world has accepted with infantile credulity, contains numerous allusions to the wonderful latent resources of Korea, which are to be developed by the enterprise of the Japanese for the good of mankind in general and of the Koreans in particular; for is not the "door" to be "open" to all nations, and do not the Koreans dwell under the beneficent protectorate of Japan, which shields them from those terrible Russians, and gives them all the benefits of modern progress? Thus the propaganda. Let us examine the facts. Korea is inhabited by twelve million Koreans, an ancient race with a history as old as China's, or Japan's, and whose ethnological origin is veiled by the mists of remotest antiquity. They resemble the Japanese or Chinese only slightly. They have a language and customs all their own. They are naturally a quiet, peaceable race, and have always suffered from a corrupt government, but they love their country and have held it against all invaders throughout the centuries, although until ten years ago the King of Korea was nominally a vassal of the Emperor of China. The Mongols came long centuries ago in the days of Kublai Khan, fought their way through the country, but were driven out. When the Manchus conquered China and bade the countless millions of that country

adopt the queue which they wear today, as a sign of Manchu servitude, they came also to Korea with the same design, hut were glad finally to retire, satisfied with the vague and shadowy "vassalage" of the Korean king. The Koreans still adhered to the coiffure and costumes of the overthrown Ming dynasty of China, which coiffure and costume they retain to this day practically unchanged. The Manchus could impress their emhlem of servitude on the Chinese, but never on the Koreans.

Three hundred years ago, Hideyoshi, the great Japanese leader, sent an immense army to invade and conquer Korea. Some reports have it that the force comprised 200,000 men. This army of invasion found the Koreans wholly unprepared. There was no army and no navy. The king and court were steeped in wickedness and corruption. The triumphant Japanese marched throughout the whole length of the peninsula, spreading death and devastation and meeting with feeble resistance. But the Koreans were awakening. Day hy day saw an army growing. Korean guerillas hung constantly on the flanks of the Japanese army, giving them no rest day or night. Day hy day, food for the Japanese hecame scarcer, and day hy day the slaughter of foraging parties hecame more serious.

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE KOREAN CAPITAL

A navy was being secretly collected, and here there steps on the stage the greatest and nohlest figure of Korean history, Admiral Yee-Sun-Sin. He invented the first ironclad mentioned in history. His ship was invincihle in the face of fire, arrows and stones. Hé cut off the invaders from all communication with Japan. Reinforcements were sent time after time by Hideyoshi, to his hard-pressed army in Korea, but Admiral Yee was ever on the watch and his wonderful "devil-ship" sent the Japanese vessels to the bottom as fast as they came. The Japanese army was at last forced to retire, suffering heavily from the Koreans who hung upon their rear. They were finally driven clear down to Fusan, where they made a final stand in a stone castle which remains to this day, and which may he seen from passing trains, near the station of Fusan-Chin. Nothing availed, and they essayed to return to Japan, hut Admiral Yee was ever to he reckoned with. Time after time the Japanese set forth, each time with a larger fleet hut never were they a match for the doughty admiral.

SHIPPING IN THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO

The proud invaders were almost annihilated, and from that day to this, the Japanese have awaited their revenge. It is significant that the sale, to Koreans, of hooks re-

lating to the history of this war has recently been prohibited, and a short time ago some Japanese were seen digging an irrigation ditch under the foundations of a memorial tablet erected in honour of the noble Admi-

KOREAN "MAFOOS" OR PONY MEN

ral Yee. So much for the history of the the rightful owners of Korea. Now how about the wonderful undeveloped resources which the ignorant and benighted Koreans have neglected, and which the educated and enlightened Japanese shall touch and turn to gold.

First, agriculture. With the exception of one or two areas of forest land in remote and inaccessible regions of the far north, every bit of land in Korea that will grow anything is being cultivated by Koreans. I have often been astounded to see a large and healthy family of Koreans deriving their entire living from a few square rods of sandy and rocky hillside. I have never seen any Japanese farmers in the country. The only way they could get any land to settle on, is to displace some rightful Korean owner, by purchase, or by force. We are told the Koreans do not know how to till the soil to the best advantage, but in traveling through Japan one sees nothing to indicate that the Japanese are doing any better. Their own island of Yeso presents a far greater field for development in this direction than does Korea.

Second, timber. There is very little timber in Korea; none at all along the railway. What timber there is, is all in the extreme north, in country so rough that it would be impossible to exploit the forests economically, with the exception of those on Pek Tu San at the head waters of the Yalu river. A great deal of timber is being cut here and floated down the Yalu in rafts. This enterprise is conducted by Japanese, having been turned over to them by the Russians who were the original possessors of the concession. But even here the profits are not large and a great deal of the proceeds of the industry go to Chinese, as the timber is felled by Chinese labor, and each timber raft floating down the Yalu is manned by eight Chinamen who operate sweeps at the front and back to keep the raft from stranding.

Third, fisheries. Here too is a chance for a little legitimate development by the Japanese. The Japanese are the greatest fishermen in the world. It is estimated that in Japan, six million people are directly dependent upon this industry for their support. While the Koreans along the coast are engaged in fishing to a certain extent, they do not make it the specialty

A FIGHT BETWEEN TWO KOREAN WOMEN

the Japanese do, so the latter have an opportunity to carry on the business in waters not fully occupied by Koreans. They do not seem very keen to start in though, as I have never myself seen any Japanese fishermen in Korean waters.

Fourth, minerals. As I said before, most of the mineral deposits of Korea are too low grade to be worked by modern methods. The exceptions are as follows:—

Several gold mines located in the Unsan district, forty miles northeast of Anju, are worked at a profit by the Oriental Consolidated Mining Company, an American concern, which received a one hundred year concession from the Korean government some ten years ago.

A gold mine at Suan, some sixty miles east of Ping Yang, has recently been opened up by an English company, and it promises to be a profitable venture.

A Japanese company, headed by Baron Shibusawa, is opening a gold mine at Chicksan with good prospects of success.

There is a very good copper mine at Kapsan, in the extreme north, which is the subject of dispute between English and American interests on the one hand, and Japanese on the other. There is no doubt as to the validity of the claim of the English and American syndicates, and with proper diplomatic support from their home governments, their rights would be recognized by the Japanese government, and the concession issued at once.

It is very unlikely that any other rich mines will be discovered in this country. All the places above mentioned were discovered and worked by Koreans, long before any white man or Japanese ever saw them, so that prospecting in this country is reduced to examining old Korean workings. These have all been pretty well examined by foreigners before this time, and if there was anything good available, it would have been taken up long before this.

NAN DAIMON RAILROAD STATION IN SEOUL

The Japanese government is spending a great deal of money in Korea, without any hope of legitimate return. They have built a very fine railroad from Fusan to Wiju, to connect across the Yalu with lines now being constructed by the South Manchuria railroad company, a Japanese organization. The line is built to standard gauge of four feet, eight and one-half inches, the rails are heavy,

the bridges and culverts of steel and stone, the grades and curves easy, the equipment first-class, cars and locomotives built in America. The line has cost an immense amount of money, though the land over which it runs was in the most part confiscated, and when the owners protested, and intimated that they would like to be paid for the land from which they made a living, they were promptly shot or hung. Accompanying this article are some pictures of this phase of the beneficent Japanese protectorate of the down-trodden Koreans.

The Japanese tell us that the Korean government was bad. True—and it is yet. The Japanese have established a "Residency General" and appointed "advisers" to all Korean government officials. The resident-general (Marquis Ito) and his "advisers" run the government about to suit themselves. The Korean emperor has practically nothing to say in the running of the government, and is, in fact, a prisoner in a back room of his palace, whence he can watch Japanese officers giving tea-parties and making merry in his own grounds and apartments, and all this after the solemn and repeated promises of the Japanese government to "maintain the independence of Korea and the dignity of the Korean Imperial Household." The Japanese have forced a loan of ten million yen down the throat of the Korean government, on the security of the customs revenue, ostensibly for public works. Most of the money is spent for the benefit of the Japanese, and finds its way into Japanese pockets. It is hard to see what benefits the Koreans will get out of it. Of course, it is not the intention that the Korean government shall ever pay back this loan, which is for ten years only, so that it is a clever scheme of the Japanese to turn a little ready money into their pockets now, and after awhile, gain peaceable possession of the customs, which is the chief prop of the Korean government.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE NORTHERN PART OF KOREA. THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANION AT LUNCH. THE KOREANS DO THE COOKING, AND THEY ARE ADEPTS IN THE CULINARY ART

The Japanese point with pride to the currency reform which they claim to have inaugurated in Korea. Previously, there were two kinds of money used in the country, and these two kinds are still used today except in the larger cities. One kind of money is the copper "cash." These coins vary in size from an American nickel to a half-dollar, and have a square hole in the center. They are commonly strung on long strings. The value of one cash is a little less than one-tenth of a cent. The disadvantages of this form of currency are obvious, but in Ham-Kyung-do and one or two other provinces it is the universal medium of exchange. The second form of money used in those provinces where the cash is not, is a debased "nickel" coinage. The "nickels" are made of every conceivable combination of metal, and a large percentage of them are counterfeit. They are guaranteed by no reserve of silver or gold and are real "fiat" money. One Korean nickel was originally worth the same as a Japanese nickel, namely five sen or two and one-half cents, but now is worth but half as much.

What have the Japanese done to remedy this appalling state of affairs? For no country can be prosperous if its money is bad. The Dai Ichi Ginko, or First National Bank of Japan, has issued several million yen of notes, which bear the promise of the bank to pay the bearer on demand at any of its branches in Korea, one, five or ten yen (according to the face of the note) in Japanese currency. This is the new money which the Japanese have introduced in Seoul and along the railway, and are striving to introduce

throughout the country. This paper money is worthless, because if the Japanese are ever driven out of the country, they will take their Dai Ichi Ginko with them and leave the Koreans to admire the beautiful portraits of Baron Shibusawa which have cost them one, five or ten yen each. To be sure, now, if you are a foreigner or a Japanese, and go to a branch of the Dai Ichi Ginko with a fistful of notes to redeem, the bank redeems them with the greatest pleasure and alacrity, and will give you Japanese gold or gold certificates as you wish, but if an ordinary, humble Korean asks to have some notes redeemed they will ask him why, and if he says "because he thinks the banknotes are no good," he will be imprisoned and flogged for insulting the dignity of the Japanese; and if he says "because he is going to Japan," they will offer him a check on Japan so he must actually go over there to get any real money. Thus it is almost impossible for an ordinary Korean to get any money which he can lay by for a rainy day, and be sure when the rainy day comes his money will be good.

The Japanese have also introduced a silver fractional currency which at present circulates on a par with the Japanese fractional currency, but it is not, like it, backed up by a gold standard. The currency was introduced more for appearances than anything else, as there is a fractional paper currency which is forced on the Koreans with the yen notes, and which is equally worthless. I have heard of Koreans being flogged nearly to death in Gensan for refusing to accept this "money." So the Japanese have substituted one bad currency for another, and thus strengthened their grip on the country's throat, for the Koreans will hesitate to oppose the Japanese, knowing that the minute the Japanese wish to repudiate their paper money they can do so, and there will be no redress, even as today there is no redress for any wrongs inflicted by a Japanese on a Korean, and such wrongs are all too common. Verily, you may call the Korean lazy, dirty, and devoid of ambition, but what incentive is there for him to be otherwise, when he knows that the money he receives for his labor today may tomorrow be good for nothing but to repair his doors or windows?

I may say here that it is my firm belief, founded on extensive observation and reliable evidence, that not one Japanese in a hundred who has gone to the shores of Korea has done so with any idea of earning a living by honest toil or legitimate endeavor. From the highest to the lowest, the idea is to plunder and rob the poor defenceless Koreans, while laughing in their sleeve at the ease with which they have blinded the eyes, and tied the hands of the great powers, who still believe Korea is independent. As an example, let me quote an instance told me by Mr. H. B. Hulbert, editor of the "Korea Review." A Korean had an exceptionally fine farm, which had been handed him down from father to son for hundreds of years. He had all the usual deeds in regular and proper form. A Japanese came along and took a fancy to the place. He got another Korean to fix up some fake deeds, and make over the place to him. The Japanese, armed with the bogus deeds, went and claimed the property. The rightful owner of course protested, and went to the Japanese resident, who promptly recognized his noble countryman's claim, and ordered the defenceless Korean to move out from his heritage and give up possession immediately. Mr. Hulbert heard of this monumental piece of tyranny and went to the rightful owner and bought the place from him for a fair price, and when I saw Mr. Hulbert last he was on the train, bound for the property in question, armed with the deeds, to have a heart-to-heart talk with the usurper.

Instances of this kind of oppression could be repeated *ad infinitum*. If any reader wishes to learn of more, let him read the monthly "Korea Review" or the "Korea Daily News" published in Seoul, by fearless and unbiased English and American editors. Or better still, let him read "The New Far East" by Thomas F. Millard, published by Scribner's, which contains an admirable statement of the entire situation in Japan, China, Korea and Siberia.

A typical instance of Japanese diplomacy in Korea is that of the forced treaty of November, 1905. This is the treaty by which Korea practically gave herself up to the Japanese, and turned over the management of all her foreign relations to the Foreign Office in Tokio. On the night in question, I believe it was the eighteenth, there was evidently something very unusual going on in Seoul. There were Japanese soldiers scurrying to and fro. They were posted around every foreign legation and every foreigner's residence. A large detachment was stationed at the entrance to the Korean imperial palace. In order for the treaty

to be valid, it must be signed by the eight Korean cabinet ministers, and by the emperor. Five of the ministers, today known in Seoul as the "Five Traitors," were induced by bribery and intimidation to affix their seals to the treaty. The other three ministers and the emperor remained firm and refused to sign, even at the point of Japanese bayonets. Finally, the Japanese, losing patience, locked them into a small room, broke into the official cabinet, stole the necessary seals, and themselves affixed them to the document. The Korean ministers who remained faithful to their country tried to appeal to the American minister, in virtue of the treaty of amity and friendship between Korea and the United States, by which the United States recognized the perpetual sovereignty of the Korean emperor and practically agreed to use its good offices in the country's favor, should its independence ever be threatened. The messenger sent to appeal to the American minister found the legation guarded by Japanese soldiers, who refused him admittance.

Thus was the fatal treaty signed, and recognized by the foreign powers, who have thus betrayed the hapless Korean people into the hands of enemies more merciless than the Mongol hordes of Ghengis Khan, in the days of old. These are absolute facts, and can be vouched for by any foreign residents of Korea, English included, who are not actually in the pay of the Japanese. Speak to any English resident in the Far East of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and he will hang his head in shame, and will tell you with a tremor in his voice, that England, in allying herself with these Japanese barbarians, thinly disguised by their veneer of Occidental civilization, has made a mistake which has cost her dear already, and will prove scarcely less than fatal in the end.

Of course the real purpose of Japan, which is as clear as day to every foreigner in Korea, is to make the Koreans a nation of slaves, and to use the country as a highway to future conquests in Manchuria and China. For the Japanese are ambitious. They aspire to dethrone the white man from his ancient eminence, and to replace him by themselves. Already their emissaries are all through China and many in India, learning the native dialects, adopting the native costumes, publishing "yellow" newspapers, and preaching the coming downfall of the white man, when the colored races shall unite under the banner of the Rising Sun to wipe him from the earth. It behooves the white nations of the earth to look out, and to crush this yellow peril in its infancy. They can do it, and easily, merely by refusing to lend the Japanese any more money. They need it badly, and have an agent in Europe now who has been trying for many months to cajole the powers into providing the sinews of war for their own eventual undoing. It is a hopeful sign that the agent is having some difficulty in his mission.

It is all very well for stay-at-homes to enthuse over our "little brown brethren," the "Yankees of the Orient" etc., but one does not hear any of that kind of nonsense from Americans or Englishmen in the East. Why, even now, while the Americans are showering their admiration on the "little brown heroes," and our president is taking their part against the good people of California, the question of an attack upon the Philippines and Hawaii is being freely discussed by everyone all over the East from Vladivostok to Singapore. And let me say to you, good patriotic American reader: what do you think would happen if Japan gets this loan she is after, and decides that the Philippines should be the next addition to her empire? Japan's navy is several times the strength of our Pacific squadron, and our Pacific Coast cities are very inadequately defended. Japan is not afraid of us, she thinks we will be as easy as the Russians were; and it may be that we will if we do not wake up. It is high time the American people tore from their eyes the veil which has been woven by years and years of Japanese craft and cunning, so subtle that the Occidental mind cannot appreciate it; and with clear vision face the present danger which gibes and menaces across the broad reaches of the Pacific.

HAROUN AL RASHID IN SOUTH AMERICA

By Sandy Broad

IF you look at a map of the world, you will notice that most of the earth's surface at all worth seeing, is in the northern hemisphere. Indeed, the book of history, "sacred or profane," deals almost exclusively with that part of the world lying north of the equator. For the habitable part of the southern hemisphere is comprehended in less than half of Africa, about five-sixths of South America and the Australian continent.

But to the American citizen, the southern part of this continent promises to be very interesting in the future. What the American writers fifty years ago called "manifest destiny" points unerringly to a time, not far distant, when the entire western continent, from the Arctic Sea to Cape Horn, will form a sisterhood of independent states bound together by the ties of mutual interest, actuated by similar impulses, and each guarding the liberty, independence and prosperity of the others.

South America is unquestionably the country of the coming century. While the United States, Canada and Mexico have not yet been fully populated, there has already arrived in those countries an era of development which calls for an extension of commercial relations, a branching out and a desire for closer connections with their neighbors.

Chile, Peru, Brazil and Argentina are just now offering the greatest inducements to the capitalist and investor from the north. In all these republics the conditions are favorable to a great industrial and commercial renaissance, yet very little is known in the United States of the real condition of these countries, and in the popular mind, a South American is often confounded with a South Sea Islander.

When the South American republics secured their independence from Spain, during the years 1810 to 1825, they naturally copied the Constitution of the United States in establishing their organic law. Chile subsequently modified the American constitution, to the extent that the president serves for a period of five years, and is not eligible to re-election until after five years have elapsed from the end of his term, a change which commends itself to many students of practical politics in the United States.

The quinquennial election in Chile occurred last June, and the new president was inaugurated for a term of five years on the eighteenth of September, 1906. His name is Don Pedro Montt, and there is so much in his personality and in the present condition of Chile worthy of notice, that I am writing this article so that Americans can get better acquainted with their neighbors in the enterprising Lone Star Republic of South America.

Let me tell, in a few words, something about the history of Chile.

Within fifty years after the discovery of America by Columbus, Spanish adventurers swarmed down the Pacific coast from Panama, southwardly. Francisco Pizarro found in Peru a vast empire with an estimated population of 40,000,000 people, governed by an Inca or emperor, with all property held in common, the apotheosis of socialism. Buckle declared that the civilization of the Incas, at the time of Pizarro's conquest, was far superior to that of the European invaders who set up the Spanish authority and replaced the mild monotheism of the Incas with the aggressive theology of the Inquisition.

If anyone will take the trouble to compare Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" with Bellamy's "Looking Backward," he will see where the author of the latter book got some of his ideas. The picture of co-operative housekeeping, co-operative cooking, and almost the entire scheme of Bellamy was extracted bodily from the inimitable history of the "Conquest of Peru," by William H. Prescott.

With a handful of military stores, three or four hundred men, a few horses, a number of small cannon and the self-confidence that always marks a hero, the intrepid Pizarro

conquered the whole country and made it a Spanish province. The native Peruvians, in the early part of the sixteenth century, were a mild and inoffensive people, who cultivated the earth so successfully that the whole nation lived comfortably within a territory where one-eighth of their number now find it difficult to make a living. Their system of roads, bridges and aqueducts rivalled that of the ancient Romans, and their plan of irrigation was so perfect that every square foot of arable land in the valleys and even on the sides of the mountains was brought under a high state of cultivation. The traveler who goes today from Lima to the summit of the Andes, a height of 22,000 feet, by the Aroyo railroad, seeing the remains of ancient aqueducts and ruins of cultivated fields on the barren mountains thousands of feet above his head, asks the natives about them, and the only answer he gets is, "Incas, Senor."

The Inca astronomers could calculate an eclipse; the Inca scbools gave prizes for oratory and history; there was a system of courts and judicature, the rudiments of trial by jury, and, while there was no actual written language, yet evidences are not lacking of a rude system of hieroglyphics for keeping records, while accounts were preserved by a simple arithmetical device made of pieces of variously colored strings.

Pizarro landed in northern Peru in 1526, and completed the conquest of the country in 1534. Lima was founded in 1535, and the great conqueror was killed by his own soldiers at Lima in 1541. The same year, Pedro Valdivia, one of his companions, founded the city of Santiago, the capital of Chile. When it is remembered that the first English settlement in Virginia and the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymoutb Rock are recorded nearly a century later, the antiquity of the Spanish settlement of Soutb America can be readily understood.

After Pizarro had established the power of Spain and the Catholic religion in Peru, he sent Almagro, one of his lieutenants, south to the unknown region now included in Chile. It is said that the first Spanish invaders were much impressed by the small birds of the country, whicb surrounded the soldiers in immense flocks, and issued a peculiar cry, "chee-lay! chee-lay!" From this, it is said, came the name by which the whole region is now known.

Marvelous adventurers were those early Spanish conquerors in South America, men of iron will, indefatigable, capable of enduring unlimited labor. From Quito, the northern capital of the ancient Inca empire, to the southern point occupied by the Spanish conquerors in Chile, is more than 3,000 miles in a straight line, and, as traversed by these bardy invaders, the distance was not less than 5,000 miles, yet Pizarro, Almagro, Valdivia and their companions passed over the whole route on foot or on horse-back, carrying their own supplies and for much of the distance fighting their way through hostile tribes and in an enemy's country. It was much as if a band of Japanese adventurers had landed at the northern boundary of British America, on the Pacific coast, and fought their way through Canada and the territory now included in Washington, Oregon and California, and thence down to the southern part of Mexico.

It must also be remembered, that these sturdy navigators and conquerors were contemporary with Columbus, and that to reach the new world from Spain, they had to cross the broad Atlantic in small and badly managed sailing vessels, a journey of many weeks. Even now, one looks upon the voyage from Europe to America as a thing of no little danger and difficulty, but suppose one should undertake it in a square-built, top-heavy sailing vessel of two hundred tons, having as crew and attendants a motley crowd of cut-throats released from the jails and prisons; turbulent and disorderly, kept in subjection only by the power of one man's will; and then we can understand the character of those Spanish invaders of the early sixteenth century. The mariner's compass had been invented scarcely a century before, but navigation, as an art, was still in its infancy.

Like Pizarro and Almagro, the first settlers in Chile reached the west coast of South America by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Unable to transport their frail craft across the Isthmus, they built new ones on the Pacific coast and in them ventured on their voyage of conquest. But in 1520, Fernando Magellan, or Magalhaens, discovered the strait which bears his name, thus opening an inland passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As the prevailing winds at Cape Horn blow strongly from the west, the early navigators found it difficult to enter the Pa-

cific from the south, and Magellan's strait offered a smooth and safer passage. The great Magellan pushed on from the South American coast across the wide Pacific, and the next year, after discovering the Ladrones and the Philippines, lost his life in a skirmish with the "little brown men", whose descendants Uncle Sam is still trying to civilize. Although the Spanish navigators discovered the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, much of the traffic between Spain and the west coast came by way of Panama. Lima became the seat of vice-regal power in America, and the "city of kings" grew and flourished with all the trappings of royalty. It was a large and wealthy city when Santiago was only a military outpost.

SENORA SARA DEL CAMPO DE MONTT, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF CHILE

A different class of Spanish settled in the two countries, separated as they were by 2,000 miles of coast-line and a vast desert incapable of sustaining human life. With its limited area of fertile land, its hostile and turbulent aborigines, only the most daring of the immigrants from northern Spain, descendants of those Goths and Visigoths who had disrupted the Roman empire, took up the task of colonization at these outposts of the new civilization.

But the heroic Spanish thought nothing of a march of a thousand miles through mountain, valley and desert. When Almagro crossed the vast desert of Atacama, now in

DON PEDRO MONTT, NEW PRESIDENT OF CHILE

northern Chile, a region utterly sterile, wi hout a blade of grass, tree or shrub, and entirely destitute of water, he lost many of his men from starvation and weakness. To add to his difficulties, he found the native tribes in the south much stronger than those in Peru, more hostile and better fighters. Yet the same indomitable energy and strength of character enabled him to plant his colonies along the coast and lay the foundation for an entirely different civilization in the south temperate region of lower South America.

Probably the finest specimens of aboriginal life on the American continent were the Araucanian Indians, whose habitat was in the lower end of the American continent. They

were a strong, vigorous people who carried on many of the arts of civilization, and they "put up a good fight" against the Spanish invaders. They had regular features, were tall and straight, lived in comfortable huts, and cultivated the ground successfully. Last year, at Temuco, in the south of Chile, I saw a gathering of the Araucanians, lineal and unmixed descendants of the sixteenth century Indian, and they appeared to be a well-fed, healthy-looking set of people, with full cheeks and a complexion somewhat lighter than that of our North American Indians. Many of the native tribes in Southern Chile have never been conquered by the whites, but have gradually surrendered to the growth of the country and the development of the arts of peace. The Indian of North America wears his blanket, but his South American cousin always uses the "poncho", which is simply a square blanket with a slit in the middle, through which he pokes his head. Both were naturally fond of horses, and both wear ornaments of silver or other metal strung around the neck.

Whence came the indigenous or aboriginal inhabitants of the American continent? From the Esquimau of the Arctic circle to the Tierra de Fuegian of Cape Horn, through the various tribes in North America, Mexico, Central America, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile, there is a wonderful family resemblance. Except where climatic conditions have brought some slight physical changes and variations in personal habits, the American Indian, north or south, appears to belong to the same race and even tribal differences are generally less than the variations in the inhabitants of some of the countries of Europe. Scattered through ten thousand miles of country, embracing the whole range of the earth's heat and cold, the wonderful homeogeneousness of the race shows itself in the copper-colored skin, dark, straight hair, dark eyes and high cheek bones. Yet of all these tribes, it is probably true that the Araucanian possessed the highest physical and mental qualities.

There is a tradition among the tribes in Mexico and Central America that their remote ancestors came from the north, and it is susceptible of proof that the North American tribes, possibly anterior to the present race of Indians, roamed over the whole country from Oregon to Mexico. In making their pilgrimage to the south, those who reached the southern part of the continent could go no further, and, if, as in other migrations, it was the strongest and best who went first, then this would explain why the Araucanians possessed such a splendid development. Then, too, the climate conduced to the highest physical condition. Besides, in the world's history, the people of mountainous countries have always been a free people, loving liberty and fighting vigorously for that liberty. It was this class of natives that Valdivia and the early Spanish "conquistadores" found in Chile—a much higher type of Indian than existed anywhere else in America.

To hold the country against such foes, the Spaniards were obliged to build heavy forts. In the valley where lies Santiago, there is a mountain, Santa Lucia, nearly a thousand feet high in the midst of a broad plain encircled by the snow-capped Andes. At one time, Pedro Valdivia and his followers were surrounded by the savage Araucanians and had to retreat to this mountain, which they held against the attacks of the Indians, who were finally driven away. In Corral, at the mouth of the Valdivia river, the visitor is shown a series of old Spanish forts built in the best style of military engineering of the sixteenth century, with bastion, redoubt, counterscarp, moat and rampart, all in solid masonry, very much like the fortifications to be seen today at Havana and San Juan, Porto Rico. Whenever they built a city in Chile, the Spanish were compelled to build heavy fortifications to defend it. For 200 years, more or less continuously, this warfare against the Indians was kept up, and the presence of this hostile element greatly retarded the progress of the country.

Comparing the west coast of the southern continent with that of North America, it may be said, in a general way, that Ecuador resembles Central America; Peru, Mexico; Northern Chile, California; and Southern Chile, Oregon and Washington. But Chile has a coast line of almost 2,700 miles, so that it has a great variety of climate, although none of it is tropical.

Immigration usually moves on isothermal lines, and so the Spaniard from Andalusia and the southern provinces of Spain sought the delightful climate of Peru. The old Moorish civilization of Cordova, Seville and Granada was re-established in Truxillo and Lima.

Much of the architecture to be seen in Peruvian towns: the circular or Byzantine tower in the churches, the grated windows, the overhanging balconies, the open patio, with its fountains and singing birds, remind the traveler of Southern Spain, while the genial and happy character of the people confirms the similarity.

On the other hand, the Basque from the north of Spain, the hardy adventurer from Leon, and the Asturias settled in Chile, where the climatic conditions were similar to those they had left at home. The mountainous region of northern Spain produced a vigorous and independent type of manhood, which was transferred to Chile, and under new conditions it developed into a new and powerful nationality.

Yet Chile is only a sort of shelf on the edge of the Andes, sloping down to the Pacific. I am told that in its widest part it is only 250 miles across from east to west, and in some parts only sixty miles, while its extreme length from north to south is almost as great as the distance from New York to San Francisco. The greatest part of its area consists of mountains, and the only fertile regions are in the valleys. Santiago and central Chile have a climate resembling that of Los Angeles or Redlands in California, and for eight months in the year it is unsurpassed for salubrity. Snow and frost are unknown, and the air has a peculiar dryness which is very favorable for all pulmonary troubles.

Until the beginning of the past century, the first Spanish settlers in their contention with the hostile Indians confined themselves to the central and northern part. The geographies printed even fifty years ago gave the southern boundary of Chile as the River Bio-bio. Southwardly to Cape Horn, embracing more than half the present coast line of the republic, was an undeveloped country, inhabited by Indians more or less uncivilized. Even now the Bio-bio is popularly known as "the frontier," because it formerly marked the boundary between Chilean and Araucanian territory. The vast tract of land marked in the old maps as "Tierra del Fuego," land of fire, was divided between Chile and Argentina. The Andes form the dividing line, Argentina taking all to the eastward, and Chile

HALL OF CONGRESS, SANTIAGO

the rest, the whole southern part attaching to Chile, from Magellan's Straits southwardly, except a small, triangular piece in the extreme southeastern part of the continent, which is governed by Argentina.

Previous to the war with Peru, 1879-1883, the Chilean border on the north was just south of the port of Antofagasta. Bolivia owned Atacama, a strip of territory including Antofagasta and reaching 200 miles north, while Peru owned the provinces of Tarapaca, Tacna and Arica, some 350 miles up the coast. The discovery of the rich nitrate beds in the Tarapaca and Atacama desert brought about the war between Chile and her two northern neighbors, and for four years hostilities continued, resulting finally in the acquisition by Chile of the three provinces of Peru and the Bolivian territory between the Andes and the Pacific. Bolivia became "the Switzerland of America" in fact as well as in name, without a seaport and confined entirely to its mountain home. The territory embraced in Tacna and Arica, however, was left subject to the decision of a plebiscitum, which has not yet been taken. The discussion of the proposed referendum causes a very bitter controversy between Chile and Peru which is still unsettled.

The population of Chile is largely mixed with the native Indian. In fact, the bulk of the lower classes are more or less Araucanian in their origin.

In Peru, the half-caste is known as "Cholo," and the name is usually given indiscriminately to the laboring classes, but in Chile the workingman of the country is called a "roto." It is quite likely that the "rotos" are of Indian blood, and but slightly mixed with the white. The "roto" is industrious and frugal, lives on simple food, and easily learns the use of tools. He is well equipped intellectually, and wherever education reaches the class, he surprises everyone by the brightness of his mind and his capacity for improvement. When the time comes that a general scheme of education is put into practice in Chile, and the "roto" is allowed to develop as he ought to, he will astonish the world. The texture of his brain is the astonishment of the scientist, and when the sunlight of education will have reached him, as it has the laboring man in the United States, Chile will step into the first rank among the nations of the world, for it has the right material on which to build.

The descendants of European immigrants, generally Spanish from the northern provinces, form the governing class, but the frequency of English, Irish, Scotch and German names in Chilean politics and Chilean history shows that the Chilean of today is almost as much a composite as the American. The Chileans are generally a brave, hardy, industrious, intelligent and progressive race, intensely patriotic and, as President Roosevelt says, "good fighters." Spanish is the language of the country, but Spanish largely modified by local changes. The Catholic religion is adopted by the state, but this provision is interpreted liberally by the government and the courts. Morality, in general, is of a very high order. Especially in the family relations, and as to the position of woman, Chile will compare favorably with any country in the world, that is, in the better classes. Crimes, except in a few seaport towns, are rare, and the people are generally contented and well-behaved.

A good-looking, young American in walking the streets of Santiago will meet hundreds of beautiful and well-gowned young ladies, but he will look in vain, if he is a stranger, for the slightest token of recognition or evidence that he has been seen by the fair ones. To one accustomed to the free manners of many American and European young ladies in the large cities, the staid sense of propriety and womanly reserve manifested by the Chilean young ladies is something quite noteworthy. Always quiet in their demeanor, low-voiced and gentle, they impress the visitor with a sense of feminine superiority that is quite refreshing.

The sanctity of the marriage relation is respected among the Chileans to an extent that surprises Americans. Families are usually very large. Ten and twelve children are quite common, and the family with only five or six children is exceptional, while the case of a married couple who go through life without any offspring is so rare as to excite comment. This is almost as true of the better classes as it is of those in the lower walks of life. No more delightful spectacle can be seen anywhere in the whole world than the presence of a beautiful Santiago lady surrounded by her large family of handsome, well-formed children.

I am giving you a photograph of part of a well-known family in Santiago. The father

is Senor Adrian Mandiola Ovalle, and the picture was taken at Spencer's photograph establishment. The eight children form a group that might be taken as models for some of Raphael's cherubs, and the two youngest, who were too small to stand up with their brothers and sisters, were undoubtedly just as attractive as the rest. As the climate is so mild, life in the open air is the rule with all classes, and this tends to conserve health and develop the best type of masculine and feminine beauty. One of the great attractions in the parks in Santiago, is the sight of the numerous flocks of happy children under the watchful care of nurses and governesses.

A SANTIAGO FAMILY—ALL BUT THE YOUNGEST TWO

The women possess a beauty of their own, and in a social gathering at the Chilean capital one will see as many charming women, as well dressed and possessing the most perfect manners, as in any city of its size in the world. Possibly one secret of their attractiveness and that of the children, is that they seem to be physically strong, and rejoice in that best of blessings, radiant good health, and while the Chilean is of Latin stock, the women have nothing of the frivolity and heartlessness of the Parisian. Society, both in the upper and lower ranks, is permeated by a genuine respect for woman which makes itself felt everywhere. On the street, at the theater, in public places, the spectacle of the loud-voiced, flirting young woman is absolutely missing, and the public conduct of the women of all classes is above reproach. Outrages against women and girls, such as shock the sensibilities of decent people in Chicago, New York, and other American cities, are unheard of in Chile. In the forenoon, the streets of Santiago are filled with women, who wear the "manta," the Spanish wrap which conceals all the person except the face. This picturesque garment is passing from popularity in Peru, but it still holds sway in Chile. Yet, on festive occasions, Chilean maids and matrons make themselves attractive with the best Parisian styles, which they know how to wear in a modest and womanly manner.

There are some oddities in Chile connected with the sphere of woman that deserve mention. One is that women act as conductors on the street cars. Everywhere, the passenger meets the woman conductor armed with her bag and, as Mark Twain had it, "the blue trip-slip for a five-cent fare," collecting the coins fully as well as her masculine com-

petitor, and much more politely. In the shoe-stores, all the "salesmen" are girls and women, and in the telegraph offices in city and country, young women are unvariably found as operators. And they do their work well, too. But to offset this, in a Chilean hotel or boarding-house, and in many residences, men do the work of the chamber-maid. American ladies are always shocked to find that a man-servant "takes care" of the sleeping-rooms in the hotels of Chile.

Mrs. Montt, wife of the president, is known as "Senora Sara Del Campo de Montt," for the Chileans retain the maiden name when giving the title of a married woman. It is the same as if in the United States Sarah Jones, married to Thomas Brown, would be known as "Mrs. Sarah Jones de Brown," not Mrs. Thomas Brown. Chilean women who enter matrimony do not allow their personality to be entirely absorbed in that of their husbands. Senora Montt is one of the most beautiful women in Chile, and the life of the new president and his wife, like that of most Chileans, is an excellent example of conjugal happiness. President Riesco, who has just retired from the chief magistracy, occupied his own house in Santiago, but President Montt has followed the custom of most of his predecessors by residing with his wife in the Moneda, as the government building is called.

A new era is dawning upon this interesting republic of the extreme south. With the election of Don Pedro Montt to the presidency, every man, woman and child in Chile felt encouraged for better things. No man has entered the presidency of the country during the past fifty years with such wide-spread popularity and with so many characteristics that augur well for the future.

If we are to believe his intimate friends and admirers, Pedro Montt, in a somewhat different way, has the courage of Andrew Jackson, the wisdom of Washington, the suavity and kindness of William McKinley, and the versatile activity of Theodore Roosevelt. Withal, he is quiet and modest, unostentatious and simple in his habits, rigid and inflexible in his honesty, and firm in his determination to execute the laws without fear or favor. He is scholarly in his habits, well informed and a close student of current history.

Personally, the new president is fifty-five years old, squarely built and physically strong. His complexion is dark and swarthy, but his expression is bright and sympathetic. His hair, plentifully sprinkled with gray, is cut in the Pompadour style. He speaks French and English, and for many years has been one of the most popular men in Santiago. For two years following 1891, he was the Chilean minister in Washington, but as he went there in the time of the revolution against Balmaceda as the representative of the new government, he had an exceedingly difficult task to perform. He is the son of a former president of Chile, Don Manuel Montt, who filled the position for eleven years following 1851.

Some of the stories told about him are characteristic.

When the political committee called on him the morning after the election, to congratulate him, they found he had gone to the insane asylum, according to his regular custom. For many years, he has been the managing trustee of the asylum, and every day of his life, when in Santiago, he has gone personally, at eight o'clock, to look over the institution.

He has a way of wandering about by himself, after the manner of Haroun al Rashid, to study the condition of the people whose interests he has close at heart.

He was visiting a school in one of the northern provinces one morning after the elections. The teacher met him with a florid address of welcome, and at his conclusion Don Pedro Montt made no response, but simply asked, "At what hour does school begin?"

"Nine o'clock," replied the astonished teacher.

"It is now quarter past," said Don Pedro, looking at his watch.

The discomfited pedagogue immediately called his school to order.

One of the functions of the inauguration festivities is the military parade, when the troops are reviewed by the new president. The hour is two o'clock, but usually the president reaches the stand about three. This year, Don Pedro surprised everyone by reaching the ground promptly a little before the hour, and the review started on the minute. Those who are familiar with the dilatory habits of many Spanish-Americans, will appreciate what this means.

Another important function of the inauguration is the annual dinner to the diplomatic corps, cabinet ministers and public officials. This year it had been arranged to

have the party go directly from the banquet in the Moneda to the municipal theater to listen to Italian opera. As the opera was to begin at nine o'clock, Don Pedro invited his guests at seven-thirty, instead of eight. Many were late, but at eight-forty-five the president promptly gave the signal to rise from the table before the dessert was served. Carriages were ready, and the party reached the theater on time, even if part of the dinner was lost. It is quite likely that next time his guests will be prompt in coming.

A few days after the inauguration, Don Pedro came into the Moneda, or government building, looked around one of the patios, and then inquired of a sub-official:

"Where is that ladder that stood in the patio?"

"I gave it away, Excellentisimo."

"Who authorized you to give it away?"

"I didn't think anyone would care."

"You are discharged from this moment!"

"But, Excellentisimo, I have been here twenty years, and I have a big family on my hands."

"That is all that saves you from being sent to jail."

Chile is a veteran in government ownership of railways. All the railroads in the country were built and are operated by the government. Mr. Bryan and the American advocates of government ownership should come here and study the operation of the system.

Shippers declare that the railroad system is very defective. Freight is often kept six months at a station for lack of cars to remove it. Three times during the past winter, the street car system of Santiago had to suspend running its cars for lack of coal. Coal was plentiful at the mines, 200 miles away, and even at Valparaiso, 120 miles distant, but it was impossible to get cars to bring in the coal. Even the railroad itself had to take off about one-third of the trains because it had no coal for locomotives. The gas company at Santiago was reduced to "short rations" of coal more than twice, and had to warn the government that in three days the city would be in darkness, unless it could get cars to bring up coal from Valparaiso.

At a station, several hundred miles south of Santiago, the owner of a saw-mill made a small shipment of lumber to a customer on the line of the road. The lumber was hauled to the station in January, and the agent promised that it would be shipped in a few days. In April following, the saw-mill owner was surprised to recieve a note from the chief of the station, saying in substance:—

> "My dear Sir:—Please have the goodness to remove the boards you left here it makes several months since. I am about to extend the building used as a station, and your wood lies directly in the way. God guard you."

One of the first acts of Don Pedro Montt, after his inauguration as president, was to appoint a new director of the railway system.

ONE OF THE FIRST FAMILIES OF ARAUCANIA

Then some interesting disclosures were made. Charges were printed in the papers that lumber manufacturers were required to pay "tips" or "premiums" to get cars, and some of the sub-officials did a thriving business in this species of "graft." It was said that 500 pesos were paid at one time for cars, and thus the whole freight system was demoralized.

The Chilean people are incensed at these disclosures, and the practice will be stopped.

The distress produced by the earthquake of August 16 increases the responsibilities and difficulties of the new president. Val-

paraiso, the principal sea-port of the country, suffered a loss of 3,000 lives and the destruction of property to the amount of $300,000,000 Chilean currency. The rest of the country lost probably 300 lives and $100,000,000 by the destruction of villages, bridges, railroads and other property. The rebuilding of Valparaiso will call for the exercise of great good judgment and sound wisdom on the part of the government; for in the Chilean republic all public works, even to the paving of the streets and construction of sewers in the cities, is carried on by the general government.

President Montt is fearless and honest, and his personal influence will extend to the remotest ramifications of the government. Like Haroun Al Rashid, at Bagdad, he purposes to look after the interests of the whole people, and he will know, by personal inspection, just what his officials are doing, and just how his people are being governed. And, as Haroun Al Rashid gave to the medieval Mohammedan kingdom its golden age of prosperity, so the Chileans are looking forward to the administration of Don Pedro Montt for a new era of development in the South American republic.

THE CALL

By Joseph Bondy

BECAUSE the night is dark and lone,
Because the fields are bleak and bare,
Because the clouds are dark above,
Shall we forget the stars are there?

Because the way is steep and hard,
Because our hearts are wavering, weak,
Because the heights seem hard to win,
Shall we neglect our tryst to keep?

Not so did He in Galilee,
Not so did any one who dared,
But mindful only of the right,
Through sorrow, suffering, onward fared.

* * * * *

Ours was the fault; we who forgot
That all was ours; we who were still,
While wrong traduced the nation's right,
And giants stole the nation's will.

We who forgot our children's rights;
We who forgot our legacies,
Bought with the best blood of the years;
We who are masters, one and all,
Ours is the duty, *we who can!*
The hour has come: *Where is the Man?*

A PRIMITIVE PASSION

By Elizabeth Meserole Walling

IF William Marlow's farm didn't join right on to mother's —" Martha Dunn said confidentially to her husband, Andrew Dunn, in the barn that morning.

"And William Marlow wasn't a widower," her husband supplemented.

"Yes, and if William Marlow wasn't a widower—" assented Martha, with a surprised glance at the dull-looking, under-sized man before her, "Mother wouldn't be in such a takin' to go home to that empty old house every spring, and stay there alone all summer. I just believe she's been waiting for him all these years; and that's why she's never married."

The dull-looking Andrew turned his back and grinned until the ends of the grin threatened to become visible from behind. Being a man, he answered:

"Well, can't you let the old lady have her fling? She never had but two years of it, and she's been a widow thirty years, now." Whereupon Martha flounced her loose bulk out of the barn, and trundled across the yard to the house in a huff.

Late that afternoon, she and Andrew watched Diana start out with Peter, the old roan horse, hitched to the antiquated chaise, and Barnabas, her cat, in a basket on the seat beside her.

Down the narrow village street the blue dimity figure twisted itself over the buggy side, and the white sunbonnet nodded back. Then she leaned forward and rattled the whip fiercely in its socket, and with a startled flourish the forlorn Peter drew the clattering chaise around the corner and through the little single street that, with its postoffice and half-dozen stores, constituted the village of Foster. Peter was inclined to pause in front of Andrew Dunn's little general store, but Diana slapped him sharply with the lines, and with a brisk rattle of wheels she was soon out on the Poplar Road.

The smooth gravel road, broad and straight between thin lines of Lombardy poplars, stretched away before her to the west, for ten miles without a turn. Diana Lane could not remember when it had not been called "the Poplar Road;" she could not remember when the tall, stiff trees had not lined the sides of it from Foster to her own home, seven miles distant. As she clattered along, she looked at the sheath-like columns of green with reflective eyes. Always to her it was like looking into the faces of old friends, the sight of whom took her over the backward track of her own life. Occasionally one of the stiff sentinels had dropped out of the race; but for the most part the files were unbroken past wide, open fields and prosperous farm-houses set in masses of shrubbery.

Peter jogged slowly along, turning his head from side to side, as if viewing the universe for the first time. Ten years of going and coming had not dulled his interest in travel. Tender green twigs brushed unexpectedly near, fresh pastures presented themselves to his admiring regard. At times, approaching from behind, came vehicles whose occupants as they passed stared curiously at the slender figure in the old chaise and at the black and white head of the cat stretching up through the hole in the basket-cover, then disappeared away in the distance where the poplars appeared to meet at a point. Sometimes the sound of wheels brought a glimpse of a familiar face and a pleasant greeting. But for the most part the road stretched before her still and deserted.

Sundown brought her into her own neighborhood. As she passed an orchard, there appeared a low, rambling farm-house, set well back in a level, green yard. Diana reined Peter to a walk, and he turned of his own accord into the grassy hollow which led to a small gate directly in front of the house, and stopped half-way between two tall poplars. The white-bonneted head peered from the forward-hooping of the rusty old top, and through the low branches of some maples that shaded the yard.

At a quaint little porch, in an angle of the west side of the house, a man and a woman were tying up a rose bush. The man worked with free, easy motions, but the woman was short and squat, and turned up a laughing face as she held the thorny canes against the pillar for him to tie them.

"I'll wait till they get that rose bush tied, then I'll call out," said Diana. "I don't want her to prick her fingers."

As the man finished tying the rose bush and lowered his hands, the tip of a cane followed and caught in the woman's hair. She raised her hands to loosen it, but the man caught her wrists and held them, and they laughed into each other's faces like children. Then, while the thorns still held her, he pushed back her sleeve and stooped and kissed the hollow of her arm.

"My soul! my soul!" gasped Diana. She leaned forward and jerked on the lines till the bewildered Peter was in the road again. "I didn't know it was like that *yet.*" She shrank back into the top of the chaise for fear lest they should see her and call after, as if it would be indecorous for her to speak to them even, after what she had witnessed. She had known these people all her life. She had stood up with them when they were married. But between that kiss and herself lay the thirty starved years of her own lonely widowhood. She jerked on the lines again.

When well out into the road, she turned and, with a curious, shame-faced wistfulness, pressed the rounded curve of her bonnet over the little oblong glass in the chaise curtain. The man and woman were walking along a path that led toward some lilac bushes at the rear of the house. Diana saw his strong arm thrown slantingly down around the woman's waist.

"My soul!" said she again. "And they've had thirty-two years of it! Get up, Peter!" The reins flapped down on the old roan horse's bony back.

Peter lunged ahead with a sudden vigor that made the wheels of the old chaise clatter, only to slump again to a walk as Diana settled back with her thoughts.

"Thirty-two years!" She looked with wistful, thinking eyes down at her own arm. "Nobody ever *did.*" A flash of orange winged past, and her eyes followed the dimming color, as if there stretched away with it all the long miles she had traveled since Martha had married. Then it was, as if with some inward vision, she seemed to follow from the wide, open fields at the right, her own lonely figure in the old chaise going back and forth, a little older each year, and over all the flight and love-songs of nesting birds. The sensitive mouth quivered. She put up one hand to her throat.

"There ain't one of 'em but knows there'll be a nest at the end of the journey," she whispered, then looked quickly and shamedly down at Barnabas. But Barnabas was otherwise interested. His neck was stretched at a coppery robin that sang on the top board of a passing fence, and his jaws worked in anticipation. Coppery robins were to him the one redeeming feature of all this journeying back and forth.

Diana straightened herself on the old, frayed cushion, and clucked to Peter, jerking on the lines.

About a half-mile farther on, at the right of a large white house and behind a low, evergreen hedge, a man was hoeing in a garden. A narrow brook ran between the house and garden, and directly across the road, and he must have heard the clatter and rumble of the little wooden bridge, but he never looked up. The slender hands drew the reins tensely over the jogging steed.

"You're terrible anxious to go all of a sudden, ain't you?" she said nervously, pulling on the lines till the roan fell to a walk.

She leaned to the side of the chaise and turned a look of deep and passionate regard upon the man in the garden—a look that held all the unconscious longing and desire of her lonely life.

"I thought he looked kind of stooped," she quavered, "I just wanted to see." The man kept on with his work. She drew the lines tighter. Apparently he did not see. She cleared her throat. Evidently he did not hear. Suddenly she became aware that Peter had stopped stock-still, and that she was leaning far out over the side of the chaise. Then a glimpsing flash of a woman's white dress in the doorway and a quick straightening of the man's back in response, and she seized the whip from its socket and laid it sharply along the angular roan flank.

With a snort, the long, boney head flew aloft, and up the broad road between the rows of tall poplars flew the old chaise, its

rusty top swaying, a white sunbonnet bobbing with the excited trot of the steed.

"It's the first time he's never seen me," she said brokenly. And then, reassuringly, "It must of been one of the girls. It must of. Sarah 'most always dresses in white."

The long-limbed horse strode ahead, throwing his head from side to side with nervous excitement. On past the little grove of evergreens where the old Marlow house had stood; past the line-fence that separated his land from hers. On she rattled, in the uncertain light, while up the road to the left could be dimly seen the dark slant of her own house-roof.

As she approached a little gray house at the right, the front door opened and a woman ran swiftly out, beckoning and calling to her. She halted the roan with difficulty, and he stood there panting and uneasy. Diana looked sharply at the thin, angular woman hurrying excitedly down the path, then she looked quickly away and straightened herself with resistance.

"It must of been one of 'em," she insisted again, as if to some unseen disputant, "probably Sarah."

"Diana," the woman was saying, shrilly, "did you know William Marlow was married?—last Sunday, to a woman from the West?" The ferret-like eyes of the woman peered curiously into the gathering shadows of the old chaise-top.

Slowly the color left the face beneath the bonnet. She drew a quick, inward breath; then tiny, thread-like lines, the marks of years of repression, settled more deeply about the sensitive mouth. From the distant lowlands came the sound of the lonely river-voices. A breeze stirred the leaves of the poplars with a sound like rain.

"So I hear," she said, then, steadily, "I'll have to be goin', Mandy. Peter don't act just right—hain't since I left Marthy's."

A moment later Peter turned in to a driveway that lay alongside a hedge, and stopped at the side door of a dark, old silent house. Mechanically, Diana lifted the basket and leaned over the buggy side, and placed it on the ground. Then she drove back toward the barn.

Twenty minutes later, the little spare figure was back again by the basket, staring pathetically up at the stern outlines of the old house.

"It don't look natural, somehow. It don't look like home."

Every spring, for ten years, the poor lonely soul had returned with the robins to this house where she had lived as a bride, and where little Martha had been born. Each new spring, blossoming-bough and bird-call had new meanings for her old starved heart, and at the first showing of tender green she set her face toward the place of fulfillment. For her, born of her need, but primitive and coeval with the passing of northern flight of nesting bird, had been the instinct of her going and coming. Now all the old meaning had suddenly gone out of it; the house that had been her home since she was born looked "strange" to her.

Her eyes wandered up and rested on the old shingle roof, now growing more distinct in the increasing moonlight.

"That's it, I guess," she roused herself briskly. "It's sagging in places. I'll have to get it fixed." She picked up the basket and went into the house.

Inside she moved softly, as if afraid of the echoes of the old house. She placed the basket on the floor, then gropingly lighted a lamp. The spotted head of the cat stretched up, the yellow eyes stared back at her blinkingly. Diana stepped to the basket, and for one prolonged moment looked down at her solitary companion. Then the lines of her face hardened. She set her teeth.

"It has come to this, Barnabas,— you and I."

She picked up the lamp and crept into the sitting room. It was full of a peculiar odor like lavender and old letters. She stopped a moment, and, shading the light from falling on her face, looked about the room. The flame of the lamp lighted the room uncertainly, scattering but not dispelling the shadows, and through them the stern lines of the stiff, Puritanic furniture stood out forbiddingly.

She placed the lamp on a dresser, and crossed to an old mahogany bride-chest. As she opened it, a fragrance of lavender, like a gust of sweet memories, raised to her face. She lifted a mass of muslin and lace from the chest, and sprigs of lavender fell away, and a little old-fashioned daguerreotype clicked to the floor. She picked it up and opened it, looking at it long and earnestly.

"It was so then—and it's so now," she

whispered. The picture could not have been her husband's.

Over a chair she unfolded the mass of lacy white, and it swept to the floor like a bridal mist. It was her wedding gown.

"You're a foolish old woman, Diana Lane," the grim voice faltered and broke, "there was some lack in you. It—wasn't—Sarah."

Quickly and feverishly, she took off her dress. She lifted the girlish bridal-gown and slipped it over her old, white head. She thrust her slender arms into the sleeves of lace and fastened it. Then she sat down in front of a large mirror that hung over the dresser.

Sharply, and with awful eagerness, as one might search the face of the dead, she searched the face in the glass: the snow-white hair, soft and abundant as a child's; the face whose delicate, girlish tints had never faded; the tender eyes wherein had crept the wistfulness of a woman who had missed her share of the world. But she tightened her lips obstinately. "There is some lack," she persisted. Then, without another glance at the face in the mirror, and with her slender shoulders bowed under a sense of her own unworth, she rose from the chair and staggered weakly across the room to the front door, and out on to the old stone steps.

The moonlight fell on her little upturned face, with its soft paleness, deepening instead of erasing its thread-like lines. She looked out over the big, square yard that lay like a silver field. A lone poplar tree stood in front of the little gate where the yard met the road. Long ago it had lost its fellows on either side, and its straight, perpendicular shape rose in sheath-like majesty—strong, silent, unmovable.

"I've got to be more like that popple tree out there," she said, her slender body shaken with great sobs. "I must learn to live alone."

She turned and felt blindly for the door, as if it had been dark. With eyes downcast, she did not see a shadow move swiftly up the walk, nor hear the sound of quick, approaching footsteps, nor know that "he" was stumbling up the steps toward her, while she sobbed aloud as if she and her grief were alone in the world.

"Diana! Diana!" She had never heard anything like the tenderness in his voice. "Did you think—?" he put his arms about her and drew her close; "it was Willy who was married, Diana." The quick understanding of the man was the same as it had always been. He laid his cheek with infinite sympathy down on her snow-white head. Like a mother, he gathered her close, while she quieted into peace. But like a man, he lifted her soft, uncovered arm and kissed it again and again.

"And Sarah's there, getting the house ready—"

"And there is no lack in me, William?"

"There is no lack, Diana."

A WISH

By Donald A. Fraser

WHAT shall I wish for you, My Friend?
Riches, or honors, or fair renown?
Riches have wings, and honors are dreams,
Fame is as empty as bubble blown.

Nay, nay, Dear Friend, I'll wish you love;
For, once that Cupid your lips has kissed,
Love will so fill your heart and soul;
Baubles like those will not be missed.

THE WHIMSICAL MR. TREMBLY

By Horace Seymour Keller

UNTIL two months ago, Mr. Trembly was a man possessed of an iron nerve; nothing disturbed, nothing rattled, nothing feazed him. He was one of those adamantine chaps who could work all day, work all night, and arise the next day or night, as the case might be, fresh of face, bright of eye, and alert for more hard problems to come his way. Mr. Trembly liked hard, stiff, knotty features to unravel, probe, solve, disentangle. It was his calling, he was born for it, and he was in the zenith of glory when he tackled a more than usually strong knot.

There was, so he said, in one particular lobe of his brain, a tiny cell wherein were contained, like so many photographic negative films, his past experiences. In fact, he called it his gallery of cellular vital statistics. He claimed that when necessity or the exigencies of his calling desired he could draw forth a negative film, develop a positive print therefrom, and easily arrive at the feasible and successful solution.

Alas! like other mighty men of genius, he has, in plain, every-day language, "struck a snag." He has reached a problem more knotty, more puzzling and unsolvable, than anything of the sort ever presented before. He has attacked the mystery from all sides, and has only met with failure in every instance. He has approached it in kindly spirit, and endeavored to cajole, soothe, ameliorate it and coax it from the chaotic state into the bright light of tangibility. He has drawn close to it with calm, peaceful rectitude, and has tried to figure it out coolly, placidly, and lucidly. And he has swooped down upon it in anger, and made a mighty effort to overwhelm it with a storm of impetuous rage. But he has failed to settle the ghost, he has not succeeded in pooh poohing away the cruel phantom down he wind.

For the first time in his life, since he engaged in the vocation of detecting things, following clues and disentangling problems, Trembly has failed in solving a mystery. He is miserable, dejected and broken in spirit. Again he is such a slave to his dejection that he trembles when he goes to his couch, trembles when he arises from it, and actually chatters, inaudibly, like an idiotic ape, when he goes on the street and mingles with the maddening crowd. The trouble has caused him much loss of sleep and patience as well, not to mention various pounds of flesh which have gradually vanished. Mr. Trembly has always prided himself for his precision of dress—and now his garments hang baggy about his form. His general appearance has changed so that his friends have remarked it. Two of his immediate, familiar friends have called his attention to the fact, but he dispersed the subject with a scowl and growl, which told them plainly to mind their own particular affairs and leave him alone.

One bright morning in spring, when the birds were singing below in the branches, Trembly arose, took his stockings and was about to cover his left foot, when a spasm of horror shook him from head to foot.

"There it goes again! I thought I could down the accursed thing, but it's no use. It is back once more, and stronger than ever. Why must I consider ill fate mine if I put on the left stocking first? Again, what luck is there in putting on the right one first? A slave to fancy and a fool as before, here I go with the right one first, as usual."

With a supreme effort, he tried to break the ugly spell by putting on the left shoe first. No use; he trembled like a frightened child, and put the right one on instead. This invisible force was more might than his will, and it led him a victim to its relentless power withersoever it would. He reaches out his left hand to dress and make his toilet, but changes quickly to the right ever and always. There is nothing trivial enough for the left hand to lead—it is the right hand that is the slave of his fancy.

When he was dressed and ready for breakfast, he stepped into the hall—and then re-

traced his steps, went back to his room, and came forth again, this time right foot first over the sill. He found himself counting the steps of the stairs on his way to the breakfast room —and groaned when he found the number to be the fatal odd seventeen. For two months, he has been in the habit of counting steps, and has failed to find one pair of stairs with an even number of steps. He seated himself at the table, and shook like a leaf as the following fool problem was presented to him in all its grotesque accursedness: "In which hand does a man hold his fork while eating? He couldn't for the life of him tell for a surety which was the proper fork hand. Glancing at his near neighbor, he soon solved the problem, and was trying to enjoy his meal like a human being with sense in his brain. And at that he was in misery; why had nature overlooked just such cases as his? Why was he not possessed with a pair of throats instead of one? Why was there not a left as well as a right throat? He feels that he is juggling with fate every time he swallows a morsel. The agony of the situation is more than he can withstand, and he hurriedly hastens through the meal and starts for his office. As usual, or ever since he has been possessed with the whimsical spell of nonsense, he finds himself walking slowly and carefully so as to never touch a crack in the walk with his foot. Men who knew him well remarked his slow pace, and shook their heads. He had always been such a brisk, alert walker; and now he creeps along at almost a snail's pace. But they do not know the reason, and it is best they do not. They would only sneer and jeer at Trembly, were they possessed of the secret of his great list of fanciful weaknesses. And he suffered more poignantly than a man wrenched by physical pain. Acute pain would be pleasure compared to his agony. Pain of the body might be cured, ameliorated or soothed. This freak system of horror is worse than physical pain; it is dragging the man's nerves out inch by inch; it is hammering, ever hammering at his brain, and making him wretched to the point of madness.

While ascending his stairs leading to the office—counting as usual the steps on his way—a thought struck him. It came with such force that he almost fell over backwards as he paused. This trouble of his must be looked into. Why not tell Billington all about it? Billington is a medical chap who for ten years has been his neighbor across the hall from his office door. But what will Billington tell him? What questions will Billington ask him?

"I'm hanged if I care what he asks or tells! That's his affair and business. It is my affair to get rid of this thing, kill or cure. No use being mealy-mouthed about it any longer. So here goes for Billington. Billington is a mighty good fellow. Don't have much business, don't seem to care about business. Rather go fishing and hunting. Rather do anything—good morning, Billington."

Trembly closed the doctor's door behind him. He approached the desk at which the elephantine figure lounged. Billington never sat down like other men. He simply dropped into the largest and most comfortable chair at hand, like a sack of meal, where he lolled or lounged about with that abandon belonging only to men of immense waist girth and monstrous adipose tissue. He was erected for a lounger. He had lounged through life up to the present occasion. When Billington dies, and is laid away, it will only be another sort of lounging attitude. He is a jolly man, who has succeeded in getting on the best side of things in the way of ease and comfort—hence is a most satisfied and blest human being.

The large figure turned slowly and carefully about in the easy, revolving chair, and rested a pair of very small, very much fat-enfolded eyes upon Trembly. The bump of self-esteem was developed to a degree above the normal and was surmounted by a tiny tuft of sandy hair that stuck up straight. The chin fell upon the high chest and the head was sunken between the rounded shoulders. The cheeks were rosy, with broken veins, the lips were too bright a red for perfected health. The face was that of a man who enjoyed—or thought he did—the good things of life.

Billington uttered in a whistling voice—which sounded very strange, coming as it did from such an immense mountain of flesh:

"I've been expecting you, old man, for some time. What diamond thief or murderer are you after at present? It's a swift pace you've been going for years. I knew it would bring you to me at last. Now you are here."

"You knew I intended to come to you for advice?" asked Trembly, as he seated himself near the big doctor, who penetrated him with those fat-enfolded eyes.

"Yes; I saw the thing coming your way. It always comes to the man who never relaxes, never rests, never quits the game, you know. It is a mighty lucky thought that prompted you to come to me before trying the miserable quacks who rob a man of his eye teeth without affording him the slightest particle of relief. Go on, tell your ailment, and I will cure you. I am waiting, Trembly."

But Trembly hesitated. Perhaps he had made a mistake, after all, in visiting Billington. Perhaps Billington was not in proper condition to treat his ailment. Trembly glanced toward the door; and the other rose and locked it and tossed the key into the street. Then seating himself, the big doctor said calmly:

"You see, old man, there is no use in trying to get away from this thing in that direction. There is only one way to get out of the office—through the window, after the key. That might make a muss in the street below. I hate musses. I think I hate everything in this life but a case like this—your case, for instance. Do you get the drift of my meaning, Trembly?" The shrill, whistling voice of Billington cut the other to the quick, and set his nerves trembling, trembling like the strands of an instrument jangled and jarred out of tune. He gazed at the immense figure surmounted by the tuft of sandy hair. Billington gazed at him in return—and from fat-enfolded eyes that burned and glittered with a light that glowed like sparks in the darkness.

Trembly did not immediately respond. He was studying the strange situation, carefully, slowly, and with that same precision so germain to his old self and calling. He has met men in his time who would not hesitate to slit his throat or send a bullet through his brain; and he has met them with cool, calm composure, while he dragged them into his net and to doom—a prison cell or the scaffold. It was his business, and he looked upon such things as the mere outcomings, incidents and results of his vocation. But when he searched among the nicely tabulated gallery of cellular vital statistics situated in that particular lobe of his brain, he found no negative film that resulted in a clear positive print. All the effects were blurred smears, and out-of-focus positives. And while Trembly proceeded along the line of his mental photography, the other man bored him through and through with his fat-enfolded eyes. Finally, after an effort, Trembly uttered:

"I may not get onto the drift of your meaning, Billington. I am, however, positive at this moment that you are a fit subject for Bedlam."

Trembly shrank back in terror from the infuriated blaze of the other's eyes. It was a blaze that seemed to scorch and wither the very heart in his breast. . Lower and lower he shrunk in the chair, as the gigantic mountain of flesh sprang up and towered above him. And Trembly felt his blood curdle within his veins, while the shrill, whistling voice penetrated him and palsied every fiber with dumb amazement.

"Bedlam, eh? You, you poor wretch, tottering on the brink of insanity, you accuse me, me the greatest curative agent of a mind diseased the world ever saw! Ha, ha, ha! That is a good joke on me—move but a hand, stir but an inch, and you are a dead man—"

"My God, Billington, what would you do?"

"Cure you of your disease. I have watched you for two months, and have noted the progress of your decay. I say there is but one human being in all the world who can cure you."

"And how, Billington?" fell from the lips of the other.

"By killing you—"

"What do you mean, Billington?"

Billington did not immediately answer. He sighed, turned away, and passed his hand over his face. Then again facing Trembly, he said, slowly, quietly and with never a trace of his former air:

"Old man, I have made your case a study from the start. You lose your nerve at times and find yourself faltering; you follow the trend of your tantalizing whims and are rapidly becoming a slave to your fanciful allurements. Sometimes you cannot pass along the street without touching every post, hydrant, object, with your finger-tips. You shrink from stepping upon cracks in the walk —and the next day you are very careful to touch them all. You have an antipathy against your left hand, left foot, left everything. When the spell has you fully in its grasp, you are in doubt which is the hand for a right-handed man to grasp the fork with. You dart by dark alleys, you do not ride alone on railroad trains, you never ascend tall buildings, you are afraid to stand near rapidly-

passing trains. Trembly, you live in daily dread of some horrible calamity which you feel is about to visit you and heap disaster upon you. You do not meet your appointments—and you never make any now, because you know you will never meet them. Tough problem, old man, for a fellow of your age to face. Fifty years old, and should be in full possession of your best abilities, mental and physical—but you are half an idiot, and the other half is a child's existence. I will cure you. But first I will kill you. The solution should please you. *It does please me!*"

Billington lounged there upon his desk while he talked, and with his back turned upon the other. Every word he uttered pierced Trembly to the quick, and gave him poignant pain. The secret of his life is no longer locked within his own bosom. Billington knows all about his weakness, has located his terrible troubles and is putting him upon the rack of torture, and is turning the screws with a vengeance.

Trembly stared at the broad back, the thick fold of fat lying cushion-like upon the collar at the nape of the neck, the conical head with the tuft of sandy hair on the prominent bump of self-esteem, the heavy jowls showing from behind—and then a sudden fancy ran rioting through his brain. His hands, long, lean, nervous hands, twitched, curved inward, and then spasmodically they reached out toward the figure at the desk. Why not leap upon the lounger, grapple with him, entwine the fingers about the neck and dig them into the fat throat and throttle the life out? Or, why not make a quick spring, grasp the heavy volume above the head and bring it down with a mighty crash, and kill or stun Billington?

Suddenly Billington turned and said:

"You couldn't do that job, Trembly. There was a time, perhaps, when a large, fat whale like me would have been but a straw in the grasp of the great detective, Trembly. Now you haven't got the nerve to tackle a child. Please don't try it. It would only make a muss—and I hate musses. Let me figure this thing out in my own way." And Billington leaned loungingly once more upon his desk, while the other stared at the broad back with bulging eyes.

"He's as mad as a March hare, and possesses the gift of reading a man's mind with the back of his head. But how to get out of here?" And again Billington shocked Trembly when he arose and said:

"There's but one way out, as I said before—through the window. I wouldn't try it, old man. You came to see me for medical treatment, advice, cure. You will get what you came for, I assure you." The big doctor took a seat in front of the other and continued:

"Your hand—no, not the right hand. There, that's better. Pulse is fluttering, variable. Symptom of exhaustion and nervousness. But after you have passed beyond, you will be easy and at rest *forever!*"

Trembly endeavored to speak, but his lips were parched and dry. His throat felt like a furnace, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth like a dried leaf. Trembly was dumb, speechless.

While Billington held his wrist in his fingers, his eyes again blazed as before. The broken veins in his cheeks grew crimson, and they quivered like tiny, fiery serpents as the blood enlivened them. Trembly tried to release his wrist, but the other's grasp was like a vice. What followed was like a dream,—some horrible nightmare, or the revolving of a panorama of phantasmal character. Or so it seemed to poor Trembly while he sat there like one pinioned to the chair of torture. Before him loomed the elephantine form of Billington, he with the sandy tuft on the apex of that conical head, he with the fat-enfolded eyes that emitted sparks like a cat's in the darkness—and more frightful than all, he who took from a small drawer a tiny lancet whose blade opened with a flirt of the hand.

"This slight prick under the thumb nail will do the business. The little blade possesses the potency which the Borgias would have given a throne for. You are about to be inoculated with a poison so rare, so undiscoverable that no living man but myself will know how you reached the other shore. Simple, is it not?"

Trembly shivered slightly as the sharp, needle-like point pricked his thumb under the nail. A pang shot to his heart, and a cold sensation crept from his feet upward. Speechless and slowly becoming numb, he could only sit and stare and wonder.

"Your thoughts, Trembly, are as plain to me as a printed page. You wonder why I do this? Simply to relieve you from a dis-

tressed state of mind. And how can I, I a friend and neighbor, have the heart to do it? Because I have a soft heart, and do not wish to see you suffer further. But what will happen when your dead body is found in my office? Nothing will happen. Only another case of sudden heart failure, that's all. Not a trace of the deadly poison now rapidly consuming the life corpuscles of your blood can be discovered. Is this not relief to you, Trembly? Death is sweet when it comes in this pleasing form. Few men know the great secret of it all. I do!"

And thus the cool, calm, relentless Billington probed the depths of exquisite torture, thrilling the half-animate Trembly from head to foot with his fiendish words. And he added, that if some terribly frightful shock could only wrench the suffering man and tear, as it were, every fiber of his being and rend him with real pain, there was hope yet.

"The pulse has dropped to forty, and the circulation is weak. Your breath is labored, and your limbs are growing cold. The great Trembly, famous detective, thief catcher and mortal terror to the evil-doer, has almost reached the dividing line between the here and the hereafter. Two minutes of life left —only two entire minutes of hope, fear, joy, mortality. The eyes will die last. They will live after the breath leaves the body. There is no time in eternity, no hours come and go; no minutes speed away. There is no ending, no beginning there. Pulse almost gone, circulation nothing. The brain is stupified by the vapors of the poison, and—all is nearly over. Farewell, Trembly, a long farewell! We were friends, and now—poor old boy! *He is dead!*"

Billington released the hand. It fell limp and nerveless, and dangled by the side of the chair like a lump of clay.

A frightful spasm shook the form of Trembly. His jaw dropped, then clashed up against the other jaw with a chattering sound terrible to hear. The hair on the back of his head bristled; the face grew purple and then ashen. The man is dead—all but his eyes. They are peering into the depths of the other's fat-enfolded orbs—but they wink not. The lids are motionless as those of a waxen lay figure. There comes a buzzing like the humming of a million of bees to the ears of Trembly. Next comes a mighty wrenching of the muscular system, as the man tries to throw off the frightful lethargy. Then all is still again. Again the spasm passes from head to foot. Again the shock—and again all is still. But the living eyes read the words on the other's lips:

"*Poor Trembly is dead!*"

What, he, Trembly, the man who had caused many a murderous wretch to quail? What, he, Trembly, the great detective, dead; done to death at the hands of a madman—and with the mere prick of a lancet? A vagrant puff of air touched the pale cheek; it crept between the parted lips and passed into the throat. It swelled the lungs and—then with a mighty effort, Trembly wrenched himself from the chair and lunged straight at the gigantic form of Billington, as the words fell from his lips:

"You lie, d—— you, you lie!"

Billington caught the form in his arms, held it for a brief period, and then carefully laid it upon the couch. And then Billington did a very peculiar thing for a madman who had just murdered his friend. He fell on his knees by the side of the inanimate form and lifted his broad, fat face and cried in the ecstacy of joy, with every tone vibrant with gladness, as the tears ran down his heavy cheeks:

"Oh! God, I thank Thee! Blessed is Thy power over weak flesh and the frailness thereof. I have cured my friend. I thank Thee, all-merciful God!"

He wet a towel and moistened the pale face. Trembly soon recovered, and leaned upon his elbow and asked:

"It was all a dream, was it not Billington?"

"Only a dream, dear old boy. Your whims are no more. Your ailments were only imaginary, Trembly. Your death was all imagination. The treatment was a little rough—but what do you think of the result?"

Trembly laid his hand upon the fat, warm, cushioned palm and—well, the great detective wept like a child. The accursed whims have left him forever. He is once more a free man, able to cope with the worst crime-stained human being in the world. He is again the famous Trembly of old—thanks to the very peculiar treatment, which was only imaginary, after all.

WHY HE GOT THE POSITION

By N. J. Tomer

DURING the thirties of the last century, the government sent a warship to the Mediterranean on an important mission. The commander of the expedition was a captain of the line, who, in the Civil War, distinguished himself for bravery, ability and worth.

The ship selected for the voyage was one of the historic number that withstood the shot and shell of the British in the War of 1812, and its brilliant victories over the boasted "Mistress of the Seas," were the theme of many a song and story.

The ship was still in good condition, and manned, as it was by a gallant crew of fearless young Americans who could execute an order with great skill and dispatch, it was more than a match for any foreign ship afloat.

The mission was successfully performed, and the ship one morning before leaving the waters of the Mediterranean, came to anchor two miles off from a Mohammedan town.

Forty of the crew secured permission to go ashore for the day. It was the deplorable custom among sailors in those days when they landed from a cruise, to first visit a grog shop and there spend their money for rum; and the forty sailors followed the custom. They found a groggery, imbibed freely, and then sallied forth "to do the town," as the saying went.

Every woman of the town when she was upon the street, wore a heavy veil; and some of the sailors in their muddled condition, so far forgot their sense of honor and the fair name of their country, as to pull aside the veils of the women they met and peer into their faces. Nor was this all; when they came to the temple, they determined to see the interior. They easily overcame the priests at the entrance and began a tour of observation. A huge brass horn was mounted on the flat roof of the temple and was used by the priests for religious purposes; and when the sailors came to the horn, they sang "Yankee Doodle," "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," "Old Gray Goose," and other tunes throngh it; and the volume of their voices was so increased that their mates on the ship distinctly heard the tunes and wondered what was going on.

The unusual use of the sacred horn soon aroused the town; and when the sailors left the temple, they were set upon by an infuriated crowd of citizens and a fight occurred.

The Americans succeeded in reaching their boats bruised and sobered, but without loss of life, and hastily rowed to the ship.

In less than an hour after they had reached the ship, a boatload of the town officials rowed over to it and interviewed Captain —— They were in a high state of excitement and demanded for punishment the men who had insulted their wives and desecrated their temple.

Captain —— was very angry over the conduct of his sailors and told the officers that he would thoroughly investigate the matter and tell them what he would do in the morning.

The forty sailors did not sleep that night, for they knew that if Captain—— gave them up, their punishment would be terrible.

The officers returned the next morning, but Captain——refused to give the sailors up, but promised to put them in irons for two weeks for their conduct, which he did. But this was unsatisfactory to the town authorities, and they were so incensed over the captain's refusal to let them have the men and mete out punishment in their own way, that they returned to their town and began preparations to take them by force.

Captain —— watched their preparations and understood its meaning; and while he could easily have resisted their attacks, to prevent trouble and bloodshed, he ordered the anchor weighed and left.

But during the remainder of the voyage, he frequently threatened to hang the forty to the yard-arm of the vessel as a just punishment, and was in bad humor all the way home.

And even months later, when the vessel went out of commission and the crew was discharged, he expressed his regrets to these sailors that he had not hanged them to the yard-arm as he should have done.

Years rolled on. The great Civil War had ended and peace once more smiled upon the land. Captain ——, as has been stated, had distinguished himself in the service of his country, was now admiral and chief of one of the bureaus of the Navy Department.

The office of navy yard messenger was vacant. The faithful man, who had filled the position for twenty-five years, driving the five miles from the department to the yard twice a day in all kinds of weather to deliver mail and orders, had succumbed to small-pox.

Congress was in session, and, as the position paid well, and the department furnished a horse and carriage, many constituents of congressmen importuned them for the place and the congressmen in turn importuned Admiral ——, who had the appointment to make; but he made no promises, and merely said when urged, that the dead man had served the department long and faithfully, and he would wait until he was cold before he would fill the vacancy.

The messenger had been dead about a month, when one afternoon, a poorly-clad man about fifty-five years old came to the admiral's office. He said he had come to apply for the vacant place.

"Give your application and recommendations to my secretary, there," said the admiral, "and by and by I shall consider it with the batch already on file."

"I have no application or recommendation," said the man.

"No application nor recommendation?" thundered Admiral—— in surprise. "Then what did you come here for? I don't appoint strangers of whom I know nothing."

"I once sailed with you, Admiral, and that is all the recommendation I have."

"Sailed with me? When?"

"Back in the thirties in the good ship——"

Admiral —— scanned the man closely and asked him his name.

"My name is J. J——," meekly said the man.

"O yes, now I know you," roared the admiral. "You were one of those fellows that I should have hanged to the yard-arm of that ship for reprehensible conduct; and now you come to ask me for consideration. What do you do?"

"I'm a laborer in your bureau at the navy yard."

"At the navy yard and in my bureau too; the man I should have hanged!"

The stranger cowed under the sharp tones and threatening manner of the admiral and backed toward the door. Admiral —— continued:

"You under my employ, and now you beard the lion in his den?"

The stranger had reached the door; it closed with a bang and he was gone.

Two hours later when the admiral had gone, the stranger, who had been waiting around, asked the private secretary if orders had been sent to the yard to discharge him. He was told that no order had been sent, nor had his name been mentioned after his abrupt departure.

The man was sure that Admiral —— intended to discharge him, and related the story as has already been told; he regretted that he had made himself known because he feared a hard time to maintain his family the remainder of the winter.

One morning about a week after the event just recorded, Admiral——directed his secretary to write to the commandant of the yard to send J—— to the department at once.

J—— came much excited, and sure that the admiral intended to give him a lecture, then discharge him, and close the incident by kicking him out of the office.

But Admiral—— spoke pleasantly to him, asked him how long he had been in the navy yard, if he had a family, whether he drank, had him read names from several envelopes, and finally dismissed him with the significant statement to get, if he could, a letter from the foreman at the yard certifying to his habits of industry, and also to bring before him some responsible person who could vouch for his character. Before the office closed that day, J—— came back accompanied by the pastor of his church, a well-known minister of the city, and with a satisfactory letter from his foreman.

"J——," said Admiral——, "since I did not hang you years ago as I should have done, I shall now appoint you navy yard messenger. You may report for duty at 9 o'clock in the morning, and I shall expect you to be prompt and faithful in the discharge of your duties."

J—— was filled with joy, and the minister in thanking the admiral, remarked that he had hardly thought J—— would get the place because a number of congressmen wanted it for their constituents.

"Dominie," said the admiral, "there is one thing not generally known by most people —a thing that has more weight and influence with an officer of the navy than any congressman can have; it is those magic words:' I SAILED WITH YOU! "I sailed with you" has just gotten J—— his position; it has gotten hundreds of positions before, and it will get hundreds of positions hereafter. There is a chord of sympathy — a fellow feeling that beats in the heart of every true naval officer for his crew, and while it may not always be outwardly manifested, it is there nevertheless, and it is a source of great pleasure for us to help our worthy boys when we can.

"J——was with me in the thirties when I was sent to the Mediterranean on an important mission. Our government feared that I would have fighting to do before I came back; but I did not have, and if I had had, with the best crew I ever commanded in my life, I had no fear of the result. J—— and some of his messmates gave me some trouble while they were on shore leave, but it was the rum custom that did it; and I rejoice that today there is no more grog dealt out on ship board to disgrace our country; and the custom of hunting up grog shops by our crews is also in a large measure a thing of the past. J——, tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock."

A SLEIGH RIDE

By Ona Ellis Smith

A CROW flies low where bleak winds blow
Across white fields of drifted snow;
The dusk is near, Heigho!
But far ahead 'till lost to sight
The track lies clear; the coming night
We do not fear. Heigho!

Our sleigh-bells chime in merry rhyme
To which each heart keeps joyful time
While echoes trill, "Heigho!"
Though chill north winds do howl and blow
And fill our eyes with flying snow
We're happy still. Heigho!

Dark clouds arise where sunset dyes
Lent beauty to the western skies.
'Tis late to roam. Heigho!
See down yon dark and lonely lane
A light gleams dim thro' frosted pane
We're nearing home. Heigho!

MATERIALIZATION OF A CASTLE IN SPAIN

By Mauchlin Muir

TO begin with, Tom and I were going to be married.

I suppose that isn't the really beginning, after all. The genesis of it (as our professor in psychology used to explain) was when Mr. Ed Robinson shook the water out of his eyes after a back flip-flop, and said, "Miss Merrill, may I introduce Mr. Wingate?" And Tom said, dripping tiny streams of water like a discouraged electric fountain, "I'm pleased to meet you, Miss Merrill. I've been admiring your diving."

Sounds commonplace enough, doesn't it? But then it was quite important to us, because of what followed. On the way home, Tom said to Mr. Robinson, "Ed, I owe you something I can't ever pay. You've just introduced me to the girl I'm going to marry, if she'll have me." And when Mr. Robinson asked him if he were crazy, Tom answered, "No, I'm in love."

But that really hasn't anything to do with the story of our house, except that it is a kind of "causal relation (quotation marks accredited to the same professor) several degrees removed in consanguinity," whatever that may mean. The fact is that we had been reading about the simple life and the necessity of preserving the old-time domestic hearth of the nation, so we were in no mood to frivvle. We made up our minds to have a home—no flat, however comfortable, and no rooms in an apartment house, but a real, *bona fide* home of our own, even if it were rented, warranted to wash, wear and preserve the domestic ideals of the country against raveling.

We didn't expect wonders. All we asked was that the house should be in a good locality, perfectly sanitary, tasteful in architecture, conveniently arranged, well away from the smoke and noise of the city, but not far from the business section, with a sunny south frontage, plenty of lawn and garden space, and very inexpensive in rent. Do you know, we spent days and days looking for that house, without finding it? I don't believe it exists. All the houses that are built to rent are either conventional horrors, or else the price can't be touched with a ten-foot pole. Landlords seem to have the idea that renters are a species of savage devoted to cubby holes and cheap, ornamental imitations.

Tom and I got so tired and cross hunting, that we quarreled dreadfully. Once I even handed him back his ring, and told him all was over between us. It was all his fault, except that I was entirely to blame. At the time, I remember, I was in the pantry of a misfit piano box they called a home, and I just leaned on the dusty old shelves and cried it out. Tom put his arm around me, and kissed the top of my ear that wasn't buried, and promised not to do it again. So I forgave him for losing my temper. I was quite in the right, too, for the house *was* impossible; though of course Tom didn't build it, and perhaps he wasn't to blame for that. Well, we hunted more houses, and found them in droves. And the more we looked, the more discouraged I became.

Then the great idea came to me one morning before I had got up. I jumped into a kimona and ran down stairs to the telephone. Then I rang up Blue, double six. The operator had to ring and ring, because there wasn't anybody awake. But at last Tom's sister came. I told her I wanted Tom. She was cross, and said she supposed so, or else I wouldn't be engaged to him. I explained with dignity—Ethel is sometimes horrid—that I meant that I wanted to talk to him. She asked me if I knew it was five o'clock in the morning. I apologized for disturbing her, but it was very important, indeed. She called Tom. He seemed excited.

"What's the matter, Maisie? Has anything happened?" he asked.

"Yes, Tom; I've got an idea."

He was unreasonable enough to ask if it wouldn't have kept till morning without spoiling. I hung up the receiver at once, and went to bed.

I heard the phone bell ringing frantically in the library for half an hour, but I wouldn't answer it, and everybody else slept the sleep of the just.

Master Tom was around at our house by a quarter past six. He waited in the living-room till after seven for me. Then I went down and snubbed him. When he seemed as sorry as I thought he ought to be, I let him worm my idea out of me. I honestly believe I should have exploded if I had had to keep it a minute longer.

"Let's build, Tom!"

Of course I took his breath away.

"I'm as poor as a church mouse, Maisie," he gasped.

"We'll be poorer if we pay rent."

"It takes money to build."

"Never was a greater mistake," I told him.

"Why, Maisie!"

"Well, we have nearly a thousand dollars between us, and we can put a mortgage on the house. Think what an interest it would have if we owned it!"

"The mortgage?"

"No, the house, silly."

"A house would cost us between two and three thousand dollars."

"We can build a cosy little home for twelve hundred or less."

"I'm from Missouri," said Tom.

"Well, I'll show you," I told him.

And I did, but that comes later.

When we told our friends what we meant to do, they were very generous with advice. Never before were such a shower of "Don'ts" emptied on two devoted heads. There was a remarkable unanimity about the advice, though the conclusion seemed to have been reached by different processes of experience.

"Building a house is a steadier job than raising twins." (This from a lady who had tried both.)

"The house will never be done."

"It will cost you twice what you expect."

"The contractor will rob you right and left."

"You can buy for less than you can build."

"You children don't know enough to build." (Thus frankly a rich aunt of Tom's who thought she had a right to insult him, because he had expectations from her.)

We ought to have been discouraged, but we weren't. I suppose we were so young that we preferred to buy our experience rather than borrow it. At any rate, the storm of advice left us undismayed, and unconverted. We had our answer cut and dried. The houses we could afford to buy, we would not live in, and those we liked we could not afford. As for the trouble, we did not mind that. A cynical bachelor friend of Tom had advanced the "trouble" argument, but he withdrew it on reflection. He said it wasn't a valid objection, because if we had been afraid of trouble, we would not be contemplating matrimony so serenely.

We had our own notions about a house, and we did not bother architects. Tom and I worked out a plan that was a little beauty. It was as snug and convenient a little house though I say it that shouldn't, as one would want to see. From cellar to roof it was a model of compactness, and it seemed to us to possess distinction.

At this period of our lives, Tom and I were afflicted with what we call the Domomania. If we were left alone in a strange room, we stepped off its dimensions, criticised its finish, and appropriated its merits. When we visited our friends, we became objects of suspicion by suddenly disappearing in cellars or bedrooms, to examine them. Once I distinctly caught Tom sniffing, with obvious doubts about the sanitary condition of the plumbing. As we were calling on his expectation-aunt at the time, I had to explain at once that he had a bad cold.

A house in process of construction was a red rag to us. We rushed at it immediately, and devoured its architectural plan, its woodwork, its fireplaces, its closets, and its kitchen. Our friends thought us insane in a harmless way, but method lay behind our madness. For everywhere we went, we picked up ideas and worked them into our brain-house.

We took our plan to a contractor, and left it with him to look over. He picked the house to pieces, and reduced it to the conventional, boxy nondescript to which he was accustomed. Then he made a bid of $2,300 on his hideous compromise, explaining that the plan, as we had given it to him, was impossible.

We said we would consider his suggestions and his bid. So we did. We considered the first impertinent, and the second highway robbery.

One day, when I was out calling, I passed a cement house that was being built. That is, I tried to pass it, but I really could not. I promised myself not to stop more than a minute, though I knew I would not keep my promise. The architect-contractor happened to be there, and the moment I began to talk with him, I knew I was lost. That man had the most beautiful ideas about a house. They were just like mine. I could have cried with joy, for I didn't suppose such men existed outside of Heaven, and of course if he had been in Heaven, he wouldn't have been a man at all, but an angel. He had only two faults, and we did not find those out till afterward.

Well, the upshot of it was, that we took our plan to him, and he looked it over, and made one or two suggestions that seemed good. He studied it out, and then made us a bid. His bid was only $1,400. Tom wanted to close with him on the spot, but I wouldn't let him. I said we couldn't afford to pay it. We talked it all over, cutting out a little expense here and another there, till we couldn't get the price a cent lower without spoiling the house. So we finally signed a contract for a six-room cottage (to be built of cement, which is so much better and cheaper than brick, our contractor says, that he never builds brick houses) to be turned over to us complete for $1,346. Our lawyer wanted him to give bonds, but Mr. Latham grew so grieved and indignant at the thought of our distrusting him, that we induced our lawyer to withdraw the stipulation. Of course, the lawyer did not know as we did, that Mr. Latham was not building the house for commercial reasons, but because he was so interested in seeing what could be done artistically with a little money. The house was to be done by the beginning of June, according to the contract, though Mr. Latham assured us it would be ready to move into by the middle of May.

I'm going to spare you the details of our search for lots. It was an experience calculated to bring gray hairs into the head of the most buoyant heart (Tom says I get my figures mixed, but you'll understand). We wanted lots high and dry, nicely located, with a good view, in an improved district, and yet really cheap. We hunted the town over, and then bought the first lots we had looked at.

Feeling that our troubles were at an end, Tom and I got married. It was the sweetest wedding—but I can't begin about that here. We expected the house to be done in about a month, so we boarded till then, after we had come back from our trip. Tom and I both left most of our things at our fathers' houses, so as to have only one big move. We began buying furniture—to be delivered as soon as the house was done. You can't think how many hours we spent looking at rugs, beds, chairs and everything else that goes into a house. We did not buy a great deal, but everything was good. Solid oak, and that sort of thing, you know; nothing shoddy or the least bit cheap. We felt that we could afford to do without things, but we couldn't afford less than the best.

Pretty soon after we let our contract, we began to discover that Mr. Latham was not exactly perfect. For one thing, he was always dreadfully hard up, but he was so much interested in the little house and so ready to oblige us in the way of changes, that we let him overdraw. We were to pay him only eighty-five per cent of the work actually done on the house, but very soon we had paid him one hundred and eighty-five per cent. This condition became chronic. He had a hard-luck tale that would squeeze money out of a pawnbroker.

For another thing, the house dragged dreadfully. Mr. Latham was a very promising man. Experience never seemed to jar his optimism. He told us cheerfully every time we met him for four months, that we would be living in the house inside of two weeks. The odd thing is that we always believed him. We used to go to him in divers passions of grief, rage, anxiety and weariness, intent on freeing our minds to him, but he always hypnotized us into good humor again. The fact is that we were in love with the cottage, and only asked that it be finished. You can't imagine how exasperating electric wires, inspectors, plumbers, plasterers and brickmen can be. There ought to be a law for decapitating any of them that delay a home more than two days. We waited a week for a plumber, and three weeks for a lather. That is what made me a temporary opponent of unions.

But at last the house was finished, and it is a dream. Nobody could possibly be unhappy in such a love of a house. At least Tom and I and the Emperor and the Empress

—official titles for the baby and the cook—are of that opinion. The domestic ideals of the country are not in danger of destruction one little bit at Halcyon Hall. My dear, you must come and see it. The house is really a perfect little Paradise, though of course, if we were building it over again, we would change a thousand things.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you about the mortgage with the ever-abiding interest, as Tom used to call it. On the first Christmas morning after the Emperor came to reign over us, the postman brought a bulky envelope to Tom. You'd never in the world guess what was in it. The mortagge on our house, satisfied and paid in full, tumbled flatly out of that envelope. Our Expectation-Aunt (capitals this time, please) had done it. Is'nt she the *dearest* thing, and wasn't that the *dearest* present?

MY PECULIAR CASE

By Norman H. Crowell

HE who has the truth to tell should not be deterred from his purpose by the reluctance of the ordinary brain to aggregate the threads of his story into the cable of belief. He who nurses a mystery in his bosom should not hesitate to make exposition of it because he himself is hopelessly at sea. Among his hearers one may be found, to whom that which appears unfathomable will prove as clear and distinct as the sun at mid-day.

It is with this hope, that I am about to record the most peculiar and imponderable experience that has broken the skein of my prosaic existence.

I am by profession an attorney—a calling which tends to instill a certain contempt for weak-kneed beliefs in the ethereal phenomena, popularly ascribed to restless inhabitants of a spirit world. I am a cold, hard man of business, with an eye single to the interest of my clients, and with no time nor inclination to permit myself being whisked away into the trackless wastes of supernaturalism. I believe in flesh and blood alone.

Yet—notwithstanding my theories and beliefs—I have passed through a series of circumstances that bid fair to disarrange my carefully trained cynicism. The professional insouciance that has heretofore served me well in every test, now threatens to desert me; while the conflicting emotions that prey upon me are eating into the very foundation of my mental equilibrium.

Slightly more than a year ago, it became imperative that the only heir of a lately-deceased client be communicated with. The matter was of such importance that it could not well be trusted to the hands of a clerk. The man sought was known to be somewhere in the wilds of the Alaska gold fields, and it required but a moment's deliberation to determine my course of action.

It was on the 17th of April when I boarded the west-bound train at Chicago. A rapid scurry across the Iowa prairies brought me to Omaha, where I was delighted to see my college mate, Sammy Gardner, entering the car. Gardner was our prize hurdler in the days gone by, and a prince of good fellows withal. The evening was passed most pleasantly, and at a late hour we retired to our berths in the best of humor.

I slept soundly, being disturbed but once by the lurching of the car in surmounting some unusual unevenness in the roadbed. When at length I roused from my slumber, I became distinctly aware of the oppressive odor of a reeking pipe and I remained with eyes closed, idly speculating on the abandonment that must characterize the man who would indulge the habit in a car containing ladies.

Upon making an attempt to stretch my somewhat stiffened limbs, I was suddenly brought into a startling consciousness by receiving a rude nudge and hearing a rough voice growl,

"That's enough o' that, pard!"

Instantly I was wide awake and staring in blank amazement about me. Instead of my peaceful berth I was now occupying a seat in a crowded smoker, while at my side sat a heavily-bearded stranger, who was regarding me with poorly concealed dislike and distrust.

"Had a considerable of a bender, eh?" he remarked, with a wide grin on his coarse features.

I did not reply. Something rose in my throat and prevented the retort that rose to my lips.

The pipe-fiend at my back puffed a billow of acrid fumes about my ears.

"He's all in, I guess," he remarked.

"Oh, I've seen 'em that bad afore!", was the comforting response of my companion.

I glanced down at my clothes. My eyes took in the outlines of a loose-fitting, black suit that was entirely new to me. Inexpressibly mystified, I next surveyed the car hoping to meet the cheery face of my friend Gardner and, perchance, hear him burst into his uproarious laugh and confess to the perpetration of one of the practical jokes for which he bore an unenviable reputation.

But Gardner was not in the car. Mechanically I inserted my finger into my vest-pocket in search of my watch. It was not there, but there was a round, flat object, like a coin. I took it out and was startled to observe that it was the gold medal I had won many years before at an inter-collegiate meet. For a brief space its presence cheered me—then I thrust it back.

The man behind me removed his pipe, leaned forward, and peered from the window.

"There's Frisco!", he remarked.

"Frisco?", I managed to ejaculate.

"San Francisco, some folks call it," he replied.

And Omaha the evening before! I put my hand to my forehead and then hastily withdrew it. A glance at my reflection in the glass told me that my forehead was thickly covered by surgeon's plaster in strips. At this discovery I felt the cold perspiration leap to the surface, and a feeling of unutterable abandonment swept over me.

Where had I been? What had happened? What was to happen? These questions flashed through my brain repeatedly and came back—unsolved.

At the station, I crept weakly out, engaged in a pitiful, half-hearted search for my luggage that resulted in nothing, and strolled aimlessly away. I had travelled several blocks with a weakness that drew me almost irresistably toward the comfort of various benches that met my eye, but I kept on doggedly. Then I saw a broad-shouldered form swinging down the thoroughfare toward me, and was conscious of a deliberate attempt to block its pathway. The next instant I was clasped in strong arms and heard the deep voice of Fenn, a law classmate—now a playwright with an interest in a circuit.

"Well, bless me! Its Sawyer or I'm dreaming! What in the nation has hammered you into this shape, old man? Here—brace up!"

I think I fainted. Certain it is that my next consciousness was of being sharply commanded to drink and of opening my eyes to find myself confronting a repast that suddenly and painfully brought me the knowledge that I was weak from hunger.

"I presume you have already wired concerning your accident?" inquired Fenn, as the dinner approached extinction.

"Wired?" I exclaimed, "No, I have not!"

He gazed at me queerly and I hurriedly added,

"I am pressed for time, you know. I am planning to catch the Orion on the 21st."

The excuse was lame indeed, but it at once became far worse than lame when Fenn remarked, in a puzzled fashion.

"The Orion left on schedule time—one week ago, Sawyer. Today is the 28th. Observe the date on this menu card."

By a mighty effort of will-power I maintained silence, but some inkling of the great perplexity under which I labored may have touched Fenn, for he glanced at his watch and remarked,

"If you say the word, Sawyer, I can fix you out to leave on the Sirius. She leaves tomorrow, and her captain is an old friend of mine. You would like him, I assure—"

"Tom!" I grasped his hand and shook it to signify my appreciation. I was obsessed by the idea that I must push forward with all possible haste. I desired to go on—out of this realm of loss and mystery.

Next day the Sirius bore me northward. I found Van Mark after a three months' hunt in the frozen valleys of the gold country. I

found him involved in a suit at law touching the validity of his claim to diggings worth a million. He smothered me by his welcome, and impressed me into service. I wrote two letters, one to my partner, Jones, and one to my sweetheart, advising them of my intention to assist young Van Mark out of his legal difficulties. It required six months of unremitting effort to win his victory, and another month to secure him in his possession and complete my preparations for the journey home.

A week ago I reached Chicago, and went directly to my down-town office. It was rather late, but I trusted to find Jones in. Recognizing his well-known face, I rushed into his room, and extended my hand with a cordial greeting on my lips. My partner drew back.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Sawyer!" I returned, smiling weakly, "Don't you know me?"

"Sawyer? I helped bury Sawyer a year ago! Got killed in the wreck on his way West. You're an impostor, sir! There is the door!"

My jaw dropped, and I stepped back. Carling, our corporation man, was gazing sourly in my direction, and, almost before I realized it, he bowed me out. On the stained glass door ran the words, "BOND & JONES." It had read "SAWYER & JONES."

Dazed by this new rebuff, it was some minutes before I remembered the woman who had promised to wait for me, and to whom I had written explaining my prolonged absence. Half an hour thereafter, I rang the bell at her father's residence, where I asked for Miss Josslyn. The maid tittered and flushed.

"What now?" I asked, coldly.

"Mrs. Phillip Burke, you mean?" she said.

"I mean Miss Mabel Josslyn!"

"Well, she is now Mrs. Phillip Burke!" she replied, somewhat triumphantly.

With feelings too complex to be described, I walked down the steps and caught a car. Surely my aged mother would recognize her son! But—she fell senseless when she saw me on the thresbold. It took hours to convince her that I was in reality her son; and then only after exhibiting a peculiar scar known to her alone. I produced the gold medal many times as corroborative evidence, but she steadfastly refused to touch it, being evidently in horror of it.

She took me on the following day to the Sawyer burying plot. Beside the tall shaft that marks the grave of my father, a second stood. It bore my name. I ventured to question my mother upon this strange twist of fate, but she fell to weeping, and I was forced to desist and lead her from the spot.

I have been subjected to still further bewilderment by the contents of two newspaper clippings that my aged mother has kept treasured up, not knowing why. If they point to a solution of the perplexed snarl of my life, I do not see at this time the crux of the riddle. One reads:

> "Among the victims of the wreck is Avery Sawyer, the well-known Chicago attorney. Mr. Sawyer's body was identified by his friend, Mr. Samuel Gardner of Omaha, who sent it to Chicago by special train. Mr. Gardner's injuries were slight."

The second is from a Denver sheet, apparently, but I cannot state it as an absolute fact.

> "Officer Wilson picked up a stranger early this morning, and promptly handed him over to the hospital authorities. The man had sustained a severe contusion of the forehead, and kept repeating the words, 'Is Sammy Gardner hurt?' in a most earnest manner. It is not known who he is, nor how he came by his wound."

As a further drop of wormwood, I have today received a signed statement from Samuel Gardner, wherein he questions my identity with undesirable warmth, and insists that Avery Sawyer was killed in a train wreck. He states that the corpse was fully identified by himself, and suggests that if I care to take the trouble to exhume the corpse buried beneath the shaft bearing the name of Avery Sawyer, I would find a gold medal on the shroud, placed there by his own hands. He hints other things derogatory to my character, and intentions, and has written a warning letter to my mother.

But I have the medal. Were there two medals? Shall I open that grave?

WHITE MAGIC

By Laura L. Hinckley

CLODS of slate-black earth broke and crumbled under her feet. Automatically, with softly gloved hands, she held her white skirts away from contamination. A proud and elastic carriage, when one walks up a hill-side over ploughed ground, is not easy to maintain, yet she went with a sort of defiant ease, an alien and conquering grace. But within her was chiefly a hot and bitter sense of flinching under fire.

At the edge of the ploughing, where the wind blew scarlet wild-rose berries and feathered, buff-colored grasses against her gown, she paused with a breathlessness not wholly of the climb. "That must be the house!" she exclaimed silently. It was a small white house, not lately painted, some half a mile distant down the slope to the west. Her advance had just brought it into sight between the groves that sheltered it on the north and west, groves still thickly green, with here and there a golden branch. The aspect of the house, humble, weather-worn, sordid with its pig-pen and cattle-yard, made her draw a grieving breath holding her lip between her teeth. The lowering sun smote her eyes with a golden dazzle.

"Not yet!" she murmured, "I can't yet! I must wait a little!"

The buggy which had brought her was diminishing to a speck in the east; far beyond the house a man was plowing; all else was windy sky and hill-side, and tossing of tree-tops on the hill's crest. She set her face against the wind and finished the ascent. A hollow ran along the hill-top; that and the farther slope were wooded. The trees seemed to hold the wind in their tops, leaving quiet underneath where colored leaves drifted softly earthward. Something of the sudden tranquility of this place entered Helen's mind. Physical sensation reasserted itself; she looked about for a place to rest.

A fallen trunk lay invitingly across the base of an upright tree. As Helen seated herself, she perceived a cunning adjustment between the two. The sylvan aspect of the place was untouched but some hand of man had wrought an ingenious comfort in it. She removed her hat and drawing off her gloves, patted her wind-blown hair. Her distress had left her momentarily; it seemed to be tossing up there in the wailing tree-tops, under the far blue sky.

The mood and the setting combined to give an extraordinary effectiveness to Helen's beauty. With her hair, pale brown against the tree trunk and aureoled gold in the sun, her clear profile, and pure, proud lines of cheek and mouth, she looked in that thin, October wood, like some cold, chaste dryad of the occident.

"Five years!" she sighed, under her breath, "Five years!" They had been brilliant years to her, years of social triumphs, excitements, luxuries and lovers,—the years since happiness had died!

It was her father's loyalty to his own humble Alma Mater (perhaps also his political acumen) that had sent Helen Carson in her teens to the little, mid-western co-educational college where she met Robert Wallace. His moneyless origin never gave her a thought. He was, in a higher sense, too visibly a child of fortune. To say that Robert Wallace was the most brilliant and popular man of his class is a painful understatement. He was one of those rare, picked men who come once in a decade or so, with many-sided talent, large energy, grace of person and sweetness of soul. Helen knew she was swayed by no blind partiality. Everyone in the college world believed in Robert Wallace's destiny. Everyone conceded the propriety of his falling in love with the senator's daughter.

It was to the last, a love unavowed. Some paltry accident interrupted their last tete-a-tete; afterwards Helen waited confidently for the letter that did not come. She found an explanation, pride; the inequality of their fortunes; she must wait for him to rise. The next year she went west to the college

commencement. Wallace was not there; he was understood to be farming his home place; he had dropped into oblivion. After that she tried in earnest to forget. Sometimes she succeeded; but, on the whole, the ache grew with her growth. Every outreaching tendril of her nature, turning instinctively to Wallace's image, felt anew, vain desire, the old hurt and mystery of their severance, the helpless pain of the woman who may not speak and cannot forget.

One day a chance-met classmate said: "And Robert Wallace has been living on that wretched, little farm ever since he graduated. He's reverted—like an Indian gone back to the blanket. It's strange, we all thought him such a wonder at school!" Helen answered coldly. The next morning she said: "I am going to visit Norma Nichols," naming a friend in Iowa; and swept aside the family objections imperiously.

Now, as she watched the sun set over Robert Wallace's home, she reviewed her position impersonally. She, Helen Carson, had come half across the continent to see a man, false, not only to her but to the promise of his own youth. Failure, one could understand, but not this supineness. False to her? No, for he had never given her the shadow of a right to come to him. Yet she was here. More, an unaccountable content stole over her, as if after long wandering she had drifted into an unexpected haven. Very soon she must rise and go down to face him. Meanwhile, there was peace on this autumn hill-top while the wind went down with the sun. Peace? A shadow crossed her spirit as a cloud shadows a landscape,—drew and darkened. She clenched her hands in her lap. All the pain and doubt of her journey here swept back upon her. The shame of her seeking! The gratuitous folly of her unannounced arrival! The dread of finding him changed! Flight? Yes, she could escape yet, unseen, unknown! Better that cowardice, better the old pain forever, than this unbearable thing beyond!

A rustle of leaves close by! She sprang up startled. A man's figure had emerged quite near her. Her first thought was of some passing farmer; her second: It is He!

A moment they faced each other. The sunset dazzle shone straight into his face which was calm and happy. His eyes, bent directly and joyously upon her, seemed too full of light for seeing.

"You weren't going were you?" he said quietly. "Sit down, again, please!" Swan broke the culter on the plow and I had to help him fix it before dark. I couldn't desert Swan."

He threw himself easily on the dead leaf carpet. Helen, white and palpitant, sank into her place. The emotion she felt, the strain of concealing it, taxed all her powers cruelly. Some reflex, social instinct said: "Swan?"

"Swan Swanson," he repeated, "nominal retainer and virtual overlord of the house of Wallace, husband of Hilva and father of my namesake." He laughed lightly. "You ought to hear Hilva struggle with the kid's name! She calls him 'Wobuck'."

Helen sat incapable of speech. Why was this so strange? He was talking to her as if they had parted the day before, making tryst for this hour.

"Swan's a good fellow, too" he went on, "There are lots of things he doesn't understand; but he's a white man as far as he goes. A Scandinavian white man! Do you remember Bjornsen, Helen? Swan has the national cast, — how shall I say it? — of causeless gloom and elemental bareness and skin-of-the-teeth morality that Bjornsen has the trick of."

With the effort of one who tries to wake, Helen dashed at the barrier of dream.

"You are not surprised to see me?"

"No, of course not. I am always sure of finding you now."

A violent, unreasoning pang shook her. "What woman—?"

"Do you know me?" she cried sharply, "do you know who I am?"

"I have serious doubts about it," he smiled. "Who are you, Helen?"

Yes, it was for her, indeed, that look lived in his eyes! But—was he mad? or was she?

He bent forward to pick up her gloves which had fallen among the leaves. His hands, the rough, hard, discolored hands of a farm laborer, straightened the crumpled gloves with a delicacy of touch which belied their form. He laid them on her lap.

"How real they are! But if I put one in my pocket, it wouldn't last! You can't carry a token from Dreamland."

"Dreamland! Oh! I—am a dream!"

"Don't say it!" he begged, "You are Helen!"

"You think," she gasped, "I'm not real!"

"You are the only reality of my life, Dear Lady."

"You think I am not flesh and blood?"

"I think you are all spirit."

She put out her hand to touch his arm, hesitated, drew it back. He watched with smiling eyes.

"Better not! You're so apt to vanish when you do."

"Is this," she asked with white lips, "sane?"

He laughed. "Well, it depends on who you ask. Swan certainly considers me a little cracked. What makes you so pale to-night, Helen?"

"Tell me how — this — began."

"Why, you know, at first, I used to crawl up here, like a whipped dog, to look at the sunset and think of you. Then I couldn't help imagining you here; so — at last — you came! Do you remember how you used to come up behind me with your hand to your cheek in that funny way of yours, but if I turned round you were gone? How long you stayed in that clump of poplars there! Oh, it was hard to get you out!

> "I have thought on the woman away,
> Till I felt my hair turn gray!"

He paused, half-laughing at his own vehemence. But Helen tossed between terror and ecstacy. The bare sight and hearing of him! To know that he thought of her—so! To be talking with him under this weird incognito!

"And lately," his voice was a subtle caress, "you know, or rather, you don't know, you can't know, what you've been to me lately!"

She fought for steadiness.

"Do you think that this is fair to me?"

"Fair?"

"I mean to—Miss Carson. Is it right?"

He sat up squaring his shoulders. Deliberatingly, he wondered, "You ask me that again?"

"Perhaps the last time!" she murmured.

"Helen, if you could know in that other life of yours, if it were humanly possible for you to know, wherever you are to-night, in sweet mortal flesh —" (Abrubtly he bent his head between his hands as one who thinks intently. "I will not wake!" he muttered, "I will not wake!" And then—) "If in some inconceivable way you knew, you would be glad! You would be glad to have saved my soul alive!" He looked up, and his voice took another tone, protesting, confident, tender. "Right? How could I wrong you? Don't you know, you rare, shy spirit, that it's only on your own levels I find you! I win sight of you only by fasting and prayer!

> "'My Sangreal, whom by no dearer name
> God gave me grace to claim!'"

A little space of silence. Then a very low voice stole out of the dusk.

"Do you remember, a long while ago, one night, in the Pine Walk?"

"Remember!" he breathed.

"What were you going to tell me that night?"

"You know. You knew then."

"Why didn't you—ever—tell me?"

His frame straightened and stiffened. His voice was hard.

"We won't speak of that. I'd rather not."

"I think—you must!"

Something of surprise, of submission, in his gesture and look, the dusk vaguely translated. He spoke slowly, with recurring silences.

"Well, ——— It was simple. I saw Dr. Torrance the next day. — It came out of a clear sky ——— 'An out-door life,' he said, 'with no strain or excitement,—or no life at all.' ——— I had just sense enough to be glad I had left you free. —— After that, I came back here. There was nothing else to do. I'd been the rocket, and I was the stick. —— You remember in 'Jude, the Obscure' when he comes back to his old home, after *his* bubble breaks, and wakes up in his old, little room,—'and it was as if he had waked in hell.' That's it. Just about that. —— Helen! You are crying!"

She lifted her head. It was too dark for him to see her tears and quivering face.

"Let that go! What has that to do with *us*! Helen, let me hold your hand to-night."

With a gesture of infinitely tender and cautious mastery he held out his hand. She slipped her chilled fingers into it.

"Cold!" he exclaimed. "How cold! And you are crying! What does it mean!"

Suddenly he was clutching her shoulder and crying in hoarse terror:

"Helen! Not dead! Not that! you have come to tell me you are married, not dead!"

"No, no!" she gasped between her sobs, "Not that! I am here! I am real!"

He grasped her by both shoulders and peered into her face through the gloom.

"My God! She is here! Madness! I have sinned! God has smitten me! I am mad!"

But he crushed her into his arms; he devoured her with famished kisses.

"No, no!" she protested, with the first breath that came to her, "It is not madness! I am Helen Carson! I am real! I am real!"

"Real?" He held her from him; he shook her lightly by the arms.

"My God! If you are real, what am I?"

Abruptly he walked back to the log, sat down and buried his head in his hands. Helen clung to a branch of young cottonwood, swaying as her body swayed it.

At last he came back to her. His face was gray under its tan, and gaunt in the starlight.

"You are Miss Carson. You are Senator Carson's daughter. You have accidentally heard some ravings of an old school-mate, whose misfortunes have worked him somewhat off his base. He has to thank you—"

A quick agony broke the lifeless tone. "Remember he was not in his right mind! I do not understand how you came here, Miss Carson, but my mother would be glad to have you as our guest for the night. Shall we go now?"

"I will not go," she gasped, "I will not leave this place except—in my true character. I came here—because I — — Oh, Robert, it is hard!"

"Stop!" he cried harshly. "Think what you say! You don't know the house and the life down there. Don't insult me with your pity!"

"I don't pity you!" she wept, "I love you; —I have always loved you!" Her words were broken and mixed with bitter sobbing.

Then she was sobbing in his arms, on his breast.

The night whirled and throbbed around them. They clung together on a pinnacle of time, while fragments of broken worlds swung loose and gathered circling to the order of a new destiny.

THE LONELY CHILD

By Edward Wilbur Mason

HERE in the lovely house of Paradise
With its golden roof and its rafter,
I am warmed with the million lights of God,
And share celestial mirth and laughter.
But oft I grieve apart in lonely pain—
Mother I want my little room again!

With shining cherub and with angel bright,
I play around God's throne of glory.
But mother mine I want to sit with you,
And hear you tell a fairy story.
And oh, I want to hear you laugh and sing—
Mother, I want my toys and everything!

I fear the awful burning of God's stars;
I fear the great winds and the spaces;
But when the angel Spring comes back to earth,
I too shall come in violet faces—
Mother, come out to the grass and the dew,
And I'll smile from my little grave at you!

THE VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS

By J. L. Smith

CHEERFULNESS is the open sesame to life's labyrinthine caverns. Good cheer mines gold in dark recesses. All nature smiles with the happy person. The happy habit is the most valuable asset a man can possess. It keeps the sunshine of a living faith glowing in the heart. Shakespeare in The Merchant of Venice very pertinently asks:

> "Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
> Sit like his grandfather cut in alabaster?
> Sleep when he wakes? and creep into jaundice
> By being peevish?"

Why, indeed? There is much to fascinate one in the sunshine philosophy that is incorporated in what some are pleased to call the New Thought literature. Its pleadings are for joy and gladness, sunshine and serenity, under all circumstances. Its law of happiness is service,—"Do something for somebody quick." It means looking on the bright side—and that is God's side. It means getting away from pessimism and despair, out from under the clouds and into the glorious sunshine. It means the annihilation of drudgery, the elimination of misanthropy. Indeed, the fundamental idea in this so-called New Thought doctrine, finds its germ away back in Israel when the ancient penman said: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." New Thought? It is older than the Pyramids. When the morning stars sang together this philosophy was an active principle. "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," chanted Solomon. He is also credited with saying that, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and that "A merry heart hath a continual feast."

Oh, no, this New Thought is not new: it is a mighty old thought, and that is what makes it so good. "Mirth is God's medicine. We should bathe in it and drink of it." Don't you recall that in the day of Job, that Bildad, the Shuhite, told the man of Uz; "God filleth thy mouth with laughter?" Then there was Paul, beaten, stoned, cast into prison, yet was it in his heart to say: "Rejoice always, and again I say, rejoice; and finally, brethren, rejoice." The morning salutation of the old Athenians was a Greek word which we translate, "Rejoice."

There have been many gravely-spoken words about the ministry of sorrow, how that "the Father chasteneth whom he loveth"—but it were far better to hear about the life-engendering power of God's sunshine. It is the petty things of life that become our greatest burdens. Nervousness is the fateful, yea, fatal malady, of our day. More than half the ills that flesh is heir to, ensue because of our anxieties about trivial things. Trifles hold the right of way. Paresis, one of our new diseases, that is, and always will prove fatal, is due wholly to the overstrain on the nervous system in the concern of little things, many of which are only imaginary. Of course, we are all affected more or less by this "sweet puzzlement we call life," but, really, we think too much of self and self-interests. Do you want to cure fretfulness? Do something for somebody else. It is the best earthly cure for the blues.

In Zangwill's novel "The Master," it is narrated of the mother that she feels that she can stand the strain of her daily life no longer. And it was not the thought of her children that would be motherless that held back the poor, nervous woman from the cold, restless river. She had no remembrances of the responsibilities that rested upon her alone. It was just the sight of Matt's bare feet, that arrests her thought and claims her attention. She sees that if her son does not have his hose mended he will catch another cold. Her motherly instincts triumph, and the volcanic fires in her bosom are soon extinguished. What a seer was he who said: "She who goes a-mothering, finds violets in the lane!" Douglas Jerrold was told by his physician that he must die. "What!" said he, "and leave a family of helpless children? I won't

die." And he did not die for many years after. It was Seneca who said that "A great part of the cure is to wish to be cured."

The real correction for the dominance of trifles in our lives, is to dignify them all by a great purpose running through them. There is no better use for a great passion, or enthusiasm, than just this, of giving meaning to all the little things of life. Our life's work ought to spell opportunity, not drudgery.

So over against the ministry of woe, let us set the ministry of gladness. This old world to-day needs nothing so much as sunshine. Sunshine! Without it there would be nothing that now is. It gives life and sweet thrill and beauty to all things animate—and even inanimate. It paints the gates of morning with celestial glory. It empurples the clouds at dewy eve with indescribable splendor. It sets off in gorgeous frescoes the distant mountains, and clothes the valleys with emerald glory, supplying food, raiment and shelter to man and beast. It kisses the heart of the rose and beauty blooms. It touches the maiden's cheek (sometimes; wish it were oftener) and angel tints glow there.

But to the spiritual side let us turn—the sunshine of smiles, of kindness, of charity, of sympathy, of love—all more radiant than the spangled bow that spans the heavens. These beams have a mission surpassing human computation. Lowell says:

"It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

And Goldsmith, that happy-go-lucky, joy-giving spirit, says of his Traveler:

"Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes."

"Give me the man who whistles at his work."

says Carlyle, though the sage of Chelsea eschewed his own counsel. Then there was poor Tom Hood, genial humorist through and through, on his bed of anguish, who writing to a friend said: "I heard the raven croak but I persuaded myself it was the song of a nightingale. I smelled the smell of the mold, but thought of the violets it nourished." The spirit of the Spaniard who used a magnifying glass when he ate cherries to make them appear larger is worth considering. Over the wires from San Francisco the other day, came this story: "We were just leaving the Southern Pacific Hospital when two men came to the gate. They were pulling along the street a sheet of corrugated iron, upon which lay an old woman with both feet completely charred. We bore her in, and she actually smiled her thanks as we laid her upon a cot."

There is mighty good philosophy in the doctrine that: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Thus man is what he thinks. He is good who does good. Goodness engenders gladness. Glad-faced people are earth's greatest benefactors. Dr. Gannett says: "How it blesses the street, a face laughing all to itself! As soon as another sees it the corners of his mouth begin to twitch, too, with the God's gift." The other day I read a story of a young girl who entered a street car one dismal morning. Every one on board wore a face charged with care, worry or ill-temper. Taking her seat, the young miss began to gaze out of the window with a cheerful smile. At first, only two or three noticed her. But they could not refrain from wondering what she saw to interest and amuse her,—nothing but grey skies and a chill down-pour of rain were in view. More and more of the occupants of the car took on little gleams of shine because of her smile. When she alighted from the car in the sloppy street she said to herself: 'Well, I wondered if I could cheer them a little, and I guess I did.'" It was some of the poetry of sunshine, and it put a new face on the whole day for several persons. It was quite akin to the shop girl's verse:

"It was only a glad 'good morning'
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning glory
Over the livelong day."

Ah, the blessed inspiration of a hearty "Good Morning!" Say it, reader, with a smile and make the morning good. It may make some poor brother's labor lighter during the day.

We must have the sunshine of nature and no mistake; but the sunshine that throws about a soul a feeling that we are thought of and loved by others, is what makes life most worth living.

When we think of the misery, distress and woe of many of our fellow-mortals, what is there that can bring a bright sky into their dark region like sympathy, kindness, tenderheartedness? It may be possible to make a gloomy heart wear the brightness of springtime and cause the depressed soul to sing for

joy. Some sunshine is then a boon of priceless worth. Whoever then bestows it "makes that and the action fine." Only they can appreciate the glad grasp of another who have been made to feel the world's scorn, and have had flaunted in their faces the unwelcome fact that they are despised and outcast. A little sunshine let out from one unsympathetic heart, is then a divine radiance. How can one refuse to be a servant of God under such circumstances? And how far-reaching may such an act be! Don't you recall how good Bishop Muriel, in "Les Miserables," great heart that he had, wrought a wonderful change in Jean Valjean, the man of many trials, tortures and temptations? Then Jean Valjean in turn moulded a newer, sweeter life for dear, little Cosette, begrimed, beaten and bent down with drawing heavy pails; afraid of the gloom and the dark places. Out of the depths of despair, the good bishop plucked the soul of Jean Valjean, and from the slime and scum of things earthly was little Cozette led into beautiful, gracious womanhood, by the hero of Hugo's great work, itself the Bible of all fiction.

Then this sunshine makes glad the heart, not only of him who carries it about, but the hearts of others with whom he comes in contact. God did not intend that we should be amiable of disposition, tender-hearted and cheerful, merely for our own peace and contentment, any more than he made the sun to shine because it is bright, or the rose to have a delicate fragrance just for its own sake. It is not to be doubted that it is an established law, that we cannot be happy ourselves unless we strive to make others happy. One way to do this is to bring ourselves to bear upon others the influence of a sunny life. We wrong ourselves and do almost, if not quite, an irreparable injury to our friends, when we withhold the sunshine of the heart. It is a base action when one refuses to make the spirit glad. Put sunshine into another's heart, and you put it into your own.

CRY OF THE CITIES

By Alice Spicer

AFTER the earthquake — what?
The still, small voice? Ah, yes! —
And on their knees men listened;
Calmed was their mortal stress.

But after the still, small voice,
And the mighty "all together"
That lifted the stricken city,— What?
Alas! but the devil's weather!

O, Babylon, the mighty —
A golden cup wast thou,
Fit for the wine of God — but see,—
There's poison in thee now!

Rise up, O, San Francisco!
Call to thy ten just men;
In presence of their angels
Devils are doomed again.

Thy heart is clean, O City —
Thy spirit's right, we know,—
Rise up — put on thy glory,
And bid thy devils go!

PILLS

THIS was an epoch-making period in my young life — the time when pill-taking is most difficult. Perhaps I voice the feelings of many who read this. The poet sings of "days that are dark and dreary," and I think he must have had in mind the days when he had to take pills. As for myself; I *just couldn't* take them, or at least I thought I couldn't, which amounts to the same thing. My sphincter muscles — I called them my "swaller" — closed down tightly like good sentinels and forbade the little globes to pass by. I wondered why it was that parents thought it incumbent upon themselves to ever so often force pills or some vile liquid down my reluctant throat. I did not understand how they could love me and then mete out to me this awful punishment. It was strangely paradoxical. I vowed to myself that if I ever grew up to be the parent of a little boy, I would never force nasty stuff down his unwilling throat.

That juvenile resolve did not, however, alleviate my present suffering, for pill-time had come again. I wondered if hanging and the guillotine could be greater punishment. Many and varied were the suggestions offered on this occasion for facilitating the process of swallowing physic. It was no trick at all, to hear my elders tell it. I just wished they had my weak stomach and rebellious throat and how differently they would think about it. If I had been a feeble-minded child, I might have been beguiled into thinking the process easy; a veritable pastime which only good little boys were permitted to enjoy. But I had fixed ideas of my own. Others called it downright stubborness. I was told to put the little morsel under my tongue when it would slip right down before I knew it. As a result the sugary coat was melted off, creating in my mouth a mess more easily imagined than described.

Aunt Mary came to the rescue. Aunt Mary was one of those old maids who know all about children. She suggested reducing the pill to a powder and incorporating it with molasses. Ugh! I can taste it yet. My nose was held by one lusty member of the household, my hands by another while my mother poured the awful mixture into my mouth. My nose being held shut, and my mouth open, I had a fit of strangling and coughing, the remedy being ejected into the faces of my tormentors.

Next act, a little spanking, judiciously administered. Then a brief cessation of hostilities on the part of the enemy. To tell the truth, I think they had exhausted their

resources and had to plan a new line of attack. During the reactionary calm, mother thought of something. It must have been an inspiration such as only mothers can have. She knew that boys can swallow chunks of snow and ice as large as bantam eggs. Perhaps I could swallow a tiny snow-ball with the pill inside it. Snow was produced and made into pellets as large as grapes. No trouble at all to swallow these; my swallowing muscles seemed only too glad to make a void for these little cold objects to slip into. I wondered what the consequence would be when I should try to swallow the all-important one. I was anxious to have the experiment over with that I might know my fate.

"Mother, I—I believe I'll try it now," came feebly from me.

"Why, Willie, dear, you swallowed the pill in the first little snow-ball," she answered.

U. T. Marrs.

* * *

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

—

TO RID CHICKENS OF VERMIN

By Mrs. J. W. Owens, Fort Myers, Florida

I believe it is not generally known that one tablespoonful of Nux Vomica to a quart of soft feed, fed to chickens once a week, will, after a few feedings, free them of mites, lice and all insects. Chickens should not be eaten for four or five days after feeding the Nux Vomica, but it does not affect the eggs.

—

TO CLEANSE THE BATH TUB

By Mary Davidson, Oberlin, Ohio

To cleanse bath tub and toilet stands, use dry baking soda on a damp cloth; this is especially effective in removing dirt that collects on tub from water that is a little hard. It will not injure the enamel.

TO COOK DUMPLINGS

Drop dumplings will *never* fall if cooked the first few minutes without being covered, then cover and boil until done.

TO RID CATS OF FLEAS

By F. B. A., South Carolina

Cats, as well as dogs, suffer a plague of fleas. Oddly enough, cat-fleas are unlike dog-fleas; if the two sorts of insects meet upon one poor beast, there is a fight to a finish, ending commonly in victory for the cat-fleas. They are larger and more voracious than the dog-fleas. If left to ravage unchecked, they soon reduce a sleek, healthy cat to a miserable skeleton, suffering all over from eczema. To get rid of the pests, wash with sulphur-soap, comb out the fleas with a fine tooth comb while the hair is still wet, then rinse the cat in milk-warm water, dry it with soft towels, and give it, after the bath, a saucer of warm milk with a teaspoonful of brandy or whiskey in it. A kitten should have only a few drops of spirits and be kept in a clean, snug basket an hour after the bath. When the hair is very dry, blow in along the backbone some Persian insect powder. Next day brush out all the powder with a fine brush, and comb the coat lightly.

—

A HOME-MADE MOUSE-TRAP

By E. J. B., Kalamazoo, Michigan

A novel and inexpensive mouse-trap can be made from an empty spool and a wooden tooth-pick. Lay the spool on its side and make a small hole in the center, pushing a toothpick in firmly. On the free end of the latter press a piece of bread or cheese. After laying the spool on its side with the broad end slanting upward, place a common bowl on the edge of the spool, and when the mouse goes in after the bread, down falls the bowl and imprisons him.

—

STITCHING THIN SILKS

By F H., Watertown, New York

When stitching thin silks, chiffon, muslin, or any material which easily puckers in the stitching, place a strip of heavy paper under the seam and you will have a perfectly smooth seam. The needle cuts the paper, so that it readily pulls away from the stitching.

—

TO CLEAN A WINDOW

By Mrs. M. T. Lacey, Denver, Colorado

A solution of oxalic acid is excellent for removing from a window stains which have been made by the rain falling through a rusty screen. Oxalic acid, being poison, should be kept out of the reach of children.

—

FOR REMOVING INK STAINS

By Frances L. Spiller, Bellevue, Pennsylvania

To quickly remove ink stains from any fabric, place the stain over steam and apply salt and lemon juice. The stain, whether old or new, will be removed almost immediately.

—

TO CLEAN PAINT FROM WINDOWS

By Mrs. F. H. Payne, Berkshire, New York

When paint has become dried on the window panes, remove the sash and, laying flat, dampen. Then rub with the flat surface of a copper penny It will be found that all the paint spots will disappear.

—

REMEDY FOR ULCERATED TOOTH

By Annie Hurley, Mt. Carroll, Illinois

A poultice of flour and alcohol soothes an ulcerated tooth or inflamed swelling wonderfully.

CURE FOR TICKLING IN THROAT

By Mrs. J. L. Millard, Reno, Pennsylvania

When troubled with a tickling sensation in the throat, take a small piece of borax in the mouth and let it dissolve.

—

REMOVING BLOOD STAINS FROM CLOTH

By Mrs. E. T. Griffith, Santa Rosa, California

To remove blood from cloth, make a paste of starch with cold water, apply and place in the sun, and when dry it will rub off. If there is any particle of color left, repeat.

—

FOR INDIGESTION

By Miss S. J. Shaw, Garden Grove, Iowa

For indigestion, essence of peppermint rubbed on the pit of the stomach will give relief.

BEE STINGS

Nothing is better for bee stings than indigo moistened and rubbed on the wound.

—

DON'T FORGET

By Mrs. N. A. Combs, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

The importance of keeping the broom, carpet-sweeper and dust-cloth in good condition and thoroughly clean.

Before using a broom, be sure that there is no hair, lint or dust adhering to it. Brush the broom with a small whisk, and pick off every foreign substance; beat on the edge of a step or board, in the open air. Occasionally rinse in water and stand on the handle to dry.

Empty the carpet-sweeper and brush its bristles with a whisk or wing after each room is swept.

When sweeping, spread a newspaper in a convenient place, out of all drafts of air, and on this place the dirt as you collect it with broom or carpet-swepeer; then fold and burn in the furnace.

Begin dusting with a perfectly clean cloth, and keep it free from dust by frequently shaking it from an open window, being careful to hold it so that the dust will not blow back again into the room.

—

BUYING CHINA-WARE

By Max A. R. Brunner, Chicago, Illinois

Under the name of china, or earthen-ware or porcelain, many inferior articles are sold which, besides, are often almost poisonous. It is advisable to write with ink upon the surface. If, after washing this off, and holding against the light, violet stains remain, it is a sign that the china contains too much lead, which is distinctly injurious to health. Such articles should not be bought.

—

CANNING OR DRYING FRUIT

By Miss Verna Johnston, Denson Springs, Texas

When canning or drying fruit, drop the fruit into boiling water to which has been added potash (three tablespoonsful to the gallon), when the peeling will slip off with slight rubbing. Lift out with skimmer into cold water, remove peeling, and your fruit is ready to cut from seed.

—

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR CATARRH

By Mrs. T. J. Bolt, Villisca, Iowa

I know from experience that a solution of salt and water will cure nasal catarrh. Dissolve a tablespoonful of salt in about a pint of water and snuff a little up the nose several times a day until cured.

LIGHT BREAD RECIPE

By Mattie Vance, Cottondale, Texas

Take one cup of sweet milk, and to this add five cups of water (three cups of boiling and two of cold). Put in about one handful of finely sifted corn meal and add enough flour to make a stiff batter (not too stiff). Set this by the fire in a vessel of warm water, as early in the morning as possible, and if water rises to top in three or four hours, stir in a little more flour; then, after it rises, sift your flour, work it up, and add two teaspoonfuls of salt and one of soda.

—

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS

By Mrs. J. E. Page, Dexter, Maine

Take a shovelful of red-hot coals, sprinkle a teaspoonful of cornmeal on the coals and hold the foot in the smoke. The second application will cure the worst case.

CRUST FOR PUMPKIN PIES

A good crust for pumpkin pies, and one that will not fall down, is made in the following manner:—A *good* tablespoonful of lard, one cup of boiling water, a scant teaspoonful of soda; let it boil together and stir flour in as soon as taken from the stove. This makes four pie crusts on medium-sized plates.

—

HINTS FOR SHAVERS

By A. M. H., Myrtle Creek, Oregon

Keep a bottle of vaseline with your shaving set. Apply a very little to the face *before* lathering. You will get a nice lather, and it will require no rubbing in. You will be especially pleased to find how "light" your hand is, and how much better your face feels when you have finished.

For hot or cold, hard or soft water, try the best glycerine soap for your shaving, and see if you don't discard all other kinds.

—

TO KEEP BEET AND CUCUMBER PICKLES

By Mrs. J. O. Walker, Duluth, Michigan

It may be interesting to hotel and restaurant keepers to learn that cucumber and beet pickles can be kept on tables every day without molding, and without changing the vinegar on them, by adding one teaspoonful of salt to one pint of the liquid.

—

ANOTHER CURE FOR INDIGESTION

By Mrs. C. C., Irving, Iowa

One teaspoonful of glycerine in a little water immediately after meals will give almost instant relief. This is tried and true.

MENDING WOOLEN CLOTHING

To mend woolen clothing, use ravelings of goods, and if neatly done will be almost invisible.

—

FIVE USEFUL HINTS

1—If you punch a few holes in the bottoms of your pie tins, the pies will brown nicely on the bottom and the crusts will not be soggy.

2—Pour a little turpentine in your stove-blacking, and the blacking will stick better and give a nicer polish.

3—If the steak is tough, pound it, then roll in flour and fry in pan in which you have browned a tablespoonful of butter. The flour keeps the juices in and the steak will be tender and of good flavor.

4—When using cornstarch or flour for puddings, etc., mix with the sugar instead of with water or milk, and it will never be lumpy.

5—To gather on a sewing machine, loosen the tension and lengthen the stitch. Then stitch, and you can then draw the upper thread and adjust the gathers as needed.

FADED LAWN DRESSES MADE WHITE

By Mrs. J. C. Stratton, Creston, Iowa

When a dimity or lawn dress hecomes faded, it can he made pure white hy hoiling in water enough to cover, in which has heen put two tahlespoonfuls of cream of tartar.

—

GROWING PAINS

By Mary W. Sloo, Bruceville, Indiana

Many a mother knows how the little ones cry with pain after a hard day's play, and the little limhs are so tired; and perhaps the mother is tired, too. If she will take a half-pint of gasoline and half an ounce of camphor gum dissolved in it and bathe the parts affected, the results will be magical. Be careful—the gasoline is inflammable, and must not he used near an open fire or lamp.

—

GRIDDLE CAKES WITHOUT GREASE

By Miss E. H. Parsons, Los Angeles, California

To fry griddle cakes without grease, cut a turnip in two, rub the hot pan with the flat surface of the turnip, and the hatter will hrown perfectly without burning.

—

CURE FOR QUINSY SORE THROAT

By Grace R. Eldredge, Columbus, Georgia

Take ginger and moisten with the hest camphor; put it on a cloth and apply on the outside as near the affected part as possihle.

TO PURIFY THE AIa

To freshen the air in an ill-smelling room, drop a few drops of oil of lavender in a glass of very hot water. Another way is to take a piece of hrown paper which has been soaked in saltpeter water and allowed to dry. When occasion requires a piece of this is laid in a tin pan kept for the purpose (the coal scuttle will do), a handful of dried lavender flowers laid upon it, and a match applied. The aroma is particularly refreshing and agreeahle.

RELIEF FOR BURNING FEET

To relieve hurning feet first discard tight boots; then take one pint of bran and one ounce of hicarbonate of soda, put in a pail and add one gallon of hot water; when cool enough, soak your feet in this mixture for fifteen minutes. The reliei is instantaneous. This must he repeated every night for a week, or perhaps more. The hran and hi-carbonate of soda should be made fresh after a week's use. The hurning sensation is produced by the pores of the skin heing closed, so that the feet do not perspire.

DOG BITE

An aged forester has puhlished the following in a Leipzig journal:—"I do not wish to carry to my grave my much-proved cure for the hite of mad dogs, hut will puhlish the same as the last service which I can offer to the world. Wash the wound perfectly clean with wine vinegar, and tepid water; then dry it. Afterward pour into the wound a few drops of muriatic acid; for mineral acids destroy tbe poison of the dog's saliva."

—

WASHING VEILS AND LACES

By M. C. E., Bozeman, Montana

Put one rounding teaspoonful of borax in a pint of warm soapy water. Allow veils or laces to soak one hour, then shake well ahout in it, but do not ruh or squeeze. Rinse until clear, putting one teaspoonful of sugar in last water. Squeeze gently and handle lightly while spreading on white cloth to dry, and the article so treated will he good as new.

CURE FOR FELON

By N. E. C., Barton, Vermont

Heat four spoonsful of vinegar and one spoonful of saltpeter together until dissolved, then thicken witb wheat hran. Change poultices often, and in twenty-four hours it will draw to a head.

FOR RHEUMATISM

Squeeze the juice of three lemons. Add one teaspoonful of soda and drink while foaming. Take in the morning and repeat at night, also the following morning and night.

TOILET SOAP

One can of potash, one quart of cold water, twenty cents worth of glycerine, three tahlespoonsful of borax, one cup of almond meal, six pounds clean grease, one cup bergamot. Put potash in cold water, add glycerine, borax, meal and oil after it is dissolved and cool.

Let the grease he melted, not hot, and stir it into tbe mixture until it looks like cream.

Pour into a pan. Cut in squares when quite hard.

A GOOD COLD CaEAM

Six ounces oil of sweet almonds, one ounce spermaceti, one ounce white wax, two ounces lanolin. Heat the above and remove from the fire; beat with egg-heater, then add two teaspoonsful tincture benzoin and two drops attar of roses. Put into small jars, and when cool it is ready for use.

OBSTINATE STAINS

Ohstinate fruit stains may he removed by taking three ounces of oxalic acid to one pint of water. Wet stain with solution, place over kettle of hot water and steam. Rinse well, the instant the stain disappears. Wet with ammonia to counteract acid. Rinse.

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton or woolen goods with chloroform. First cover tbe spots with olive oil or hutter.

WORTH REMEMBEaING

To relieve the smarting of a hurn, cover witb vaseline, then sprinkle thickly with flour, so as to form a paste over it. This keeps out the air, and stops the smarting almost instantly.

A No. 1 flat paint brush makes an excellent thing to grease tins, gem pans, etc.

A little cream of tartar or vinegar improves boiled frosting. It will not grain so readily, and will be more creamy and will not harden.

A few drops of kerosene added to cooked starch will make clothes more glossy and will keep irons from sticking.

A white straw hat may be cleansed to look like new hy taking half an ounce of oxalic acid to one cup of water; apply with an old tooth hrush, rinsing in clean water, and dry.

—

PURIFYING WATER

By E. L. S., Houston, Texas

An ounce of alum will purify a hogshead of foul water. Dwellers along the shores of the Mississippi river, before the filth of towns and cities was drained into it, were accustomed to using the water for all domestic purposes. The water was very muddy, but otherwise remarkably pure. It was the custom to tie a string around a piece of alum and whirl it around in a vessel of water, when the mud was quickly precipitated to the bottom of the vessel, leaving the water clear as crystal.

—

TO WHITEN THE TEETH

By Yello M.

If, in addition to the daily hrushing of the teeth with some good soap, they are ruhbed twice a week witb common tahle salt, they will he wonderfully whitened.

VIRTUES OF SALT

By Mrs. Geo. F. Lester, Goldfield, Colorado

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent scorching on the bottom.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stains.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will remove the spot.

Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.

—

KEEPS BUTTER WITHOUT ICE

By M. R. T., Paris, Kentucky

If circumstances are such that it is difficult to obtain ice, you may still keep your butter sweet and firm, even though you are without a cellar. If the butter is not too soft, roll it in a napkin and immerse it in flour. The result will be all that could be desired. If the butter is melted, put it in a bucket, place on the lid, and set in the flour, always being careful to keep it entirely covered with the flour. This is a method practiced by cowboys on ranches remote from centers of civilization, where ice cannot be had at any price.

—

HEMMING LINEN

By A. M. B., Fulton, New York

When hem is ready for stitches, just turn it back and sew over and over, and when finished you have a much nicer hem.

WASHING BLACK STOCKINGS

If well shaken when right side out, turned and thoroughly shaken wrong side out, washed well-rinsed, feet scalded, dried as soon as possible, and ironed on the wrong side, there cannot be any trouble about their fading. I have tried this plan with very good results.

—

NEW USE FOR LAWN TIES

By Margaret G. Norrell, Augusta, Georgia

If your husband wears lawn ties of good quality, don't throw them away. I use them in various ways, finishing off under-garments. Just now, I am "piping" a brown and white lawn with some of them. If I have no immediate use for them, I roll up neatly and put away until wanted. They can also be used for ruffling.

—

TO PREVENT BLOOD POISONING

By M. H. B., Glidden, Iowa

Apply peroxide of hydrogen to the wound until it ceases to fizz; moisten bandage with same. Obtainable at all druggists, and ten cents' worth will last several months. The wound heals quickly when it is used, as it kills all germs. It is used in hospitals after operations.

ECZEMA CURE

This has proved successful when bought remedies failed. One tablespoon each of starch, borax and fresh lard mixed to a stiff paste. Don't wash sores, as water spreads them and makes them burn.

SCRATCHY CHALK

Teachers who have bother with scratchy chalk may render it smooth and soft by placing it for a short time in a hot oven, or if this is not practicable, place on the top of the school-room stove when it is hot.

PAIN KILLER

By Mrs. D. K. Draper, Arlington Heights, Illinois

Recipe of an old physician who practiced in India through many cholera seasons. Sure cure for colicky pains in stomach and bowels.

Oil of cloves, 60 drops; oil of cinnamon, 60 drops; oil of anise, 60 drops; oil of peppermint, 60 drops; alcohol, four ounces. When oils are well cut, add laudanum 10 drams; ether, 10 drams; capsicum, 6 drams; chloroform, 6 drams. Dose, 30 to 60 drops in hot water. Cost is about fifty cents for one perscription; put up by any druggist.

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EXCELLENT CLEANSING OIL

Mrs. E. M. Klink, Portland, Oregon

An excellent cleansing oil is composed of two parts linseed oil to one of turpentine. Put a few drops on a woolen cloth to wipe up painted or stained floors; it keeps them glossy and beautiful. Will also remove scratches or marred spots. Will clean zinc, nickle and porcelain.

SODA IN CRANBERRIES

If a pinch of soda is added to cranberries when stewing, the flavor is much improved.

—

WHEN BABY CHOKES

By Mrs. J. T. Douglas, Seim, So. Dakota

Don't heat the baby on the back when it chokes, but raise its left hand above its head.

USE THE MEAT GRINDER

Use the meat grinder when you need bread crumbs.

Let the children run the grains of pop-corn which did not pop, through the meat grinder, and scraps of meat and browned egg shells finely chopped added to this, will make hens lay.

The meat chopper is splendid for dry hash and old-fashioned cabbage slaw.

—

COOKING BACON

By Mabel A. Moorehead, No. Webster, Indiana

When frying bacon, put a teaspoonful of Orleans molasses in the pan in which the bacon is fried. It comes out crisp, brown and sweet and devoid of that strong flavor which usually characterizes it.

—

NEW WAY TO FLAVOR CAKE

By Aunt Milla, Albion, Michigan

If one has a rose geranium among their house plants, let them try this. When next making a white cake use no extract. Instead, place one medium-sized leaf in the center of buttered bake tin, over which put a tissue paper—also greased—then pour in cake batter. When baked, it will have the flavor of rose extract and print of leaf on the bottom of the cake.

USE PEPPERMINT OIL

Annoint a burn with peppermint oil, which cools after a momentary stinging sensation. Peppermint oil is also excellent as an inhalant for colds.

MAKE YOUR OWN LEMON EXTRACT

Any housewife can make her own lemon extract. Cut off the thin yellow skin of two fresh lemons; put into a jelly tumbler and fill nearly full of first class alcohol; cover, and let stand several days before pouring off into empty extract bottles for use.

LINCOLN AND THE HAPPY HABIT

By the Editor

IN running over the calendar for the month of February, I notice one date, the twelfth, and am reminded that in an humble cabin in Kentucky, on February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born; this brings to mind my autumn visit to Springfield, Illinois. Although I have often passed through Springfield, I must with some shame confess that, until last autumn, I have never stopped there to make a pilgrimage to the home and tomb of Abraham Lincoln, despite the fact that his is to me one of the most fascinating characters in American history. All who ever met him face to face seem to agree as to his kindliness and happiness; while those who knew him best tell how even his sad and melancholy blue eyes gleamed with the spirit that radiated sunshine; and I think no human being ever had a more lofty ideal of the true "happy habit" than Abraham Lincoln, who rose from that cabin on the old farm in Kentucky—a rail-splitter in Sangamon County—to a position that brought a glow of grandeur to the world in one of its greatest crises, when the man arose, fearless, patient and imbued with true nobility to perform the part set before him.

At last the desire to visit that historic spot came so strongly upon me, that I could not resist it, and so I stopped over for a few hours at the Capital City of Illinois. Near the junction of Eighth and Jackson streets, stands, on an abutment, surrounded by a stone wall and picket fence, the old frame house which Lincoln jovially called "my castle," and loved as his home. A giant elm before it, which he himself had planted, blown down and mutilated by a recent storm, was now a jagged and splintered trunk twenty feet high, a significant monument reminding one of the fact that over two generations had passed away since, as a thrifty sapling, the Great Commoner planted it in the then obscure Western town.

* * * *

Mrs. Edwards, a niece of President Lincoln, and a cousin of Robert Lincoln, of the Pullman Car Company, met me at the door. She showed me the latest and best portrait of Lincoln,taken when he wore a beard. In all other pictures he is depicted without a beard ; for he never wore one during the many years, that he lived in Springfield. The candelabra used at his wedding were here on the mantel, and over them was a portrait of Robert Lincoln's son, who died when his father was minister in England. This boy was the last of the line, and Lincoln now has no direct descendant outside of his son, Robert. Here, too, were pictures of little Willie, who died in Springfield, and "Tad," who died in Washington.

In this same room, was the haircloth-covered rocking chair in which Lincoln had sung the old-fashioned lullabyes to his little ones and rocked them to sleep. In the parlor, I saw the sofa on which he and Stephen A. Douglas had courted pretty Mary Todd, who said she would marry the man who was to be president—and no other. I closed my eyes for a moment, and conjured up the homely, happy life of the young lawyer and his family in that room, long before the eventful career which was in store for him was even dreamed of. Here

also was the famous picture of Lincoln painted by a Chicago artist — the same man who, when a boy, had grown so morbidly heart-sick that he decided to commit suicide. Then, learning of Blondin's offer of $100 to any boy who would allow himself to be carried on the tight rope across the awful abyss of Niagara, he volunteered. But in the middle of the stream, when the danger seemed the greatest, his nerves became overwrought, and with his body all a-quiver, he suddenly bethought himself that life was sweet, after all, though a moment before he had been ready to throw it from him as a worthless thing. Turning his thoughts and efforts to nobler purposes, the lad lived to paint a great picture of President Lincoln.

In the library, Mrs. Edwards pointed out Rothschild's "Life of Lincoln," which she considers one of the most accurate that has been written. Here I also learned that Mr. John E. Burton, of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin—who has made a hobby of accumulating books concerning Lincoln—is said to have the largest and finest collection known to exist, numbering 2,160 volumes. There are other and costly collections, all of which in the near future will be of enormous value, like the libraries formed to perpetuate the memories of Washington and Shakespeare.

I should like to have seen Lincoln's old law office, but its site is now covered by a great department store. The home of Lincoln is the Mecca of hundreds of thousands of Americans, and foreigners of every race and people. Over 5,000 visitors have registered their names in a single week.

* * * *

IT was growing late, and the most impressive of experiences still awaited me as I left the house to visit the tomb of Lincoln. There is always a peculiar feeling of exaltation and depression when one visits the place where lies all that is mortal of a great man.

The autumn foliage was richly tinted; the old guardsman was at the gate; the entrance seemed to invite, and the trees, the flowers and the grass on that beautiful afternoon seemed more lovely than ever. As I passed across the hill, I heard the waters of a fountain, but the solemn quiet of "shades Elysian" seemed about me, and the clatter of my footsteps on the iron stairs, as I ascended terrace after terrace, sounded almost sacrilegious; so I turned aside and walked softly on the grass. I placed my hand on the iron gate—where unnumbered thousands of other hands had rested—stood before the marble sarcophagus and saw inscribed the immortal words:

"*With malice towards none, with charity for all.*"

Over that undying sentiment was the simple name, "Lincoln." The marble sarcophagus was covered with the Stars and Stripes, on which were two unpretentious wreaths of faded geraniums, one at the head and one at the foot. A star and crescent of immortelles was surmounted by a white dove, and from the star floated a faded gray ribbon. The monument towered majestically above, like a stately spar of a cloud-bound craft,—and I was alone at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln—not even a footstep was to be heard.

The wreaths of old-fashioned flowers about the tomb were wilted by the early frost of autumn, and everything spoke of the passing away of autumnal glories—beautiful even in dying, for Nature decks the year's last offerings with her brightest hues, and,

"*Even death in her fair face seems fair.*"

The evening shadows fell, and I still stood alone at the tomb of Lincoln, loath to go, but knowing that I must turn back to join the flood of life and effort. The thought came, ringing over and over again, like some organ symphony or distant refrain:

Great Heart—Good Heart—Hopeful Heart
Strong Heart—Brave Heart—Cheery Heart

in whose plain, simple grandeur of life, and love and enduring service, righteousness and liberty were preserved anew to the sons of men.

Cheery Heart whose inner beauty, incarnate in the merry twinkle of the great blue eyes, and the rare smile of the thought-saddened lips, still lives in the hearts of men, and will remain dear to millions yet unborn.

Again the refrain seemed to echo through the evening air:

Great Heart—Good Heart—Hopeful Heart,
Strong Heart—Brave Heart—GOD'S HEART!

imaged in the imperishable memory of Lincoln,

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

* * * *

DO you remember the time you received your first valentine? As the letters come pouring in from the Happy Habiters all over the country—and one or two from England—I feel bubbling up within me such springs of youthful ardour as were opened when I held in my hand that dainty paper lace-work valentine, and hastily and furtively placed it in a secure place, free from the observation of younger brothers of inquiring minds; and how I seemed to increase in stature under the conviction that if there was one little girl who had remembered me,—all girls must be pretty nice.

So our meeting this month will partake somewhat of the character of St. Valentine's Day, although we have not much to do with Cupid and his darts, and there is no especial connection that I know of with Eros; still, we may fancy that the Love God reigns this month, merely as a symbol; for, after all, the one great ambition of all sunshiners and happy habiters is goodness and love to all mankind.

If the correspondence increases at the present rate, I think our Happy Habit Cozy Corner will hereafter contain the contributions of readers rather than the writings of the editor. I hope you have all started on your pleasure books, as was suggested in the last issue, and are keeping the record up assiduously and finding each day something "brite and fair" to write about. I began my 1907 diary three days late, and discovered that I had so much to write about that my book was not quite large enough; for I find there is a great deal in having your attention called to the pleasant things, and it is a much more desirable course than bestowing attention on unpleasant ones. We are going to make an award for the best Pleasure Books sent in for the year 1907, and then I think there will be a volume made up and the contributions from the various books utilized; so now if you want to be represented in a book that will, I believe, prove as popular as Heart Throbs, don't fail to keep up that diary and find there the record of all the pleasant happenings of one year of your life.

We have decided to offer a prize of $50 for the best Pleasure Books sent us to the National for the year 1907. Do not permit a day to pass without remembering some pleasure of yours. Anyhow keep in touch with this Pleasure Book Department.

ILION, NEW YORK, FROM THE TRACKS OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD

HOME OF THE REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

"O fair are the banks where the Mohawk gently glides
On its smooth, winding way to the sea,
And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides
Is that bright rolling river to me."

THE old, localized love song, born in the same ominous spring of 1861 with that fiercer message of the vanquished batteries of Fort Sumter, had run at times in my memory, ever since Charley Hall, singer of old songs and saga-man of ancient traditions, had sung a verse or two and told how "the boys" and their sweethearts had loved and sung in the sweetly-sad days before the final parting; and how, after speech and cannon-volley and passionate farewell, the bands had sent after the moving train as a last greeting the simple, sweet old chorus,

"But sweeter, dearer, yes dearer far than these,
Who charms when others all fail
Is my bonny, blue-eyed, bonny Eloise,
The belle of the Mohawk Vale."

The melody and the refrain had haunted me, as songs will do, to blend with the rhythm of the fierce clutch and release of the heated rails by the swift and ponderous wheels, and now I was in truth in the "Mohawk Vale," where Ilion nestles amid meadows and orchards, stately elms and slopes gorgeous with autumnal woods, and noble hills through which one sees afar, through purple haze, the lower valley where the river flows "on its smooth, winding way to the sea."

The train was slowing down. "Ilion!" the brakeman called through the half-opened door. A great congeries of massive buildings not far away commanded my attention in spite of my haste to detrain, and nearer still, an immense sign, crested with a gigantic Remington, bore between the name of the station, Ilion, this legend:

This is the home of the
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER
THE LARGEST TYPEWRITER PLANT
IN THE WORLD

I laughed to myself, as I thought of my

clumsy, crude attempts to manipulate a Remington; and how soon its even, easy action and simple adjustment had enabled me to do fairly good work; and again how great a boon the little typewriter had been to me in the rush and grind of the business of today. It was strangely true, I thought to myself, that, despite all the varied output of the Ilion arsenal and factories, that "a Remington" today does not usually mean a rifle, revolver or shot-gun, but—a typewriter.

In the early days, it was different. In 1816, when Eliphalet Remington, with native skill and rude tools, made his first long, heavy, straight-stocked rifle, small-bored, flint-locked, finely-sighted, the favorite weapon of the leather-stockinged hunter of the North Woods, and even nearer deer-ranges; in later years, when muzzle-loading rifles and carbines and great dragoon and navy Remington revolvers armed myriads of Union cavalry and battle-tried mariners; later still, when the obsolete weapons of the Civil war were being replaced by the copper-cartridged rifle and pistol, and in 1873, when the first typewriter was painfully evolved, to fight against prejudice and its earlier crude scheme of capital lettering, and to appear in 1876 at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition as a novelty whose future perfection and immense capabilities only a few enthusiasts could foresee or foretell. But in these "piping times of peace," when the immense increase of business, literary, professional and official records and correspondence, imposes burdens which are not too easily borne, even with the aid of stenographer and typewriter, nine-tenths of the active men of today say "A Remington," when they mean a typewriter, just as a cavalry-man in 1863, meant his heavy revolver.

And now, as I saw before me the long, massive, four-story works of the Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict Company, flanked by another and huger seven-story edifice, all crested by immense signs with the legend "Remington Typewriter," and accessible by railroad, trolley-car, the great Erie Canal, the Mohawk river and turnpike roads and highways, a very congress of varied transportation; I said to myself:

"Yes, here indeed is 'the home of the Remington Typewriter;' here it was born; and from hence it girdled the world, and has sown every land traversed by civilized man with one of the mightiest aids to the extension of commerce, the spread of science, the multiplication of learning and the growth of universal peace and prosperity."

So I entered the works, and in a very modest office found Mr. John Calder, the present general manager, a clean-cut, clear-eyed graduate of the Glasgow, Scotland, engineering industry, whose training and natural bent of mind make him an enthusiastic and enterprising advocate of the splendidly exact system which controls and directs every man, officer or employe of the Remington organization.

I learned that every foot of floor space of the six and a half acres of buildings constituting the works, is mapped out and charted; every man has his place; every beam of the ceiling is numbered, as is every part of each machine or repair stock; every ton, pound or measure of over 3,000 articles and consumable materials used in the manufacture, is faithfully recorded and suitably stored in its own special receptacle and department. Space beyond the limitations of the National would be needed to detail the perfect system and economy required to produce 100,000 machines a year, including many special machines for tabulating, billing, etc., etc., and capable of writing lines varying from seven to twenty-five inches in extreme length.

Visiting the foundries, one sees numerous furnaces for melting fine and gray iron, brass, a variety of bronzes and other alloys of copper, zinc, the aluminum and nickel used in special parts of the Remington. Twenty-six Tabor Pneumatic Molding machines prepare all the molds, using very highly finished and accurately adjusted metallic patterns; malleable iron is largely employed, and the highest quality is uniformly used. The drop forgings made are of the best metal, heated in furnaces whose explosive combustion of fuel oil reminds one of the volleying sputter of an automobile at high speed, and furnishes the cleanest and fiercest of fires. I saw how the rough parts from the foundries were pickled, tumbled, inspected for flaws and air holes, and sent on their way through much machine work and process toward completion; and how the many forged parts were machined to gauge, ground, polished, annealed, plated, buffed, japanned and otherwise made perfect, and, after careful inspection, duly stored in oiled condition in bins,

where a perpetual inventory keeps accurate record.

I saw a host of ingenious, costly and infinitely accurate machines, all run by electricity or compressed air, furnished from the power house where the power of nine hundred horses drives the great generators and air compressors, and the immense batteries of boilers consume 4,000 tons of coal yearly. Among these machines the most striking were a machine which bores one hundred holes in the top-plate of a machine in less than four minutes, and, even more wonderful to me, the reducing pantagraph engraving machine which from patterns twenty times their size engraves a hollow die of the true size, with which, when set in the "type wheel," blanks of soft steel are transformed into letters and characters, in complete sets, to be afterward separated, finished and tempered for use.

I saw the experts of the several assembling rooms, as they added to the frame; securely jacketed in leather to preserve its immaculate finish; the various rods, wires, key-levers, ribbon movement and escapement, and finally the carriage which completes its ability to respond to the touch of the operator. There still remains a more delicate and careful process of alignment, and a final inspection and adjustment completes the almost innumerable processes which attend the manufacture of a first-class Remington. Very few machines escape some shade of criticism, for the inspectors, chosen from among the most skillful operatives, are held responsible for each machine inspected by them, and their sense of touch and vision are so acute and accurate that the most perfect machine seems to them capable of some improvement. Such is also the belief of the Remington management, for the work of inventing new improvements, making novel experiments and designing better machines, continually employs a large number of the most experienced veterans, and the most talented recruits of the Remington force. So, too, in designing and making new and special tools, and in the school of repairing, new blood and untried, ambitious intellects are continually being added to the enormous reserve force of trained muscle and brain, which constitutes the chief asset and real power of the Remington concern.

I noted the absolute cleanliness of every department, the care with which the dust and grit, so fatal to the metal worker in other lands and establishments—was removed by an efficient system of exhaust pipes and good ventilation; the considerate provision of ample toilet rooms for either sex, the hot and cold baths for the free use of the operatives; and the great recreation park with its walks, seats, band-stand and other provisions for the comfort and pleasure of the Remington people.

I saw a great photograph of some 300 operatives, who, after ten years' service, have become the beneficiaries of what are known in the "system" as "Industrial Betterments." Every operative who serves ten years receives the handsome and valuable Remington Fraternity Badge, and to the most efficient a bonus of $100 in gold yearly is paid in two instalments, on June 30, and Christmas respectively. Some of the "Bonus Group" thus photographed had served continuously for thirty-three years.

All employes of the works are encouraged by the management to suggest any kind of betterment, and every good suggestion adopted is rewarded with a prize of twenty dollars in gold and a handsomely framed certificate, signed by President H. H. Benedict. Healthful and innocent diversions are encouraged by the Remington management, who believe that organization is a good thing, in leisure, as well as business hours. There are numerous athletic associations run entirely by the employes, including the Young Women's Tennis Club, the Foremen's Cricket Club, and six departmental baseball nines, forming the Typewriter League and competing every year for the Clarence W. Seaman's challenge trophy. Twice a year the factory foremen, as a standing committee, plan a mass meeting of the employes and their families. The June meeting is a great field day of sports, and is often attended by 5,000 persons. A standing feature of these sports is the 220 yards' indoor, straight-away dash for the John F. McClain gold medal, for which the great central aisle of the main building, 800 feet long, furnishes room and to spare. The winner this year was Mr. Paul J. Risedorf, who made the excellent time of twenty-four seconds. Mr. Risedorf also won the all-around championship of the field day sports, which carries with it another gold medal, the gift of President H. H. Benedict.

The January meeting takes the form of an

indoor social entertainment, which has to be repeated in order to give all a chance to attend. The Remington Typewriter Band, and the Typewriter Hose Company are very much in evidence in uniform on these occasions.

It seemed to me that my observations were all too brief to begin to do justice to the beauty of the surroundings, the capacity and value of the buildings, and the reputation of the specialty manufactured. It was easy to see why the Remington Typewriter has attained and maintained its commanding position in the markets of the world and the estimation of its owners and expert operators.

But it warmed my heart above all to see that confidence, esteem and loyalty made government easy, and labor an inspiration and incentive to better things, and that this confidence was founded on the deep-seated belief of the employers, that a policy which exacted loyalty and faithful service should be founded on love as well as on "purely business considerations." And, as I took my train for the East and the Valley of the Mohawk faded away into the gathering shadows, I rejoiced that so great and famous a corporation had solved for itself the old, old question of capital and labor by manly and kindly acts and liberal policies.

LIFE'S JOURNEY

By WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

TO ME, Life is a highway, leading through a strange country where no mile-post is passed the second time. It is bordered with green fields and countless flowers and leads from an unknown point of departure to an unknown point of arrival.

¶ Our coming, we believe, was from Omnipotence, and therefore our going, we hope, is to immortality.

¶ Now is the season of probation; each is chiseling a credit or a debit.

¶ As the flowers by the wayside give out their perfume to us in abundance, so also should we let unreserved gentleness, kindness and goodness radiate from us to all humanity.

¶ The important and timely moment of every life is "the now," and our deeds should make humanity conscious of our passing.

A TELEPHONIC TRIUMPH

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO THE BUSY BUSINESS MAN

By Mitchell Mannering

THIS is the age of "turning a switch." A tiny black box on the desk of the speaker in the House of Representatives at Washington, called an Acousticon, will enable the congressmen in the new marble committee building across the park to hear all that is going on on the floor of the House. All that is necessary is to simply turn a switch, and the entire proceedings on the floor of the house are spoken out in the room. If they wish to hear privately, the turning of another switch enables them to listen through a small receiver, about the size of a watch, held to the ear.

A test of the acousticon was recently made by Superintendent Elliott Woods, at the Capitol, and the fortunate fact came to light that extra conduits had been placed in every room, as though in preparation for this invention.

The instrument has the appearance of a simple, square wooden box, but sound pours from it in a tremendously magnified volume, with a suggestion of the phonograph or talking machine. The sound concentrating transmitter and receiver are so highly sensitive that if placed within a foot of each other they will emit a sound that reminded me of the melodious squeal of young pigs. This fact, when brought to the attention of Mr. Edison, baffled even the penetration of the sage of Menlo Park. It certainly proves that there is a continual element of sound, indistinguishable by the human ear, which is constantly setting in motion the air about us—such an unknown element as was revealed in the wonderous X-rays, when the marvels they accomplished were brought to light.

The acousticon has been tested in New York, and concerts miles away have been clearly heard. It will soon be no longer necessary to use the party telephone; for the acousticon will reveal to the curious all the family secrets—even the gentle way in which Mr. ———'s wife talks to him. A philosopher has said that it might do much to alleviate the miseries of the human race, by allowing us a knowledge of the sorrows and pleasures of other mortals. Of course like all automata, it presents the human in a mechanical way, and it may be that all we shall have to do in the future will be to connect our acousticon with the House of Representatives or the Senate chamber, and the speeches of our favorite legislator will come to us, red-hot from the wires, while it is not improbable, and even possible, today for the principal in a case before the Supreme Court of the United States to hear his attorney's pleading. Let it be announced that such a man will speak at such a time, and we may hear the fiery tones and eloquent apostrophes which have hitherto been lost upon the englassed ceilings of the Capitol.

What the electric bell signals are now to the various committee rooms, announcing adjournments and executive sessions and "committees of the whole"; other phases of congressional procedure, and all that is going on in the different parts of the houses of Congress; the acousticon will be to the public, for everything will be actually heard, when it comes into operation. As one newspaper reporter satirically remarked:

"It will be a good deal easier to use the acousticon than to try to pump the average senator coming from an executive session—glum and uncommunicative as an oyster."

This is an age of surprises, and this latest wonder should be effective in stimulating ethical amenities in Washington. For instance, how refreshing to hear adherents of the various factions having a good word spoken about them, instead of hearing only second-hand gossip of a derogatory character! In the coming presidential campaign, the acousticon promises to be quite a prominent factor. A speech from Mr. Fairbanks, delivered in Madison Square Garden, could simultaneously be delivered in a dozen halls in the City of New York. Last winter, during the Torrey-Alexander revival in Philadelphia, conducted at the Second Regiment armory, an overflow meeting was held in Bethany Church, known as John Wanamaker's church, a mile and a

half away, and many of the 2,000 listeners to this unique service stated that they heard the sermon and Alexander's solos more distinctly in Bethany than they did in the armory. Mr. Herbert L. Parsons, chairman of the New York County Committee, made a speech in the House of Representatives to test the appliance. It was placed in the speaker's desk, and was heard very clearly in the committee room on Ways and Means—some distance away. I was interested in the test which I witnessed in the office of Mr. Elliott Woods, superintendent of the Capitol. At a distance of ten or twelve feet from the instrument, I could hear as clearly the voice of the speaker in the next room, with doors closed, as though I had been in the apartment with him. It does not seem to matter whether the acousticon is turned toward you or not, every sound in the room seems to be reproduced as it is absorbed. The voice of the speaker enters the sound concentrating disk that is about as large around as a tomato can, the instrument being super-sensitive and has the peculiar advantage of taking up and transmitting only the sounds that the listener desires to hear.

Another feature of the acousticon is the fact that the sound can be graduated to taste; flooding the room or lowering it down to the degree of sound needed for an ear piece, just as desired. The acousticon has been thus adapted for dictation and general office purposes, and in this form is called the Dictograph.

Every business man knows how hot his ear grows waiting at the telephone, and how the tardiness of the response at the other end of the wire tries his nerves. This may be all obviated by the use of the acousticon adapted to telephonic purposes. With this contrivance, the irritation of being "cut off" in the midst of an important business conversation is also done away with, while it has the advantage of leaving both hands of the busy man free for other purposes besides holding a trumpet.

SHOWING OPERATION OF DICTOGRAPH IN MODERN OFFICES.

The little instrument may be placed in the wall, to act as a sort of Sherlock Holmes—as portrayed by Conan Doyle—providing against imposition by the many "frauds" who seek to interview business men, and claim that one thing has been said, when something quite different was declared. The little acousticon in the wall gives a correct record of every word. Men of affairs in the future may wonder how in the world the merchants and

lawyers of the present day ever enjoyed the delights of a strictly private conference or a tete-e-tete, for the acousticon will then have become an established part of every house.

No longer is it necessary to take up the time and attention of a stenographer awaiting dictation, but the little lever on the desk is utilized, and the answer comes back at once that the stenographer is ready, although she may be in a distant room or even another part of the city. You may dictate quite at ease, sitting back in your desk chair, or walking about the room, for each word will be clearly reproduced. You can have the letter repeated to you if you desire, and in this way work can be divided among several stenographers. Its adaptation for large factories and industrial institutions is manifest. The instrument can be arranged so that it is impossible for anyone else to "butt in"—to use a slang phrase—on the phone, while it is possible to carry on the conversation as though face to face with the party to whom one is talking.

The best is yet to come—we can lie in bed on Sunday morning and hear our favorite preacher as though at church. There will be no more sleeping in church—tell it not in Gath—we may sleep quietly in bed during the sermon, if it is not sufficiently interesting to keep us awake. Operas and lectures can be distributed, viva voce, all over the country by means of this invention, and every member of the household may hear and become familiar with the tones of the most famous speakers of the nation, whether orators, lecturers or politicians. Yes, and the lamentations of the knights of the rostrum shall cease. They need no longer bewail themselves because the newspapers and magazines have so much larger an audience than they, for by means of the acousticon they may speak to the whole country at the same time—they can deliver a speech in Washington at a certain hour, and it can be heard in every town in America—I like to indulge in these fancies, thinking of what our inventors have made possible, for I know that the readers of the National will be interested in the progress made by the invention of this instrument, which is, after all, the natural sequence to the telephone, though it remained for Mr. K. M. Turner to discover just what and how it could be done.

Even the inventor of the telephone, Mr. Graham Bell, sitting at work in his laboratory in the "wee sma' hours", may stop for a chat with the wizard at Menlo Park, to whom nothing seems impossible, and utilize the acousticon to hold a conversation with his confrere, after they have partaken of their midnight sandwich and lunch, and before they pursue their farther investigation into the mystic realms. It is an all-around useful invention for everyone. I confess I am enthusiastic, becasue I think it may save me many a long walk in Washington, and many

K. M. TURNER, INVENTOR OF THE DICTOGRAPH

a street car ticket, if I can sit at my desk and cover all the departments within a few minutes, and speak quietly face to face, as it were, with the members of Congress by merely turning on a switch. This instrument is right in line with the trend of the times for publicity. It eliminates the dark corners of secrecy in business affairs, and dissipates the mystery that has added so much to the evils of the present day. "Turn on the switch", is the cry of the hour, and when the light is turned on to public and private conversation, the choice of words and subjects will be much more carefully made. The acousticon will do much toward elevating the character of business transactions as well as public affairs.

HOSPITAL AT PROCTOR, VERMONT

NATURE'S MARBLE HALLS IN VERMONT

By Mitchell Mannering

OUT of the massive marble hills of Vermont has been wrought, by labor and skill, a part of the nation's wealth. Some years ago it was a common statement that as much money had been lost in the marble business as had been made in it, but this is no longer the case; for although the testing and developing of a quarry is a heavy expense, the business is now on a stable basis. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sunk in efforts to obtain a marble quarry, and the chief expense is still labor. A quarry differs from a gold mine in that, however good the product may be, it merely offers an opportunity to produce stone on a paying basis, and on a relatively small margin of profit. In some quarries a royalty of five cents per cubic foot is paid to the owner of the land for the merchantable marble that is taken away.

Far back in the thirties, the first marble quarries were worked near Rutland, but there seems to have been no one to take the lead in developing and exploiting—that is seeking best methods of quarrying and transportation, and of securing an ample market. Not many decades ago, the great hills here first began to give up part of their wealth in a section hitherto looked upon as barren and valueless; since then a modest annual product of $100,000 has been increased within twenty years to more than three millions per annum. This is the record of the Vermont Marble Company, the largest institution of its kind in the world today.

It is only within the past quarter of a century that the Vermont marble works began to reach out and supply a world-wide market. The quality and beauty of this product has long

been an established fact, but how to handle and utilize it, and how to exploit it, remained for the genius of the Proctors to discover.

The industrial development of these quarries is of special interest in these days of modern perplexity and consideration of the economic labor question. The election of Fletcher D. Proctor as governor of the state of Vermont was an industrial as well as political victory—it revealed the sturdy and unswerving confidence of Vermont in the men who utilize and develop the resources of the state.

* * *

The day was yet young when I arrived at Proctor, and looked out upon the great yards filled with white marble cut in pieces of all sizes and dimensions and set in the beautiful surroundings of those Vermont hills which have always awakened the admiration of the beholder. Freight platforms were built of marble blocks, and the machine shops and many of the buildings were of the same beautiful and enduring material.

The work itself possessed a fascination for me, and we walked down through the great mills where the toothless, steel saws are continually cutting, for the same process of cutting marble is employed as in the days of Pliny, two thousand years ago. Some marble cuts more ,some less, rapidly, but on an average one inch thickness per hour is sawn through, the actual cutting being done by the sand mixed with trickling water, which is used in connection with the saws.

The sand is brought over the mountains by means of a carrier system; a series of buckets on a long suspension chain across the river Otter. It was fascinating to watch these buckets of sand—an endless chain—coming to feed the saws in their work. Down the banks of this river is located a $200,000 electric power plant, built entirely of marble, which is operated by the waters of the superb fall of the Otter,—dropping 124 feet over an abrupt precipice.

After the sand and water have done their work in cutting the marble, they are carried away in another conduit, and the ceaseless flow of the sand, as it aids in cutting the marble, makes an interesting picture—an object-lesson of what can be accomplished by "little drops of water and little grains of sand" properly applied—crushed steel is sometimes used for this purpose, but the larger part of the cutting is done with sand and water.

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT PROCTOR, VERMONT

One of the most entertaining departments to me was the large workshop, where the men are preparing capitals and columns for great buildings in process of erection or decoration. The immense blocks of marble are carried like cakes of ice by a mammoth crane, cap-

able of lifting twenty-five tons, and are thus handled with ease and celerity.

Many great blocks of marble brought from the other quarries of the company, at West Rutland and Pittsford, are here also, waiting to be wrought into shape for the market.

DEEP IN THE PIT FROM WHENCE THE TINTED BLOCKS COME

There is a similarity between these mills and the lumber saw-mills, with their gangs of saws, turning machines and lathes—the only material difference to a casual onlooker being that in one wood is cut and in the other hard, flinty marble, which is fashioned into every conceivable design and pattern. What exquisite shades there were in that product—pure snow-white to delicate azure blue, with an endless variety of tints suited for the many designs on hand.

* * *

In the monumental department were many cars in process of being loaded with plain and ornate monuments, which were going to mark the resting-place of those who were loved and honored in life, and in death were not forgotten. All the tender feelings associated with the churchyard, and the impulse to retain in lasting remembrance those we revere, were here emphasized by the symbols graven upon these stones. All over the country, these monuments have been erected—and when Proctor marble is spoken of, it is understood that the best has been secured. Statues of every kind and many soldiers' monuments, composed of Vermont marble, grace many important cities and towns in America.

The constant tap of the hammer, and the keen, bright-eyed enthusiasm of the workmen made up a stirring picture, for every man with his drill or mallet and chisel appeared to be actuated by the same impulse that impels the sculptor to work. Before the craftsman lay the untouched block of marble and the design. From that slow-yielding surface he must create some beautiful object—what wonder that he feels the thrill of the creator! Many of the workmen are evidently idealists, and who knows but among them is some designer who may yet prove himself worthy to rank among the famous sculptors of modern times?

I felt it a privilege to congratulate the new governor of Vermont, Mr. Fletcher Proctor, whom I found in the busy offices of the company of which he is president. Governor Proctor is regarded as a marble "expert." Mr. Morse, the treasurer, has held office with the company for a number of years. Here, too, I saw a large force of people at work, where but two or three had been employed in the early days when the quarries were first opened.

Here were the blue prints and specifications for buildings and monuments for all parts of the country, waiting for the prepared blocks of marble which were to be shipped and fitted into their place,—almost with that noiseless procedure with which Solomon's temple was erected, when every part of the edifice was prepared so accurately by the skilled workers of Tyre, under the able direction of the master-workman, Hiram Abiff, that no sound of hammer or ring of iron was heard about the temple.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE VERMONT MARBLE WORKS AT PROCTOR, VERMONT

Toward the west, is the old quarry of Sutherland Falls, opened in 1836. There were the great, solid, beetling walls of unpolished marble, reaching 225 feet down—at an angle of forty-five degrees—with ledges showing the work of the channeling machine and gadder — the largest open-pit marble quarry in the world. It seems singular that the quarrymen should dig down and form a cave, leaving a solid wall of marble, so that the visitor can see the bottom 225 feet below, where the water, gleaming blue and mysterious against the white walls of the quarry, makes up an impressive contrast. Towering above us were the green and white pyramids of marble. Down in the meadows is the silver sheen of Otter Creek—far off in the distance, with their shades of mottled verdure, are the Green Mountains, rising tier upon tier to meet the horizon. The sky itself seemed to vie with the hills in giving that azure and varied coloring, such as can only be seen in the Green Mountains.

In the village below were the church spires, the schools, and the spacious, comfortable homes of the people. It was an ideal picture.

Nestling on a hillside near the yards, is

a handsome Y. M. C. A. building, as complete and beautiful as marble can make it, while inside is every comfort that can be thought of for the enjoyment of the people. Close at hand is the stately Proctor Library, with its treasures of literature. In fact, everything seems to indicate that here is located an ideal community.

A "SKY SCRAPER" IN MARBLE, CONSTRUCTED INVERSELY

Down at the co-operative stores I had another glimpse of the content and prosperity of this thriving village. These stores are run on a strictly co-operative plan, and it has never been my good fortune to visit a more complete and handsome mercantile establishment. Everything is provided at the lowest possible price, and the company assumes all the financial responsibility, managing the stores free of charge. They receive four per cent for the actual capital invested in the goods, as interest for the loan of the money for this purpose. The balance of the gain is distributed every year in dividends among the patrons of the stores, who are given a percentage on their purchases, according to the goods bought. Last year the Proctor store paid eleven per cent dividends, West Rutland store ten per cent, and the Center Rutland store eight per cent. Most transactions are in cash, although any worker is entitled to credit at the store, if he desires. The prices are always uniform, so that the commodities are within the reach of all on the same basis, and the stores are splendid examples of what fair co-operation will accom-

plish—purely as a business proposition—for the people.

With all these ideals of mutual interest so modestly and quietly perfected, the one thing which impresses every visitor to Proctor is the fraternalism which exists between the governor and the officers of the company—they have grown up together, and the fraternal spirit may be seen here in perfection—not the least suggestion of patronage—it is all strictly business co-operation from start to finish.

* * *

Not far from the railroad stands the home of Senator Redfield Proctor, whose long and useful career at Washington has meant much to the nation as well as to his native state, Vermont. As secretary of war and member of the senate committee, he made a memorable visit to Cuba. Just above his residence is a handsome hospital, fitted up with all that money and science can procure for the aid of the sick.

While Senator Proctor no longer has any official connection with the company, his personal interest in the welfare of the people is manifested in looking after the library, hospital and educational interests.

The hospital is practically free to Proctor employes, and absolutely so in all accident cases. Married employes and their families are attended gratis, and where an employe is permitted to pay, the charge is limited to four dollars per week, only between two and three per cent of the current expenses of the hospital being paid by income from employes. The district work done by the hospital nurses is gratis to employes and their families, as well as to all people in the community.

Off toward the diverging range of mountains is a splendid site of 400 acres, which is to be occupied by a tuberculosis sanitarium costing upward of $150,000, given by Senator Proctor. It has been decided that no place in the East is better adapted for the cure of tuberculosis than right in the heart of the Green Mountains, and what a boon this sanitarium will be to the sick and suffering! The hospital is presented by Senator Proctor, in grateful remembrance of what careful nursing and treatment did for his younger son.

* * *

Those who know Senator Proctor, love and admire him, and his work at Washington cannot be seen in its best light until one has met him at his own home. He is a man who is loved for himself and his own innate goodness. The senior senator from Vermont is democratic, simple and modest to the last degree, fond of out-door life, which has done so much to preserve his health and vigor, giving him the force of youth, despite advancing years. Everywhere in the state he is regarded as the "grand old man", and this is saying much for the Green Mountain State, which has furnished and still possesses so many grand old men.

DRIVEWAY LEADING TO SENATOR PROCTOR'S RESIDENCE

HOME OF THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY, ON "THE SQUARE," CLEVELAND.

A BANK FOR ALL AGES

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

JUST as I was leaving for Cleveland, a little neighbor came in, and when she heard where I was going, said:

"Oh! I do wish you could call to see *my* bank. Last New Year's Day, papa deposited some money for me in the Cleveland Trust Savings Bank, and gave me a bankbook. I am keeping the money there until I am old enough to earn for myself, and then I shall have a big sum there."

Of course I made up my mind to go to see my little friend's bank, and after I had once seen it, I could well understand why it has become the great center of banking by mail in the United States.

After banking hours, I had a chat with Mr. Tillotson, the leading spirit and business manager of the great enterprise, who, less than twelve years ago, organized the Cleveland Trust Company, and has since made it one of the most phenomenal successes in all the history of banking by mail. The successful operation of this system, which bids fair in a short time to become one of the most prominent phases of American banking enterprises, followed the introduction of the rural free delivery postal system, whereby Uncle Sam made it possible for dwellers in remote and isolated localities to come into almost personal contact with each other, and with the prominent operators and institutions of the metropolitan markets and the large financial centers.

* * *

It had been a hard day. Mr. Tillotson was at his desk, which stands well to the front, without partitions or railings, so that each one of the 66,000 depositors of his bank may meet personally the man whose genius created a financial institution, truly democratic in its policies and its intercourse with its patrons. One would suppose that such a policy would be simply impossible, for the Cleveland Trust Company has assets of $28,000,000, and deposits amounting to over $23,000,000, placed in its care by a clientele of over 66,000 depositors, including not only

residents of Cleveland and the great state of Ohio, but of every state in the Union. Most of the Canadian provinces, every country of Central America, and over half of the South American republics; England, France, Germany, Spain, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines; China and Burmah, and even Africa are also represented. Notwithstanding the immensity of this business, there is nothing of "the divinity which doth hedge a king,"—and the average bank president—to hinder the humble depositor of a few hundreds, or any patron of the Cleveland Trust Company from a business conference with Mr. Tillotson.

It may be that this is so because the results attained and the treatment accorded have so thoroughly satisfied the patrons of the company that they have no reason to complain, and seldom desire to say more than some kindly greeting or brief expression of goodwill. Certainly the policy of the company has from the first inspired such mutual confidence and esteem, that there is no need of a jealously guarded private office, and an elaborate system of intervening porters and messengers.

To prepare for the inevitable increase of depositors and deposits and make a fitting home for a bank of such national—even international—importance, a splendid building on the site of the old Methodist church, long an ancient landmark at the corner of Euclid Avenue and Erie Street, is now in process of construction. It is to be one of the finest bank buildings in the world, excelling in strength, fireproof construction, architectural beauty and convenience. In this splendid structure all departments of the immense and varied business of the Cleveland Trust Company will find every convenience for the swift and systematic transaction of business, and ample room for that future growth which the conditions affecting Cleveland and its business interests unerringly foretell.

For it is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that the position of Cleveland as the chief terminal of the immense marine transportation system of the Great Lakes (eighty per cent of all the shipping is credited to this city) together with the railroads here converging, and uniting the greatest producing and manufacturing points of the West and Northwest, must without question continue her splendid growth in population and prosperity, and for ages unnumbered lead her to still greater heights of achievement and influence. Here the immense iron deposits of Minnesota and Wisconsin and Michigan, almost wholly taken from the natural and potential resources of these states, meet the coal and fluxes of Ohio and Pennsylvania and feed the iron, coal, shipping and manufacturing interests which center here.

In manufacturing alone, Cleveland has over 3,400 distinct enterprises, with an annual product of over $150,000,000 yearly; probably an immensely greater sum invested in transportation, mining and industrials is controlled by residents and citizens of Cleveland, and to a greater or less extent swell the demand for ready money, loaned on gilt-edged securities. It must be confessed that the Cleveland Trust Company found and still enjoys an ideal city for financial enterprise and solid business activity.

Into this field, the Cleveland Trust Company made its debut in September, 1895, having been incorporated in 1904 by business men of that city, who saw great possibilities for a bank which should recognize more completely and practically the needs of a large class of money-earners who at that time were utterly dependent on local village and town banks and money loaners for the safe keeping and interest growth of their savings. They recognized the value of advertising to get deposits; they paid a fair interest upon them, and they took especial pains to provide generously for the comfort, convenience and even pleasure of their regular patrons.

From the first, they made their business attractive, and their first banking rooms in the basement of the Garfield Building were considered, in 1895, the finest in the city. Club rooms for gentlemen and ladies were furnished, periodicals and the leading papers were on the tables, and a dainty tea-table refreshed tired lady patrons. During the opening "first week", 15,000 people visited these rooms, and during the year over 100,000. In 1898, additional rooms were secured for the banking departments, and in 1900, the trust and executive offices moved into the second floor. In 1903, the company was consolidated with the Western Reserve Trust Company, and the executive offices and banking department took possession of the present

location at number 1 Euclid Avenue; the office in the Garfield Building being made a special branch for women depositors. Though these quarters have now been outgrown and will give way soon to an imposing new building, they still stand as model banking rooms in many ways. The safe deposit vaults are the largest between New York and Chicago, and yet last summer even their capacity proved inadequate to the demand. Additional branch offices of the company have been established, nine of them in Cleveland, and one each at Bedford, Hudson, Collinwood, Willoughby, Lorain and Painesville, Ohio.

It is during the last three years that the business of receiving deposits by mail from all parts of the country has come into being, and has assumed immense proportions. In many cities where there is an abundance of money, the rates of interest are as low as two and a half per cent. per annum. Now the Cleveland Trust Company advertisements have secured deposits from the lonely ranchman and miner, the mariner, who cannot stay at home to watch the fortunes of some petty money-magnate of his home town, and from the operative of mine, lumber camp and factory. All are welcome; all are given like treatment, and the same rate of interest—four per cent. per annum. They soon recognize the fact that in Cleveland and vicinity a bank can afford to pay good interest, and that their money, principal and interest, is safe and accumulating.

So rapid was the early growth of this institution, that it secured the most devoted attention of the busy representative men of affairs, who formed its board of directors. These Mr. Tillotson declared were ready to serve its interests by day or night, and at almost any sacrifice of comfort and convenience, receiving no salary, and taking a just pride in an institution which they consider

SHOWING INTERIOR OF PRESENT PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY, BEFORE THE DOORS OPEN IN THE MORNING. 4,800 PEOPLE TRANSACTED BUSINESS IN THIS LOBBY ON JANUARY 2, 1907

SHOWING THE GREAT VAULT AT THE PRINCIPAL OFFICE, WITH ITS CIRCULAR 17-TON DOOR SWUNG OPEN

SHOWING THE APPROACHABLENESS OF MR. TILLOTSON'S DESK—AS MENTIONED IN THE ARTICLE

CORNER OF THE LADIES' PARLOR AT WOMEN'S OFFICE

THE NEW BUILDING BEING ERECTED BY THE CLEVELAND TRUST CO., FOR ITS EXCLUSIVE USE —EUCLID AVENUE AND EAST NINTH STREET

of all Cleveland's great institutions the one that reflects the greatest credit on the Forest City by the Lake. Probably no greater innovation in banking methods has ever been accomplished than that which has been instituted by the Cleveland Trust Company in securing immense deposits through legitimate advertising and banking by mail.

A powerful factor in inspiring public and private confidence in this outside business has been the personnel of the directors; their private character, business standing and personal reputation for ability and enterprise. All are alert, conspicuous figures in the past and present development of Cleveland, and all appreciate the sacredness of the trust reposed in them. No important action is taken without their vote and co-operation, and few indeed are the institutions which can command the practical experience of so many gentlemen, all of whom have "won their spurs" in some great department of modern business activity. Coal, iron, lumber, transportation, manufacturing, jobbing, the law, banking, engineering, importing, what is there that some one of the directors and advisory committee of the Cleveland Trust Company has not essayed and carried to a success, and prominence, recognized by the highest authorities of the business and financial world!

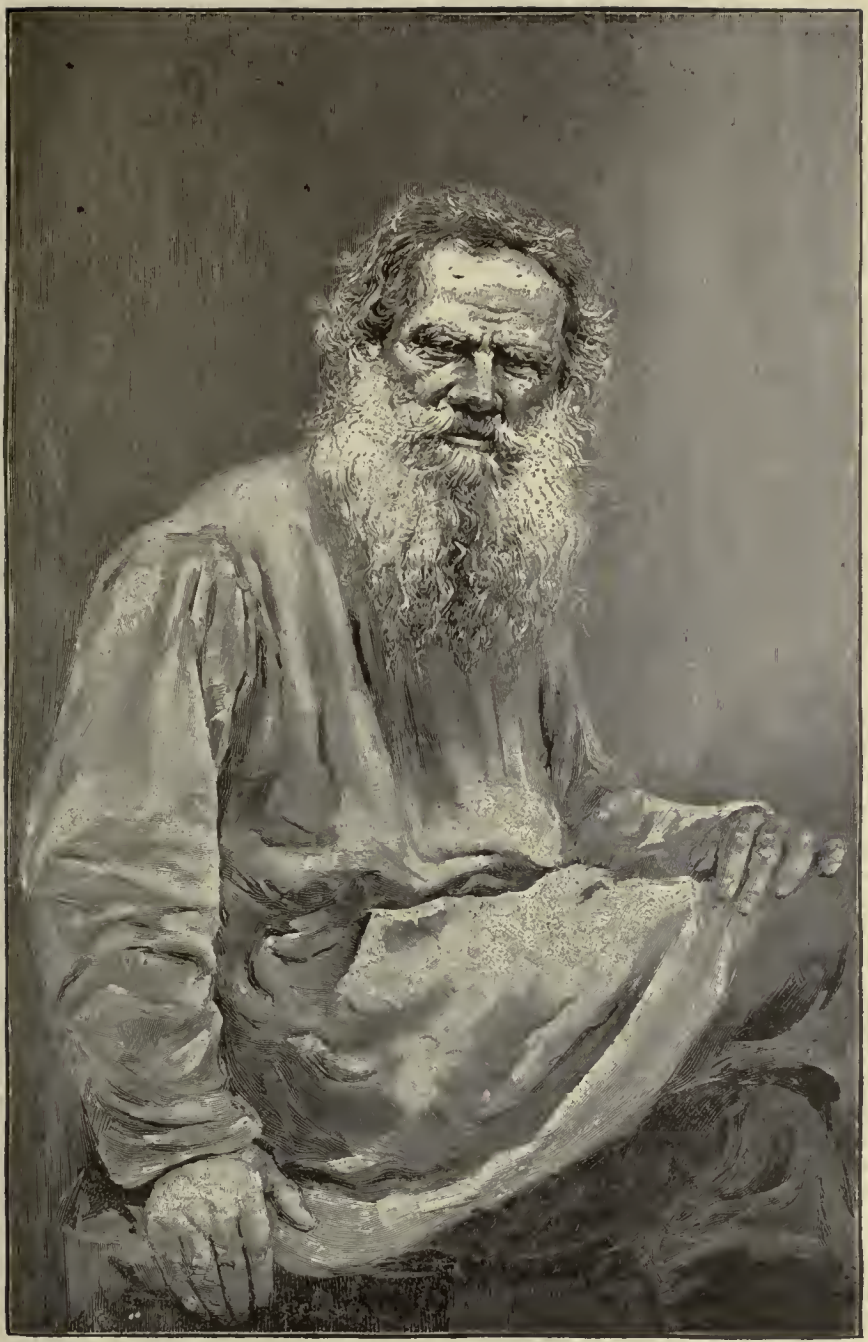
One cannot talk long with Mr. Tillotson without realizing that his whole soul is in his work, and that his enthusiasm is infectious and permeates the entire institution, from the desk of the receiving tellers to the directors who form his official cabinet of advisors. To meet Mr. Tillstson after the fatigues and cares of a busy day, is a revelation of the reserve force, equable temperament and sustained enthusiasm with which such a typical American "man of affairs" plays his part in the arena of the strenuous business life of today. A smoothly-shaven, blue-eyed, neatly-groomed gentleman, his enthusiasm is as fresh and sincere today over a new customer as when the first year of comparatively slow growth showed month by month the steady rising of the financial barometer toward the point "Success." Each friend is an asset of this institution which is the great work of his life, and to which he has devoted every energy.

As a result, he has attained not only financial success, but that honor which is born of the implicit trust and confidence, not only of his business and social associates, who know him, but of thousands whom he has never seen in the flesh. For the correspondence of the Cleveland Trust Company shows how easily a great "soulless corporation" can earn the confidence and trust of the American people. Out of thousands of letters on file, from men and women in all the varied associations and ranks in life, a few may be referred to as showing this simplicity of trust, and belief in the friendship of the management.

One letter from a young girl stated that she wished to withdraw her savings, because she was about to be married, and she wished to purchase a fitting trousseau: Later on, the money was returned and the account reopened with the simple statement, full of pathetic inference, "There will be no wedding now." A mechanic stated that he wanted a home, but would not go in debt for one; so he kept sending in his saving month after month, until at last he claimed and drew out several thousand dollars, and made himself a home. There was an investor, who during the rate agitation sold his securities and opened an account for $20,000 with the Cleveland Trust Company.

Many a letter comes here from strangely-named cities and towns in the Philippines, where, uncertian of the chances of life, and unwilling that some ladrone may profit by chance bullet or slash of bolo, soldiers of Uncle Sam send by mail their surplus pay, and possibly a little loot, to provide for the day when they shall return to "God's country" and the friends at home.

These are such as speak well for a business; founded on practical, solid business conditions, and effective management, but none the less considerate of human needs and sympathies. The system thus provided cannot but continue to grow in public favor, and swell the profits and deposits of the company, whose pass books "follow the flag" so fast and so far, in peace or war, on land and over seas; binding together with chains of common interest and reciprocal confidence the East and the West, the North and the South, and giving to the man on the farm, the ranch, the wastes where only the gold-seeker cares to tread, and tropical jungles and plains far, far away, the financial advantages of investment in the very heart and focus of America's busiest enterprises.



COUNT LYOF TOLSTOY, GRAND OLD FIGHTER FOR FREE RUSSIA

F. W. WOOLWORTH

NESTOR OF THE FIVE AND TEN-CENT TRADE

By Bennett Chapple

IF the twentieth century has been distinctive in one development more than another, it has been the rise and astounding success of great merchants, of men who have displayed rare genius in organizing and building up colossal businesses, in dealing directly with the people. The achievements of Marshall Field and John Wannamaker are known the length and breadth of the land, and there is still another, Mr. F. W. Woolworth, the Nestor of the five and ten cent trade, who, during recent years has been making business and history so rapidly and successfully as to justify the prediction that his will eventually be the most gigantic organization of all.

Mr. Woolworth is a man whose life story is as yet little known outside the circle of his business associates, for he has closely applied himself to his work and kept out of the lime-light of publicity; but the reflected rays of public interest and recognition of worth have broken through the cloud of reserve with which he had hitherto surrounded himself, and there is a growing demand to know something of the man.

It is a curious coincidence that Mr. Woolworth, like many another prominent man whose life story is known to us, began life as a farmer's boy. There seems to be something in "contact with the soil" that, Antaeus-like, gives renewed strength to those who come from the refreshing bosom of good Mother Earth, and Mr. Woolworth, now a big, kindly man with hair slightly flecked with gray, enjoys the full fruitage of his early endowment of self-reliance and courage. Well-poised and charming in manner, he radiates a strong personality that is felt in every department of his business; for his is the type of character that gives strength to others, and by the giving seems rather to gain than to lose.

Mr. Woolworth spent the first twenty-one years of his life on the old homestead, near Watertown, New York. It was a long and arduous schooling, for from his earliest remembrances, he was very anxious to become a merchant.

"My brother and I used to play store at every opportunity," is the way he expresses those early aspirations.

One of his dearest pleasures was to stand beside his mother as she bargained with the tin-ware peddler who traveled the country over, exchanging his wares for old metals and rags, feathers and country produce. The first wages the ambitious lad ever earned were nine cents for a day's hop-picking. Small as the sum was, it proved the thin end of the wedge, and when he left the farm to carve out his career as a merchant, he had saved a total capital of $50, which he had earned at odd times helping the neighbors.

In the bustling little city of Watertown, no one seemed to need a clerk, but young Woolworth declared that, as long as his money held out, he would work for nothing in order to learn the business, and under these conditions he set to work unpacking cases, congratulating himself that he had the opportunity of beginning his chosen career. Three months later, the little store of money ran out, and the young clerk was put on the pay-roll at three dollars and a half per week.

It was during his six years' service in this store that he conceived the idea of a five cent counter, and strange as it may seem, the first merchandise he found suitable for this purpose was tinware which had before been almost wholly sold by country peddlers. He also got together an assortment of inexpensive jewelry, chiefly trinkets made from sour milk, highly colored, and pressed into fancy shapes to imitate coral, ornaments which were very popular at that time.

"You see, both the sour milk jewelry and the tin-ware were suggestive of the early days on the farm," said Mr. Woolworth, with a twinkle in his eye.

The success of the five-cent counter decided him to branch out for himself with a five cent store. So the young merchant went to a neighboring city, Utica, New York, where he put up his first sign over the little store that he had rented, which is now used as a

barber shop. One of the most valued relics of those old days, treasured by Mr. Woolworth, is a long sheet of paper, yellow with age, the birth certificate of the new store—it was the first bill of goods he ever bought.

"There," he said, handing it over for closer inspection, "is the real foundation of the business. It totals $322.14—all the money I had in the world, and more, too."

The story of an ordinary business career would almost write itself from this point; like the novel in which the hero "marries and lives happy ever after;" but, like "true love," the stream of Mr. Woolworth's career did not "run smooth," for his first venture was unsuccessful, chiefly because he could not get goods to sell, but the indomitable will power and energy of the young merchant were not subdued by one defeat. Returning to Watertown, he laid plans for another start, seeking a new opening by poring over a Rand, McNally Guide, and checking off cities of promising population and conditions. He finally decided to fight his next battle at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

"I cast a longing eye at several places in New England, but the proverbial characteristics of the New England Yankee scared me out," laughed Mr. Woolworth, recalling old days. Today he has six stores in Boston, alone.

The modest store he opened in Lancaster proved a success, and Mr. Woolworth, in appreciation of this, erected in that city, in later years, one of the handsomest business blocks in the town. The first flush of success stirred ambition to "enlarge his borders," and he shortly sought openings in Harrisburg, York and Philadelphia, but these stores, like that in Utica, proved unprofitable, and were discontinued. Other merchants started five cent stores, but one by one they fell by the wayside, until Mr. Woolworth was left to fight alone for the success of his cherished plans; and it was at that time he decided to broaden his business by changing from a five cent store only to a five and ten cent store.

It was essentially a fight for the people. The manufacturers looked upon Mr. Woolworth as an interloper, who was trying to reduce the high rate of profit on staple household articles, in defiance of the trade rule at that time in vogue: "The smaller the article the higher the percentage of profit." The young merchant suffered the fate of all reformers, and was snubbed and discouraged in the quest for five and ten cent goods. Those who had goods to sell did not believe in him, and insisted on cash payments for such articles as suited his trade; at the same time consigning him, with the goods, to the "hot place," for meddling with the business at all. In those days, handkerchiefs, towels and even thread, sold everywhere at prices nearly double what Mr. Woolworth had determined to ask, and tin-ware brought any price that the retailer could get.

It was during these trying early days that Mr. Woolworth was compelled to take advantage of the cheap excursions to Philadelphia when he wanted to buy goods, for the simple reason that he lacked funds to pay for a trip to New York. On one of these visits, he called on a large hardware jobbing house, and asked to see some knives and forks. The clerk handed him several samples from the shelves, quoting prices. Here Mr. Woolworth made a bad mistake in telling the clerk:

"These cost too much; I want something to sell for five cents."

"The h—l you do!" was the curt answer. as the clerk gathered up the goods and replaced them on the shelf, "you must be luny."

"I've had them before," said Mr. Woolworth, biting his lip.

"Well," drawled the clerk, with an undisguised sneer, "maybe you have, but I don't believe it," and Mr. Woolworth was allowed to find his way out of the store as best he could.

This experience was but one of hundreds of hardships that beset the young merchant in the fight to bring the cost of household utensils down to a fair margin of profit. Like a general, he carefully laid his plans, and, entering every field of manufacture, attempted to break the conservative rule, meeting only a little success here and there, but keeping constantly and everlastingly at it.

The history of Mr. Woolworth's business career is as romantic as the old tale of "Dick Whittington and the Bells," considering that hardly a score of years later this man, who had fought so valiantly for principle, was at the head of his own concern, and rated at millions, while the once scornful manufacturers deferentially awaited his orders. In nothing is the determined persistence of Mr.

F W WOOLWORTH, NESTOR OF THE FIVE AND TEN CENT TRADE

Woolworth more apparent than in the fact that, as soon as he was able, he want right back to the cities where his first efforts had failed, and began again, this time with assured success awaiting his efforts. Such courage and daring are characteristic of American life and Mr. Woolworth was not satisfied until every obstacle had been overcome.

When the tide turned and the manufacturers began to see that the immense quantities of goods sold in these stores would pay them a profit even at a low cost, the fight was won, and today the advent of a Woolworth store in a city is looked upon by the inhabitants as akin to a public benefaction, for the saving it means to them.

The F. W. Woolworth organization has grown from the one little five cent counter in a dry goods store in Watertown to a concern controlling one hundred and sixty active stores, covering the country from Lewiston, Maine, to Denver, Colorado. The amount of goods sold in these stores is beyond the comprehension of the uninitiated. Mr. Woolworth is the largest Christmas-tree ornament importer in the United States, which means in the world, and in addition to his own yearly trips abroad, he has four foreign buyers constantly at work. Whole villages in Germany and elsewhere are supported exclusively by the manufacture of his imports alone. Buying in such immense quantities is the secret of the great values that are offered, and the fact that over 8,000 employees are kept busy behind the counters of the Woolworth stores shows the degree to which his fight for low prices is appreciated by the public.

PRIVATE OFFICE OF MR. F. W. WOOLWORTH, NESTOR OF THE FIVE AND TEN CENT TRADE OF AMERICA

There are cities today that seek to secure the establishment of a Woolworth store as they do a Carnegie library. It has grown to be a phase of developemnt that every city feels the need of. An illustration of this came to me in a conversation I overheard in a passenger train. Two ladies had taken the seat directly behind me.

"Do you know," said one, "we are to have

a new five and ten cent store just like yours?"

"Is that so—Woolworth's?"

"Yes—Woolworth's—with red front and gilt sign. They've opened right in the center of the business district, with a beautiful store."

"I tell you what—it means a great saving," and then the conversation drifted to "what I paid," and "what I used to pay."

It is such signs as these that are casting rays of light far into the future, but it would be folly to attempt to estimate what another twenty years may bring forth, for Mr. Woolworth is in the prime of life, and will yet be within man's allotted "three score years and ten" at the end of another decade. It is a rare compliment to the great merchant to say that in building up this vast organization, he has given as much attention to the welfare and integrity of those whom he has associated with himself, as to the merely commercial success of his plans. His keen blue eyes are as quick to convey sympathy as to flash fire, and the artistic side of his nature is apparent in his purchase of famous paintings by the best masters of Europe, depicting scenes from the woods, the pastures and the lowlands. These gems are hung on the walls of his office, to recall amid the strenuous conflict of modern business life his "boyhood days on the farm."

SAINTS' REST

THE following letter is so buoyant in spirit, so friendly and full of good cheer, that we print it for others of the National family to enjoy.

SAINTS' REST.

Dear Mr. Editor:—I received from you a few days since a circular in reference to the volume of "Heart Throbs" compiled by you. I am taking the liberty to tell you that I have the book, and that we value it in the highest manner. It is really and truly named. And your National Magazine we have that in our home, too; we value that exceedingly.

Apropos of the "Happy Habit," of which you write, please let me say that *we belong*. There are several kinsfolk of us at "*Saints' Rest*". This is the name we have given our home. Do not think we are presumptuous. It came about in an unpremeditated, happy way, giving rise to much merriment. When friends visit "*Saints' Rest*", they say: "We were just wondering about the peculiarly homey feeling we have experienced."

My mother and auntie and I, with others, constitute the "Rest." I have a recipe I am sending you; it is good, for it has been tried.

RECIPE FOR A DAY

"Take a little dash of water cold
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

"Add to your meal some merriment,
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then as your prime ingredient
A plenty of work thrown in.

"But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play;
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete the well-made day."

The motto of our house is this:

"Let the board be spread, and the bed be dressed for the traveler, but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the home where they are simple to the verge of hardship, but when the intellect is awake and reads the law of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds."

You see the household of Saints, have something to live up to.

Then the motto for my den—girls have dens, as well as boys—is from Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year."

I have this where all who enter my den can see it. The Concord philosopher is dear to me.

CEASELESS SONG

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still;
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
But in the darkest, meanest things,
There always, always, something sings.
R. W. EMERSON

We have several magazines: National, McClure's, Harper's Monthly, Good Housekeeping, The Delineator, two temperance papers, the Union Signal, and our state temperance paper, Woman's Temperance Work, and a daily paper, The New York Sun. None we value higher than the National. * * * Your magazine stands for so much, we welcome it with eagerness.

I am appreciatively,

ELIZABETH A. CROSBY,

P. S. I want one of your "Song Books," when they are ready for the public.

IT seems at times, as if all my friends had taken to writing poetry. With a sigh, I look at the number of such books that have accumulated on my table; but there were no more sighs after I had taken up "In Forest Land," for by it I am instantly transported beyond the walls of the narrow rooms of my city dwelling into the heart and freedom of the breezy, spicy pine woods.

Some years ago I remember meeting a bright, brown-eyed young man in Muskegon, Michigan. He was doing newspaper work, and just then was actively engaged in seeing that the ceremonies of unveiling a McKinley monument were carried out properly. Now comes to hand a book of verse by Douglas Malloch, my whilom Muskegon acquaintance, published by the "American Lumberman" Chicago.

The whole of the little volume is redolent of the odorous breath of the whispering pines. For if there is any man who has "sniffed sawdust" to some purpose and knows in his very soul what the pine woods mean, it is this young Michigan poet. Almost every poem in the book breathes this spirit, from the first lines of "The Melody of Leaves Astir" to the last page; and his greeting rings out as clear and sharp as the clang of an axe on a frosty day, when he sings:

"Let other bards their harps attune
To sing of gold and courts and kings;
But leave to me the hush of June,
The music that the forest sings.
Let other bards from fields of blood
Send up their hymns to mighty Mars:
But leave to me the quiet wood,
The tender moonlight and the stars."

There is an almost endless variety to the poems. He tells how "Patti Sang at 36" and the bitter disappointment with which "the boys" who "went to work by moonlight" discovered that Patti was a "male soprano," an "'impersonator' cuss." Malloch always had a spice of humor, and it crops out continually all through the book in such poems as "The Unconscious Philosopher," "Mary's Mission Furniture," and others. The real love and delight in nature are everywhere apparent, as in "The Lover and the Hunter," or the simple, hearty theology of "Sunday Afternoon."

"You fergit that there's a town — Plum fergit all care and strife —
An' you draw long breaths of air an' you say,
'Well, this is life!'

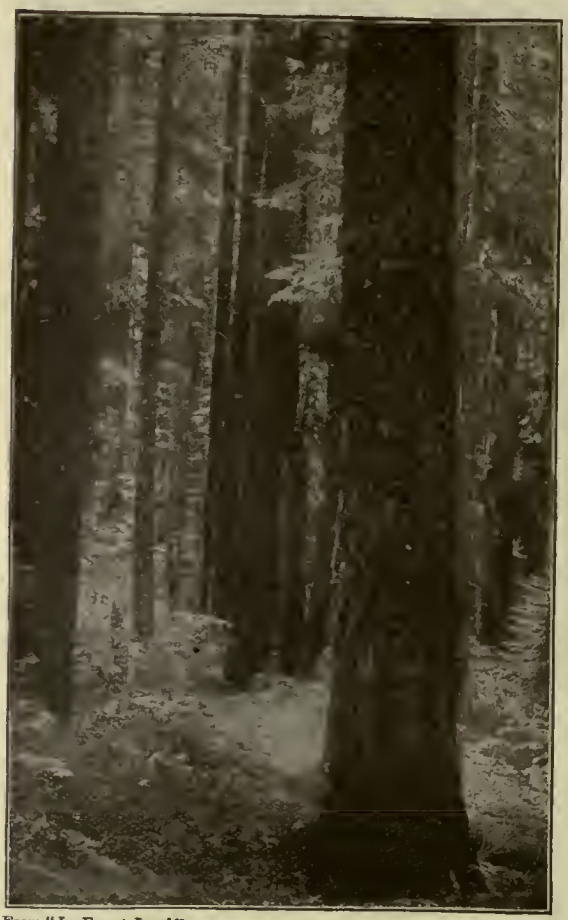
Ev'ry rustle of the pines, ev'ry whisper, seems in tune,
An' your little world is bright on a Sunday afternoon.
You are rusty on your dates, calendars you never see;
An' you measure spring and fall by the sap that's in the tree.
Almanacs and calendars are the handiwork of men,
But the men who made the things cannot turn 'em back again.
I don't know who named the month, called it March or called it June;
But one thing I know for sure — God made Sunday afternoon!"

In every verse and every line one feels the atmosphere of the lumber camp, the mill and the "drive." The reader can go farther, for he seems to breathe the scent of the pine lumber on its way to the decks of the ships that bear it to the markets. The story of the "Good Old Scow Mary," will awaken a glow of reminiscence in the hearts of all.

"In Forest Land" is handsomely illustrated, and those connected with the lumber industry will feel a special pride in the possession of this dainty little volume. It is bound in green and embossed in gold, a cover truly indicative of the pure gold of the sun-

light and the spicy green of the woods of which the poet sings. The songs of the "drive," the river and the mill, seem to call up ghostly echoes of the ringing axes and the whizzing, shrieking saws, that converted the majestic forest kings into dimension, plank and boards for the building of great cities.

To one who has spent any part of his life



From "In Forest Land"

"THE CALM OF THE WOOD"

among the pine forests, a library without the poems of Douglas Malloch must ever be incomplete. To one, who, like myself, has lived among the pine forests of Wisconsin and Michigan, it brings a new appreciation of happy days spent in the primeval forests, looking upon those giants of the land that have long since gone to the markets of the world, and are now a part of homes and structures that mark the advance of civilization.

AT the urgent request of my good friend, Mr. L. B. Elliott, of Rochester, New York, I attended the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce in the "Flour City," in December, just when men were beginning to feel the stress of Christmas preparation.

Governor Hughes made a masterly address, and with Mr. Cardaman of Brooklyn, "City of Churches," and Mr. Metz, the comptroller of the borough, helped to make the evening a superb affair. Witty remarks might be heard on all sides, for, as Senator Armstrong said, "We are bunch-our hits."

The energetic and pushing secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Ives, in connection with President Badger, saw that nothing was lacking to make the stranger within the gates feel at home The banquet was held at the Powers House, at which the decorations overhead were a very noticeable feature, the entire ceiling being covered with greenery from amid which two thousand twinkling, star-like electric lights,

> "Happy constellations on that hour
> Shed their selectest influence;"

The band in the balcony, secluded in a green arbor, over which flashed the great city seal of Rochester, pealed forth from their mysterious retreat many an old favorite air, in which the company joined. How delightful it is to hear an old melody like "Annie Laurie," or "Massa's in de Col, Col' Ground," rolled out by dozens of masculine voices, carefree and merry! From the very beginning of the banquet there was a feeling of camaradrie and good fellowship, combined with the "go-ahead" spirit and rush which characterizes Rochester and makes it known far and wide as a live-wire city. There was no waiting at that banquet for the ice to thaw—everything was warm and comfortable from the very first.

The ovation given Governor Hughes was gratifying, and I think there were many there who thought as he addressed them, that the stalwart, bearded man whose every move-

ment and gesture was forceful, made splendid points in his speech, and that he is the stuff of which presidents are made. I think, there has seldom been a man inducted into office who has had a more conscientious grasp of his duties, or who has better adjusted his views to the necessities of the present time, and enforced and administered laws as they now are; rather than lose time in seeking to uproot systems which have been tried and tested. The governor does not seem to be the kind of man who yearns after "new gods." A stalwart champion of the rights and privileges of the people is he, and the Empire State may well be proud of the new executive who then and there, to all citizens of New York —irrespective of party, race or creed—declared himself ready to help maintain the impartial and just representation which the people ought to have, and uphold the pledges which he made to them.

There was Senator Armstrong, genial, good soul that he is, whose work on the insurance investigation has already made him a national character. His utterances on this occasion must materially increase his reputation as a speaker, and help to secure him a memorable record in the coming session. There, too, was Senator Thomas P. Dunn, lately elected — tall, good-natured and aggressive, he is a man who has quite won the hearts of his home town.

Senator Raines, author of the famous Raines Law of New York, a man who has won national renown in public life, having served in Congress with distinction, was anothe guest whom the American people trust and honor.

Altogether, the assemblage was one of wide awake, alert business-men. The venerable Bishop Mequaid was there, already past four-score years, a man much loved and whose presence was looked upon as an especial honor. He said grace and the benediction.

After the banquet, the governor and his party were to go to New York and an after-meeting was held in the railroad station, while waiting for the belated train. The present governor of New York will not lack plenteous advice if he remembers all that was said while waiting for that train.

Yes, there were some who missed the train; some trains went too soon, and some not soon enough for belated passengers; but, altogether, the annual banquet of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce goes on record as one of the notable events of the many during the closing days of 1906.

MR. DOUGLAS MALLOCH, THE "LUMBERMAN POET"

Rochester has much to interest a stranger. The personnel, the life and activities of American cities are more fully reflected at festive occasions in a place like Rochester than in larger centers like New York; for in the smaller cities the people come into closer contact.

IF there is a preeminent pulpit orator today, one who is foremost in the upbuilding of the best that can be found in our American civilization for the inspiration of young men, it is Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus of Chicago. Years ago, I travelled 500 miles to hear one of his incomparable sermons, preached in Plymouth Church, Chicago. What memories come to me of those early days as I sat in a pew with a dear friend and listened to words that created thirst for the highest and noblest in life. In those days we heard Lombard sing "The Palms," and we listened, too, to the magic Plymouth quartette. Every part of the service in that church was an inspiration during the ten years that Dr. Gunsaulus preached there.

Among those who sat in the pews at that time was Mr. P. D. Armour, who loved and admired the preacher. One Sunday, Dr. Gunsaulus preached on what he thought ought to be done for the young men of Chicago, and after the sermon the wealthy parishoner asked the preacher if he was willing to stand to what he had said in his discourse. The question was answered in the affirmative, and this was the beginning of the great Armour Institute of Technology, which has been such a boon to the youth of Chicago. Mr. Armour gave the large sum of money necessary for the undertaking, on condition that Dr. Gunsaulus devoted five years to the superintendence of the work—a condition which was willingly accepted by the minister. He made it one of the greatest educational institutions in the country.

* * *

Dr. Gunsaulus was born in Ohio, and completed his education in the Ohio Wesleyan college in Delaware. He afterward went to New England, where he became a close friend of Phillips Brooks. He remained in Massachusetts until 1885, when he was called to the Brown Memorial church of Baltimore, Maryland, and it was from here, in 1887, that he went to take up his work in Plymouth Church, Chicago.

It often happens that a man whose character blossoms into beauty in successful circumstances cannot bear failure or bad health, but Dr. Gunsaulus stood this test, for in his long and painful illness the real worth of the man was proven.

On his final recovery in 1899, he took charge of the Central Church every Sunday morning from October to July, and it is here that he now preaches. Sunday after Sunday, the large auditorium is filled by great congregations assembled to hear words which mean so much to mankind; for the preacher tells the simple story of Jesus in a way which burns itself into the memory, and afterward becomes woven into the warp and woof of the daily life of the hearers.

The wonderful work accomplished as president of the Armour Institute, to say nothing of the lectures with which he has

DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

delighted his audiences in all parts of the country, prove that the life of Dr. Gunsaulus is a strenuous one.

The celebrated preacher was a warm friend of McKinley, and is also well known to President Roosevelt. I met Dr. Gunsaulus recently when in Washington, and he evidently keeps in close touch with world-affairs. Years ago I saw him at a hotel in Great Russell street, London. I shall never forget the day, for it remains with me as a bright memory. We took a hansom together and drove to the Tate Gallery on the banks of the Thames. The Doctor is a lover of pictures, and one who appreciates

the subtleties of expression by pen and brush. With all the enthusiasm of a boy, showing a new-found bird's nest to his chum, he pointed out in rapid succession the beauties of modern art. In an hour, he showed me more than I could have discovered for myself in a month. We paused before the Watts collection, the work of that great artist whose life was then about to close, and I shall never forget the effect produced on my mind by the contemplation of those world-famed pictures.

I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Gunsaulus speak in the City Temple in London, when he was mentioned as a possible successor of Dr. Parker. It was wonderful to see him hold spellbound that great congregation of English people, but at the close of the service the enthusiastic reception given to him by the many Americans present clearly proclaimed his nationality. It was indeed characteristic of the man, despite the flattering offer made to him of a European pastorate, that Dr. Gunsaulus should decide that he belonged irrevocably to Chicago—that Windy City which so thoroughly appreciates him.

* * *

The power of Dr. Gunsaulus over an audience is remarkable. He irresistibly draws the people with him, until they seem to be one with him in heart and thought. His eloquence is of that modern quality which meets the conditions of today. After one has listened to him, the aspiration seems to rise, almost unconsciously to the mind, "Oh! if I could so express myself!" Dr. Gunsaulus has the faculty of saying those things which we all know and feel innately, but which we have never been able to clothe in suitable words, and he also has the rare gift of originality. He says things which strike the listener as new—"I never thought of that before," flashes often across the mind of the hearer. This gifted preacher has a well-balanced perception of values, and beneath all the variety and beauty of his expression is the bedrock of common sense.

Dr. Gunsaulus has the faculty of eliminating all historic setting from any character he wishes to describe; whether he speaks of Savonarola or some character from the Holy Writ, he paints his picture in simple, everyday language that makes the subject of the sermon actually live before the listeners. His ideas are expressed with a wizard-like explicitness, and he has a remarkable gift for entering into the heart and mind of the men he is describing and separating or segregating the wholesome from the unwholesome. He awakens his hearers to a new vista of life, a new outlook, that is so simple and yet so stupendous that the view at first startles. The originality of Dr. Gunsaulus is of the brilliant and yet convincing order, and though his word-painting is always vivid, yet his thought is rational. He grasps the situation so accurately that his point of view is almost without exception the true one. The hearers are not dazzled but convinced.

* * *

It is doubtful if any other one man can be found who has given so much wholesome and inspiring counsel, which has been acted upon by those to whom it has been offered. He has the rare art of saying the right word in the right way, which means much, for it is often the case that the right thing is said, but in such a way that it loses its effect. But there never seems to be a time, whether under the dark pall of affliction or in the buoyancy of success, when Dr. Gunsaulus is not ready with some utterance exactly suited to the moment, and his warm hand-grasp conveys more than his eloquent words.

I can never forget the first time I looked upon those earnest eyes that seem to change in color as the owner's mood varies. I have not been able to decide as to the color of Dr. Gunsaulus' eyes, but his hair and moustache are dark, and his general expression impresses the beholder with the sincerity of the soul that animates the face. My first admiration for him was accentuated by the fact that he was a man who really wrote books, for to me, at that time, an author was a great man—a title which no one will deny to the writer of the lectures on Savonarola. His pen, however, has entered almost every field of literature, as evidenced by his novel "Monk and Knight," his various volumes of poetry, which include "Phidias and other Poems," his writings on "The Man of Sorrows" and Gladstone. His wonderful insight into world-affairs and his love of art and all things beautiful, in the highest and loftiest sense of the word, make one feel that it is indeed a privilege to know such a man as Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus.

YES, here I was at No. 76 Fifth Avenue, ascending the broad steps of that old mansion, on the second floor of which, for nearly sixty years, an extract has been manufactured that is found in medicine chests all over America. It is interesting to know that some of the ingredients of Pond's Extract are found in a few sections of the country—Utica, New York, and in the Connecticut Valley. This valuable antiseptic was first made in Utica, New York, but the firm moved to Clinton, Connecticut, in order to be in close proximity to the hammamelis bush. Pond's Extract contains witch hazel, but witch hazel does not contain Pond's Extract. On the contrary, the Extract is considered to be about four times as strong as the ordinary witch hazel now sold.

Do you want to know the reason why I have a personal interest in Pond's Extract? Have you ever had a stone bruise or cut? Have you gone through the warfare of youth without using Pond's Extract? If you have, I pity you. I remember, too, in the first years when I began to shave, what a soothing power that extract had, and how it healed the cuts left by my unwonted and clumsy manipulation of the razor. In fact, I have come to think that a shave without Pond's Extract is not half a shave. Recently I have discovered a new use for my favorite decoction—it is to put some in the lather when I shave.

Who does not know that old yellow label? It has become as much a part of the household equipment where there are children, as the old, kitchen clock itself. I just thought I would write this, because I feel that every housewife, every person who has ever used Pond's Extract, would like to hear something about one of the best remedies which enter into the economics of the ordinary family. The memory of Mr. Pond may not be pre-

Photo by Lawrence

THE BANQUET OF THE ROCHESTER, N. Y., CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, AT WHICH GOVERNOR HUGHES MADE HIS FAMOUS SPEECH

served on "Storied urn or animated bust"; no tablet of granite nor lofty tower may mark his last resting place—there is no need; for his name is certainly immortalized in the memory of thousands of families in this country, where the yellow-labeled bottles are so familiar.

* * *

IN driving about the city, through the ruins of San Francisco, I had the good fortune to meet with a representative of the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, who pointed

New Victor Records

On sale January 28th at all Victor Dealers throughout America.

All songs are with orchestral accompaniment. 8-in. 35c; 10-in. 60c; 12-in. $1.00.

No.		In.
	United States Marine Band	
4943	March Comrades	Wagner 10
4944	Semper Fidelis March	Sousa 10
31599	Manilla Waltz	Choper 12
	Arthur Fryor's Band	
31600	Monsieur Beaucaire—Incidental Music	12
31603	Plantation Echoes	Conterno 12
	Victor Concert Orchestra	
4973	Juliet's Slumber—Romeo and Juliet	Gounod 10
31604	Hungarian Lustspiel Overture	Keler-Bela 12
31605	Rosamunde Overture—Part 1	Schubert 12
31606	Rosamunde Overture—Part 2	Schubert 12
	Victor Dance Orchestra	
31602	La Barcarolle Waltz	Waldteufel 12
	Coruet Solo by Emil Keueke	
4952	The Rosary	Nevin 10
	Banjo Solo by Vess L. Ossman	
4943	Silver Heels	Moret 10
	Violin and Flute by D'Almaine & Lyous	
31598	Dream of the Mountains—Idyl	Latitzky 12
	Soprano Solo by Miss Ada Joues	
4969	Fancy Little Nancy (Soubrette Song)	Baines 10
	Comic Soug by Miss Helen Trix	
4946	The Next Horse I Ride On	Murray-Everhard 10
	Contralto Solo by Miss Corinne Morgan	
4976	Forever and Forever	Tosti 10
	Tenor Solo by Harry Macdonough	
31601	The Palms	Faure 12
	Baritoue Solo by J. W. Myers	
4968	The Bowery Grenadiers	Kelly 10
	Songs by Billy Murray	
4949	Sweet Anastasia Brady	Jerome-Schwartz 10
4974	Cheyenne Parody	10
	Records by Burt Shepard	
4922	The Old Brown Hat	Gorman-Lowan 10
4965	Matrimony (Talking Record)	Kendall 10
	Coon Song by Arthur Collins	
4947	Moses Andrew Jackson, Good Bye	10
	Duet by Collins and Harlan	
4972	I'm Keeping My Love Lamp Burning for You	10
	Duets by Miss Jones and Mr. Murray	
4951	Wouldn't You Like to Flirt with Me? Rogers	10
4975	Don't You Think It's Time to Marry? Edwards	10
	Duet by Miss Trix and Mr. Quinn	
4959	Fol de Iddley Ido	Bratton 10
	Trio by Miss Jones, Mr. Murray and Mr. Keruell	
4970	Whistle It from "The Red Mill"	10
	Trinity Choir	
4971	Jesus, Meek and Gentle	Amhrose 10
	Male Quartets by the Haydn Quartet	
4967	When the Flowers Bloom in Springtime, Molly Dear,	Von Tilzer 10
4966	When Her Beauty Begins to Fade	Morse 10

No.		In.
	Yankee Stories by Cal Stewart	
4979	Uncle Josh and the Labor Unions	10
4980	Uncle Josh's Second Visit to the Metropolis	10
	Descriptive Specialties by Miss Jones and Mr. Spencer	
4973	Rosie and Rudolph at the Skating Rink	10
31597	Down on the Farm	12
	TWELVE 8-INCH RECORDS	
	United States Marine Band	
4911	Maple Leaf Rag	Joplin 8
	Victor Orchestra	
4962	Traumerel	Schumann 8
4963	Popular Waltz Medley	8
	Contralto Solo by Miss Corinne Morgan	
4964	O Promise Me	De Koven 8
	Soprano Solo by Miss Ada Jones	
4873	The Bullfrog and the Coon	Nathan 8
	Coon Song by Arthur Collins	
4961	I'm Going Right Back to Chicago	8
	Duet by Stanley and Macdonough	
4917	Almost Persuaded	Bliss 8
	Duet by Collins and Harlan	
4960	Arrah-Wanna	Morse 8
2518	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	8
	Recitation by Edgar L. Davenport	
4942	The Seven Ages	Shakespeare 8
	Descriptive Specialty by Miss Jones and Mr. Spencer	
4363	"Pals" (Introducing "He's My Pal")	8
	Yankee Talk by Cal Stewart	
2575	Uncle Josh and the Fire-Department	8
	Baritone Solo by Senor Francisco	
4937	La Marseillaise	10
	German Solo by George P. Watson	
4953	Life in the Alps (with yodel)	10
	Duet by Miss Carlson and Mr. Herskind	
4977	Gobble Duet from La Mascotte	Audran 10
	NEW RED SEAL RECORDS	
	10-inch, $2.00; 12-inch, $3.00	
	Johanna Gadski, Soprano	
87002	Walkure—Brunnhil de's Battle Cry	Wagner 10
88038	Lohengrin—Elsa's Traum	Wagner 12
88039	Ave Maria (violin obligato)	Bach-Gounod 10
88042	Alda—"O patria mia" (My Native Land)	Verdi 12
88040	The Erlking (with piano)	Schubert 12
88041	(a) Verborgene Wunden } with (b) Like the Rosebud } piano	LaForge 12
	Emma Eames, Soprano	
88045	Faust—"Le Rol de Thule"	Gounod 12
	Violin Solos by Mischa Elman, $1.50	
74051	Souvenir de Moscow	Wieniawski 12
74052	Nocturne in Eb	Chopin 12
74053	Melodie	Tschaikowsky 12

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Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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with pride to the large Whittel Building of structural steel, which had been erected but not enclosed when the earthquake occurred. None of the floors were laid, which gave an excellent opportunity to witness the stability of this steel frame, standing erect amid destruction.

* * *

On the towering girders was another proof of the excellence of an American product, for there was the Dixon Silica Graphic Paint in good condition; and I certainly felt that the representaitve had made a point when he called my attention to this, and also felt that such enthusiasm ought to have its reward.

Over the site of the office, this earnest gentleman had set up a placard which indicated where his office had been, and his experience of "fire and quake" was the basis of a handsome advertising booklet which he had just issued, entitled, "Through 'Frisco's Furnace," a copy of which I carried away with me as a souvenir of my visit.

* * *

WHEN the Hon. William D. Chapple was elected to the presidency of the Masschussetts Senate, I naturally felt interested in the career and genealogy of a gentleman who spelled his surname in the same way as my own. I have, however, failed to connect his lineage with the distinguished source of my own line, since it does not appear that the forbears of the Hon. W. D. Chapple had either part or lot in the traditional Cornish sea-rover —that sounds better than pirate—who is said to have borne our name long ago.

Still I cannot deny myself the pleasure of introducing to the readers of the National a Chapple who has made his mark as a political leader in Massachusetts, and who seems likely to go far and hew his way to greater things.

Mr. William D. Chapple is a native of Salem, Mass., where he was educated in the public schools, and studied law in the office of Hon. N. H. Holden, associate justice of the First District Court; graduated from the Boston University Law School in 1890, and was the same year admitted to practice, opening an office in his native town. Politically he is an active Republican, and has filled the following offices: Member of Salem Common Council, 1894-5-6; President of Council. 1896; member of Republican City Committee 1894 to 1906, and chairman of same in 1903 and 1904; helped organize and became President of the Salem Republican Club; elected representative 1897-1898 and 1899 and to the Massachusetts Senate in 1905, 1906 and 1907.

* * *

EVER since I experienced a realizing sense of the important role played by the Saratoga season in American social and public life, I have had a desire to visit the place where the world-famous springs are located. No other watering-place in the east has enjoyed a longer and better sustained popularity; and the forest springs, visited for ages by the Indians in search of health, will attract mil-

WILLIAM D. CHAPPLE, PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE SENATE

lions of Americans yet unborn, in ages of a still greater civilization than our own.

Having at last visited Saratoga, I came to the conclusion that I would call upon Senator Edgar T. Brackett. It happened that I arrived on the evening of a great Hearst demonstration in the Auditorium, saw the crowded streets of Saratoga illuminated with red fire and flags, and amid the notables Lieut. Gov. Stuyvesant Chanler of Duchess County, "a scion of the house of Astor, chewing slippery elm to relieve the hoarseness incurred in the

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Battle Creek
Toasted Corn Flake Co.
Battle Creek, Mich.

arduous campaign through which he and Hearst were passing.

As I passed along, I noticed that the great hotels in the centre of the city were closed, but somehow I could in fancy see the activity and gaiety of "the season" in the streets and verandas. In the quaint old town hall Senator Brackett has his offices; for the thrifty Saratogans know how to utilize public property to advantage.

In a corner of this lofty-spired town hall a young graduate of Cornell College, Iowa came East thirty years ago and hung out his

EDGAR T. BRACKETT OF SARATOGA, NEW YORK

shingle, a very modest shingle indeed—in one corner of the second floor. Now you enter the extensive legal establishment of Senator Brackett on the first floor and go upstairs in a private elevator. The suite forms what a friend has facetiously called "an ideal legal factory." On the walls are the evidences of a career of which his friends are all proud; for if there ever was a man who had the hearty and enthusiastic support of those who know him, it is Senator Brackett. Fearless and energetic, he it was who first initiated the movement toward legislation for the investigation of the insurance companies.

There is a special charm in finding the generous and progressive spirit of old Cornell, in New York state, and it is evident that the senator is a man who lives up to the rules and spirit of his alma mater. Indeed this little college in the West, has much to be proud of in having among her alumni men of so lofty a stamp and character. Few public men in New York have a more loyal and enthusiastic following than Senator Brackett, who appears to have mastered the secret of "grappling his friends to him with hooks of steel."

I could almost see the genial lad of bygone school days, as his eyes twinkled when the old college was mentioned and scenes of long ago were recalled, and I am not surprised that his memory was fresh and green in his alma mater in my own time, when his career was pointed out as one of the shining examples which we might aspire to follow. Many a Western boy coming East, has been helped to success by the kindly advice of Senator Brackett. He is prominently identified with the business and industrial interests of Saratoga, and he takes a just pride in the new silk glove mill which has recently been established, and is now in operation. It will add much to the industrial progress of the "spring" city.

Yes, I drank Saratoga water—all kinds—and came away with the feeling that I had at last visited and spent a pleasant day at America's most charming spa—a true type of a modern city that is capable of royally entertaining convention assemblies.

* * *

NEW YORK on election night was a dramatic scene, and it was my great pleasure to show an English friend a phase of American life that he insisted was "most remawkable;" (New York accent) if not *the* most marvelous thing he had seen in his six months' stay in America.

Talk of sights! From Park Row to Forty-Fifth street, Broadway was simply packed, choked, congested with people. Street cars no longer monopolies of the right of way, were blocked by staid fathers of families gone wild with excitement; and it was a laughable spectacle to see a serious-faced, bearded man tooting on a little tin horn. Everybody seemed suddenly to have become young again, and almost all were armed with a tin pan or a little brush which was used to tickle the neck

ANNOUNCEMENT, 1907

Cleveland

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This movement can now be had in the popular sizes, for men's and boys' use, and in the models so much desired. Ask your dealer.

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or face of one's neighbors. Confetti came flying from all quarters—everyone was out for a frolic. But the tin horns were not enough in the musical (?) line—there were bugles, cornets, rattles and cow-bells; anything that had a capacity for making a noise was popular on Broadway that night. One could scarcely realize that there could be any deep-seated feeling or sense of rivalry in the election—for everyone was goodnatured.

The great jam of people on Twenty-third and Fourteenth streets required the most strenuous efforts of a long line of blue-coated police, to keep anything like a pathway through; the struggling Broadway cars, with incessantly clanging bells, went gingerly at a foot-pace through the surging crowd; and the people hustled and jostled each other out of the way with jokes and laughter. Pushing, struggling, laughing, in among the goodnatured electors, my friend declared that he had in sooth brushed up against real American life. At one time, I had some difficulty in rescuing him and his tall silk hat from the midst of the crowd, wherein he barely escaped being engulfed. We finally extricated the silk hat from the eddy in which it was caught, and the Englishman good-naturedly brushed the nap the "right way," and restored it to something like its pristine gloss. As he whisked his elbow around the crown, he said:

"I say, old man, everything is full-up hereabouts tonight."

The red lights of the campaign were succeeded by the flash-lights that showed the results of the work done during the summer. Between nine and ten, Hearst's hopes fell. The great search-light on the tower on the north showed Hughes' local victories, and the tower on the south, Hearst's. The pencil of light swung around like some illuminated weather-vane, telling the people exactly how the election winds were blowing.

There were people in carriages, and tooting automobiles hoarsely trying to get through the crowd; but even they were out for fun, and there was no impatience or ill nature when the passage was blocked. In fact, it was no use to be irritated, even if hats were stoven in and corns trampled upon by the throng; and as for the difficulty of getting through, it was merely regarded as good exercise to make a rush for Brooklyn bridge and the subway. I came to the conclusion that one thing the New Yorker especially enjoys, is in having his election night frolic on bright, old Broadway.

* * *

MANY of our readers will be interested in an article in this month's National on the Japanese in Korea, by Hallet R. Robbins. Mr. Robbins is a graduate of Harvard and the Institute of Technology. After completing his studies there he took up work in Korea, where he resided for nearly a year. Mr. Robbins is a keen observer, and his conclusions may be relied upon as having been carefully drawn from personal investigation.

A KOREAN WOMAN WITH A SINGER SEWING MACHINE

It is interesting to know that nearly all of the pictures with which the article is illustrated, were taken by Mr. Robbins himself, with an Eastman Kodak.

In this connection, the picture of the Korean woman running a sewing machine will be of interest, showing that this product of civilization is doing its part as an advance agent of progress in Korea. This portrait was furnished the National by Mr. Priest of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and was taken by a photographer in Seoul.

One of the Manning Maids
From the red chalk by Fred S. Manning

MR. GEO BARR McCUTCHEON
From the red chalk by Fred S. Manning

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE Fifty-Ninth Congress expires on the fourth of March, and will be chronicled in history as a congress notable for passing some of the most remarkable measures that have ever been engrossed upon the records of the nation. While the expiring session was replete with many dramatic and spectacular debates on the Brownsville episode, perhaps nothing was more notable than Senator Tillman's "minstrel show." The battle of Brownsville has been fought bravely and well; it perhaps precipitated the party votes, and very adroit moves were made on the voting chess board, but despite the fervor of the orators at this session, there was little of the deep-seated and poisonous acrimony that has appeared in the celebrated debates of earlier times. It was only the day after the stormy passage-at-words between Senators Tillman and Spooner, that the senator from South Carolina was seen to leave his seat and go across the aisle to the seat of the senator from Wisconsin, pointing significantly to the Congressional Record of the day which he was reading, while he shook his bushy head, as much as to say, "Is it possible we said all this?" Then a smile passed between the two, and there was evidently peace once more on the aisle.

* * *

ON the Tuesday before his death, it was remarked from the press gallery how well Senator Russell C. Alger seemed, and it was noted how he followed with keen interest every movement on the floor, and seemed almost to see every notation jotted down, and hear every whisper in the ear of the debater. His black eyes sparkled, as he followed the proceedings, and at that time little was it thought, that this was the closing day of his long and arduous career.

* * *

IN the Senate, the forensic debate on the Brownsville matter has occupied many hours of the opening session. The contest has been over the definition of words; and one might almost imagine that an apothecary's scales and a dictionary would be called into request to weigh matters exactly. Each senator appears bent on insisting that the full value of words be given in each resolution introduced in the Brownsville affair.

To the uninitiated, it sometimes seems that, though more important matters are speedily disposed of by the rapid American business methods which usually prevail, when it comes to legislative action, there is no body that can weigh and calculate down "to the fine p'int" of nice distinctions in words and phrases so well as the Senate. As one young lawyer remarked, while sitting in the gallery:

"The arguments and debates have not only been interesting, but very instructive to a young lawyer."

It seems that nice distinction and differentiation of legal verbiage is not always confined to lawyers; but merchants, doctors, farmers, business men and manufacturers

who have seats in the Senate soon acquire a way of "splitting hairs" from the legal standpoint.

* * *

In his debates, Senator Spooner seems to have the happy faculty of choosing the right words, and when he is seen poring over the various authorities scattered on his desk, the Senate may rest assured that he means to extract the meat from the proposition he has in hand.

Senator Beveridge made a notable speech

CONGRESSMAN GEORGE C. STURGISS OF WEST VIRGINIA

on the Child Labor Bill, using all his customary force and eloquence, and carried conviction with every utterance.

In the rear room, looking quietly over the scene before him, was Senator Crane, who, in the short time he has served in the Senate, has already made his mark as one of the strong men who know just how to bring things together and smooth over rough places when a vote is desired.

Senator Knox in the rear row, may be often seen delving into authorities with the same assiduity he displayed when in the Department of Justice.

AMONG the new members elected in West Virginia is George C. Sturgiss, of Morgantown, who started in life as a school teacher, and later studied law in the office of Senator Waitman T. Willey. Mr. Sturgiss was superintendent of schools after the war; was elected for three terms as a member of the house of delegates in West Virginia, served eight years as prosecuting attorney and during the exciting election of 1880, was the candidate on the Republican ticket for governor of the state.

He was U. S. district attorney for West Virginia under President Harrison, serving with satisfaction to the court and the administration. For four years he was president of the Board of Regents of West Virginia University.

In recent years, Mr. Sturgiss has been actively interested in developing the great industrial resources of West Virginia, and also in the enactment of new legislation to promote the industrial and commercial interests of his state, being the first president of the State Board of Trade. He received the largest majority of any candidate for congressman in his district, and no one can fail to be impressed with the earnest way in which he is taking up the duties which have fallen to his lot.

* * *

A DEVICE, similar to the acousticon, which we mentioned last month, has been making for itself a record in the annals of the country, and may even find a place in the Congressional Record.

Senator Pettus of Alabama, sometimes known as the "Confucius of the Senate," went home the other day and left his hearing machine on his desk. He had been gone but a short time when the senate proceedings were interfered with by a strange buzzing sound.

"Seems to be a bee about," said the senator from Texas.

"Maybe Fairbank's presidential bee," mildly remarked Senator Spooner.

"Or Foraker's," snapped Tillman, but Senator Aldrich thought it might be a hornet's nest; and then in came Senator Hale, busy as any bee, and insisted that the "buzz must be stopped instantly."

So the page told the chief page, and the chief page told the assistant sergeant-at-arms,

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN
SENATOR DILLINGHAM OF VERMONT

SENATOR MONEY OF MISSISSIPPI
SENATOR CLAY OF GEORGIA

and the assistant sergeant-at-arms told the sergeant-at-arms, and he told the engineer, who told the electrician, so that it finally came around to the attention of Elliott Woods, who soon had almost his whole staff working away to locate the mysterious disturbers of

MRS. MONTAGUE, WIFE OF EX-GOVERNOR MONTAGUE OF VIRGINIA, AND A GREAT SOCIAL LEADER IN WASHINGTON AND VIRGINIA

the peace of the upper chamber; the search was unavailing, and had to be resumed next morning. A bright little page suddenly called out: "I have it!"

"Be careful that it doesn't sting you," cautioned the other searchers, and the cause of the disturbance was finally located in the desk of Senator Pettus—it was the senator's new hearing machine. After taking it off, he had placed it near the electric battery, giving a circuit of buzzing which went on without cessation, like a veritable "busy bee." The machine works on the same principle as an acousticon, the highly sensitive little receiver being pinned on the lapel of the coat and connected with wires that go under the arms and up to the back of the neck, and thence to the ear pieces. The contrivance is so neatly made as to be scarcely noticeable when worn along with the senator's spectacles, while it seems to afford him unlimited satisfaction, magnifying sound and making hearing easy. It has been suggested that, hereafter, it will be advisable to leave the machine in charge of the Senate electrician.

* * *

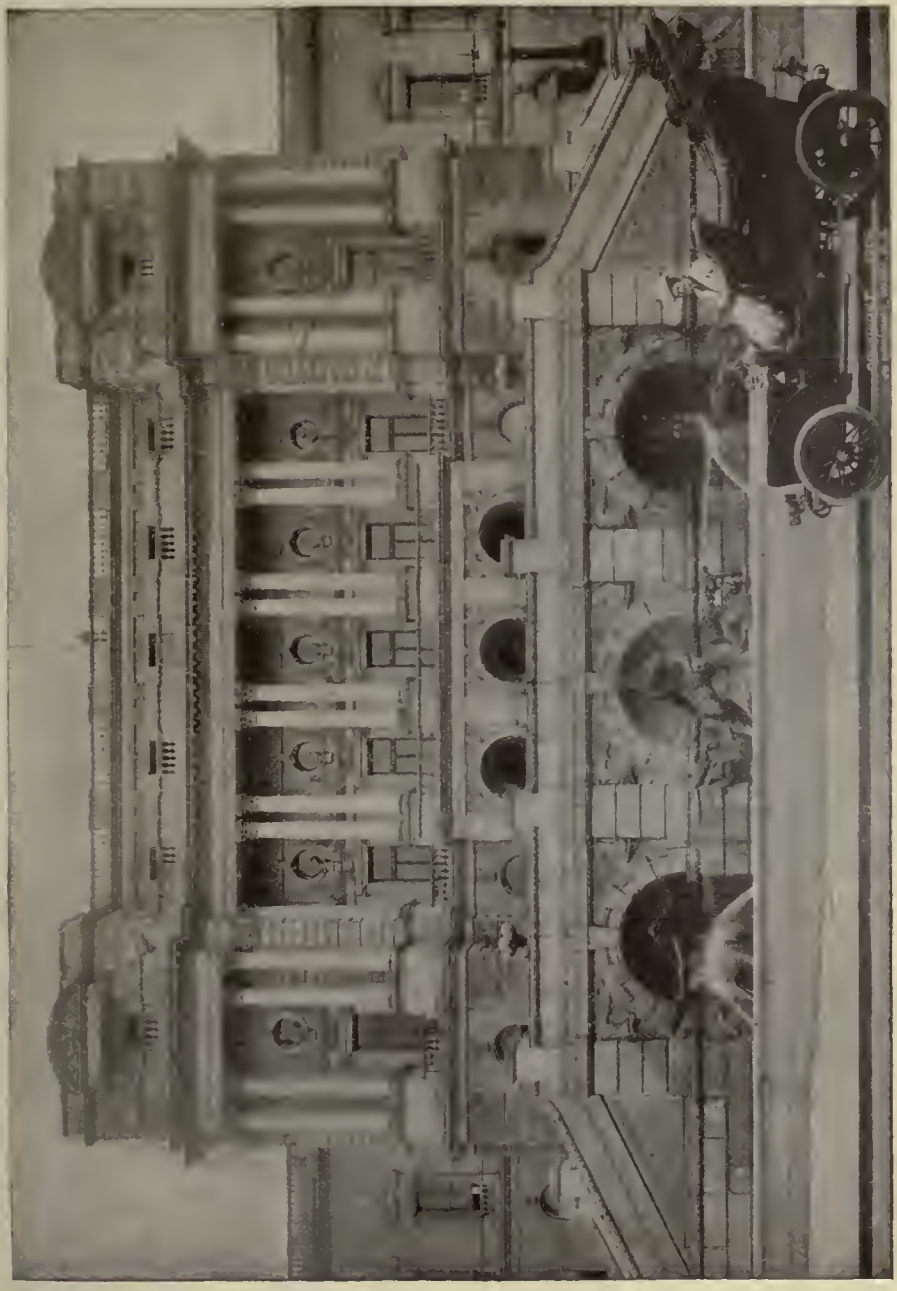
IN the reading room of the House of Representatives was held one of the most interesting committee investigations that has been on the boards for many a session. In this handsome room, with the long tables pushed together, and amid clouds of tobacco smoke, the Senate and House Committee on Copyrights were busy getting at the bottom of the demands made for the changes in the copyright bill.

The joint committees on copyright have worked long and faithfully on the perplexing problems before them. The rapidity with which mechanical inventions are utilizing the creations of composers, and giving them to the public in all the latest forms, serves to make the man and woman on the street and in the country towns familiar with those things which heretofore have been only for the musical and select few. While some of

MRS. JOHN B. HENDERSON, WIFE OF EX-SENATOR HENDERSON

this music may be mediocre, it is a fact that children today are more familiar with grand operas and much of the heavier music than many well-read adults were years ago.

The extension of the copyright privileges



MRS. GRATS HELM, NIECE OF SPEAKER CANNON, IN HER AUTOMOBILE, IN FRONT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON

to fifty years, and after the life of the author carrying on the copyright to his family, seems to be only a fair arrangement, and the committee are evidently disposed to do their work in a spirit of justice. The large room where the hearings were held was filled with spectators, and there was scarcely a dull hour during those long and exhaustive conferences.

Mr. Putnam was present at the hearings, and John Philip Sousa, the famous composer and band leader, and Victor Herbert, the composer of Babes in Toyland, sat side by side, watching over every point brought out in the effort to give to composers a copyright on

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, WHO IS AT THE HEAD OF A GREAT WORK IN NEW YORK, AND OF WHOM WILLIAM HEMSTREET WRITES AN APPRECIATION FOR THE NATIONAL (See page 619)

their songs and music, even after they have been transformed to suit graphophone records and other mechanical appliances. This was, of course, to include the everlasting and omnipresent hand-organ music, which is not slow to echo all popular airs, and, as one of the opponents of the bill remarked:

"The street-organ has done more than any other instrument to popularize these very pieces."

* * *

Through the deep, four-foot window sills, the light struggled that morning upon the form of Mark Twain (Mr. Samuel L. Clemens), who had come to Washington on that cold winter's day attired in a suit of pure white serge, which, below his dark eyes and white hair and moustache, made him a commanding and conspicuous figure. Original sayings may always be expected from the author of "Innocents Abroad," and his onslaught on Washington was no disappointment. He very frankly stated that "a man who had reached the mature age of seventy-one should be able to dress as he pleased." He then commented upon the silliness with which men are attired, and paid a gallant tribute to the beauty and grace of womens' dress. Still, despite his appreciation of the delicate shades of womens' attire, he declared unequivocally against "peek-a-boo" waists, stating that they were fit to wear only on one condition — that they were flannel-lined! He insisted farther that the best clothes were those provided by nature; the human flesh, with which we are endowed by the Creator; and wound up by announcing that he considered clothes "as a rule a nuisance."

That visit to Washington was like a triumphal progress for the humorous sage. He called on the president, announcing to the doorkeeper that he was "after the same." Then he put his foot on Speaker Cannon's desk and said some pretty things about Congress; saying it was quite proper to do so, as he was after something and frankly "declared himself."

* * *

AN incident recently occurred which recalls the days of clemency during the time of the Lincoln administration. It seems that some years ago a young engraver thought his profits were not large enough, so he made plates and printed counterfeits of the paper of the Treasury Department. He issued these spurious bills at the St. Louis race track and was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. He had already served nearly four years, when a young lady, a school teacher, came forward to present his case in a new light to the President. She revealed facts in reference to his former character and career which proved of deep interest, and kept steadfastly on with her undertaking, working through an attorney, until the sentence was commuted from fifteen to six years.

Since then the fact has come to light that the young lady is the affianced of the man

serving sentence, though at first she insisted that she merely took a friendly interest in him. Perhaps her eloquence and the systematic way in which the evidence was presented might not have prevailed with the president without this touch of sentiment. Anyway, she can now set the date for her wedding two years hence, and doubtless one person who will be remembered at this happy event is the President of the United States.

* * *

IN the House Committee on Military Affairs these are days of activity, for the chief work of the last session of the Fifty-Ninth Congress was to make a disposition of the pending appropriation bills. The Army Appropriation Bill for the coming year was reckoned at $72,000,000, and I was interested in learning that there is a hundred thousand dollars paid out as interest on the savings of the soldiers, on which the government allows them four per cent. The aggregate savings of the soldiers is nearly $1,000,000 annually, proving the frugality of the American soldier.

It is a noticeable fact that the United States soldier is better paid than any other in the world. A man enters the English army at the rate of nine dollars a month, while the American army is entered at thirteen dollars for a similar period, with the prospect of advance in rank and pay, for in our army the chance for advancement is far greater than in the armies of other lands. The pay increases a dollar a month every year up to the sixth year, and in the American military service there are always a large number of officers drawn from the ranks.

The increase of pay in the artillery corps for expert marksmen, has done much to raise its personnel, while it is well known that men who retire after a term of service have no difficulty in securing good civil positions. Major Hull was surprised the other day to find a retired army man in receipt of good pay as an expert electrician. He grasped the major by the hand, and said:

"I owe my advancement in life to the lessons learned in the service, because if I had not gone into the army, I think I never would have secured my present position."

The increase of pay asked for by the men in the coast service, who desire to be placed on a par with the navy, seems a reasonable request; for while the men on the battleships have romance and variety, and a comparatively attractive career, the artillery and coast defence men must endure the monotony of daily routine in the same place, year after year, and yet how much depends on their proficiency!

The prosperous times have made it rather difficult to secure recruits during the past few years, for as long as men can make more money in civil life, they are not anxious to enlist under Uncle Sam, but the general condition of both army and navy at this time is a matter for congratulation.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, THE IDOL OF LABOR, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

AN unique gathering assembled in Washington in January. It was a national convention for the extension of the foreign commerce of the United States, and was a truly representative body. A special delegation from New York was headed by Cornelius N. Bliss, secretary of the interior.

Frank S. Gardner was secretary, and was successful in interesting many state governments in sending representative delegations.

Ex-Secretary Root, who recently returned to Washington, addressed the convention, and gave one of those vital and virile speeches which stir up enthusiastic interest in any subject on which he speaks, and will doubtless

aid in promoting closer trade relations with South America and other countries than now exist.

* * *

AMONG the senatorial candidates for Oklahoma was Robert E. Owen, a Cherokee Indian, who spent some time in Washington during the present session, and has carved out for himself a progressive campaign.

His country place in Indian Territory is called Monticello, and greatly resembles the country place of Jefferson, from which it was

R. L. OWEN, SENATOR-ELECT FROM OKLAHOMA

named, where the great grandchildren of Thomas Jefferson were born. It was named in honor of Mr. Owen's mother, Mrs. Narcissa Owen, a remarkable lady, who took up oil painting after she was sixty years of age, and became proficient enough in the art to receive a diploma from the St. Louis Exposition, which she obtained after she had passed her seventieth birthday.

Mr. Owen began his career as counsel for the Cherokees of the Indian Territory when he obtained a resolution from the Senate, giving them the right to appear in court on their own behalf in a suit of equity against the United States.

A Virginian by birth and education, conversing in six languages, and a powerful and convincing debater, Mr. Owen has rendered many services to the people he now represents, among them being the establishment of the first United States court in that territory. In fact, he has always been identified with the interests of the new state, and this is the first instance where a man of Indian blood has occupied a place in the upper house of Congress.

* * *

EVEN the carefully selected nomenclature of the Senate committees sometimes causes confusion among visiting constituents. Not long ago, a well-dressed gentleman was seen in the corridor near the Senate Chamber anxiously inquiring where he could find the room where the "Committee to Civilize Five Tribes" sat. The messengers were nonplussed, the elevator man shook his head—"What new departure now?"—the question was rife. Just then they saw the form of Senator Tillman whisking through the corridor.

"Whither, Benjamin? Can you tell us where the room of the Committee to Civilize Five Tribes is?"

By a singular coincidence, the senator was the chairman of that identical committee, the official name of which is "The Select Committee over Five Civilized Tribes of Indians." And this is the very committee over whose destinies the senator from South Carolina presides. It is marked "a special committee," so, when the Five Tribes are fully civilized, the work of the committee will be over.

The stranger was delighted to find the room of the committee who assembled to civilize five tribes, and he had the right impulse when he instinctively divined that Senator Tillman was over this committee of the august and high sounding name. So now when you desire information concerning the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, the messengers in the Senate will know what is wanted, and will direct you to the right place.

* * *

THERE is always an interesting conference in the cloak room at the beginning of every session; for it is there that all the senators gather to relate new stories; and if

The race of the balloons L'Centaure and L'Orient, from Pittsfield, Mass., August 22, 1906. The former, a government balloon, as noted by the flag, carried Major S. Reber Captain Charles DeForrest Chandler and Charles Walsh; the latter balloon was in charge of Leo. Stevens and Captain Homer W. Hedge, president of the Aero Club of America. L'Orient won the race, making an average speed of a mile in sixty-seven seconds, which is the world's record.

Captain Hedge in the balloon basket watching the indicator. This photograph was taken during the race between the balloons L'Centaure and L'Orient, and while the L'Orient, which was occupied by Captain Hedge, was a mile from the ground.

they happen to have an especial glow of the holiday times about them, so much the better.

Knute Nelson of Minnesota relates a story about his first fee for legal services. It was a big one—a real, live pig, with a curly tail, and the animal was presented to him by an admiring client who was unable to pay in coin. He took the pig home, and, not having time to prepare a proper pen for his new pet, he tied him by one leg in the yard, bade him good night, and left him to repose in

SENATOR LATIMER OF SOUTH CAROLINA

peace, intending, in the morning, to provide more comfortable quarters for his swineship.

"Next morning," said Mr. Nelson, "I awoke early, that I might gaze upon the reward gained by the operation of my great brain-box, the day previous. But, alas! On reaching my impromptu piggery, I beheld not the inmate—my first fee had apparently taken to himself wings, or else someone had come in and re-captured the pig, so after that I never again accepted fees "in trade," but insisted on having "coin of the realm."

I RECENTLY met an old-time newspaper man, who told me, with a reminiscent gleam in his eye, an incident of the wonderful memory of James G. Blaine. It occurred during one of those exciting international struggles when every move, wink or look of a prominent man was chronicled for the benefit of one faction or the other; and when incidental, unimportant happenings oftentimes festered into bitter feuds.

In those days, public men often confided in the newspaper "boys." A certain situation had been outlined by Secretary Blaine to one of the newspaper representatives from Boston, but with the understanding that the matter was not to be used at that time. It was a piece of information of vital interest, but, true to his pledge, nothing was said about the matter by the man who had obtained the news, and it apparently faded out of mind and was quite forgotten. Something occurred later which brought the incident to the surface again. One day the telephone rang, and the newspaper man, upon obeying the summons of the little instrument, heard in Mr. Blaine's voice:

"You remember that story I told you not to mention?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it is released now for publication; but there are some more facts in connection with it which you ought to have. Can you come over to see me?"

On arriving at Mr. Blaine's residence, the reporter was astonished at the way in which citations from authorities of all kinds—facts and figures—came pouring out, without a single reference to notes, volumes or data of any kind. Mr. Blaine had remembered, through all those months, the smallest circumstance, and told it as accurately as the narrative required, continuing:

"Now you are at liberty to publish that story; but I thought it ought to be complete."

Even to this day, the wonderful memory of James G. Blaine is alluded to as being without a parallel. In these days of competent stenographers, one cynic has remarked that it is no longer necessary for a man to have much memory, or to learn good penmanship. If he wishes to remember anything, a stenographer is called and a notation is made; the mysterious scratches in the "note book" are duly typewritten and filed away in alphabetical form, for ready refer-

ence, and the man's mind is relieved of the necessity for recalling precise details. It is contended that what is apparently lost in the power of memory is gained in increased capacity in other directions, and possibly this is so; but a good memory must always command a meed of admiration.

* * *

THE social kaleidoscope in Washington is in full swing during the month of February, when the near approach of the last days of the Fifty-Ninth Congress sees busy scenes enacted at the Capitol and in all the departments. The various reports submitted furnish ample material to every member of Congress and every senator, to enable him to look after the industrial, mental and moral interests of the country with which he is directly concerned.

The believers in the old-fashioned spelling for congressional documents did not seem to be much impressed with the President's pronounciamento anent a reform along that line, and it seems quite decided that the good old Congressional Record, with its long years of tradition, cannot start such a revolution as the introduction of simplified spelling would demand.

At the official gridiron dinner, a dictionary was furnished each guest, giving an announcement of what might be expected when the "Nu Spelling" came into vogue. The first dinner opened with the usual snap and verve, and the new candidates for the "gridiron" were as good-natured and congenial as ever. All goes gaily at a gridiron dinner—the dialogue, the monologue, the prologue, the epilogue, and all the other logues came along in quick succession. The chorus singing would have done credit to Victor Hammerstein's latest imported male chorus.

The usual distinguished diplomats and members of Congress were there; and the Judiciary, standing up like little men to receive the darts and shafts of wit and repartee that were flying everywhere, was indeed a sight worth going far to see.

This is said to be the reason why, when the Gridiron dinner is announced, the railway presidents and other celebrities from all parts of the country look askance at the little wallet, where once the railroad pass was wont to nestle.

UNITED STATES SENATOR JEFF DAVIS OF ARKANSAS
FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF THAT STATE

THE proceedings of the House were enlivened recently by a passage-at-arms between Congressman John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee and Congressman Mahin of Pennsylvania.

Congressman Mann was on duty in the chair at the time, and wielded his gavel like a meat axe. The trouble all arose over an

old wind-mill, and the endeavor to sift the wheat from the chaff in a complaint that was made that members were not ringing in on the time-clock, and that they should be "docked" for absenteeism. Then it was remarked that if this were done, many of the congressmen, notably William Randolph Hearst, would be properly requited for their services by being presented with a lemon.

After the pantomime was over, the efforts of the many peacemakers resulted in a hearty hand-shake between the two representatives. One of the congressmen remarked that he thought the "happy habit was gaining ground on the floor of the House."

* * *

NOT so very many years ago, an energetic Michigan boy was selling papers and pop-corn; and he sold his wares with a fizz and a bang. He used to go around and deliver orations at the county fairs, setting forth the virtues of his pop-corn. This lad was known as Willy Smith; but now he is called the Honorable William Alden Smith, the new senator from Michigan.

I chanced to meet one of Senator Smith's boyhood friends the other day; and it was a sweet and hearty tribute that he paid to his old boyhood chum.

"Will was a hustler—he would do any kind of work for a nickle. He was an errand boy at one time, and was always on time and asking if he 'could do something else.'"

In early life, Mr. Smith was made a messenger of the Michigan House of Representatives. His was a life of constant struggle and bustle; and at the early age of forty-six he has certainly achieved a remarkable success. Financial reverses came upon the family when "Willy" was a small boy, but his unquenchable, undauntable courage asserted itself, and his ambition had raised him at the age of twelve to a comparatively responsible position; for he was then selling pop-corn and newspapers on his own account. At seventeen, he began his career as a messenger at the State Capitol.

An incident is related of how he walked, in low shoes, through three miles of snow, to secure an appointment from the lieutenant-governor; but when he arrived, he found the post had been given to someone else, and then and there he made the resolution that, if he ever had the power of appointing the pages, he would see that the poor boys got the chances in preference to the sons of fathers who had a "pull."

In order to satisfy his insatiable desire for knowledge—despite the fact that he was refused a position in a law office—he became the possessor of a latch key, through the kindliness of Colonel Edwin S. Pierce, and thus got ingress to a library where he was able to study the books for which he craved. The kind-hearted veteran who opened to the ambitious youth the founts of knowledge hidden away in Blackstone and Kent, afterward found in the young man a sincere friend; and he was appointed sergeant-at-arms at the suggestion of Senator Smith.

Mr. Smith has served in Congress since 1894, and few public men have been more popular in their home district. I remember quite well when the senatorial campaign first began in Michigan, the confident way in which Mr. Smith used to walk to the Senate Chamber; and, when rallied upon it, he would quietly assert that he was well content to leave his cause with the people, and the result has proven how well founded that confidence was.

His career is replete with acts of undaunted courage and pluck; and it is not wonderful that William Alden Smith is accounted one of the most popular of the new senators who have recently taken office. He served many years under that hard task-master, bitter experience, and now his hand and his heart are always ready to give a lift to ambitious boys who are in need of a friend.

* * *

HOW manners and customs change in a generation! In talking with Congressman Green the other day, he recalled the fact that his mother and father were married in Massachusetts and his father was required to give a bond of $125 before the ceremony could be performed. If this requirement were enforced at the present time, and every young man who desired to enter the blessed state of matrimony had to prove that he was possessed of $125 spare cash, it is to be feared that many of our young people would have little left to purchase a housekeeping equipment. In those old days, they regarded marriage as something more than a pastime, and entered upon it as a real and serious responsibility. At any rate, the young people

SPEAKER'S STAND IN THE CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

had to have that sum to start with, and could not run off any fine morning and be married without a penny for future expenses.

Though Congressman Green's father came from New Bedford, Massachusetts, he was born in Illinois, and in the early days was an auctioneer, and followed that calling for many years. A curious fact, was that a portion of Brockton, now selling for fabulous prices, was then auctioned off for a very small sum. Congressman Green follows his father's profession, and enjoys the distinction of being the only one of his calling in the House of

SENATOR CARTER OF MONTANA

Representatives. Hard-working and industrious as an auctioneer, he attends with equal earnestness to the interests of his constituents, and he is getting the highest bid of the people for everything that concerns the Cape district. He is quite enthusiastic over the Cape Canal project, insisting that it has become a national undertaking, and one which means much for the coastwise commerce of the country.

* * *

ASSOCIATED with the old-time minstrel joke of why the hen crosses the road, is the story of an argument between Senator Tillman and Senator Spooner, which arose when the American hen was once more raised to eyrie heights, being exalted as the greatest money-maker in the nation.

Senator Tillman called attention to the increased cost of living. "Why," he said, in that Southern drawl of his, "I am told eggs are forty cents a dozen here in Washington."

"That may be so," replied the sturdy senator from Wisconsin, rubbing his head, "but just think of it—that is only three and a third cents for a full day's work for a hen."

This retort phazed the senator from South Carolina, and he thoughtfully wandered into the cloak room to figure out the sum submitted by his colleague from Wisconsin, whose expertness at figures had hitherto not come into prominence. He did not seem to get much light on the subject, but turned around on the senator from Wisconsin, and said:

"Senator, if you're so darned sure that a hen's full day's pay is only three and a third cents, perhaps you will tell me why the hen crossed the road."

* * *

IN traveling about the country, I always carry a time-table with me; I study it closely and often say, as the train pulls into a station, "Here such and such a friend resides." When the home city of a senator or congressman is reached, I feel it not only a matter of business, but of pleasure, to call upon the man at home, whom I have had the privilege of knowing at his work in Washington.

Just outside Elizabeth, New Jersey, stands an old Colonial mansion, built by the grandfather of Senator John Kean. Surrounded by spacious grounds, with towering trees about it, and amid localities made memorable by events of Revolutionary days, the house has a rare historic interest. As we drove toward it, the loquacious cabman gave me many interesting bits of information regarding the Honorable John Kean, who is looked upon by his friends and neighbors in Elizabeth as a square man, and one of whom his fellow-citizens may well be proud.

Entering the old mansion, I was ushered into the library, and seated before the fireplace with Senator Kean, I had one of those delightful smoke-chats which reveal more of the real man than can be learned in many months of public life. I could then readily understand why the people of New Jersey

not only admire but love John Kean. Unpretentious, yet with perfect poise, those with whom he comes in contact cannot fail to be impressed by the personality of the man.

In looking out upon the broad acres surrounding his home, one gets an insight into the character of its owner, and realizes how the boy growing to manhood in such surroundings would naturally gain a breadth of view from these historic scenes and the grand old mansion wherein his family has resided generation after generation. It was refreshing to look upon such a house in these days of restlessness, and incessant change of residence. People from foreign lands visiting this country, are astonished to find locality after locality where no son remains in the place where his father lived—it almost seems as though we had fallen heir to the nomadic tastes of the old Indians.

* * *

I sometimes feel that we are breaking loose from the traditions and ties that mean so much for the permanency of family life, although it is claimed, I believe, by some, that this is merely an effete survival of the old feudal idea. At the same time, no matter how far away the American may remove from his native state or old home, there always clings about those cherished memories a flavor of romance that no other place can have, and today thousands of people make pilgrimages to Virginia or New England to see the spot where their forefathers lived—to look upon scenes fraught with the same memories that come to Senator Kean every day of his life, as he moves about the place which his father and grandfather toiled to build, not only for themselves, but with the fixed ambition to establish a family seat, a home, which should be an integral part of the nation—that should be worthy of the great country to which they belonged.

* * *

THERE is something exhilarating in meeting many of the former congressmen who have been recruited into the ranks of the Senate. I remember, during the session last spring, having a long chat with Congressman Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, a bright, black-eyed, smooth-faced, energetic young man who made a splendid record in Congress. When it was whispered that he was of the material of which senators are made, he coyly blushed; but it was felt that the thought lurked in his mind.

In Montana, on March fourth, the present senator of that state will be succeeded by Joe Dixon, now to be called the Honorable Joseph M. Dixon. The Copper State may well be proud of its aggressive young senator. It will not be long before he will be wearing a frock coat, allowing his hair to grow just a little longer than he wore it in Congress, and by degrees assuming the dignity of one who wears the toga, for he is no longer a gay young congressman.

SENATOR-ELECT DIXON OF MONTANA

It is a noticeable fact that during the last twenty years more senators have been elected from the congressional ranks than during any other period in the history of the nation. This augurs well for the House of Representatives, and emphasizes the necessity of having active men in the upper house who understand all the ramifications of national legislation. Now and then, in the lounges surrounding the Senate Chamber, a goodly delegation from the opposite end of the Capitol may be seen, evidently thinking of the time when they will have a place on the little red carpet, and a desk in the upper House, in the semi-circle which represents the highest law-

making body in the country. So now, when we print photographs of congressmen, we can place them aside and simply change the title from congressman to senator.

* * *

AT the head of the table of the Appropriation Committee, Senator Allison sits day by day, pencil in hand, going over the figures of the budget for 1907 and 1908. The recapitulation of the money represented by this enormous array of figures is indeed an arduous study. The estimate for 1908 totals, for regular and permanent annual appropriation, $895,690,643.68. The deficiency for the first session of the Fifty-Ninth Congress amounted to over $39,000,000, which included the $14,000,000 to carry out contracts authorized by law for river and harbor improvements for 1907. The total increase of the estimate for 1908 over 1907 was the tidy sum of $91,394,224.21, but no one has discovered just what the twenty-one cents was for. The only way that the deficiencies are carried over when the river and harbor bill is not enacted is by including this expenditure in the "sundry civil act," thus making it possible to carry out the contracts authorized by law; and this year a little budget of $17,234,050.04 was included in the Sundry Service Bill.

The total appropriations of the first session of the Fifty-Ninth Congress for the Isthmian Canal totaled $42,447,201.08, and the Navy Department is confronted with the prospect of a decrease in appropriation for 1908 of over $6,000,000; the Pensions with $3,000,000; Indian Affairs with $242,000, and the Diplomatic Service with $551,000, making a total decrease in these four departments of over $10,000,000.

Senator Allison continues alert and hard-working as ever, although rapidly approaching a half century of continuous service—a fact that few can realize who do not come into contact with the prodigious amount of work handled by the Appropriations Committee; a continuous object lesson of the services rendered by "The Grand Old Man" of Iowa to his country.

* * *

IT is interesting to sit in the gallery and watch the speakers, noting their attitude during the debates, and how, when the heat of the conflict is over, there are always some senators who relax attention and appear comparatively indifferent to what is next brought before the Senate.

The more I come into personal contact with the congressmen and senators, the more important it seems to me to give merely personal impressions rather than opinions, for we can all form opinions and probably prefer our own to any other, but impressions can only be obtained by personal contact with the living presence of the individual, and it is wonderful how one's idea of a man changes on meeting him face to face. An erroneous idea is often formed by seeing a man in public life only "across the foot-lights" so to speak, and it is well to wait until he has been met socially and in his home before forming an opinion; for, no matter how carefully a writer may govern himself, he is apt to pass on his own mistaken opinions. Possibly these ideas come from floating recollections of Butler's "Analogy," wherein the good bishop cautions his readers against saying more than the bare facts, and urges them to give neither praise nor blame, and refrain from passing opinions on anyone.

* * *

SPEAKING of finance, one of the most important matters which came before the President and Congress was the financial bill. Long and earnestly has the committee worked upon this proposition, and taken a great deal of valuable testimony concerning the question.

Congressmen Weeks, Hayes, Fowler of New Jersey, Prince of Illinois, Calderhead of Kansas, Llewellyn Powers of Maine, McMorran, Weems, McCreary, Knowland, Waldo, Shartel, Lewis, Pujo, Glass, Gillespie, James and Legare have worked together and given the matter careful consideration. I was struck with one important fact which this investigation has brought to light, which was mentioned by Congressman Weeks. Everyone carries about much more money than in former years. For instance, a man who considered five dollars a comfortable sum to have in his pocket in the old days, now feels that it is desirable to have fifty dollars, and even a child who would consider five cents a small fortune three years ago, would now demand a quarter. When you multiply this "pocket" money by a million or so, it is realized how much cash is in actual

SPEAKER CANNON OF ILLINOIS (right) AND REPRESENTATIVE PAYNE OF NEW YORK (left)

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS

REPRESENTATIVE HAY OF VIRGINIA (on the left) TAKING A WALK WITH A FRIEND

SENATOR HALE OF MAINE

use every day, and still out of circulation. Again, people who are now saving money out of their increasing wages, will often in the interim between pay days or convenient times to deposit, carry about or have in the house, considerable sums of money; and even after this money is put into the savings bank, it is practically out of use, for it is not being circulated.

Uncle Sam, like the rest of the country, is enjoying unusual prosperity, so far as custom house receipts are concerned, and this, also, takes a lot of money out of circulation,

PAUL NIXON OF BRAINTREE, MASS., WINNER OF A RHODES SCHOLARSHIP AT OXFORD

so that altogether, the problem is rather one for the consideration of our banks, than a question of broad national interest. The finance of today includes not only annual monetary transactions, but many other intricacies of cash, credit, collateral and various methods used in exploiting and extending business generally, but there is no question that the psychological moment has arrived when action of some kind must be taken.

* * *

"WHAT'S in a name?"

Among the thousands of descendants of old Dutch families who have made application to the state legislatures to have their names changed, was a pleasant gentleman whose good old Holland name is Earle Hogenbaum; but he has at length despaired of ever hearing it correctly pronounced; and whenever he gives his name is obliged to repeat it two or three times, and finally spell it out, before his new acquaintances can understand what he is called. The name is really Hogge Baum, and there are many Dutch names having Hogge, Hagen and Hedge as a part of them. Perhaps it is not often noticed how many of these old names there are among our best-known men — Ten Broeck, Bok, Van Bibber, Schuyler, Van Rensselaer, Vanderstuft, Van Vranken, Ten Eyck, Van Deusen, Van Horne, Van Ingen, Vanderbilt— most of them somewhat difficult of pronounciation for English-speaking people. It is generally understood that most of these old names have a meaning not to be found in the ordinary English appelations. For instance, where "boch" is part of the name "bubbling spring" is indicated, so the name of the distinguished editor is fraught with meaning, and is remarkably well suited to a man who has drunk so deeply of the springs of learning and is now dispensing to others.

After all, the old names are very interesting, where the meaning is plain, as in the case of Mr. Hogenbaum, his name meaning "tall tree," which seems to intimate that Americans are not the only people who sometimes took refuge in the "tall timber." Theodore Roosevelt has a name that is very poetic in its original Dutch, meaning "rose-field," or "field of roses."

When misunderstandings of one's name occur frequently it becomes inconvenient to pass one's life in constant and vexatious explanation; and I was not surprised to learn that my friend Earle Hogenbaum had made application to the Probate Court, and asked to have the name changed, so that he might pass his future days in peace, free from incessant questioning as to his surname, and relieved from the necessity of spelling out his name and carefully going over and over the pronunciation every time he meets a man who has not previously known him. Probably this will encourage many of the Quackenbusches and Van Rensselaers to follow this example, and who knows if the desperate action taken by many gentlemen of Dutch descent may not incite our own distinguished president to simplify his ancient family name,

as well as the national spelling book. Probably it would be unwise to advocate this change in a name which will go down into history as that of a great and patriotic statesman; though for all practical purposes, we prefer names that are easily caught over the telephone and distinguished in handwriting, and about which we are in no doubt as to spelling and pronunciation.

As my young friend remarked:

"The only way out of the annoyance that I can see, is to change my name, or else make a liberal appropriation for advertising and identify my present name with some sort of soap, shoes, talcum powder or a new breakfast food—then everybody would have heard it, and there would be no trouble. However, I cannot afford to spend thousands of dollars for this purpose."

* * *

AMONG the most notable achievements of the government departments is the fast mail service secured by Postmaster General Cortelyou. Taking up the matter without additional expense to the government, he arranged schedules whereby one day has been saved on mails from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. This is where his special business knowledge and training played an important part in the work he did for his department, into which he introduced many strict, modern, up-to-date business methods hitherto neglected in government work. He has always seemed to regard his political work as a business proposition, and assumes the same cares and responsibilities that he would if managing some large mercantile concern. He is looked upon as being one of the best-fitted men in the country to take the place of Secretary Shaw of the Treasury, to carry on the business of that department with the same energy which has characterized his entire official life up to the present time.

* * *

A commendable movement has been inaugurated for providing a home for letter carriers. It seems as though as much provision should be made for the faithful men who spend their lives in the service of the public in this way, as for the soldiers and sailors whose average service is by no means so arduous, wearisome and exposed to all extremes of weather as that of the quiet and unobtrusive mail carriers. Uncle Sam should no longer be exposed to the reproach that the thousands of letter carriers throughout the Republic who have helped to give the rural districts the most efficient mail service in the world, are obliged to look forward with dread to disability or old age. There should by all means be something provided in the way of pensions or homes and sanitariums for those disabled in the line of duty, or by long service.

* * *

IN these days of large corporations, it is wonderful how much depends upon individualism. Not long ago, Mr. McClain, vice

REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE W. PRINCE OF ILLINOIS

president and general manager of the Remington Typewriter Company, wrote a little document which is called "The Remington Spirit," which is in itself a classic, making you feel at once that you desire to belong to that organization; it is believed that the success of their work is largely due to the faculty which the firm have of impressing upon those who are associated with them the true meaning of co-operation.

After the publication of this brochure by the general manager, the following letter was received at Ilion:

"I sent you through the mail an application for work, and I hope you did not throw it in the waste basket. You want just such

girls as I am; and I know I can be of service to you. * * One word from you will make me 'a Remington spirit.'"

It is not necessary to say that the application made an impression in favor of the young lady, who seemed to have no fears as to the hereafter, but insisted upon becoming a real "Remington spirit" on this earth, and had a right appreciation of what it means to join the forces of the Remington battalion.

* * *

IN the Treasury Building in Washington, one rainy day, the darkened corridors presented a scene that recalled country life: "far down the shadowed lane you go," but never come upon a place where there is not an abundance of umbrellas—umbrellas of all sorts and sizes, from those made of silk with handsome gold-mounted handles and chased initials, to the humble cotton variety.

Inside the office of Secretary Shaw, where his head was visible above a pile of accumulated correspondence, I found a busy scene; for chairs were being brought into the room just outside the office, and the bustle reminded me of a country wedding—the secretary was insisting on having "chairs enough." A large attendance was evidently expected, for few hearings have been looked forward to with more interest than this one on the "Pittsburg site." There probably are more complicated questions coming up for settlement and adjudication in the Treasury Department, but none seems to be more generally popular.

* * *

LONG after the clerks have gone, Secretary Shaw may be found at work, and it is said he ceases only when the elevator men go off duty. His recent report, made January first, was one of the most reassuring documents ever sent out by the department. It is said by men who are in a position to know, that Secretary Shaw has made one of the most illustrious, as well as one of the longest, records of any secretary of the treasury. He certainly has the faculty of explaining lucidly the various situations as they come up. He has a way of grasping and putting into plain phrases, in precise English, matters that otherwise would seem very complicated to the uninitiated; and might even puzzle the lawyers and financiers to some extent. There is a mysticism about finance which makes it difficult to bring people outside into close touch with its working, so that they may understand the widely extended departments and industrial conditions.

* * *

ROBERT LINCOLN is a reserved man who resembles neither his father nor his mother, but his grandfather Todd, who was candidate for governor of Kentucky at the time of the marriage of Lincoln.

* * *

IN a crowded street car, it is sometimes difficult to avoid a great deal of shoving and "strapping". I proved this conclusively on my last trip to New York. A certain man was pushing his way to the door, apparently regardless alike of the life and limb of those in his way. One of the men hustled against in this fashion, was swift to resent it. There were hurried words, a scuffle, a few blows, a bloody nose, some teeth gone, and then both men were arrested, while the passengers gazed in astonishment. Most of them took part against the original shover, but the policeman settled the matter by arresting both. Then it was I heard a remark which made me feel the injustice of a hasty judgment. In a rich Scotch brogue, and in broken tones, the aggressor said:

"I was but hurrying for the doctor. Eh, mon, she's dying!"

The big policeman looked a moment at the other prisoner, who quickly put out his hand to his former assailant. What might have been a serious matter, was at once settled by that one touch of nature. I think there are few people who were in that street car just then that will forget the expression on those two faces.

* * *

AT the diplomatic reception, I was talking with the representative of Switzerland, Mr. Leo Vogel, and he remarked to me that he was surprised to see so many of our distinguished men growing bald at an early age, and called my attention to the fact that in Switzerland but very few of their distinguished men are bald, and then only those of advanced years, and I remembered having noticed this fact in looking over pictures of Swiss public men.

SENOR DON D. MENDOZA, COLOMBIAN MINISTER

MR. HAGUE, THE NEW MINISTER FROM NORWAY, WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY

SENOR DON EPIFANIO PORTELA, MINISTER FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

SENOR DOCTOR EDUARDO ACEVEDO DIAZ, MINISTER FROM URUGUAY

BARON MONCHEUR, MINISTER FROM BELGIUM

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I am interested in this question, which is one that must attract the attention of every man who feels that sooner or later his time must come to gradually shed the abundant locks which he now cherishes; so I asked Mr. Vogel how he accounted for American baldness, and suggested it might be caused by our hats; but he seemed to think there was very little difference in the masculine headgear of the two countries. He said:

"It is the hot rooms. You live in steam-baked quarters, where much of the oxygen

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES C. NEEDHAM OF CALIFORNIA

has been used, and I believe that oxygen is as necessary to grow hair as it is to grow plants."

After some discussion, we concluded that if American men wish to retain their hair, they must insist on a proper supply of oxygen.

* * *

IF today one wishes to know something of the growth of the country, a glimpse into the executive office affords a panoramic view at a single glance. There we see rows of busy stenographers, transacting and dispatching the work at hand in much the same way as the business of a large commercial corporation is transacted. Every detail is cared for by the splendid system employed here, and where, formerly, one or two stenographers did the work, a large number are now required.

It is not a far cry to the days of the scratching quill pens that had to be so often mended ere they could be made to laboriously evolve those ponderous treatises that had all the force and verve of the writer behind them. The contrast between those tiresome methods and the present-day writing machines is indeed strongly marked.

* * *

YES, I made the trip down to the old crypt directly beneath the dome of the Capitol. There is a circular subway under the building, and in the center is a catafalque, on which have rested the remains of Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and many other distinguished men. It is said that the crypt was built for the purpose of receiving the remains of Washington, but in deference to the wishes of his family, they were interred at his home in Mount Vernon.

This underground apartment is now full of papers, old desks and other furniture which has seen service in the House and Senate, having been in use in the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. The electric lights twinkled brightly, illuminating the crypt and dissipating all that gloom which is suggested by the name, so we saw none of the legislative ghosts walk while we were there. This chamber, built beneath the massive brick walls that support the Capitol, might be well called the "Old Curiosity Shop" of the nation.

Here I came across some of the old stationery once used in the Capitol—it was gorgeous! It had a representation of the Capitol on it which covered half of the sheet and reminded me of the old-time bill-heads, wherein everything sold was enumerated—as buttons, thread, needles, hose, gloves, laces, ribbons, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes, and a dozen other things ranging from an anchor to a needle—in strange contrast to the studied simplicity of the present time. For in these days of "nu speling" the fewest possible words in embossed lettering are placed on the letter-heads, in place of the old-time illustrations; and this may be regarded as an onward step; for nothing more strongly

marks progress than the desire for simplicity. In fact, the trend of everything connected with the government is toward simplification; still it was pleasant to look over the old letter-heads and to fancy the hands of Calhoun and Clay gliding across just such paper. Supplied with sand-box and quill pen, they wrote on this emblazoned stationery the wonderful sayings of those giants of a half-century ago. The dome of the Capitol is set well forward, not in the center of the building, because it was expected that it would grow in the opposite direction, toward the library, instead of facing Pennsylvania Avenue; so today the Capitol stands as a solid demonstration of the fact that, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

* * *

For a long time it has been on my mind to find out why it was that Sereno Paine and Dalzell always wore that red carnation boutonniere. I regarded it as a beautiful tribute paid by them to the memory of McKinley. The other day one of the elevator men informed me that he has an everblooming carnation plant, and each day has flowers ready for the buttonholes of his distinguished friends —so I discovered that after all it was the elevator man who had kept alive the memory of the president, and cherished the flower which brings McKinley to mind. He said:

"My wife and I feel that we always want a McKinley carnation in our home, and winter or summer we have one, and when we look at it we think of that kind face and gentle blue eyes that we never can see again in this world."

* * *

IN the cloak room, congressmen are now given to relating the stirring experiences encountered on their automobile trips; and one of the blood-stirring tales comes from the broad roads of Connecticut. A long coast had brought the machine to a place where it became necessary to turn on the full power to climb the next hill, and then sweep down the incline on the other side. Just as the ascent began, a man came into view, who appeared to be interested in the proceedings. He waved a red flag, with an impressiveness which savored of the majesty of the law.

The congressman pushed his "Royal" to top speed, but experienced a change of heart when he saw the man on the top of the hill securely stretching a rope across to bar farther progress.

"Are we arrested?" he inquired.

"No, you are just pinched," answered the officer of the law.

The congressman and his companion were then taken before a judge, who sat near a kitchen table, with a lot of documents scattered about him. He looked out upon the highway, and seemed to be returning thanks for the last catch of the lasso. The culprits

REPRESENTATIVE DOWIE OF ALABAMA

were dragged before him; (this may not be strictly fact, but it sounds artistic.)

"How do you plead?" said the judge.

"I plead 'nolo,'" said the auto owner.

This appeared to indicate a criminal past, but the judge said in a stately manner:

"How?"

"Nolo contendere," was the answer.

"What do they mean?" asked the judge of his clerk.

"I think they mean that they are not guilty, Your Honor," said the clerk.

Strictly as a matter of saving time, it was explained to the judge that the term was a legal one, meaning—"Our hands are up.

Help yourself!" At that a gleam of intelligence came into the face of the gentleman behind the table, and he responded:

"Ten dollars fine, and ten dollars and fifty-two cents costs." So twenty dollars and fifty-five cents was handed out, the judge carefully explained that he had no change for the nickle, and so the "Royal" sped on its way, leaving the additional three cents behind, while the occupants of the car calculated what the income of the judge might be if he operated near the highway for many successive days and heard many cases in which the unhappy motorists were willing to plead "nolo contendere."

* * *

WHILE pacing the black-and-white paved corridor of the Navy Department side of the State, War and Navy Building, I was attracted by the brisk walk and erect, alert carriage of an official whose snow-white hair and beard were in strong contrast to the youthfulness of his carriage. Upon inquiry, I learned a good deal about Rear Admiral George A. Converse, chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the navy, who carries around with him a very considerable part of the brains and force of the booming navy of today. I found out, among other things, that more than most of us, he is master of this mortal frame, which in his case has been for a long while in a bad state of repair; that he keeps upon his feet and attends to the immense amount of work incident to his position by sheer force of will power, and that he compels an invalid body to active service, and has done so for years, by a daily exercise of courage and fortitude of which few men are capable. Recently, at the unveiling of a tablet to the officer who superintended the building of the Washington navy yard, and was for years its commandant, Secretary Bonaparte referred to the merit of the naval officer who throughout his career performed the less spectacular duties of his profession to the lasting benefit of the government, and he probably had Rear Admiral Converse in mind as one of the examples. Admiral Converse is an exact compendium of naval information concerning the last forty-five years. The details of the duties of a junior officer of the sail and steam navy of the period following the Civil war, or latest information as to the operations of the foreign navies, are equally accessible in his memory, and he knows the navy, from what an enlisted man is likely to do under given circumstances, to the minutest details of the capabilities and characteristics of the commanding officers. A sailor man who can handle a battleship like a baby carriage; an ordnance expert with an international reputation in torpedo work; a marine engineer and an administrator who can make the complicated affairs of a bureau of military personnel run like clock-work, he is the finest example of the all-around man that the navy of the United States has produced. Years ago, he designed and superintended the construction of the best torpedo boats the United States has ever had, and in recent years he has been successively chief of three of the bureaus of the Navy Department; something that has never occurred before. He has been so little in the public eye that he is one of the least known of all Washington celebrities, and his newspaper fame has been so inconsiderable, that I feel that I ought to give my readers the assurance that the foregoing is not an artful panegyric, but simply the concensus of the plainly stated opinion of those who know about naval matters and men.

* * *

DOORKEEPER Lyons of the House of Representatives, is hailed on every side as he passes into the lunch room, as the man who has made "Cuby" cheese famous. This is a full cream cheese, and does not come from Cuba libré, "The Queen of the Antilles," but from Cuba, New York,—cheese is an essential portion of the congressional lunch. Few officials of the House of Representatives are more expert in anticipating the needs of members than Mr. Lyons; he has served several terms, and it would hardly seem as if the doors of the House of Representatives could be properly swung open, unless Frank Lyons were overseeing the ceremony.

* * *

AT a political meeting held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Congressman George P. Lawrence, in the course of his speech, said that after all, the real issue of the campaign was Roosevelt. He then related the following personal incident:

"I had an opportunity to get pretty close to President Roosevelt, when he so nearly met

SENATOR DOLLIVER OF IOWA

REPRESENTATIVE R. G. COUSINS OF IOWA

SENATOR KEEN OF NEW JERSEY, ON THE LEFT
SENATOR DRYDEN OF NEW JERSEY, ON THE RIGHT

GUESTS BEING ADMITTED TO THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE

his death at Pittsfield. You remember that his carriage was run into by a trolley car. Craig, his body guard, was thrown under the wheels of the car and instantly killed. The president, finding there was nothing he could do for either of them, went to a house near-by. I was beside him, and as we entered the house, he asked me to say to the governor that he wished to have a talk with him at once. I saw a room which was unoccupied, and said: 'Very well, Mr. President, if you will remain in this room a moment, I will ask the governor to come here.'

REGINALD DE KOVEN, COMPOSER OF POPULAR COMIC OPERAS AND THE FAMOUS SONG "O PROMISE ME"

"As I was about to leave him, I exclaimed, 'Thank God, you escaped death!' His reply was, 'I thank God that I escaped death—I want to live and go on with my work, but I do not think I fear death—I know that I do not fear death as much as I do that I may make some mistake affecting the welfare of my country.'"

Mr. Lawrence then added in an eloquent peroration:

"There was no gallery there to play to. He had just been face to face with death, and that sentiment expressed with absolute fidelity the dominant purpose of the man. He has but one object—the welfare of his country. The people know it, and that is why they back him up with a unanimity unparalleled in our history."

* * *

THERE was a story told at the Riggs House the other day that is particularly interesting, showing the sharp distinction between the government usages of the United States and that of England. The state of Kansas has received an official document from the King of England, which is nothing less than an apology, and it came to pass in this wise:—On the death of Queen Victoria, the legislature of Kansas introduced and passed a resolution of sympathy, and the aforesaid resolution was formally forwarded to King Edward. His acknowledgement was handsomely engraved on the finest of paper, but it was cast in the regular form sent out to the British colonies, and contained the expression "My Lieges," "My People." Now Kansas, as everybody knows, is a red-hot state, and when this gracious document was read in the legislature, the members were on their feet in a second, insisting that no English sovereign should address them as "my lieges" or "my people," and that this was presumption in a foreign power. So a note was forwarded to King Edward, explaining the matter, and, with all the grace and tact for which he is noted, he returned a letter expressing his apologies and soothing the irate "lieges" of Kansas with the assurance that the whole matter had been a mistake in sending out the "form letters" to them.

* * *

THE other evening, I sat long at the table with Senator Latimer of North Carolina, and had a chat on the subject of good roads. I think there is no man in this country who is so thoroughly absorbed in the great project as is the North State senator. Of course you do not hear so much of Senator Latimer and his work as you do of his South Carolina neighbor, the irrepressible Senator Tillman, but few men put in more hours of hard work daily. He is serving on the Copyright Committee, and has spent hours and hours in hearing testimony which involves the question of whether copyrights can be secured on mechanical productions that have given so much pleasure to the people, as grapho-

phones and similar devices for reproducing sound. Everyone wants to know whether songs, speeches, etc., thus reproduced can be copyrighted.

Senator Latimer is a farmer, and is enthusiastic over the industrial development of South Carolina. He anticipates wonderful growth in the country when some consideration is given to the subject of good roads. It is amazing to learn that more money has been appropriated for this purpose in Germany, Switzerland, France and other countries recently than has been voted for this purpose in the entire life of the American nation, and it is only a question of time when the matter of good roads must be given attention.

"When the government has demonstrated that it is capable of taking care of its dirt roads, then the question of ownership of railroads can be properly taken up, but not before that time." This is the general expression of opinion.

* * *

ON the day after New Year's, I found Senator Hansbrough hard at work in his room, and learned that he has tenaciously kept "plugging away," despatching the accumulation of business until his health has given out, and now he is to be seen riding horseback to recruit the vigor that was his when he lived at Devil's Lake and sped across the prairies on his bronco. It was pleasant to see the senator dash along the roads around Washington, after his day's work, with the same abandon and enthusiasm as when he galloped across the prairies in the far west, a great many years ago.

Senator Hansbrough is much interested in the Denaturized Alcohol Bill, as it affects the farmers of his district. He is also watching the investigation of the International Harvester movement in the interests of his constituents, for if there is any subject of vital moment to North Dakota farmers it is the harvester and twine proposition. The state has reason to be proud of its present representation in the United States Senate, and with two such efficient and thoroughly experienced legislators as Senator Hansbrough and Senator Macumber, it is not to be wondered at that the great grain state of the North has forged ahead of its neighbors during the past few years. People everywhere are beginning to realize that real progress means something more than merely looking after local and domestic affairs. In these days, it is essential that every state and territory have the best people to represent them in all parts of the world where their interests are in any way likely to be affected.

* * *

IT seems characteristic of our American political life that new stars in its firmament attract comparatively little attention.

ARTHUR GOODRICH, AUTHOR OF "THE BALANCE OF POWER"

In 1898, Jeff Davis was attorney general for Arkansas, but nobody seemed to be especially impressed with his personality. He offered himself as candidate for the governorship, and in spite of bitter opposition from newspapers all over the state, he was elected by one of the largest majorities ever given in Arkansas. Perhaps there was something in the name; but those who knew him understood that he was of the material of which great men are made.

He was looked upon at first as rather erratic, but he persistently kept to his purpose until he won the goal and succeeded, despite his political enemies. His campaign was full of bitter personalities; but Mr. Davis

served three terms as governor, and each time seemed to gain ground over his opponent, James Berry, who was serving in the Senate at Washington, and who had preceded him as governor.

Senator Davis is of a restless, nervous temperament, devoted to his family, and an enthusiastic lover of books; he is also a keen student of men and affairs. It is said that he is relentless in his enmities, and he is certainly ambitious and untiring in all that he undertakes. A popular and vigorous political "stump" speaker, he is a close friend of William J. Bryan, and it is likely will take a prominent part in the next Democratic campaign. He is a man of fine appearance, being over six feet tall—the type to impress campaign audiences. Mr. Davis took part in the state campaign in Oklahoma. One fact which perhaps indicates this man's personal characteristics more strongly than any description could do, is that his eldest daughter is his secretary and constant companion. His friends insist that Arkansas will be heard from in the Senate through Jeff Davis.

* * *

ONE place which has proved a good training school for young men, is the Treasury Department. Nearly all the assistant secretaries of the treasury have been young men, often not over thirty. The latest assistant secretary to the secretary of the treasury is Mr. Arthur F. Satter, who has been private secretary to Secretary Shaw, and who succeeds Secretary Keep. For all who hold it, this office seems to be the stepping-stone to greater things.

* * *

ANOTHER legislator who has come to the front with great resolutions is Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, and he evidences the ability of an aggressive leader on the Democratic side.

Senator Bacon of Georgia is one of the Southern senators who has developed into a strong leader. His arguments are always forcible and convincing. In his stately and courteous manner of speaking, he never refers to a colleague as merely the senator from such and such a state, but always prefaces the noun with a polite adjective, as "the learned senator," "the honorable senator" from so and so.

On Senator Culberson's desk there was evidence that he was getting ready for a vigorous speech on the resolution.

Senator Foraker, also, has developed of late years into one of the strong debaters in the Senate. One cannot help but admire the courage and forcefulness with which he argues a proposition, regardless of whether the listeners agree with him or not, and the oftener one listens to him, the more convinced one becomes that behind that scowl and apparent sternness is the winsome disposition indicated by his gentle blue eyes. There is a remarkable demand for his various speeches on the Black Battalion, which is considered one of the best selling books of the season.

I saw Senator Foraker in his committee room, where he is compelled to work without even a screen to protect him from the flood of visitors, white and colored, who come to see him and grasp his hand. He does his work in that methodical way which has been the admiration of the young lawyers of Washington. The day I saw him, he was going over his speech of the previous day, as given in the Record, and was carefully correcting it word by word, evidently weighing the force and truth of every expression, and attaching to it its exact meaning with all the care that a lawyer might bestow on a preparation of a brief in which every word must have its exact meaning, and not be open to misconstruction. In this connection, Senator Foraker paid a high compliment to the Senate reporters, saying it was remarkable how exactly they secured every utterance on the floor of the Senate.

* * *

IT was a bright little girl reader who wrote me at Washington to look up something about the meaning of "Teddy Bears." While I cannot give the data I secured as having official countenance, I may repeat the story as I heard it:

It is said that several years ago, a man brought two tiny cubs, barely ten weeks old, to New York, and exhibited them at a show in Madison Square Garden. They were of such a tender age that he had to feed them every three hours or so, and for this reason took them to his hotel with him every night, where he kept a supper of milk ready, with arrangements for warming it before feeding the little fellows from their nursing bottles.

For some reason, possibly owing to his fatigue, one night the man did not wake to feed the cubs until they were crying vociferously, and by that time they had awakened many other guests who had rooms near by. The clerk came storming at the door, demanding to know about the noise.

All this time, the bear man was trying to warm the milk, and at the same time quiet his squalling cubs. Explanations to this effect to the clerk were unavailing—the man and the hungry cubs were ordered out of the hotel instanter, and it was not until well along toward morning that he found asylum where he could take refuge.

During the show, Theodore Roosevelt took a fancy to the cubs, and finally bought them for his children; later, when they became too large for pets, he presented them to the New York Zoo. There they became the star attraction for all the children, who knew them as "Teddy Bears," and thus originated the name now applied.

It took an alert German manufacturer to see the point of this little story; and when he saw it, he promptly began to make "Teddy Bears," rightly conjecturing that if the real bears had delighted the Roosevelt children, the reproductions would please children all over the country. Then the newspapers began to discuss the President's fondness for bear shooting; and thus the animals came into prominence, and the first thing we knew the Christmas market was flooded with bears of all sorts and sizes. "Teddy Bears" came pouring in from Germany, and found their places in millions of homes, much to the joy of the little ones. Where is the child who does not love to hug a furry bear; which not only satisfies the craving for a pet, but suggests to the infant mind stories about the President of the United States?

So now my little friend writes me that the National is her favorite magazine, because through it she found out how "Teddy Bears" came to be made for little girls, and given Santa Claus to put into children's stockings at Christmas time.

PARLOR OF THE NEW FRENCH EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON

IT was indeed a rare musical treat to hear Madam Nordica in her January song recital at Symphony Hall in Boston. With no pretensions as a musical critic, I hold that I enjoyed "one perfect hour of unalloyed delight" listening to one of the greatest singers of her time.

At the Columbian Exposition, I heard her in Hayden's "Creation," in the "cooing dove" solo. My mother's enthusiastic praises (and I regarded her as an expert musical critic) confirmed me in the opinion that Madam Nordica was to be, if not already, one of the world's great singers. In 1894,

CONGRESSMAN FRANK C. WACHTER OF MARYLAND

at the Wagner festival in Baireuth, her creation of Elsa in "Lohengrin" brought her greater laurels, and one morning, as I went to visit the tomb of Wagner, I had the pleasure of congratulating the great singer in person on the conquest of the Berlin critics.

In a foreign country, Americans feel a keen, personal interest in the achievements of any compatriot, and there, in that village of Bavaria, I listened with delight to the many splendid compliments paid to the American prima donna. In eight weeks she had mastered the German version, and sang her lines like a native. The warm encomiums bestowed upon her by the wife of Wagner, who is the daughter of Liszt, and by her son, Seigfried Wagner, were indeed a notable tribute to an American prima donna in her conquest of a German operatic role.

It was no wonder that my enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch, and I shall never forget that morning when, as she met me, attired in pink crepon, fresh and vigorous after the arduous performance of the day before—and a performance at Baireuth is a full day's work—she frankly and kindly accepted my little tribute to a great American singer. Nor can I ever forget her enthusiasm concerning her work, as in those closing days of August, we reviewed the achievements of the first American prima donna who had ever won her laurels in Wagner opera at the shrine of Parsifal. How keenly she was looking forward then to her coming holiday at Interlaken, under the snow-covered peaks of the Jungfrau; for the strenuous opera festival is a severe strain on the prima donna. Following this success, the critics proclaimed that no one has been quite equal to Nordica's Brunhilde in "Tristram and Isolde."

With these memories, I may be pardoned if I dropped my afternoon's work and went to Symphony Hall, to stand during the entire performance, for the pleasure of again listening to Madam Nordica. The opening numbers were "Titania's Cradle," by Lehmann; "Now Sleeps the Petal," Quilter; and "In the Month of May," by Hammond, and as an encore she sang "Mammy's Little Boy." Then came selections from Bemberg, Webber and Vidal, interpreted as only Nordica can. By request, she gave that triumphal, heroic aria from the Valkyrie, which is truly Nordican. She just swept the heart strings of the auditors. The last aria from Erkel, taken from the opera "Laslos," made a superb finale and when that full, sweet, passionate voice died away into silence, the audience seemed loth to break the spell and go out into the hard, cold, work-a-day world again.

Every seat in the great hall was filled, and the tiers in the three balconies were lined with people, looking upon that great sea of ardent listeners—while from all parts of the house came the call for "another, another song." Seldom has a more demonstrative audience been seen in Boston than that which heartily applauded Madam Nordica that afternoon. Again and again she gra-

ciously responded, and at last, when the audience remained fifteen minutes after the conclusion of the program, she appeared in her furs and walking costume, which seemed to be the only means of assuring the people that the performance was really concluded.

Looking into the faces of that audience, one saw not only admiration, but their affection bestowed upon Madam Nordica. It was indeed another day of triumph; for not only was every note and word given the full beauty of symphony and expression with which her voice is so richly endowed, but her rendition, by its very ease and harmony, shows the results of long, painstaking training and study. She is an artist to her fingertips, yet always a woman of large sympathies. Her grace and ease are in strong contrast to the stilted manner and stiff attitudes of many concert singers, and few artists have a more enthusiastic following of admirers than the sweet singer from the Pine Tree State; the little granddaughter of "Camp-Meeting John Allen," for whom a sweet, girlish voice used to sing the simple, dear old "Songs of Mother, Home and Heaven," which were to him a foretaste of the music of Paradise.

* * *

AT the theatre the other night, a pretty incident occurred that emphasized the womanliness of Miss Maud Adams—a quality which has won for her the hearts of all women and children—and when the women are won, the men are sure to follow and not afar off.

I was sitting in one of the boxes during the performance of Peter Pan, and feeling that once more I thoroughly believed in fairies. I suddenly noticed that one of the little actors on the stage, child like, was playing with one of the stage properties, which evidently was not so secure as it looked. Another pull, it seemed, might bring it down with a clatter and smash his curly pate—yet the child kept on pulling, just as a little chap I know of will persist in tugging at the table cover until he endangers all that is on it.

Miss Adams continued to recite her lines, but just as the catastrophe seemed imminent, I heard her soft warning, "Be careful, dear; be careful, dear."

There were doubtless many there that night who thought that all the eloquence of their favorite actress found its way across the footlights, but to me nothing she said was more charming than that tenderly whispered remonstrance to the little fellow beside her, beginning his stage life thus early. The lines spoken for the benefit of the audience were indeed eloquent, but nothing could surpass the gentle way in which she cared for the welfare and safety of the child working with her; yet not for a moment did she forget her duty to the great audience assembled to see her in her most charming role.

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FROM SUNNY EXILE

By Donald B. Tobey

NOW your winter waves his sceptre
And his minions strip the trees
Till they moan and pray for pity
From the hurried, heedless breeze;
Mother earth lies wan and weary,
All her happy colors drowned
In dry swirls of scattered sadness
That but now her splendor crowned;
Yet this poignant grief in nature
Joyfully would we behold
We who loll in tropic exile
Pining for our native cold.

Bathed in brilliant morning sunshine,
Wrapped within an evening glow,
Still we crave that chill, gray stillness,—
Herald of approaching snow;
Still we long to see the picture
That the dawn-light will surprise
Of a waking world of whiteness,—
But it never greets our eyes.
Never do our pulses tingle
In a contest with Jack Frost
And we loll in tropic exile
Counting all that we have lost.

Counting even bitter blizzards,
Cruel nights of sleet and hail,
Wind-swept days of cutting coldness
'Neath a sun half-hid and pale;—
Counting all,—our hearts still yearning
For the clime of fir and pine,
We would barter all our sunshine
For the storms that you malign.
Know you there such love of country
As do those on stranger strand,
As do those in far-off exile
Pining for their native land?

OVER A WALL

By. Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE consolations of travel are seldom recognized on the spot. It is only after we have forgotten the daily and hourly fatigues and the thousand and one disappointments that beset us on every hand, that all those "moving accidents by flood and field" begin to magnify their charms. The circumnavigator who has snarled in many tongues, on many seas, by many shores, grows garrulous by his winter fireside, and recounts with amiable egotism the story of his life.

Who that has made his solitary round among ruins, or in strange cities, or through wildernesses no less forbidding than the unfamiliar streets, and there run against some kind, responsive soul, but remembers tenderly the friendship that sprang up and blossomed in as many hours? Have you not sworn eternal fidelity to one who has beguiled you in your extremity? Have you not affiliated with spontaneous freedom, parted with regret bordering upon grief, and forgotten all about the episode within a brief half-year or so? Some day your hand drops upon a souvenir of your adventure, and you dream for a moment fondly upon a past that has suddenly become ideal. Ah me! Shall I ever forget the Lady of the Nile? the Chum of Venice? the Knights of the Latin Quarter? the Pals of London Lodgings—or Bob of Chester? Not so long as I have some sweet reminder to call me back to them at intervals. All these have gone up into their separate niches where I may light a votive lamp before them whenever the spirit moves me so to do. But the stage is thronged with other faces; new experiences have crowded out the old; every page of the book of life is a palimpsest, and the last page of all will not be written until the end of time.

It is a gray day, and the sky is filled with scurrying clouds; the chill sea-winds wrestle with the cypresses that wave before my window. I recoil from the disturbing elements without, and bury myself in a box of old letters—letters that have been silently gathering dust for many and many a month. With pensive melancholy I weed out the unimportant messages, such as shower down upon us day by day, and commit them to the flames; while they were still fresh they were of sufficient interest to preserve, but they seem to have died since then. There are many, the seals of which were broken in the hour of enthusiasm, and these are laid aside to await the time when I shall have outgrown the memories, still fresh and tenderly green. I have just found a little packet of little letters, written—and very badly written—on pink or yellow paper. Each page is crossed with consecutive sentences that run one into the other, without so much as a comma to trip them or a period to cut short the exuberant rhetoric of impassioned youth. Between my fingers and thumb I hold the proof of an experience that shaped itself out of nothing, and will as surely, sooner or later, resolve itself into nothing. Let me see, how did it begin? Ah!

I was in Liverpool saying farewell to a friend with whom I had passed the last two months, my first in England, and his going was to rob me of the one companion who had made me, a stranger, feel at home in a strange land. There was nothing left for me now but to plunge into the sea of humanity and swim out alone, if possible. Chester lay close at hand and was an object of intense interest to all lovers of the quaint, the historical, the picturesque. In a kind of desperate haste, I steamed down to the ancient and honorable borough, through a driving rain-storm, and sought shelter in that famous hostelry, the Yacht Inn. What a lodge for a somber fellow to meditate and mold in! I had found my way alone to the door of it, for I wished to begin my pilgrimage in the good old way, with staff and scrip, trusting to Providence for pallet and provender. I entered the inn by a small doorway, and fell into the arms

of the landlady, who obstructed the passage with a welcome as ample as could be expected in such cramped quarters; and here the new life began.

We negotiated in the tap-room, the landlady and I, over a deal table stained with rings of stale beer; an odor of cut cavendish pervaded the apartment, and there was a sprinkling of sawdust on the floor. I was a stranger, would she take me in? To be sure she would, and gladly. We climbed the narrow stairs that creaked and groaned beneath our tread. We were following in the footsteps of many a worthy who had preceded on his way into the history of the nation; the slender balusters rattled in their sockets like dry bones; the air was dead and a little dusty a top o' the stairs. The first floor rose and fell in an unexpected and inexcusable fashion; we stumbled up and down low steps that led us by easy stages from the state-chamber fronting on Watergate street, through a series of tiny bedrooms that marked the decadence of the inn, even to the last cupboard that overhung the kitchen court and the long-dismanteled mews. My heart was set on securing the state-chamber, chiefly because Jonathan Swift, the amourous dean of Dublin had occupied that room and that stately four-poster bedstead; there, in the solitude of his apartment, he had fumed and fretted because the dignitaries of the cathedral would not break bread with him when he had bidden them to a feast at the Yacht Inn; it seems that his reputation had preceeded him and robbed them of their appetites. You know what he did thereafter? He immortalized them in a doggerel couplet which he engraved upon a window-pane with the diamond in his ring—perhaps you have seen it over at the museum where it is in safe keeping. He wasn't much of a poet, was he, who left these scornful lines as his legacy to posterity?—wits are but poor poets, as a class.—

Rotten without and mouldering within
This place and its clergy are all now kin.

Hawthorne, of the "Scarlet Letter," loved the Yacht Inn dearly; and when he was United States consul at Liverpool, he often came hither for an outing, or an inning, and brought his chosen friends, so that they might enjoy its hospitality together. Well, the Dean's Chamber became my chamber, and his four-poster my place of rest—for two-and-six a day—so there was nothing left me now but to begin to be jolly at once; this is how I began.

It is but a step from the Yacht Inn to East Gate; a hole in the wall, an antique arch that leaps Watergate street at a single bound. One ascends to the top of the wall by a stairway at the side of the Gate, and paces the airy promenade at his leisure. I threaded Water Gate and East Gate Rows, those colonades that are cozily tucked in between the ground floor and the second story of many of the houses in the busy quarter of Chester. The Rows are like so many secularized cloisters, with a faint odor of semi-sanctity still hovering about them; once in them, you find yourself treading upon a pavement that roofs-over the shops level with the street below; with a row of shops upon your one hand, and open arches upon the other; while overhead the living rooms of every house jut out to the level of the ground floor—as if they were trying to hobnob with the houses across the street.

Once mounted upon the wall, I wandered in well-disciplined ecstasy from end to end of it—though it is in reality without beginning and without end, being oval as oval can be. Had you seen me there and then, you would not have known that it was, so to speak, the happiest moment of my life; you wouldn't have suspected it, because I had all my raptures battened down under the hatches—and there was a full cargo of them, I assure you. I carry no deck-loads when I am voyaging, but keep all securely stowed away; for presently I shall need everything I have gathered from port to port, that I may retail it to my readers.

Here were two miles of the loveliest old wall imaginable, paved at the top and the pavement just broad enough for a pair of people to walk on, hand in hand, at twilight. A wall built by the Romans A.D. 61; rebuilt by the daughter of Alfred the Great; repaired A.D. 1224; besieged by the Parliamentary forces in 1645; visited by Royal Families and their Royal Cousins of every color and creed during eighteen hundred years—and haunted night and day, at intervals, during a half-dozen flighty years, by yours truly, journalist and globe-trotter. On this occasion, I walked with the measured tread of a sentinel; I leaned upon the breast-high parapet and looked down

upon that part of the city that has flowed out at the open gates and flooded the lowlands from Christ Church to Bishop's Field, and as far as the Earl's Eye. I passed by the Phœnix Tower, from which King Charles saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor, in 1645; and on to Pemberton's Parlor and the Water Tower; pausing again and again to peer down into the ancient fosses, where now runs a narrow canal that soon mingles its waters with those of the River Dee.

Presently, I was close upon the Old Bridge, with its stone arches, no two alike, and the Dee Mills, where the white swans were fishing in the foam under the mill-wheel; then came the Wishing Steps and St. John's Abbey, and here I found my eyes level with the back windows of many a homely home; what cosy rooms, and tidy, too; what trim garden spots, all aglow with blossoms; what private views of English interiors—than which no interiors in the world will better bear inspection. This was my first round; time, nothing to brag of —eight quarter-miles in eight quarter-hours. It was nearing sunset; the storm had broken; masses of dark cloud with golden rims grouped themselves beyond the tower of the cathedral; at my feet lay the church-yard where slept the dead ancestors of old Chester. The scene was so beautiful I resolved to review it before returning to mine inn, where these storied stones were to be written up, professionally, before bed-time. Such is the fate of a foreign correspondent.

I renewed the pilgrimage with the joy of one who believes that he is about to live over again a charming experience, though the charm is very seldom born again. Twilight was gathering; the river was like a ribbon of pale gold; the roofs and towers of the walled city were silhouettes against the somber sky. Lovers passed me unobserved, absorbed in love's young dream; soldier boys strutted in red jackets with little low-crowned, saucer-like caps poised above one ear and held there by a strap that slid under the chin; they were mere lads, the most of them, but nevertheless the bulwarks of England's greatness. Was it the gathering gloom, the thought of my first night in the lonesome and forlorn little inn; or the vision of the fellowship in which I had no share, that saddened me, I wonder. My face clouded, my feet began to falter; I was upon the point of retracing my steps, when, at that moment, on a part of the wall that was almost deserted, I saw someone approaching: a youth who might have been eighteen years of age, ruddy, stalwart, British to the backbone, drew near, and passed me by. We regarded one another for a moment with inquiring eyes, but without further recognition. On second thought, I resolved to turn and take a mental snapshot at the one citizen who, thus far, somewhat interested me. I turned to look, and at that moment he also turned; with the slightest possible embarrassment, we went our several ways. There is nothing that makes one more self-conscious than to be caught in so harmless an act as this. The world is round, and so is the wall of Chester—or at least oval; I knew that if we both kept our course, we should meet again. We did meet again, on the opposite side of the city, where the wall overhung the River Dee. I was humming to myself those sad, sweet lines:—

> "O Mary! go and call the cattle home,
> And call the cattle home
> Along the sands o' Dee."

The water was very still below me; I saw the swans making momentary monograms of their slender, white necks; the stars were just pricking through the low-flying clouds. Someone was coming down the wall toward me; no one else was visible, before or behind us; of course it was he! We looked at one another, not unkindly, but with equal reserve, and thus we missed a second opportunity that if embraced on the impulse of the moment might have made friends of us on the spot. I regretted it, but said to myself, "I will not be weak enough to turn again and betray my curiosity;" a few seconds later I added, "surely I may venture one glance"— I turned, he turned, we smiled a half-recognition, and faded from view in opposite directions. We thus observed the rule laid down by society and propriety; a time-honored custom, which is much venerated in England, was respected; we were not introduced by any guardian angel whatever, and, to tell the truth, I was beginning to be pretty well bored.

In my chamber at the Yacht Inn, by the light of a feeble lamp, I wrote and wrote and wrote; that letter is in print somewhere, but this is the first hint at the episode that preceded it. Diligence is a great appetizer. At 9 p. m., I was starving. My hostess of the inn was licensed to sell malt liquors, but she might not give me so much as a biscuit with-

out laying herself liable to the law; she advised me to wander up the street and assured me that sooner or later I should find something edible. I said, "I will go forth and forage; when I find any tempting morsel in a shop window, I will enter in and abide there until I am surfeited." I climbed into the Watergate Row, because I liked it; it was quainter and quieter than ever at 9 p. m., with its dim lanterns hanging from the low arches overhead—some of them hung so low that I could touch them—and the deserted street lying under the Row like a mill-race that had run dry. Most of the show windows in the Row were dark now, but a light farther down lured me on, and soon I stood before a shop where was displayed a prize ham, a dish of flakey sandwiches, and a choice collection of frosted cakes decorated with sugar roses and garlands of artificial leaves and glittering tinsel; there were also jars of highly-colored candy and other undesirable viands too numerous to mention.

The exhibit did not appeal to my palate, but I was famishing and I might find a bureau of information within, so I hurriedly threw open the door; a swinging bell tumbled over the top of it and rang violently for some moments. I took my accustomed inventory at a glance: the shop was small and everything in it scrupulously clean; a counter ran the length of it; there was a door in the rear behind the counter, another in front of it—both of which opened into an inner apartment. A portly dame entered; she was well-starched, with bobbing curls before her ears, the incarnation of domestic peace and a model of all the virtues. From behind the counter, where she was queenly in her gracious dignity, she asked me what she could do for me. I said, and not without emotion; "I am starving. There is nothing but beer and barrack-boys down at the Yacht Inn, where I am stopping. I am a stranger, and know not the customs of your town. I want hot coffee, and a poached egg on toast—a pair of them pretty well done; a little jam, perhaps, and some of that good ham, sweet and cold—and you had better make it two cups of coffee, at least, for I hunger and thirst in Chester!" This is the way in which I always talk to strangers, and I shall always continue to do it; for they are not in the least disconcerted, and it comes perfectly natural to me.

She replied at her earliest convenience, and assured me that she was licensed to sell ham and confectionary; in fact, her husband had made the wedding cake for Her Majesty, Victoria R., and that it weighed tons, if it weighed an ounce; likewise, he made the wedding cake for H. R. H., the Prince of Wales—now King Edward VII, etc., etc!. "But," she added, in a flattering voice, "I am not licensed to sell liquids in any shape or form, not even in the shell, so coffee and eggs are out of the question!" At this, no longer able to control my nerves, I burst into tears. That settled the business for me. Her mother-heart was in her throat on the instant, and she murmured, "Dry your eyes, kind sir, and you shall sup with me; for there is no law under Heaven whereby we are compelled to turn the hungry from our home unsatisfied!" She pointed to the door on my side of the counter, and bade me enter her living-room and tarry while she made coffee in secret and poached the forbidden eggs.

As I entered the room by my door, she entered by hers, and we found ourselves together in a transformation scene. It was a large room with a long table extending down the middle of it, and an unbroken row of chairs ranged like wall-flowers on three sides of it. She pointed me to a chair beside the hearth, where a fire blazed cheerily—as she left the room, I sank into the chair by the mantel and looked up to find I was not alone. My *vis-a-vis* was none other than the youth I met upon the wall. Recognition was instantaneous; we bowed, we smiled, we then laughed outright.

Said he: "I think I saw you on the wall this evening."

Said I: "You certainly did."

Said he: "Do you know, I had half a mind to speak to you?"

Said I: "Why?"

Said he: "Because you looked so lonesome."

Said I: "Then why didn't you speak to me?"

Said he: "Because I feared you would think me ill-bred."

At this I began to foam at the mouth, and straightway gave him his due. I said:—

"Don't you know that it is a cardinal sin to smother a good impulse? Don't you know that if you had the wish to speak to me, it was probably because I wanted and needed

to have you speak to me? But for this accidental meeting, you might never have been able to make reparation, as now you are making it. I forgive you, my friend, because I might have spoken first—were I not quite as shy as you are." Then we shook hands on it, and were very well pleased with each other; and he added: "Perhaps the oddest part of it is that I don't belong in this house; this is not my home at all. My chum lives here, and it is his mother who is preparing your supper for you. I happen to be here because I was so sorry for you when I met you on the wall, and felt that you must be lonely, I came to find my chum, and to tell him all about you, and that is why I am waiting for his return."

In this naive and boyish fashion, we chatted until the table was laid, and at 9.30 p. m. we three sat down to discuss dishes that were jolly enough to set before a king. We talked of everything under the stars, and I felt so much at home that I nearly forgot to pay for my supper; when I blushed and asked the price of it, the good woman refused my money. I insisted, and at last she said: "You may pay me on one condition; that is, you must come tomorrow and dine with us all at home." It was with a light heart and a full stomach that I returned to the Yacht Inn that night, and I was preparing to bury myself alive in the dean's great bed, when the mistress of the inn knocked at my door and told me that two men wished to see me below. She seemed rather excited at this evidently unusual occurrence. "Can it be," thought I, "that I am about to be arrested for eating eggs and drinking coffee without a license?" I said, "Kindly ask them to call in the morning, as I am about to retire." Full of conjectures as to the nature of this unexpected visit, I fell asleep on my first night in Chester.

On the following morning, the anxious inquirers of the previous evening made their appearance; they proved to be Bob-o-Chester and his chum, at whose house I had taken my late supper. It seemed that Bob was busy every afternoon, barring Sunday, at his desk; the chum was busy in the forenoon, only; between the two, they could offer me their services for the whole day, and every day, during the week; on Sunday we three might be together from morning till night. Could any thing be more providential than this? What naturally followed? Excursions and explorations in every quarter of the dear old town. Punting on the Dee. A state-dinner at the chum's house in the presence of the entire family and a few invited guests. A cozy supper at Bob's modest home after evensong at the cathedral, where the two boys sang in white surplices and passed out into the dark cloister with the long procession at the close of the service, but only to return in five minutes and join me at the cathedral door, where I awaited them. Then followed introductions to the prettiest girls in Chester, and a stroll down the Liverpool road—an indiscretion permissable on Sunday, after dark. Many and varied were our diversions: there was no stone left unturned, from the cemetery to Eaton Hall. We saw the strolling players represent Oliver Goldsmith's delightful bit of comic autobiography, "She Stoops to Conquer," and very creditably, too; the comedy was produced in a barn-like theatre, under the patronage of the Marquis of Westminster—the Master of Eaton Hall—who graciously sent a retinue of servants to represent him in the proscenium boxes; and heard—shall I say overheard? the lightest of light operettas without scenery and almost without sound. Many were the expeditions planned that came to naught, because I had much work to do and must needs do it, elsewhere, on the wing. So, in a few days, I went up to the station with Bob and his chum—they fought for the privilege of parting my luggage between them—and all the while they were protesting that they should miss me horribly, which I suppose they did.

As a special correspondent, I did the midlands conscientiously, and got back to London in the course of time. Letters awaited me there, pink and buff letters, from that Bob whose veins were filled with blood that was blue enough, but whose name stuck in my throat. Why should he bear the most plebian patronymic in nomenclature? He should have had a history and a mystery to fall back upon. Perhaps he had; there were symptoms of it in everything he said or did. His letters betrayed no family trust; they were just boy's letters, the kind of passionate epistles that spring spontaneously from pure and loving hearts:—"Would I return at once? Would I come and see how he had marked the niche in the wall where we had first seen each other? Would I send him a dog that he might name it after me, and teach it to

track my footsteps through all our haunts in Chester? Would I once more return—he harped on this—and make life tolerable, as my going had made it intolerable—at least for him?" Of course I would; but I didn't!

I rushed over to the continent, and drifted about for two whole years. How time flies there, and how hard it is to keep up with it. Letters from Bob chased me about, and at intervals overtook me; they breathed the same spirit of loyalty and devotion, and often they made me homesick for the haunts I could not forget. Once more I found myself in England, and the moment I set foot on shore I thought of Chester. Why not steal noiselessly through the island and seek the old Roman wall at twilight, as in days of yore, and there lie in wait for Bob and his bull-pup, my namesake? Resolved, the motion seconded and passed in no time! I deposited my trophies of travel in the then home-like Bloomsbury Lodgings; called a hansom; took "carriage," as we say in England, and in six hours was safely housed in a stately hostelry very unlike the humble Yacht Inn.

My card I left at Bob's modest home in a by-street—he was absent—and I was dining alone for lack of better company. The pretty plot I had planned, the hiding in ambush on the wall and the springing suddenly upon the unsuspecting Bob, fell out as most things of that nature are apt to in real life—and all this is real life, every word of it, and just as true as gospel. Moreover, it was raining; the great drops lashed the window-panes, and the wind moaned among the chimney-pots; my heart, that had been beating high ever since my foot pressed English soil, began to work its way down toward my boots. I was lonesome, and no mistake. I had got as far in the dinner *menu* as the joint and a pot of stout, when, after a sharp rap of knuckles, the door was hastily opened, and a dashing swell appeared before me; my surprise was only equalled by his consternation. With an apology, he was about to withdraw, but at that moment we recognized one another with a cry of delight. Of course it was Bob; an idealized Bob, who was developing handsomely, and carried himself like a thoroughbred; a coming moustache cast its shadow upon his upper lip; he was stylishly dressed; he wore a tile and a stick; one gloved hand held the glove of the other.

My beard had grown; I looked years and years older than when first we met; is it any wonder that we did not recognize each other on the instant?

It seems that the gods were propitious in spite of the weather. Bob's mother was away for a visit of some weeks; the cottage was at our disposal, and we were expected to keep bachelor's hall until her return; meals to be had at all hours, on the most reasonable terms, in the house of a friend of the family. Ah! What days of lazy leisure, what moonlight on the Dee; what strolls down the Liverpool road after vespers; what high-jinks and what not!

The idealized Bob, I confess, was a distraction. With Italy at my back—something of its subtle charm had gotten into my blood—Roberto ringing in my ears, I confess that brief Bob seemed to me little short of a misnomer. I did not tell him I thought so, but he anticipated me, and during one of our long strolls he unfolded himself to my entire satisfaction.

It seems that Bob's father, a sad rake, had upon an occasion returned from a long sojourn on the Continent, filled with romance and spoiling for rebellion; he looked like a troubadour, with flowing locks and a wealth of collar and cravat; he acted like a dunce—as shall be seen anon. This troubadour at once made love to a pretty peasant girl who was born and bred among the wild Welsh hills, and swore to be faithful to the grave. Then Bob's grandsire, one of the good old stock, rich as Croesus, and proud as Lucifer, cut the young man off with the traditional shilling. Bob's father, with more spirit than discretion, seized his young bride, assumed a name that shall be nameless, and never again laid eyes on the old gentleman to the day of his untimely death. Bob made his appearance just in season to comfort his peasant *mama*, while she sat on the grass in the church-yard and mourned her troubadour.

The grandfather, being not such a very bad grandfather, after all, grew lonely in his castle in Wales, and came up to Chester in search of a new interest in life. All these years Bob had never once seen him, or been seen by him, so far as we knew. It was a cross the boy had to bear, and he bore it like a man. Reared in poverty, the sole and rightful heir to vast estates, he earned his bread at the beck of a

briefless barrister, and patiently awaited the end.

What plans we laid, Bob and I! The old gentleman was to pay the debt of nature, which is what is expected of all old gentlemen; nothing could be more reasonable or seasonable than this. A death-bed repentance and reconciliation were, very naturally, to follow; at this happy moment Bob was to attain his majority in the good old-fashioned, Christmas story style. There was to be feasting for seven days at least, during which the ancestral castle would keep open-house; tenants by the hundreds were to toast their young master, and ever after show him a devotion worthy of the Golden Age.

So far so good! After this came private tutors, Oxford, and much pleasant and instructive travel, during which I was to share his joys and sorrows—at least, that's what he said. Then one of those bonny maids of Chester, whose dainty little feet had tripped nightly down the never-to-be-forgotten Liverpool road, was to be led in triumph to that castle in Wales, and there to reign forever!

Something too much of this—perhaps! Time passed; the letters that were at first frequent enough and fervent enough, after we had parted, grew few and far between, and at last stopped altogether. There is nothing in life more natural than this. I should probably have dismissed the episode, along with many another that has brightened a day or two in the past, had not a message reached me recently that thrilled me with delight. The climax has come, and no mistake. The old gentleman did relent on his dying pillow. Bob sends me the intelligence in his own handwriting—which, by the way, is much improved. He begs me to join him on his estates, and while away a few years in blissful idleness, and then signs himself, with a flourish a yard long:—

"Faithfully yours,
"R. Cholmondeley Vere de Vere."

How different this is from the boyish attempt at ornamental text on the fly-leaf of my much-prized "Guide to Chester," which reads:—

"To my dearest friend, from his devoted
"Bob."

With his horses and his hounds, his castle and his auto, and his yacht, I believe there is enough of the dear old boyish Bob left in him to save this Vere de Vere. And by-and-bye, when I am tired of telling stories and you are tired of reading them, I shall go back to the beginning and compare notes. Who knows but in the peasant mother and her boy, translated from poverty to splendor, I may read a parable such as should reestablish one's faith in the goodness of weak humanity? Certainly, so far as I can judge, the disinherited troubadour, had he survived, would have had no cause to deplore his fate, or scorn the object of his boyish love.

THE WIND

OH, the wintry wind is an uncouth troll;
A pagan mad is the wind of the sea;
The wind in the wood is the anguished soul
Of the Christ in Gethsemane.

Oh, the wind of March is a traitor grim,
A ravening lion with mane a-toss;
The wind in the rain is the soul of Him
All torn and quiv'ring on the cross.

The wind in the vale is a satyr king,
And sports in the blossoms that strew the sod;
But the wind on the hill that shouts at spring,
Lo, is the risen soul of God!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason*

In a GARDEN *of* OLD DELIGHTS

By L. M. Montgomery

LONG, languid shadows were falling over the still fields that sloped to the shore. It was just after sunset, and the far-away hills were purple against the melting saffron of the sky in the west; and in the crystalline blue of the sky to the east, and south were clouds, white and high-heaped, like snow-mountains, and the westernmost shone with a rosy glow, as of sunset on an Alpine height.

The higher worlds of air were still full of light—perfect, unstained light, unmarred of earth-shadow; but down in the garden and under the pines the light had almost gone, giving place to a dewy dusk, made passionately sweet by the breath of many flowers and aromatic herbs.

The garden was ablow with flowers, shut in by the box hedges, shedding sweetness and beauty over its demesnes—as they had done for a hundred summers, so old was this garden. There were more roses than any other blossoms, for roses are the flowers of love and faith; but there were also golden lilies and white narcissi and forget-me-nots and mignonette and pansies; and even great crimson poppies for splendor and kingliness. So that it was a garden of delights at early morn and high noon, but most of all in the long summer twilight, after the day had crept lingeringly through it and was gone.

For sound there was the distant murmur of an unquiet sea on a rocky shore; and, nearer, the vespers of the robins, who were whistling to each other in the pines, clearly, melodiously and enchantingly, as they never whistle at any time save just after sunset, when the first white star glows out in the southwest like a lamp of dreams.

The man who walked in the garden with bowed head, breathing the rose attar and harking to the robins, thought only of Una. He always thought of her when he walked here at evening, but tonight the thoughts of her came freshly and insistently, as if she were near-by, and these thoughts were her heralds. They met him at every curve of the walk, as if she had been waiting there herself, in all the glamour of maidenhood and springtime loveliness—she, now alas, in the autumn of life like himself; they whispered in his ear, as if she had just passed by with a laugh—she, who must ere now have drunk of pain and broken bread with sorrow; they thronged about him and beset him, as if her presence enwrapped him round, and took possession of his soul, as it had been wont to do long ago in this very garden of the roses—for which reason he loved it and walked often in it.

He did not know where her body might be, but he was quite certain that her spirit was there in the garden that night. The certainty grew upon him, until it delighted and hurt, and uplifted and oppressed him. At last he could bear it no longer in silence, and he lifted his hands and called her name aloud three times, in tense, low tones.

"Una! Una! Una!"

Then he saw her coming down the long box walk; still too far away to have heard his call, still unconscious of his presence. He knew her through the dimness, not only by the prescience of his thoughts, but by the old grace of form and charm of movement. No other woman ever walked like that.

She came nearer, but her eyes were dropped, and she had not yet seen him. He stood apart and watched her as she came; she, the beautiful, who, in despite of time and sorrow and change, was so beautiful still.

She was dressed in soft, trailing black, with a scarf of fine lace over her hair, and under its edges little dark love-locks escaped and curled over her high, white forehead, with its black, arching brows. In her slender hands she held some yellow roses.

When she came close to him, she lifted her eyes. In the dusk, he saw that they were very lovely yet; the laughter of old had gone from them, and the dream of girlhood; but into them had come the potent charm of sorrow and long patience. She started and dropped the roses in a tumbled cluster at her feet.

"Eric!" she cried.

He went nearer, and held out his hand.

"I felt that you were coming before you came," he said, forgetting the years that had passed since they had last met.

She put both her hands into his, and they stood so for a little space, while the robins whistled madly, and a wind went through the garden to set the roses dancing.

Then both remembered.

"I did not expect to see you here," she said, drawing away her hands. "They told me you were abroad. I am staying at Edgewood, with my cousins. I wished to see the old garden once more, so I slipped away this evening in the dusk."

"I was abroad. I came home yesterday."

"Home?"

"Yes. I live here. I bought The Pinery when—when my fortune came to me."

There was bitterness in his tone now; he remembered that, as he supposed, he had lost this woman because fortune had not come to him soon enough.

"Oh!" She gave a little cry of surprise and pleasure. "I did not know—but I am so glad. I wish I had known it belonged to you. It hurt me so to think of its being in the hands of strangers—who would not know —who might change it. You have not changed it at all."

"No, I have taken pains to keep it as it always was. That is why I bought it—I wished to own my memories. The people who bought it from your uncle had made a few small changes—I removed them. It is the same—always the same—as when you were here, Una."

"I wish I had known it belonged to you," she repeated. "It would have comforted me so. After my husband died, I sometimes thought of coming back and trying to buy it. But then—you know—my little son died."

"No, I did not know," he said gently.

She shivered. "I was too solitary then to come back. I was afraid to face the ghosts of the past alone."

"I love this garden because of its many ghosts," he said. "We are good comrades, those ghosts and I. We walk and talk—we even laugh together—sorrowful laughter that has sorrow's own sweetness. And at evening there comes to me one dear phantom and wanders hand in hand with me—a lost lady of the old years."

Her face relaxed into a smile — one of the old, old smiles he had loved in the past.

"You're a dreamer and poet still," she said.

There was no mockery in her tone—naught save wistfulness. Yet he instantly recalled that she had sometimes laughed a little at his dreams and verses, long ago, and his brow flushed.

"It is a bad habit, of which I cannot rid myself," he made light answer. "But you will think me very inhospitable. Will you not come into the house? My housekeeper is a good old soul, thinking no worse of me than that I am slightly moon-struck, and she delights to honor my friends."

She shook her head.

"No, I don't think I care to go in. It was only the garden I wished to see. It is more a part of my life and soul than a thing builded of stone and mortar could ever be. It has grown for a century, and the history of a thousand hopes and loves is written in its blossoms."

"What is written in the roses?" he asked, stooping for those she had dropped.

"In the red roses love triumphant—in the yellow roses, love mocked and forsaken—in the white roses, love dead and sacred, lying on its bier, with folded hands and sealed eyes," she answered.

"And you gathered the yellow roses?" he said slowly.

"I have always gathered the yellow roses —all my life," she said.

"I have thought otherwise, Una."

"Dreamers are a blind folk," she answered proudly.

He did not understand, but his heart beat quicker. The spell of the past was upon them both. They met and talked, not as those meet and talk who live severed lives, but as those whose spirits have always been one, and whose lives have been blended like the fragrances of the flowers. The years that had been thrust between them were forgotten. Once again, for a space, they were young and fearless, with the future a fair, alluring, unknown land—he, the lover, who had never told his love; she, the beloved, who had never heard it. The garden made all things possible; it had kept their best years for them, and now yielded them back untarnished in that keeping.

"Let us walk through the garden," she said, holding out her hand unconsciously. He took it in his, and they went between the hedges of the roses, where the red and white

and yellow petals were falling under their feet. Whiffs of perfume came to them now and then, as if shaken out from the censers of angels, who were walking to and fro in the garden. He gathered some strange, pale flowers with a haunting fragrance and gave them to her.

"They have no name that we know," he said. "You will remember that we gave them a name of our own, when we were children—the White Ladies. They are the souls of women who have walked with lonely love, and prayerful patience and holy meekness all their days."

"I loved them when I was a child," she said. "I have thought of them in foreign lands, those strange, sweet, nameless flowers. And I have thought of this garden with longing and love and heart-break. It is so beautiful to be in it again. I think it has kept my maidenhood for me—I shall find it just now with its finger on its lip among the roses. And it is best of all to find you here, Eric. I know now that it would not have been the garden I knew, if I had come and had not found you. Yet I had no thought of finding you when I came."

"I knew you were coming before I saw you, Una," he said again.

"Were you thinking of me?"

"Yes, I was thinking of you," he answered simply. "I am always thinking of you here."

"Yet you failed me once," she said—not meaning to say it.

"Failed you? Never! Why were you not true to me, Una?"

"You went without a word!" She cried, "What was I to think of that?"

"I went—because you bade me go. Your uncle told me that I was too poor to aspire to you. That was true, perhaps; but I would not have gone for that alone. He told me that you loved Maurice—that you were to marry him—he gave me your message of farewell. So I went—stung to the heart—grieved with a hurt that has lasted all these years."

"He told you that?" she said faintly. "He told you that falsehood? And you believed him? Oh, Eric!"

"I believed him—yes. I could not doubt him. He had been my father's friend—I thought him mine—I loved him."

"And I loved him," she said. "I—I did not dream that he could have done this. I never knew till now. And when you went, Eric, I waited, sick at heart, for long—long—hoping that you would come back—or write. But you did not. And uncle smiled and mocked at me for waiting for you. 'Where is your pride, he said, 'that you spend your days thinking of a man who cares nothing for you?' He was always at my ear with such sayings. I did not know he was false—I owed him a daughter's duty and belief. And Maurice loved me—Maurice was always there. So, in the end, I married him. And my life has been the life of the woman who dares to marry without love."

She stopped suddenly, frightened at her own vehemence—at what she had betrayed—and retreated into a quick aloofness of spirit. He felt the change, and said passionately:

"I loved you better than life then, Una; I love you better than life now. If I had believed that you cared for me, nothing should have parted us."

"You love me—still?" she said, with a great, half-incredulous joy in voice and eyes.

"I have loved you all my life—even more since you went out of it, than when you were a part of it. I have thought of you most faithfully and tenderly. The dream and the memory of you has been with me in worship and in loneliness, in laughter and in solitude. Una, we have come together tonight most strangely and unexpectedly, across the gulf of long misunderstanding. Will you take my love, with all the pain and sweetness of the past that we have known and all the joy and sweetness of the future that may yet be ours? Will you give me your love at last, Una?"

All about them were the soft odors and shadows. The sky through the pines was purple and gold and silvery green. A robin whistled at intervals in the tree-tops, as if calling to his mate, and listening in rapt silence for her reply. The perfume of the strange, pale flowers he had given her hung round them like a benediction from the old years.

"My love has always been yours," she answered. "Yours through the days of happy childhood, of dreamy maidenhood and unfulfilled womanhood. Always yours, Eric, for life and death."

He drew her to him and kissed her lips. Then, as they went back through the old, old garden, with its hundred years of love and delight, and sorrow and glory, he crowned her dark hair with the red, red rose of a love triumphant.

MADAME SANS SOUCI AND THE MINER

By Catherine Frances Cavanagh

IT was not yet noon when Sidney Benton reached the mouth of the tunnel of the "Peter-Out" copper mine, and, jabbing the point of his iron candle-stick in the timber, addressed the miner who had accompanied him on his tour of inspection of this, one of the many mines he owned between Mexico and Montana.

"Yes, I see, Swanson, it is well worth the working and putting more capital into, before many months elapse. After dinner, I'll inspect that cross-cut. I cannot help but see that there is a large percentage of gold in the yield, Swanson, and this persuades me to send you up a larger force. I suppose it has been pretty lonesome out here, hanging on to the claim, and merely working to hold on to it.

"Oh, as to that, sir," replied Swanson, a clean, tall Swede, "that hasn't bothered me any. My wife, she likes it out here, and the children grow so big in the fine air. When school is in, we send them to their uncle's at Basin, and he sees that they go. We miss them, yes, naturally, but it is good for them, some day. Yes, Mr. Benton, we would not like to go from here, and we be very glad to have the mine turn out well for you; for that means we can stay. My wife, she thinks that our house up there's splendid, and indeed, it is, sir. Such sweet-smelling pine floors and walls and roof! And Olga, she keeps everything a-shine; the floor, the copper kettles, and the tin pans. And we have the two black cats, and the children, when from school, are such company. My wife, she sings at her work, and she sings as she sits on the step that looks down the big mountain, and works mending those birdlings' things. We are very happy, sir; very happy, and all will be glad that we stay. I am glad you are pleased."

"And I," said the young man, with a smile which showed his even, white teeth, "am pleased that you are glad. And now, Swanson, I am going for a walk through the woods. Don't wait your dinner for me. I'll take pot-luck when I come back, so tell your good wife not to worry."

"Which way do you walk, sir? The reason I ask is that, about a mile down along the stream is a miner's camp from which all have fled. They tried placer mining, you see. The bed of the stream was not so good as they thought. There are now five goodly cabins there, stout as a stone, good walls, roof and flooring. There is also a stable, long and wide. There is also a long cabin, fit for the mess. I think if you look it over, you might see in it a way to house extra men, if you should send them over from Butte. There need then be no delay for building. I think you would be able to buy the place cheap or rent it. Does it not seem a good chance?"

"Very good," said the young man, as he lit his short pipe and unbuttoned the top button of the blue miner's blouse, for the day was getting warm. "Well, Swanson, I'll strike the trail, and join you after I've had my dinner. I think I can find you in the mine when I come back. I'm sure I can. This baby mine is as easy for me to find my way through, after the 'Dixie' in Mexico, as the aisle of a church when compared to Hampton Maze."

"But won't you throw off that jumper, sir, before you go? It is full of mine drips."

"Oh, I think not," said Benton, as he moved on, "It feels good; it brings me closer to my mines. There are men in this world who love to put on a yachting suit, who have never been on a yacht, and men who love to wear an automobile outfit, who have never driven one; and I do believe I am one of those who love to don a miner's suit, even if I have never worked in a mine."

"But you own them, sir, and know the ins

and outs of the works," said Swanson respectfully, inwardly pleased, as he gazed at the tall, straight young man, attired in the coarse suit of blue denim, with the "sou'-wester" hat pushed back from a fair forehead over which gleamed chestnut hair and under which smiled a pair of deep, gray eyes.

"Yes, I know the ins and outs of them, Swanson, and if it was not for the study they afford me, Lord knows, I care little enough about them. The money? What is money worth, if it does not give one satisfaction?"

"Ah, sir, if you had many to care for outside your own self, you would find that money gives much satisfaction. It will never give satisfaction when you spend it on yourself alone, but to spend for others—to give to others—that, sir, is the supreme delight."

"I suppose it is," said the young man. "Only, Swanson, I've never known that delight, that is to give where it was not expected of me. Because I am rich, everyone expects so much of me, and whether I give from a plethoric pocketbook, or the kindness of my heart, it is always the same—'no more than he should do.' I tell you, Swanson, when you give your wife or your kids something that costs twenty-five cents—a small sum out in this rich country—they think more of you, and love you more than any of *my* friends or acquaintances would, if I gave them twenty-five thousand. "

"You can't buy love," said Swanson. "It comes."

"Yes, it comes," said Benton. "Well, Swanson, maybe, some day, it will come to me. And, Swanson, I tell you right now, if the day ever comes when I have a wife and children who afford me as much happiness as yours do you, then you can have this mine."

"You don't mean it, sir!" gasped Swanson, who knew in his honest heart how much that mine would be worth in a few years.

"Yes I do," said Benton, the gray of his eyes deepening into black, as he fervently went on, "This mine is nothing beside the love of a sweet woman, and if the day comes when she comes to me, the Peter-Out mine is yours. I think her ladyship will be content with the other mines I have to tender her!"

"She'd have to be very greedy not to be content," said Swanson, as he ran over in his mind the long list of Mr. Benton's possessions.

"Well, I'm off, Swanson. Be sure you don't wait dinner for me; for I have a truant feeling today, and may not return until late. I think, Swanson, I'll take some rye bread and cheese along with me, for I am now pretty certain I won't be back—yes, come to think of it, I'm going to loaf this afternoon. I'll go to the house with you. I have a book there which I wish to take along for company."

Olga, with soft regrets that the good Mr. Benton would not be back for dinner—a dinner of roast duck, great white potatoes, corn from their little hill-field, and big, round tomatoes from the patch near the stream—fixed the rye bread and cheese while Benton dived into his trunk and found "Amiel's Journal," which he stuffed into his blouse, as he sauntered away from the sweet-smelling cabin.

"What a difference a good woman makes," he mused. He knew women better than to say "a woman", for he had seen men's lives wrecked by those far from good. "Well, I do not know whether it is that the wish is father to the thought or not, but I feel as though I shall meet my good Fate very soon. When a man gets close to thirty, it's about time, I suppose."

Not being a born woodsman, Benton thought it safer to follow the stream down hill than to take the alluring path that wandered amongst the pines and tamaracks, in order that he might locate the miners' cabins of which Swanson had spoken. The August noon was glorious, and the gentle warmth of the sun was good, after the chill of the mine. Benton was conscious of never before feeling so well, as he drew in the stimulating mountain air. He sang aloud as he sauntered by the stream, along which he found evidences of the abandoned placer mine. His song ceased when he came to a good place for crossing the stream, as Swanson had directed him to the left side of the stream for the cabins. He stopped short when he saw smoke ascending from the thicket of cottonwoods and alders.

"Is it probable that someone is camping there?" he asked himself, and then pushed as noiselessly as possible through the underbrush along the stream. Suddenly, he came upon an opening through which the midday sun shone unhindered by trees. He stood still as his eyes lit on the farther side of this woodland court. Slowly he took in the scene. Between two sturdy cottonwoods hung a bar-

rel-stave hammock, made soft with a "comforter" pad, and piled at the head with gay pillows. In it reclined a girlish figure, but over the face a light tan cowboy hat was pulled so that it was impossible to tell whether the sleeper was young or not. The pair of stout, tan boots could not conceal the beauty of the little feet propped on a bright red cushion at the other end of the hammock. Her golden-brown walking skirt was smoothed carefully around her form, but for all that, several inches of brown stockings showed beneath it. Her left hand hung over the side of the hammock, and as Benton's eyes traveled from the red sleeve rolled up above the dimpled elbow, down the rounded wrist to the slender, white fingers, he was conscious of being glad that no rings sparkled there. But her face —if he could only see her face! He would wait, and if she did not stir for ten minutes —he took out his watch—he would conclude that she was really asleep, and go over and lift the hat!

"I know it may be bold and bad," he said to himself, "but she should be thankful that I do not kiss her—for if her face is anything like her feet, she surely is a 'sleeping beauty.'"

He smiled at the thought, and then his eyes took in other things about this open-air camp. He noted that the trees were adorned with tin cans, stripped of their labels, which once proclaimed that they held corn, tomatoes and canned fruit. The tops which had been cleanly cut by a can-opener, were turned back and served as hangers, being nailed to the trees. They were filled with the trailing kinnikinick, azure gentians and scarlet Indian pinks, forming a most pleasing hanging garden. A rough pine table stood in the shadow of a low-branching pine which had intruded on the colony of cottonwoods and alders. On it were pens, ink-stand, a big blotting pad and stationery, as well as several books.

"I suppose she's literary," said Benton to himself, "and I bet that she has a thin, firm mouth. I don't think I'll play the Prince to the Sleeping Beauty, if that's the case. But those little feet give me courage to hope for the best, though I expect the worst. Here! five minutes have passed, and she has not stirred; I think I'll take a look at her manuscript, and read my doom."

He tiptoed across the thick bed of last year's leaves, and almost laughed aloud as he read the hurried scrawl on the writing pad—

"Fare from Irvington-on-the-Hudson to Helena $60.00
Sleepers 15.00
Meals 17.00
Baggage express 2.00
Tips, Oh, dear me, I don't know! I vowed I would not tip on this trip out, and I did—and now I'm so vexed. But what is a girl traveling alone to do? I suppose I'd best put down something like this 4.00
Two extra shirtwaists I had to buy, on account of dirty Chicago 3.00
Forget what else, and don't care! I hate accounts, and won't bother to add up. I know my pocketbook looks like it had been run over by a trolley, but I'll be true to the name I have assumed—

Madame Sans Souci."

"So you are Madame *Sans Souci*," said Benton to himself. "Well, you look it—only, I do hope you have made a mistake about the *madame*—I prefer that you should be a miss. And now," again consulting his watch, "those ten minutes are up, and I am going to see what's under that hat."

But he did not do so at once; in fact, he hesitated to know his fate, for he feared disappointment. But, in a few seconds, he nerved himself to reach across and lift the shade that covered the face of the sleeper. Yes, she really did sleep, and as peacefully as a child. Her skin was smooth and pearly white, with the faintest tinge of pink in her cheeks, making the full, red lips almost scarlet by contrast. Hair, eye-lashes and brows were of a blue-black shade, inclining to curl. Her nose was slender, but not perfect in line, for it had a bewitching turn on one side. Not a wrinkle showed on the slender, oval face, and one could easily see that she had not known more than twenty summers.

Benton stood there, her hat unconsciously placed over his heart, as he looked at her. Suddenly he stooped and pressed her lips with his clean-shaven ones, and then he dropped her hat on the mat of leaves and backed noiselessly into the thicket. When he had done that shameful thing—stolen a kiss from the unconscious girl, he became suddenly overwhelmed with remorse. What if she should have wakened and caught him?

Gone would be all hopes of a better acquaintance, and he knew that of all things in the world, he desired to meet and know this girl.

Just then the girl awoke. Luckily for the wretch making his way out of the thicket, a gay brown and blue butterfly was just flitting away from the flower-holder above the hammock, and the girl sighting it, said aloud:

"Oh, you naughty butterfly! 'Twas you did it, and made me dream I was kissed! Why, isn't that funny! And I'm not making a bad pun when I say the incident might be classed under the head of 'the psychology of dreams!'"

The real culprit heard her words, and almost hugged himself with relief that the butterfly happened along just then. Otherwise, she might be suspicious should he appear within sight so soon after her "dream." As it was now, he would venture to approach her, and open conversation by asking about the cabins in the vicinity, though he was now almost certain that they had been pre-empted by some pleasure-seeking campers from the city.

She was sitting on the edge of the hammock, her shoes barely touching the ground, her fair arms stretched back of her shapely head, as she gazed up to the blue between the lacey canopy of leaves, when the miner appeared before her. Her deep blue eyes took him in at a glance. She assured herself that he was one of the miners from the camp up the stream, that mine which they were soon to explore, and then, with a faint smile, she said:

"Good morning!"

"Good morning!" he replied, not with the easy grace of the well-born creature he was, but rather with the diffidence of an illiterate miner. He stood with his hat in hand, his chestnut hair glimmering beneath the sun's search-light. She noticed that his skin appeared very white, but reminded herself that most miners have soft, white skins, from being in the mines so much. But he was handsome, and, what did it matter; civilization was so far away, and so she smiled again.

"Did you come down to see who the trespassers are? We have taken possession of the camp, you see, and we intend to stay out the month. The owner—he lives in Deer Lodge, you know; gave us permission to use the deserted log cabins. You must go around and see how nicely they are fixed up, though I suppose they will disgust a practical camper such as you must be."

"I'd be glad to see them," he said lamely, keeping up his masquerade. "Who's in charge?"

"No one," she smiled. "That is, we are all bosses, of ourselves. I am *Madame Sans Souci;* that means," she explained, with kindness, 'Madame without care.' Jim says—Jim's my brother, out here with me from New York—Jim says it should be 'the miss who doesn't care a damn,' but, Jim's horrid, and so teasing, and he thinks it is the correct thing to swear out here in the West. Now, really, I don't. I never felt less like swearing in all my life. New York makes me want to swear, though," she ended reminiscently.

"That's what I think," he answered. And then, seeing the surprise in her eyes, and knowing that he would forget and use correct English, he gave a plausible explanation:

"I came from New York, too—long ago. I hate it. Mining is more to my taste."

She looked at him, in doubt.

"I hardly think I could hate it to the extent of choosing a life underground rather than life in New York. But then, different persons are different." She arose, and, as if dismissing New York, said:

"Let's go to the cabins. I am sure they are cooking something good, for this is my off-day. I am a wretched cook. I am not blessed with 'medium.' I either overdo or underdo. Do you cook your own meals? I have heard that miners, as a rule, do."

He smiled as he hedged. "I don't enjoy my own cooking nearly as much as I do that of others."

"No one does," she agreed. "Here comes Mr. Harr; he is the guardian of our camp. I'm going to tell him that you will take us through the mine, so you must agree—won't you?"

"I'll promise," he replied, thanking his stars that he was attired in miner's garb, which left this girl so free to talk with him; for he was sure she would not do so if he had appeared in his conventional suit. He could see that she was trying to be kind to him, without appearing to be patronizing.

As Mr. Harr approached the couple, he was saying to himself—"I wonder what Madame Sans Souci is up to now, with a miner in tow? Ten to one, she's been prow-

ling up to that mine, instead of waiting for the rest of us. But there's no telling what an Eastern girl come West won't do—they all think it's their one big chance to act *free*."

"Mr. Harr," began the girl. "This is one of the men from the mine above here. He's going to take us all through some day, and you must show him through our camp now;" and with that she moved on, leaving the two men together.

Harr looked at Benton closely. "I think I have met you before, Mr. Benton—over in the office of the Neversink mine, at Butte. You were one of a party on a tour of inspection from Mexico. Isn't that so?"

"It is," replied Benton. "I hadn't intended to masquerade before the young lady and your camp, but she took it for granted, from my suit, that I am a working miner. Please don't disabuse her mind on that score, just yet. I'd like to see how it feels to be treated as a miner, not as a millionaire."

"I see," smiled Harr. "You'll find that with *Madame Sans Souci*—I beg your pardon; that's our nickname for her—it makes little difference. Well, come into our camp circle. We'll be glad to have you join us for one meal, or for a score. We have plenty of room, having five cabins divided amongst us."

"I had intended to remain in this section but a day or so," said Benton, as he kept step with Harr, "and strolled down here to look over this settlement with a view to purchasing the same for the housing of extra men, who may come to work in my mine. But if your party is to stay—well, I suppose we'll have to build."

"I'm afraid you'll have to, that is, if the ladies are consulted," replied Harr grimly, "for they declare they are going to stay out here until the end of September, and they've fixed the cabins so cosy with traps from town, and take such delight in amateur housekeeping, that we poor men haven't the heart to deny them."

"I won't disturb them, I assure you," replied Benton. "But, Mr. Harr, can't we trump up some story about my coming down here looking for a boarding house; and that you have taken pity on me and have promised to invite me to one square meal a day?"

"Oh, I suppose I will help you out with your foolish masquerade," said Harr. For tunately for you, I am noted for being a specialist, and they will think it nothing strange that I invite you in. I'm not blind, either, and for your peace of mind, I may as well tell you that *Madame Sans Souci* is the only unattached one in camp."

"Well, she won't be so long, if I can help it," smiled Benton.

Just then, Mrs. Harr came sweeping down the grassy path and beckoned to her lesser-half. Like a dutiful husband, he went to her, and Benton heard her say—

"I tell you, Will, you mustn't ask that man here! I don't care how inhospitable it seems! That silly girl has fallen in love at sight. No, you can't tell me! I know the signs, and I am responsible for her while she is out here—think of a girl of her standing falling in love with a common miner!"

Harr bent toward her and whispered something which caused her to straighten up and smile cordially toward Mr. Benton. "That alters the case," she said.

But Benton had his own ideas of wooing, and was not to be forced into Mrs. Harr's match-making schemes. He stayed to dinner, and unconsciously betrayed to *Madame Sans Souci* that he was no ordinary miner, even though he sought to impress her with the idea that his tales of travel were gathered as he wandered from mine to mine in search of work, or prospected on his own account.

During the month which followed, he was down to the camp almost every day, and several times the party from camp came up to the mine and were cordially entertained by Mrs. Swanson. Swanson did not tell his good wife that in event of a match being made between the girl with the blue-black hair and laughing blue eyes, and their Mr. Benton, that the Peter-Out mine would be his, but his keen eyes saw how deeply in love the two were growing, and so he was not surprised, one fine September morning, when Benton said, as he turned his face down stream,—

"The mine may change hands before night, Swanson. I'm going to know for certain today."

"Good luck to you, sir, and to me also!" said Swanson, with a twinkle in his eyes.

Madame Sans Souci had risen very early that morning, and now she was lying in her hammock, surrounded by the hanging gardens which had been freshly planted that morning. Her eyes were closed, but as Benton stole softly toward her, she seemed con-

scious of his presence, and the black-fringed lids flew open, and the blue eyes smiled.

"I wasn't sleeping that time!" she said.

He looked abashed, but only for a moment. "And when, pray, *Madame Sans Souci*, did I ever catch you napping?"

It was her own turn to hesitate, and Yankee-like, she answered him with a question. "How do you find so much time to be away from the mine?"

"The mine won't worry me much longer," he said, taking a seat beside her in the hammock. "I'm going away from it. But before I go, *Madame Sans Souci*, I want to know if you really are without care for me—for, *Madame Sans Souci*, I do care for you better than everything else in the world."

"Better than all those mines you own?" she said mischievously.

"Why?" he said, astonished. "How did you know? How long have you known?"

"Since your first dinner with us. All of a sudden, it flashed across me that I had seen you before—I hadn't in the flesh, but I saw your picture in a group, taken after your party came out of the Neversink mine. You thought you were fooling me—all of you." Then, seeing his crestfallen look, she said swiftly—"But dear, I don't love you because of your wealth, no more than I could love you more if you had none. You have had a poor opinion of yourself, when you have believed people only cared for you for your money. You didn't need to try me that way!" she ended reproachfully.

He bent down and kissed the pouting red lips. She seemed startled, not so much at the caress as the quality of the kiss. She drew herself up and looked him straight in the face.

"Why, I don't believe it was the butterfly, that first time!"

His laugh confirmed her worst suspicions, as he repeated the operation.

"If butterflies can kiss like *that*—then it was!"

THE WISH

By Emma B. Van Deusen

THE new moon rideth high!
The witching spell is nigh!
Now o'er my left shoulder,
Ere thou art grown older,
I wish, and kisses three
I waft to thee.
Bend low, sweet crescent moon,
Grant me this longed-for boon.

THE PRICE OF INTERVENTION

By Florence Martin Eastland

THE teacher's reproachful eyes rested inquiringly on the big boy who entered the school-room rather noisily.

"Why are you late, Taylor?"

"Paw was making out your warrant, Miss Idy, and Jack—" He looked quickly toward a vacant seat near the west window, "he had an arrand for me."

"You mean an errand," corrected the teacher, mechanically.

Taylor tramped up the aisle, and gave Miss Hamilton an unaddressed envelope. As he dropped into his seat, he laid a similar one upon his desk.

The teacher smiled at the missive in her hand. The secretary of the district schoolboard, she reflected, was delightfully prompt in issuing her warrant when the close of school was yet four days off. He probably knew she needed the time to cash it at the county-seat, before her departure for the normal college. With her salary for the four months past, she intended to rejoin her class and spend several months in preparing for graduation. Visions of her classmates' surprise at her progress without an instructor, brightened her eyes and deepened the dimple in her chin.

Other delightful pictures followed. One heightened the rose of her cheek, and caused an unconscious touch of the ribbon at the throat of her "best" cashmere dress. In the bosom of her gown rested another precious letter signed "Yours ever, Stephen Peabody." He was coming; but for one hour only. Important business called him East, and he wrote to say he would be at her home at half-past four.

Ida's heart bounded when she recalled the words, "Our meetings have been few, but you alone have filled my thoughts." The preceding day had been interminable. "Today he will come," whispered her joyous soul, and all earth echoed her happiness.

Her pleasant meditations were rudely disturbed by the realization that she had smiled approval on Sadie Bennett, who was industriously chewing a resinous product of the prairie known to school girls as "wax." Sadie's eyes, boldly taking in the teacher's unusual appearance, admitted a knowledge of the reason for Ida's absent-mindedness.

Walking to the window, in an attempt to evade those searching orbs, Ida took the paper from the unsealed envelope. Before she saw that it was not her warrant, she read in one glance:

> "Dear Susie, everything is arranged. Be at the big tree near the Ford at five to-night. Don't fale me and keep your mouth shut. JACK."

She hastily returned the note to its receptacle, which she instinctively sealed. With a sinking heart, she stood by the window and gazed across the sodden fields. Spring was late, and not one green blade had ventured above the black soil. The Willis farmhouse, ugly and unadorned, rose a mile distant to confront her with a new problem. Therein dwelt Susie, her pupil and friend, whose mental attainments were retarded by an infatuation for wild Jack Myers, the black sheep of the neighborhood; Susie, with the physical development of a perfect woman, and the simplicity of a secluded country girl.

Ida at once comprehended Susie's recent behavior; her lack of interest in school work, followed by fits of feverish study; her avoidance of Ida at intervals, for which she silently atoned by an excess of affectionate attention. Months previous, it was rumored that the long-smoldering quarrel between her father and Jack had culminated in a fistic encounter, since which event Susie had remained at home, and gossips had ceased to associate her name with Jack's.

Ida hurriedly considered the features of the situation. Susie was under age. Her mother, weak and undecided, was confined to her bed. Violence would be the outcome

of Mr. Willis's knowledge of the plan to elope. The only way was to win Susie herself.

Despite a disinclination to meddle with another's affairs, Ida's sense of a teacher's duty coupled with a girl's desire to work reforms, left no alternative. With a sigh, she pressed her hand against her breast. The rustle of the paper breathed encouragement. Reluctantly, she put aside her happy dreams, and took up the burden of interposition.

She turned to inspect the pupils' work on the written examination. She paused here and there to offer some suggestion or commendation. Nearing Taylor's seat, at the back of the room, she observed his uplifted hand.

"Can I get some coal? It seems chilly back here."

She saw an unexpected opportunity. But while her mind was following a plan instantly conceived, her grammatical instinct, often a reflex action, prompted the answer.

"*Can* you? Being physically strong, it is quite safe to say you are *able* to bring the coal. An affirmative answer would be superfluous."

"Then *may* I?"

Ida nodded assent, and remained by Taylor's seat. When he had left the room, with simulated carelessness, she brushed the envelope from the desk. She stooped to replace it, and even Sadie's watchful eyes failed to detect an exchange of letters before she passed on.

After luncheon, at the noon intermission, the teacher saw Taylor strike across the field toward the Willis farm. This was a move she had not anticipated. Great was her relief, therefore, when she noticed Susie Willis coming by way of the road. Taylor also saw her, and turned back, while Ida met Susie and placed an arm around her waist.

"Maw's better," said Susie, reading Ida's unspoken inquiry. "She had a bad night, but feels lots easier this afternoon. I've be'n work ince five o'clock, without one minute's rest. I wouldn't 'a' come to school if it hadn't 'a' be'n for the examination."

"I am so glad you did. It was very hard for you, I know," responded Ida, sympathetically.

"O, today isn't any worse 'n usual. Only I'm jest sick of home. I wouldn't mind if paw wasn't so mean an' cross, an' maw so fussy an' stingy. See how I'm rigged out. If I was somebody's hired girl, I would look better'n this, an' not work any harder, either."

Disregarding the shabby garments, Ida smiled into the discontented face.

"Many women would exchange their fine clothes for your beauty, dear," she said, as she patted the wayward, black curls about Susie's forehead. Susie, unmollified, continued:

"I understand now why my brothers all ran away. Sometimes I've half a mind to go too."

They had reached the door. Ida, seeing Taylor not far away, hurried Susie inside and rang the bell. The other pupils were seated when he entered, but he made a detour, and dropped the letter into Susie's lap. The teacher stepped to the girl, and said in a low tone:

"Do not read that, I beg of you, until I have a talk with you."

Susie turned her face to the window, and made no response.

"If you love me," urged Ida, in an earnest undertone. The girl slowly met Ida's pleading glance, and extended the letter. Ida shook her head.

"Keep it, dear," she whispered, "I know I can trust you."

The teacher took her place on the platform.

"This afternoon each pupil may respond to roll-call with a memory gem. Sadie Bennett."

"'Lifiz re-al, lifiz earnest,
An' the gravy's not the goal;
Dust thy art to duster turnest
Was not sporting of the soul.'"

"You should enunciate your words, and pay more attention to emphasis, Annie."

"'Honoh thy fatheh an' thy motheh,'" lisped a tot in a front seat.

"Do you, dear?" asked Ida, regarding the tiny speaker encouragingly.

"Yeth ma'am."

"Never forget that they love you better than anyone else, and will forgive you and care for you when others fail, or that you owe them all the love and consideration you are able to give."

"Yeth ma'am," returned automatically.

"Napoleon Cox."

"Whatever you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves are never done right."

"That is in line with my last remark," observed the teacher, looking beyond Susie's averted head. "If we make a pretence of obedience to our parents, it is doing only half our duty. If we deceive them, how can we expect others to trust us?"

She called the pupils' names without further comment on their responses, until she came to Susie Will's. She was surprised to see Susie's eyes meet hers unflinchingly, and to hear her respond in a repressed tone pregnant with determination:

"'If you have anything to give
That another's joy may live,
Give it.'"

The force of the suggestion startled Ida into silence. She saw Susie in a new and dignified attitude. That girl erect and unabashed, was neither the household drudge nor the sentimental maiden, but a woman ready to lavish her all—herself—upon the object of her love. The honest soul of that teacher recognized in herself the dawning of a similar impulse. The knowledge thrilled her and strengthened her resolution to prevent the other's sacrifice. Looking into Susie's brilliant eyes, she returned quietly:

"There is a vast meaning in those lines. In this sense 'to give' is not a synonym of 'to surrender,' but of 'to bestow'; and in order to bestow wisely, one must be sure the recipient will appreciate the value of the gift, and carefully cherish it. Joy does not mean simply possession, nor passion, nor the elation of winning. It comes from a wise gift, which brings in turn the birth of lasting happiness."

The stain of scarlet on Susie's cheek belied her attitude of indifference. Several times in Ida's rounds of inspection, she lightly caressed Susie's brow. The girl remained unresponsive; but once, as Ida passed, Sadie Bennett, the child, whispered:

"Susie Willis is crying. I seen a big tear drop on her paper."

The unconscious "*saw*, Sadie," was uttered, before the teacher's anger at the gimlet eyes prompted an unusual rebuke.

Taking advantage of the noise of preparation for dismissal, Ida asked Susie to remain. When they were alone, the teacher took her chair into the aisle, and sat by Susie.

"Dear, I thank you for granting my request. Through no desire of mine, I know the contents of your letter. I want to put the matter before you in a new light, that you may be very sure of what you want to do. All you say will be considered a sacred confidence."

No reply was forthcoming. After a moment, she continued:

"We will grant, for the sake of discussion, that your home life is unhappy. Are you sure Jack Myers will do better by you? He has no home to offer you. With nothing on which to begin, it would take a long time to acquire even the necessities. No doubt you would work harder than you do now."

Susie faced her suddenly, and burst out:

"How little you know of love! Why, I'd work my fingers to the bone, an' crawl on my hands an' knees, fer Jack."

The teacher gently stroked Susie's rough hand.

"Your attitude is wrong. He does not want a slave; his need is a superior whose influence will elevate him. If you will but open the eyes of your love, and choke back the pitiful fear that his affection may diminish, you can command instead of crawl. Rise in the power of your womanhood, and win his highest, lasting love, by making him the suppliant. You cannot be happy otherwise. I do know what it is to love; but I would not desecrate such a priceless treasure by lavishing it upon a selfish recipient."

"Jack ain't selfish. He'd give me anything he has on earth."

"What does that mean, Susie? His promise to stop carousing? To avoid low associates? To work steadily that he may provide a home for you?"

"He said he'd quit drinking when we get married; that I'm the only girl he'd promise that," answered Susie proudly.

"As an evidence of good faith, why doesn't he stop now?"

"He says he gets so discouraged waitin' for me."

"Can you hope for a fulfillment of his promise when he has you, if he does not consider your approval worth one effort now?"

"Oh! for Heaven's sake stop!" cried the girl, bursting into tears. "Just when I get my mind made up, you fill it again with doubts; an' it makes Jack so mad when I say these things to him. Let me alone; let me alone."

She threw out her arms, and flung her head on her desk, in an abandon of grief. The

teacher knelt and rested her fair head by the side of the storm-shaken, black curls.

"I can't let you alone, dearest; I only wish I could. I cannot see you choose the road that leads to misery, without trying to induce you to look beyond the present. What are a few caresses from Jack—"

"Heaven to me!" interrupted Susie passionately.

"—To future years of wretchedness? Don't you see, Susie, that if he thinks you too easily won, he will lightly cast your affection aside? You remember the lines from 'Locksley Hall.'

> "He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
> Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

"Open the letter," she concluded abruptly.

Susie having obeyed, leaned her head on her hand and quietly spoke:

"It says what I knew it would."

Ida tried to catch the expression beneath the drooping lids.

"Does that mean," she began slowly, groping her way over the uncertain path to her pupil's love-blinded reason, "that Jack means to marry you at once?"

Susie's flushed face confronted Ida peremptorily.

"What else could it mean?" she demanded. Even as she spoke, her eyes lost their indignation, and widened with fear, as Ida rapidly continued:

"Has he arranged for a marriage ceremony soon after you leave? Will he take you to a respectable place? You should know what arrangements he has made. Has he ever definitely spoken to you of those matters?"

"I—don't know," answered the girl wildly. "I thought he meant to do that."

"But, Susie, unless you are sure, you cannot risk compromising your good name. Suppose Jack with the best of intentions, could find neither minister nor magistrate: what would be said of you after the performance of a tardy ceremony?"

With a storm of sobs, Susie flung her arms around Ida's neck.

"Save me, Idy; save me from Jack an' from myself. Go tell him I won't run away with him. If I should go—an' he must know—he'd coax me into changing my mind again. But, oh, say to him that I will always, always love him an' if ever the time should come—"

She broke off in a fit of weeping, and clung to Ida appealingly.

The teacher wiped her brimming eyes, and waited for the tempest to abate. Her gaze rested aimlessly on the clock against the wall in front of her, and marked the hour—twenty minutes past four. At once through her engrossed reason flashed the thought of the anticipated meeting ten minutes hence. She knew when she detained Susie that her hour with Stephen Peabody would be shortened. Until now, no possibility of its obliteration had seemed likely. If she granted Susie's request, she would miss her own chance for happiness. Why, why should duty conflict with a Heaven-sent opportunity? Susie's words, "Heaven to me," rang in her ears. Above the sweet tumult sounded the commanding voice of conscience, and she saw an inflexible finger pointed in the opposite direction. She dashed away the bitter tears that would burst forth, and said resolutely:

"I will go, dear. May you never know what the decision cost me."

"You ain't afraid of Jack, are you?" queried Susie in surprise.

"I don't know," came doubtfully. "At best, it's not a pleasant mission. Before I go, I want to urge you never to recede from your position. Love Jack all you wish, but use it to bring out the best in him. Make yourself worthy and if he proves unworthy, the loss will be his; the gain yours. You have the advantage now; never lose it. His admiration will but increase."

Silently they left the school-house. Without another word, they separated in the road. With each girlish step, two hearts heavy with renunciation were carried farther away from the objective points of their happiness.

The spring twilight was softening each harsh detail of the sober landscape when Ida reached the big tree by the ford. She peered through the thicket of sassafras and papaw, between the scattered hickory and walnut trees, in a vain effort to assure herself of the absence of man or beast. Dejectedly she sat down on a stump, and with her chin in her hand, and her elbows on her knees, was soon lost in depressing thought. For some minutes she sat, oblivious of her surroundings and the deepening dusk, till she felt herself swept into the crushing clasp of encircling arms. Before she could cry out, her mouth was closed by the pressure of a man's lips.

She tried to turn her face away; the captor pressed her closer, and rained hot kisses on cheek and brow and lips, leaving her too frightened and weak to resist. After what seemed to her an interminable time, she slid from his arms, and heard him say:

"Good girl! I knew you'd come. Oh! you've got sand, Susie. An' now we've got to hike. The ol' man—"

He stopped short as Ida sprang into a patch of light. He instantly recognized her, and grasping her roughly by the shoulders, he shook her fiercely.

"Damn you, you meddlesome sneak, where is Susie?"

"Jack, take your hands from my shoulders; you hurt me."

The calmly imperative voice, an evidence of the moral courage that had conquered her fear, conveyed a reproach to Jack's manhood. He dropped his arms, and began a muttered apology which he did not complete. His rage flamed afresh, but with subdued force. He deliberately folded his arms across his broad chest and diabolically observed:

"Well, sence you got holt o' Susie's letter, an' come in her place, I feel mighty flattered. I hadn't no idee you wanted me, too. But the more the merrier, says I. I was always partial to black eyes, though, an' you mustn't ever throw up to me 't I kissed you thinkin' 'twas Susie. They's plenty kisses fer you where them come from." He ended his speech with a string of coarse taunts, which brought Ida's hands to her crimson face, as if to protect herself from a brutal blow.

"Don't Jack," she pleaded.

"Got enough, hev ye, fer stickin' yer nose into my business?" he exulted. Changing his tone to one of fury, he hissed, "Go back to Susie, you mealy-mouthed little fool, an' tell her ef she don't make good her promise, I'll break every bone in her body, an' yourn too. D'ye hear?"

Although humiliated, Ida advanced resolutely.

"Yes, I hear, and I am going to talk to you, if my life should pay the forfeit. Jack Myers, I believe that somewhere in your soul exists a spark of pure love for Susie, however much you try to smother it with evil deeds and thoughts. I believe you never had the semblance of such a feeling for another woman. Susie's whole pure heart is yours. If for nothing better than novelty, wouldn't it be worth while to fan into flame that one spark of honest love for the experience of feeling a generous, uplifting impulse? Aren't you nauseated by the sensuous or the silly sentiments openly proffered you by a few frivolous women under the name of love? You are a famous hunter. Does not the difficult capture of the rarest game give the greatest pleasure?"

The man had perhaps expected reproaches and appeals punctuated with tears. The subtle admission of his popularity among women penetrated his armor at a vulnerable point, his vanity; for the sullen insolence was gone from his speech when he replied with surprising candor:

"I despise the come-easy kind."

"Susie doesn't belong in that class," suggested Ida, quick to see the advantage she had gained.

"You bet she don't."

"I wonder if you know how good she is. Above her beauty, rises her nobility of soul. It would be worth while to wait a little, just to see her become the woman you would be proud to call wife; till her girlish fancies have been replaced by a woman's judgment, and her beauty has reached its ripe perfection. She would be a loving, inspiring wife, well worth a few years of waiting."

She stopped to see if she had touched his pride. He stood silent, his eyes on the ground.

"It would require small effort, Jack, to make yourself more worthy of her. You do not really care for the reckless things you do. You have everything to win and nothing to lose. There is little you might not accomplish. Think of what it would mean to stand as one of the respected citizens of the community. And Susie—can you not see her?—a proud wife, a devoted mother, with confidence in the husband for whom she need never be ashamed."

The neighing of a horse in the grove behind startled Ida.

"It's mine," explained Jack quietly. "I guess I better drive back home."

Reassured by the carelessness of the remark, Ida waited. She scarcely dared to hope for much, yet trusted that the seeds she had sown would sometime bear fruit. She was therefore unprepared for his frank admission.

"You're right, Idy. I never had anybody talk to me as you've done. Ef you'd done

it when we was schoolmates, I'd 'a' be'n a better man. I ain't no more fit fer Susie 'n I am fer Heaven. The strange part of 't is 't I never seen afore what a mangy cur I am. Do you know what I was goin' to do? Why run off with Susie an' jest to spite ol' man Willis, who's treated me like a dog. I never intended to marry her. I don't see,"—he stopped to moisten his dry lips and to pass his hand across his forehead—"how I ever thought o' doin' sech dirt to a white girl like Susie."

"But the injury isn't done," exclaimed Ida joyfully. "You have your whole life in which to blot out, by upright living, the evil of your intentions. Tell me, Jack, that you will try."

"I will, so help me God," he returned. "An' Idy," he went on, in rising embarrassment. "I—I spoke to you a while ago in—in a way 't no decent man would. I—I was jest wondering ef—ef you—"

"With all my heart, Jack; and here is my hand to prove it. I have faith that you will keep your promise. Now I must go."

The increasing darkness proclaimed the close of day. A flood of disappointment that swept away Ida's elation at the success of her mission rose with the picture of a manly face—his face—cold with displeasure at her unaccountable absence. She saw her mother anxiously straining her eyes down the pathway through the orchard, and heard her repeated apologies to Stephen Peabody. And lastly, after hearing of his departure without leaving a message, with the self-pity of youth she saw herself prone on her bed, sobbing hopelessly for that lost hour in Paradise.

GRACE

By Ben Franklin Bonnell

'TIS sweet to know that day by day
Some Unseen Forces guide our way—
We need not understand—
Just listen to the silence tell
That everything that is, is well;
'Twill give us grace to stand.

IN THE WIND FROM HIS WINGS

By Lurah Roberts Bennett

ROBERT LINSCOTT sat before the glowing fire which evolved curious shadows throughout the quiet library. His attitude was that of a man who had reached the crisis of some vital problem. The Scotch collie at his feet, seeming to divine in its dumb way the trouble of the man's spirit, alternated between animal appreciation for the warm blaze of the fire, and an acknowledgement of its sympathy by a caress. But when Linscott's hand did move, it was not in answer to the dog, who wagged its tail in wild anticipation, but to draw slowly, almost reluctantly, a bulky parcel on the table a little nearer toward him.

As he did so, his eyes again caught the words of the note which lay face uppermost on the back of a book he had been reading. It ran:—

> "Dearest Bob, do not disappoint us tonight for worlds unlimited. Jack, Celeste and all the others will be here. Tom and I sail tomorrow morning early. He is buried, as usual, in his everlasting politics, and has some sort of 'shindy' to attend this evening. However, I shall steal a few moments to see you, away from the 'maddening crowd,' you know, and all that. You will come?
>
> "Yours forever,
> "CLOE."

Linscott's hand still rested on the bundle, but drawing out his watch, he contemplated it thoughtfully for a moment. Quarter to eight. Should he? Should he not? What should he do? What was the use? The logs sputtered low. Instinctively his gaze wandered around the half darkness of the room. How should he feel, he wondered, if somewhere among those shadows he should meet Lois's clear eyes? Could he return their truthful searching unflinchingly, as he had in the days gone by? He turned impulsively to the dying fire, thrusting the poker among its gray embers, until, responding to his touch, the flames leaped higher and higher, flooding the room with light. Then, laying the poker down, he sat looking into the blaze intently, folding and refolding the note, his fingers smoothing carefully each small crease.

A man must have some hold on life, he thought, something to look forward to when the day is done. Some vital thing in which to bury or forget all the sordid cares of the busy market-place. He recalled several men whom he knew well, had and truly prized such a treasure. Well, why not he? True, it was all contrary to his early teaching, his principles, his—everything which had made life dear and worth living. But what was life now? He was sure he did not care to feed the flame to keep it going, and yet, by all the laws of right and b avery he could not put it out.

Where was Lois tonight? Could she know this bitter quandary of mind and body? If so, what would she say or do? Did he need to eschew all women, now and evermore, just because he had once chosen her from all the rest, married her, loved her devotedly and then, after folding her hands on her quiet bosom, laid her softly away to rest? He passionately avowed that he would not forget her, if he could; yet to live, to feel the keenness of life once more—to know the dearness and the fragrance of a woman once again!

There came vividly to his mind a discussion between Lois and himself. They were returning from the funeral of a man who had been rich and prominent, but unlike most such people, he had been sincerely loved, also. During the argument, she had claimed that it was the spirit really, which one loved, and that the grave meant nothing, after all, as it contained only the covering of what one held most dear, and how he had confused even her clear mind by asking horrid questions which she could not answer. Then he told her that the spirit had sometimes seemed to him to be a sort of vampire feeding on the

body, until it could no longer feed, and finally dying, or it might be a spark of electricity, and God the dynamo.

Close upon this came one of those poignant flashes of memory in which he seemed to feel again the ripples of her soft hair, as he had in those supreme moments when in passions of adoration he had buried his face within it. How good she was. How loyal and helpful she had been. How she sat beside his bed throughout that long hard illness, and oh—how patient and untiring during his convalesence. She had been God given—if there be a God, he added bitterly. She had been everything, everything to him. Her silences, her gaieties, had all been one, and in each he had thought he loved her best, so perfectly were they united. Even their moods had never bored one another. And now it was over, had been over nearly a year. Whether for some purpose or for lack of one at all, it mattered nothing, he told himself; there was only one thing he did feel certain of, that Lois had been taken and he left. To rebel if he would, but in vain. Yes, all in vain.

He felt so puny, every effort so futile. What use, what use? Oh, none! He raised his arms above his head in a mighty effort to appear unconcerned before this hellish Force that claimed the right to bend or break him even as it desired. With the effort came a deep sob of grief and complete surrender. His arms fell heavily on the table, pushing the parcel on the floor with a dull thud. The string snapped, revealing nothing but old letters, some of which showed evidence of much reading. The dog leaped to its feet, hungrily burrowing its nose amongst the heap, then stretching its paws lovingly across them, it slowly settled down upon the rug, turning its eyes of unspeakable misery up to Linscott's brooding face and whining softly as he stooped at length to gather them up.

"I once knew all of them by heart," he murmured, "but if I could find a sentence, only one to show me what she would have me do, her ideal, or just the limit of her forgiveness." Even with the thought, he became suddenly aware of a large envelope, with seal unbroken, in his hand. He had been reading over and over the single line across its back, without realizing in the least its significance. Now it came to him like a flash that his wish had been granted, that this was a voice from the grave itself. The blood flushed his face almost painfully, and then quickly receded, as he sat staring at it. Should he open it? Could he open it? Did he really wish to know; or had his emotions of the preceding moments been but vain heroics? Would she exact promises from him which, in his loneliness, he felt it impossible to fulfill? No, a thousand times no. Had not her nature been most wise, most generous?

He reached out steadily and drew the lamp toward him. After lighting it, and reading once more the superscription, "To my Husband," he broke the seal. Inside he found another envelope on which was written,—"Please, dearie, first light your pipe." He gravely laid it down, and did as requested. His open watch lay on the table beside him, ticking the time relentlessly away, but he hardly noticed it. Again he picked up the envelope and took from it some closely written sheets in Lois's own characteristic handwriting.

"Dear, dear Robbie," it said. "With the knowledge that these will be my last, my very last words to you, it seems to me that I could write just that over and over again. Dear, dear, dearest Bob.

"How I wish that I could be with you on the night you read this letter from me. I picture you sitting in the quiet library all alone, excepting Chum, maybe. Oh, I long to be able to hug your head to me tight, as I always have done when you were sorry.

"Well, to begin at the beginning. I went last week to see Doctor Cabot, and he has told me truthfully, (it seemed brutally so to me at first) that my heart may at any time give out completely. That its condition is alarmingly serious, and he felt it his duty to warn me of my danger. I have asked him to prepare you, but not to let you know that I, also, am dreading the outcome. You will, I know, forgive this deception, when I tell you I could not bear to have these last weeks marred by a mutual misery.

"I have hardly gotten over the first, great shock of almost paralyzing terror. For a moment I felt like defying Fate, or even God Himself. And then, sweetheart, I thought of you. Your awful loneliness, like a river, washed all thought of self away from me. It seemed, too, as if I had already gone away; and that you were somewhere, where I could never find you, fighting down your anguish

alone. I know so well how absolutely alone one does feel in a sorrow like this. I knew it when the baby died, and even then I had you to turn to.

"How much dearer we grew to each other during that great grief! It had not seemed possible that one iota could be added to our love, and yet a new, most holy bond did creep in, and it was a bond to keep, dear, to forever keep.

"I have wanted ever since I have known of this possibility to write you just a few things about which I feel most keenly, so I shall put this with my old letters to you. You will not, I feel confident, touch them for a long while, until time has softened your trouble somewhat. Then you will go over them again in remembrance of me, and this one, written after these years of most intimate companionship, will breath to you, I hope, of a never-dying love, a never-ceasing interest and sympathy in all you do or fail to do; perhaps it may help you, too, At any rate, it gives me unspeakable comfort to write it.

"You will feel at first that you, too, must die, but you cannot, and you will not. Your life, I think, will be a long one; and to a man of your temperament so many temptations will come, to say nothing of the minor things to aggravate and annoy. Your life has always been so clean, so sweet and true, that it seems almost impossible to imagine anything vile even touching you. Still, I perfectly realize that what you would never do with me near you, you may do in some desperate moment when I am gone. Your love for the theater may lead you beyond the footlights, or which is less probable, the appetite which you have imagined you inherited from your father may get the better of you. Dear, don't say I had no faith; my heart is brimming over with it, and I love you, love you, love you. Besides, I believe you have never had a longing for liquor. I am convinced that the idea was simply the result of morbid moments, but even the conviction of a weakness which one never possessed, is dangerous, when searching for a Nepenthe. These things, Robbie dear, I fear for you, and these mean agony. But, all I can do is to trust you, and leave you.

"Last night I raised myself on my elbow, to look at you as you lay asleep. The moonlight clearly defined your every feature. You looked so strong, so noble, and such a tide of love surged over me to know I was still there beside you, to touch your hand, and to know, too, that the slightest sound of my voice would bring your arms around me, drawing me still closer to pillow my head on your breast. But I did not speak. I turned instead to the window, looking up into miles and miles of moonlight, and there came to my mind an old piece in our reader at school. I have always fancied that it was a selection from Dickens, and it began like this: 'An old man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue skies, wherein the stars floated like lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake.' And it goes on to tell of his father's taking him to the beginning of two roads, bidding him choose between them, and of his choosing the bad one, and his incessant cry forever after, 'Oh, my youth return, oh, give me back my early days.' But Bob, dear, even the stars awakened no such cry in me. The road I chose led to you, and I bless the way I came. They did, however, bring a torrent of tears. Not for you this time, but for myself; tears of self-pity, that I must venture out alone. That you could not stand between me and —It; as you have always in all else. The thought became unbearable, and I turned again to you, laying my cheek upon your hand, as it lay with palm upturned on my pillow, and so finally fell asleep.

"If I could only go to sleep like that at the last; perhaps I may; I want to so very much. It's so queer, I have no curiosity, no longing whatever to see God, nor to live in Heaven; I only want to have Baby again, and you. How happy, how very happy I have been; how more than precious every moment with you!

"I want now to speak of a possible, second marriage. I fully realize the reluctance with which you will contemplate this, feeling it disloyal to me. You may think it unnatural, too, for me to speak of it, but, dearest, I really believe it the most natural thing in the world. No one can take my place; because my individuality, like all others, stands alone. But some day, I firmly believe and hope, you will meet some good, true woman, who will love you devotedly, even as I have done, and to whom you will give your loyalty and devotion, as you have also given them to me.

"Keep yourself, I pray you, clean and pure for her sake, until she comes, and if it will

aid you in so doing; do it, too, for me. But you will love me, Bob dear, dear husband, in your heart, 'all ways, always'; of that I have not the remotest shadow of a doubt.

"If unkind gossips say your grief for me was not sincere; after she has come, I mean; and that your love, after all, was not deep, and therefore easily forgotten, do not mind them. I scorn them even now. What do they know of our life together? or of the moments when God, Himself, has seemed to stoop from His high places, to hover over us, blessing and perfecting our marriage, or of the memories which throng around us, to say nothing at all of these days in the twilight? Oh, Bob dear, you have made my life perfect, perfect!

"Many wives would leave this same message, did it but occur to them. I thank God it did to me. Good night, my dearest friend and comrade. My fondest love to you.

"Do you remember, Bob, the time I left this on your desk?

"Sometimes I know at the terror night brings,
In this land without pathway nor mark;
I shall cling to your hand as a little child clings,
Lest your candle go out in the wind from His wings,
And leave me alone with the shadowless things
In the emptiness under the dark."

"I think all fear has gone, now; it went in some inexplicable way while I have been writing this letter.

"Good night, dear, I have tried to think of something fine and ideal with which to finish this, but I can only repeat,—dear, good night. LOIS."

The tears stole down Linscott's face quite unnoticed, making the lines on the last fluttering sheet of paper run dizzily to and fro. The word had come. How like her to do something so dearly noble! How near she seemed! Supreme peace filled his soul, as he laid his head on the table and closed his eyes. When the gray dawn came, it found him there still; the little creased note lying amongst the torn envelopes at his feet, and the dog's cold nose against his hand.

WHEN THE RACE ENDED

By Albert F. Bonney

A MAGNIFICENT chariot drawn by a grotesque dragon, both as white as driven snow, floated across a sky which was as deeply blue as Cupid's own azure eyes, save where, close to the horizon, it melted into tints of opal and pearl. The sun, far sunken in its distant western bed, shot its rays over the tops of the distant mountains, to light the way of the aerial Argonaut, the arcanum of whose journey none could ever hope to know, while the almost soundless aria of the desert continued to rise and fall, swelling and dying, as it had ever since Time and Chaos nursed at the breast of Eternity.

The gem-like blue of the canopy had not for half a year before been whitened by a cloud, and hailing the chariot and dragon as harbinger of the storm for which her eastern heart had been longing, the woman in the case clapped her hands with almost childish enthusiasm. The novelty of lording it over the cowboys of the Flying X ranch had worn off, though she still took delight in domineering over her uncle, "Big" San Simon. "Saint" Simon the cowboys called him, facetiously, because, if the traditions of the range country erred not, the old cowman had once on a time "cussed" the horns clean off a refractory steer in one of his fits of rage. However, these outbreaks were fast becoming matters of history, since the niece had come to upset the old order of things.

"Unkie," she said, holding up an admonishing finger, when first she caught sound of his excessive vocabulary, "it's *wicked* to swear; *awfully* wicked, and you are to quit it," and the rebuke before the score of cowboys, who looked first their astonishment, then grinned at the old man's stare of wonder, who gazed at the girl a moment with flaming

eyes, gulped two or three times, then wrenched his pony's head about and spurred him to the house, only to turn and race him back again when the girl had ridden away. The men met him with jeers and laughter.

"Well, Saint Simon," cried one, "you have found your match, haven't you?"

"When does your Sunday school class meet, old man?" asked Bill Sunderland, who suddenly became busy with his saddle when the old man glared at him.

"Can you live two days without cussing, Unkie?" came a voice from the edge of the crowd. And, "He's got to, now," another voice made reply. Then the old man made himself heard.

"I want all you double blank imps of perdition to listen," he yelled, making ineffectual efforts to smother his rage. "You fellows may 'Saint' me all you please, you may take me down and rub it in, but the first man to do any more blankety blank swearing around this double ranch will have me to settle with, do you hear?" he howled, almost frothing. "There's to be no more blank cussing; not a single blank blank cuss," then he sat on his panting pony and glared at the men as they laughed as only men can who have found a gigantic joke and fully appreciate it.

The days of vocal gymnastics were something now well past on the Flying X ranch. Some small attempts were made by the men to improve their outward aspect while they gazed longingly toward the ranch house; and, as is the case with all celestial bodies, some one or more satelites revolved a little closer to the principal luminary, and were, as well, somewhat persistent in their attendance. Now as the white chariot took its leisurely way across the sky, the two dull moons that swung in their orbits about Ethel Barrymore were in perihelion, both of them being thus far totally unable to eclipse each other, and like an impartial sun, the girl shed the light of her smiles on both alike. It was just at this point in the mental misery of her admirers that she gave expression to her delight.

"Oh, see the cloud!" she cried. "It's going to rain."

"It takes more than one cloud in this country to make rain, Miss Ethel," asserted Bill Sunderland, one of the two men. "We don't look for much wet for two or three moons yet."

"What?" catching her breath in astonishment. "Not rain for—why, we'll all dry up and blow away by that time, if not before."

It was now that the other man, Kit Forrester, compared the cloud to a chariot hitched to a dragon, when the girl laughed merrily.

"Do you know, Mr. Forrester, that that remark is quite poetical? It is, really." Whereon Sunderland scowled, envious of even this scant praise of his rival.

This twilight meeting was but one of many that had been held in the months that were past, and the girl had become so accustomed to the constant attentions of the two men, that she was quite impartial with her smiles, and matters might have continued indefinitely as they were, had not the men come together one day when both were in a fit of gloomy rage, the cause some bit of unpleasant work, perhaps, but more likely on account of brooding over the uncertainty of their prospects. It takes little enough to start trouble on the range, sometimes, goodness knows, just as almost nothing will start a stampede; and now with scarce a word, the lovers stood facing each other with pistols drawn. Before a shot could be fired, however, the girl stood between them.

Ordinarily, smiles and laughter was all that could find room in her pretty, saucy face, but now it was white and grave. She looked from one to the other of the men silently for a full minute, then she spoke:

"Boys," she said, unconsciously falling into the familiar form of address in use on the ranch. "What does this mean?" The men hung their heads, ashamed, and slipped their guns back into the scabbards as stealthily as possible, muttering excuses. "I understand," she said, the color coming back into her cheeks, and the smile into her eyes. "Well," looking off across the desert. After a long silence, she started, then sighed. "Wait a bit," she said, and ran into the house. After she was gone, Sunderland looked askant at Forrester, and said:

"Gun work's all off in this game, Kit, what do you say?" The man addressed shoved out a white, ungloved hand.

"Sure, Bill," he exclaimed heartily. "A fair fight, and no favors. The girl will decide, anyway," with a sigh, as he took in with envious eyes the magnificent physique of his rival, little dreaming that the other was just as busy wishing he had such a frank, handsome face and laughing eyes. Their

hands slipped apart as the girl reappeared. She smiled as she observed the amity of their pose.

"Now, boys," she said, dimpling and blushing, "here is a proposition for you. You, Bill, are to ride to that big bunch of mesquite to the north, and you, Kit, to that cedar tree to the south, and there you are to read these," holding up two dainty white envelopes. "But you are to promise to play fair, and no quarreling," looking an eager inquiry at each in turn. Having assented, assuring her that they were the best of friends, they rode leisurely to the points designated, where they were seen by the watching men to stop and read. Then a mild curiosity gave place to astonishment when the two were seen to whirl their horses and race madly to the horse corall, cut out each another horse, and, stopping only to fill canteens with water, strike out to the east. Then the men saw Saint Simon hurrying to them on foot.

"Say, boys," he gasped—he had not walked so far before in a year—"'l's a poppin'!" Then furtively glancing over his shoulder, to see if the girl had overheard, and finding that she had gone into the house, "What do you think?" his voice husky with excitement. "Well, that girl has set Bill and Kit to racing to the county seat for a marriage license, and she says that the man to get back here first with one 'may hear something to his advantage.' She just told me. Now, wouldn't that put a kink in your lariat?"

The racing rivals had been three hours on the way before the excitement abated, to be revived from time to time by the arrival of men who reported having met the racers. The first of these were cowmen, the last man to arrive was a well-dressed stranger, one evidently new to the range. He said he was in the West for his health, and asked permission to stop with them for a few days, when the old cowman greeted him with true western hospitality.

"Certain you can stay, stranger, just as long as you please. We don't go much on style out here, but you can have what we have, and welcome."

The next morning two other men, cowboys looking for stray cattle, reported meeting Sunderland and Forrester jogging steadily over the trail, and so the time passed at the Flying X ranch until four and twenty hours had flown, and the evening came down again, with its beauty and voiceless song, when the men began talking as they idled and smoked.

"Will the winner get the girl, Unkie?" asked one. "Unkie" was a new name for the boss, since the girl came.

"Sure, he will get her," declared the old man. "She is a little locoed—most women are—but she is square, and will do as she agrees. Did you fellows know that she ran away from a fellow in the East on account of a lover's quarrel? Well, she did, and she cried a good bit about the dogie when she was first here, but she got over that a good bit ago, and one day, awhile back, she comes to me and says, says she, 'Unkie, is Bill and Kit good men?'

"'Good men?' says I, 'Bet your life they are good men. Why?' And after a while I got my brand on the cause why, and I wasn't a bit surprised when she came to me last night and told me about the race."

"Who's the tenderfoot, Unkie?" asked one of the men, irreverently.

"Oh," a tone of contempt in his voice, "he's a lunger from back East. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only I saw him chasséing up to Miss Ethel this a. m., but she gave him the frozen face, and he dried all up." The old man laughed boisterously.

"Lots of good it will do him to try to round up that little heifer," he cried. "She has had all she wants of Eastern men, bet your life on that."

"Ain't it about time the boys were showing up?" asked someone.

"Hardly," declared another. "It's a good sixty miles to 'Dobietown."

"Well, I'm gambling that Bill lands the girl," said Will Morton, his loyalty to his chum cropping out. Forrester's side partner was quick to retort.

"I'll go you twenty he don't," he cried, reaching for his money, and the boss soon held the stakes. This touch of sport started the others, and the excitement of betting, combined with conversation, brought the time close to when they could reasonably expect the men to appear.

It was half-past nine when they first made out a speck on the horizon, faint and wavering in the moonlight. The speck broke into two, the more quickly as the men raced to meet it, and coming to where the men rode silently passed to them the water they craved, which they drank as they rode, flanked by

eager partizans who encouraged them at every step.

It was a short half-mile now to the ranch house, and presently the riders slipped from their saddles to the ground, leaned against their fagged ponies and waited for the girl to appear whom San Simon had gone to find.

"There wasn't a nose between them," whispered one of the men to his elbow companion, meaning that it was a dead heat after a hundred and twenty miles of steady riding.

"Well, where will you find four better matched ponies, huh?" and as the answer was self apparent, allowing of no discussion, the two lapsed into silence, just as the door of the house was flung open, and the form of San Simon blocked the doorway. He held a spluttering candle in one hand, and a sheet of paper in the other, and a silence which matched that of the night fell as a burst of old-time violent language rolled from the old man's lips.

"Say, boys," he cried, "I'll be blanked. I'll be doubly and eternally sizzled if you didn't hold the sack. You're It!" The weary men staggered back, looking questions from bloodshot eyes. The old man held out the fluttering paper. "The tenderfoot guy that I took in, was the fellow Ethel ran away from on account of a quarrel, coming out here to lose herself, and I'll be blanked to blanknation, if he didn't trail her down, change the brand right under our noses, and run off the stock." The furious old cowman stopped to give vent to long-suppressed language, while the men looked "Amen!" to every fresh ornamentation of their mother tongue. "He was the first one to get here with the document," continued San Simon, "and I reckon he 'heard something to his advantage,' for they left just after dark. But here's what she says," unfolding the sheet of paper:

"'Dear Unkie,'" he began, steadying the paper in the wavering light, then lifted his eyes to see that proper attention was being paid to his reading, to find himself utterly alone in the circle of light cast by the candle-flame.

"Well," he snorted, "I'll be blanked!"

TOMMY'S NOSE

By Osceola Madden

ELIZABETH, tripping lightly down-stairs, found a note from Jack lying on the floor in the hall.

"Mother," she called, after a hasty perusal, "Jack says in this note that he sent me a book from the library, but I do not see it anywhere. Didn't the boy bring it with the note?"

"I do not know, dear, I did not see who brought the note. Maybe Tommy will know about it."

"Tommy! O Tommy!" Elizabeth called. There was no reply, but as she turned to look for him, he came dashing into the house for a plaything, and was promptly pounced upon.

"Tommy, did you see who brought this note from Jack?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Nope. I ain't no letter carrier," Tommy replied, cheerfully misunderstanding her question, as he darted for the door.

"Wait a minute, Tommy," asked his sister. "This note was lying on the floor, and in it Jack said he is sending me a book, so I thought perhaps you saw the person who brought the note. Did you?"

"I don't know nothin' 'bout the doggone note," he replied impatiently. "They ain't nobody—"

"Mother, just listen to Tommy's language!"

"Me?" said the young man with indignant surprise. "I ain't used no language. 'Doggone' ain't nothin'" and again he started for the door.

"Wait, Tommy," his mother called quietly, coming forward to them. "Do you want him

to run down to Jack's and ask about it, Elizabeth? He ought to be home from his work by now. It is very cloudy, and perhaps you had better send his umbrella, too."

"Yes I do, mother, and Tommy is just a dear to go for me; but I think it awful strange how the note got here in the hall and nobody can tell anything about it."

"Aw, Sis is gittin' bughouse about Jack, anyhow," announced the boy disgustedly. "It's some ol' note blowed off a table, or what somebody throwed in, or somethin'. Well, gimme his ol' rain sieve an' say what you got to. I ain't got time to keep foolin' around here all day." Taking the umbrella and receiving the message, he proceeded to show his haste by taking an hour to cover the ten blocks to the young man's residence.

Arriving at Jack's house, Tommy rang the bell loudly several times, and finally, getting no response, he calmly hung the umbrella on the door knob and walked away.

Jack had promised to come early that evening, as he and Elizabeth were to attend a concert of especial interest. She was ready on time, but as it grew late and Jack did not put in an appearance, she became impatient.

"What did Jack say to you, Tommy? Did you ask him about the book, and tell him to be sure and come early, as I told you?"

"No."

"You didn't? Well, that certainly was mean, because—"

"Wasn't nobody there, so I just hung the umbrella on the door knob an' come home. The house was all shut up tight, like he'd gone off somewhere. I reckon Jack thought he'd go to the concert alone, or took another girl," he added, to tease.

His sister did not notice the remark, as Jack's unwonted tardiness was very puzzling, and she wanted to be present at the very beginning of the concert. As the minutes lengthened, and no Jack came, her impatience gave place to vexation, and when nearly an hour passed and still he did not come, she went to her room for a heart-breaking cry.

As the evening grew late, with no word from Jack, the girl grew alarmed at his absence, fearing he might be ill and alone in the house. Her mother sharing her uneasiness, it was decided to have Mr. Jones go to Jack's house and investigate, but as luck would have it, he too was late that night, and did not get home from his office until almost ten o'clock. When the situation was explained to him, he agreed at once to hunt up the missing young man.

He had put on his hat, when the bell rang and the door opened to reveal a queer looking object. A man stood there, head and face swathed in bandages, one arm in a sling, and his shirt and vest saturated with blood.

They gazed at him in amazement, and his one visible eye smiled back faintly, when Elizabeth with a shriek, threw herself upon him.

"Oh, Jack! What is the matter? What has happened to you?" she cried, pulling him into the room. They all began to question him at the same time, and when he got an opportunity, he replied.

"I hardly know myself yet. But I was just ready to leave the house, awhile ago, up in my room, and I heard a noise of some sort downstairs. I did not think anything about it for a moment, until I remembered that all the rest of my folks were away, and that I had left a window open leading onto the back porch. I started hurriedly to go down and close the window, and as I passed a wardrobe that stands in the hall, just outside my door, a man stepped from behind it, with some object raised in his hand to strike. That was all I knew for more than an hour, when I came to my senses lying on the floor in rather bad shape."

"Are you much hurt, Jack?" Elizabeth asked, tears of sympathy running down her cheeks.

"O, no. Just bruised up a bit, but they took everything they could carry from the house, though," he added gravely. "All the silver, mother's jewelry, which was not locked up, and, worst of all, three hundred dollars belonging to the firm, which I had collected after leaving the office today."

"Have you notified the police?" interrupted Mr. Jones.

"Yes; just as soon as the doctor patched me up. Aside from the money," Jack added grimly, "my only personal loss was my light overcoat, which the robbers carried off with them."

Tommy had listened with open mouth and bulging eyes to Jack's recitation of his troubles, but at the last remark about the coat he jumped up with a yell.

"O-o-o-o!" he shrieked, "I seen him! I seen him, an' I know where he is!" And

he started for the street, as though to catch the culprits alone and unaided. So surprised were the rest of the group, that he almost got away, the alert Elizabeth just seizing him in the doorway.

"What did you see, Tommy?" she asked, shaking him vigorously. "Tell us what you know, quick!"

It was several minutes before the boy was coherent, when he explained that when sent on the errand to Jack's house, instead of going directly there, he went squares out of his way to visit a merry-go-round, where he stayed quite a while, enjoying the fun. When he finally decided to complete his trip, he started for his destination at a lively trot, and while several squares from the house, ran headlong into a man carrying a heavy bundle. The man, also, seemed to be in a hurry, and shoved Tommy roughly aside as he hastened on. The push nearly upset the boy, who, on regaining his balance, turned to express his opinion to the disappearing man. The latter, Tommy was positive, had entered a small building in the same block which he declared he could point out.

Hearing Jack speak of losing his coat, made Tommy remember that when he collided with the man, his face came into contact with an overcoat the man was carrying on his arm, and he distinctly remembered that it smelled of the particular kind of perfume which Elizabeth used, some of which Tommy had sprinkled upon Jack's coat only the night previous, "so that he would smell sweet as Liz."

Even the injured Jack smiled as he listened to Tommy's story, but as he had not been able to give the police the slightest clue himself, it was decided to visit the house the man had entered.

A few minutes later, Mr. Jones and Jack, accompanied by two hastily summoned policemen, started under the pilotage of Tommy to locate the suspected house. This was the proudest moment of Tommy's short life. To think that he, Tommy Jones, was mixed up in such an exciting adventure, and was actually leading the police officers to the den of robbers! If his schoolmates could only see him now, there would be nothing left to wish for. So filled was he with the thought of it all, he could scarcely breathe, and far beyond speech, he could only pant along a few steps ahead of his party, as they hurried in his wake.

The house Tommy indicated proved to be a small, brick one on the corner of an alley, with a "For Rent" sign in the window. One of the policemen said it had been unoccupied for more than a year. The house looked perfectly dark and untenanted, but when one of the party discovered a light shining through a crevice near a rear window, things began to look interesting.

It was after eleven o'clock, the almost deserted streets promising freedom from interruption by the curious. The little party drew to one side to arrange a plan for entering the house, and had decided to send to the nearest station for reinforcements, when the door opened noiselessly, and a man with a valise in his hand stepped out and started down the street. He took several steps before noticing the group near him, when he wheeled around and sprang back toward the door. An officer grabbed him, and with a hand pressed over his mouth to prevent an outcry, alarming his confederates, he was hustled off to a patrol box. A quick search of his pockets had revealed a bunch of keys, by which an entrance to the building was quickly gained, and one other man, taken completely by surprise, was made prisoner with little trouble.

The money taken from Jack was found intact, and many hundreds of dollars' worth of jewelry and silverware, all neatly packed, ready to remove at a moment's notice.

"Tommy, old man," said Jack, as they left the station house, after seeing the two robbers safely cared for, "we owe all this good luck entirely to your nose."

Tommy grinned broadly.

One evening, some weeks later, Jack and Elizabeth were seated on the latter's porch, busily engaged in discussing the preliminary arrangements for a forthcoming ceremony, in which they were to figure prominently. Their heads were very close together, and she was smiling up at him, when a slight noise at the door made her start, and they beheld a boyish form wriggling its shoulders against the jamb of the door, and observing them calmly.

"Tommy," the girl called persuasively, "Mamma wants you to run on an errand for her, to get a cake of yeast."

"Nit. She don't want me ertall. You two jest want me to go 'way, so's you kin spoon out here." Bracing a bare foot against

the opposite side of the doorway, he began a tattoo with both hands.

"Say, Tommy," coaxed Jack, holding out a quarter. "Won't you go to the corner and get me a cigar?"

"Sure Mike!" cried the boy eagerly. "I 'spose you ain't p'ticlar about the change?" he added, remembering sundry other like errands.

Before Jack could answer, Elizabeth caught his hand. "Don't give it to him, Jack, it encourages him to be just awful." But Tommy made a grab, and, getting possession of the coin, went off whooping, and they promptly forgot his existence.

They were head and ears in their talk once more when they were brought back to earth by most curious and inarticulate sounds. Tommy, the irrepressible, came into view, eating candy and endeavoring to sing at the same time. He came up with bulging pockets, one hand at his mouth, and was about to pass into the house when Elizabeth stopped him.

"Where's the cigar?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, and, running a sticky hand into a widely distended pocket, after fumbling about, he produced a badly damaged weed. As he started for the door, Jack called out laughingly:

"Never mind the change, Tommy."

"That's all right," the boy answered, graciously, and disappeared to complete his feast.

Half an hour later, Tommy came out again, and in a most loving manner presented his sister with a rose. "Here's a nawful pretty rose for you, Liz. I got it jest for you."

Elizabeth was silent, not knowing what the unusual gift portended.

"Hello, Tommy," said Jack cordially.

"Hello, Jack," replied the boy familiarly, seating himself quietly on the top step. Then, with his head in his hands, he leaned forward, seemingly lost in deep reflection.

"How about that goat you were going to buy for two dollars, Tommy?" Jack asked presently.

"I could a got him all right, but Ma said he'd a et up her clothes 'n things around here, 'n she wouldn't let me get him." And then, in a moment:

"Say, Jack!"

"Yes, old man?"

"Er—er—wasn't I—er—didn't I help to find those men what stole your money 'n silver 'n things?"

"Right you are, Tommy. If it hadn't been for you and your nose, I should be in a pretty bad fix about now, all right enough. Why did you ask?"

"O, nuthin'. Nuthin' much, anyway. I was jest thinkin'."

"Thinking what? Out with it, and let's hear it."

Tommy did not reply at once, but again leaned forward reflectively.

Presently he remarked in an absent-minded sort of way:

"Gee, but I wisht I had one of those bicycles down to Borden's store. They're jest beauts, an' only fifteen dollars." And he heaved a deep and hopeless sigh.

"Why, Tommy Jones! You little beggar!" Elizabeth cried reprovingly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

But the following day Tommy had his bicycle.

EXPERIENCE

I WOULD that I might cross the years,
And deck sweet youth in these, my gems, my heritage from time;
Bride-like to bind upon its brow the priceless pearl of patience,
Fixed with the prayer-wrought chain of sympathy;
Upon its arms, the sardius bands of faith, denial and repose;
Beside its heart, the bright red ruby of a perfect tenderness,
Whose soft, pure glow doth hold alike the gaze of child and care-worn potentate.
But kindly Time doth give this recompense to storm-beat age:
Youth hath so much.

—*Pauline Johnson*

HOMES OF LONGFELLOW

By Mary H. Northend

TO write exhaustively of the life and works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in the days when every schoolboy in America is familiar with his career, and when his poems are household words, would be superfluous; yet there is a significance in his influence which should not be overlooked in the event of his centenary.

When Cardinal Wiseman declared, "There is no greater lack in English literature than that of a poet of the people; of one who shall be to the working classes of England what Goethe is to the peasants of Germany," and added that Longfellow approached nearer than any other to this standard, he voiced a real truth. Time has proved that Longfellow is essentially the poet of the fireside. No small event or humble detail of home life was too trivial to suggest his beautiful thoughts. In his poetry he has immortalized the home and family. He has shown a wonderful understanding of the human heart. He was more than a poet, he was a sympathetic, broad-minded man, and it was the man behind the poet that gave the human element to his verse. A love of home was his birthright, and was fostered by his training. A glance at some of the New England homes which are fragrant with his memory may partly explain the genius of the household poet.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

BYFIELD

Byfield, the only old-time parish of its kind surviving in America, is the ancestral home of Longfellow. Here, in 1676, settled William Longfellow, the first of the name in America. He had emigrated from York County, England, and married Annie Sewall, sister of the famous Judge Sewall and daughter of Henry and Jane (Dummer) Sewall, early settlers and wealthy landowners. The magnificent farm which became their home was an entailed gift deeded them by the bride's father. William was a lover of adventure, and joined an expedition to Quebec under Sir William Phips. His journey proved ill-fated, for he was drowned off the coast of Cape Breton a few weeks later. At the death of his wife, the title of the property was vested in her surviving children, and has remained in the Longfellow family until the present year, when it was sold at auction to settle the estate of the late Joseph Longfellow. Although the estate did not descend into his branch of the family, Byfield was very dear to the poet, and in later life he visited the old homestead, which was still standing in 1873. One of the poet's letters refers to a visit he had paid to Byfield in company with Honorable Charles Sumner, Major Benjamin Perley Poore and the Honorable Wm D. Northend.

Stephen Longfellow, blacksmith and locksmith in the town of Byfield, was a thrifty ancestor who proceeded to buy from his brothers and sisters their share of the estate, and realized his ambition to become sole owner. His son and grandson were each in

turn named Stephen, and both chose their wives from York, Maine.

GORHAM

Traveling a little north, they settled in Gorham, Maine. Here the younger Stephen and his wife bought a farm about three miles from the village of Gorham Corner, and in addition to being a successful farmer, became judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Stephen, the father of the poet, was born here, and was sent to Harvard College to study for the profession in which his father was interested.

This young lawyer and his family often came to Gorham for their vacations, and it was here that the poet gained his love for the homely hospitality of the New England farm.

The poet's brother has given a delightful account of their boyhood visits to the old homestead. Their uncle and aunt had removed from Portland to the farm, and here the poet and his brothers and sisters used to play with their cousins. They revelled in all the old-time country sports, and thought it real fun to assist in the lighter farm work. With true boyish delight, they took to the fields and woods, but Henry was too tender-hearted to become a genuine sportsman, and preferred to leave the wild creatures undisturbed in their native haunts. One of this happy childish band, writing many years later, speaks of the fragrance of syringa bushes beneath the old farm-house window, and of the low red damask roses that grew in profusion during their season.

Photo by Mary H. Northend

CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. LONGFELLOW'S RESIDENCE

HIRAM

A day's drive from Gorham, in the midst of a huge estate between the Saco and Ossipee rivers, dwelt the poet's maternal grandfather. It was to Hiram that his mother brought him when only a babe of eight months, and in the long vacations during his childhood he was accustomed to visit old General Wadsworth. Zilpha Longfellow, the poet's mother, was like her husband, descended from Yorkshire ancestors, and her father traced his line from John Alden and Priscilla Mullen. It may have been some recital of family history which roused Henry Longfellow's boyish interest

and resulted in the "Courtship of Miles Standish," written in mature life. It is said, however, that this doughty old soldier who had been adjutant-general of Massachusetts during the war of the Revolution, never lost an opportunity to tell his grandchildren of the great struggle; and the story of Paul Revere's ride, which has done more to encourage the patriotism of American youth than any one poem, may have been another result of the poet's home influences. The country about Hiram was full of historic interest. It was here that the imaginative boy gained the material for his first poem called "The Battle of Lovell's Pond." Although this poem was published anonymously, in a Portland paper, it was not kindly received by the critics, a fact which caused the little poet much sorrow. In this dark hour, he was comforted by his sister Elizabeth, who was the confident of his ambitious dreams. In the spacious halls of this country house there were many happy family reunions, in which the old general, clad in the costume of Revolutionary days, a fashion to which he clung during his lifetime, was an unique central figure.

It is readily seen that Massachusetts must share with Maine the honors of Longfellow. If Craigie House was a shrine during his lifetime, the Wadsworth house at Portland has its share of interest since his death. It is true that a Portland teacher was shocked when, not long ago, she asked her pupils where Longfellow was born and one up-to-date youngster answered, "In Patsy Connor's bedroom;" yet the answer was literally true, for the schoolboy was well versed in local history. The birthplace of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, on the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, is now a tenement house. Even then it was only the temporary residence of the family, who went a year later to dwell in the Wadsworth mansion. But the house, then, was not without distinction, for it was situated in an aristocratic neighborhood, in what was familiarly known as the "Captains' Street." In those days, Portland was the Mecca of shipbuilders and sea captains. The Longfellow family had a wide acquaintance among them and a love of the sea was ever a characteristic of the poet. Knowledge of the craft, as well as a subtle air of

Photo by Mary H. Northend

LONGFELLOW LIBRARY AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

romance, pervades "The Building of the Ship." Perhaps some memory of his own childhood was in his mind when he wrote:

"The father sat and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates coasting the Spanish main,
And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms and shining sands."

WADSWORTH HOUSE

Standing in the business part of modern Portland, is the old Wadsworth mansion, historic as the first brick house built in the city, as well as for being the boyhood home of the New England poet. In the parlor of this fine old house, Zilpha Wadsworth was married to Stephen Longfellow, and here she returned in 1808 with her husband and two sons to pass the rest of her life beneath its roof. All through his life the poet loved Wadsworth House. Here he passed his happy childhood, when the spacious halls and old kitchen re-echoed with shouts of laughter. In the parlor, on Sunday evenings, the family gathered about the sister's piano to sing familiar hymns. From the windows of Wadsworth House the family watched the two big brothers go proudly off to Brunswick to begin their college life. Here they welcomed them on their return for holidays. To this home came the poet after his first three years of foreign travel. His appreciation of home is shown in the following extract from a letter written on his return voyage. "Traveling," he wrote, "has its joys for him whose heart can whirl away in the sweep of life and the eddies of the world, like a bubble catching a thousand different hues from the sun, but happier is he whose heart rides at anchor in the peaceful haven of home." His subsequent verses contained the same thought,

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care,
To stay at home is best."

After he had established a household under his own roof-tree, he still came to Portland on filial visits, and here the children held a sad reunion in their mother's chamber on the day of her funeral. Joy and sorrow both visited the old house, but its memories were precious to the poet, and every summer, so long as he lived, he turned his face toward Portland. On these yearly visits to his sister, although his locks were white and his steps were feeble, he always insisted in climbing to the upper chamber which he had shared with his brother during their boyhood. It recalled the time when its windows commanded a view of the Cove and of the farms and woodlands toward Mount Washington. But the morning sounds of city traffic must have forcibly reminded him that the days when Wadsworth House stood amid green fields on the outskirts of the town were forever in the past. Through the generosity of Mrs. Anne Longfellow Pierce, the house is now the property of the Maine Historical Society. Here is gathered a wealth of relics, each one having a peculiar significance. The desk on which Longfellow wrote "Burial of Minnisink," "The Spirit of Poetry," and "The Rainy Day," bears a register where visitors have inscribed their names; travelers from all parts of the globe having left this tribute to the poet. By the window the original "vine still clings to the mouldering wall," but it is the kitchen where the capacious fireplace and its old-time crane with the quaint cooking utensils of long ago attracts visitors, that is rich in memories of the happy children who used to roast chestnuts before the roaring fires. Upstairs are cases containing gowns and bonnets belonging to the sweet young mother when she rocked the poet's cradle, now standing empty in the corner.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE

Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, is filled with memories of Longfellow's residence. In their sophomore year, the brothers lived in a house which has a double interest since it was afterward the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe when she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." During the first of his days as a professor he occupied rooms in one of the college halls, but it is a house still standing amid the elms on Federal street which holds the most significant of the poet's life in Brunswick. Here he began housekeeping in 1831 with his young wife, Mary Potter Longfellow. Extracts from his letters show the almost ideal happiness of those days. A suggestion of their home comes to the reader in "The Hanging of the Crane."

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HIRAM VALLEY AND WADSWORTH HALL AT GORHAM, MAINE

"For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small:
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but more divine,
The light of love shines over all:
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
They want no guests to come between
Their tender glances, like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside:
They want no guests, they needs must be
Each others' own best company."

No sad memories cluster about this home, for when the young couple broke up housekeeping the future held only rosy anticipation. They set sail for Europe in the spring of 1835, intending, on their return, to establish a new home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, but when Longfellow, more than twenty months later, entered upon his duties as professor at Harvard College, he was a widower. The death of his lovely young wife while in Rotterdam had deeply saddened him.

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WADSWORTH HALL, NEAR VIEW, AT HIRAM, MAINE

CRAIGIE HOUSE

Craigie House, the best known of the poet's homes, has a history of its own apart from Longfellow. Built by Colonel John Vassall in the days of Provincial Boston, when Cambridge, reached only by the road through Charlestown, was considered quite far enough out of the world to be the site of a country house, it was ever a place of sumptuous hospitality. When its Tory builder and owner fled to England at the opening of the Revolution, it was confiscated by the state, and later became the headquarters of Washington. After the war it was occupied for a brief period by two wealthy families whose hospitality was proverbial. Later it was bought by Mr. Andrew Craigie, who enlarged and decorated it to suit his luxurious tastes.

At the time of Longfellow's coming to Cambridge, the house was occupied by Mr. Craigie's widow and an amusing incident is noted by the poet of her refusal to take him to board because she had "resolved to take no more students into her house." On discovering that the young professor was the author of "Outer-Mer," however, she con-

sented to his taking rooms and thus, Longfellow first entered the house which was to become his lifelong home. Mrs. Craigie was an eccentric old gentlewoman, and a source of much quiet amusement to the poet. After her death, and upon the occasion of his marriage to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, in gifts from dear friends and admirers are scattered everywhere. The spirit of serenity pervades the quiet room, like the sanctity of a benediction. By this fireside on one memorable evening Horace Ingersoll, at the suggestion of his friend Hawthorne, told Longfellow the original story of Evangeline. The

Photo by Mary H. Northend

THE LONGFELLOW ANCESTRAL HOME AT BYFIELD

1843, Craigie House became the property of the poet. Memories of this home are legion. Here were written Longfellow's best poems. Here fame and fortune came to him. Here his children were born, and here also he suffered the tragic sorrow of his life when his beautiful, cultured and idolized wife met her death by fire.

In the library of this house have gathered many noted men: Sumner, Felton, Hawthorne, Aggasiz, Charles Eliot Norton and a long list of visitors from home and abroad came to receive a hospitable welcome from the genial host. In this room are now collected the intimate treasures of the poet. The picture of his daughters, painted by Buchanan, and the family portraits dear to him in his lifetime hang on the walls. The chair given to him by the children of Cambridge for a birthday gift stands empty, but the table still holds his favorite books and impression made by this incident as discussed by the three friends, never faded from the poet's mind, and he felt impelled to write the story of the Maid of Acadia. The pride and joy of old Cambridge, Craigie House, still stands in its dignity, a tender reminder of the gentle poet who passed into his last sleep within its well-loved shelter.

In his dedication to the Poems of the Seaside and the Fireside, Longfellow wrote to his readers,

> "Therefore, I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
> At your warm fireside, when the lights are lighted
> To have my place reserved among the rest,
> Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

The desire of his heart has been gratified. Longfellow is indeed the companion of the fireside, and what wonder when all through the years his life was redolent with the sweetness of home influences.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

AS was stated by William McKinley, "expositions are the time keepers of progress," but the Jamestown Exposition promises to be even more than that—it prophecies the material, industrial and financial advancement of the world.

Thousands of visitors in Washington this winter are taking a delightful trip down the historic Potomac by boat, to scarcely less historic Norfolk, there to visit the grounds and structures of the Jamestown Exposition, now fast approaching completion. It may seem a little extravagant to many of my readers, but I cannot resist the conviction, that for beauty, completeness and total attendance this exposition will go down into history as one of the most famous, attractive and popular of all the great "World's Fairs."

SEAL OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

It was about Thanksgiving time that I made my second trip to the fair site and the progress already made in preparing the grounds and construction was notable. The hundreds of apple trees, which belt the magnificent thirty-one acre Military Parade Ground, were for a second time in bloom—a most beautiful spectacle and an omen of a mild winter. At least it has so proven, and the result has been so favorable to the innumerable enterprises and structures involved that wonderful progress has been made, and only some unforeseen delay will prevent President Roosevelt on April 26th, from welcoming myriads of dignitaries and sight-seers from all parts of the world, and opening to them the wonders and delights of that City of Dreams by the Sea. With all its magical beauty and interest, it is but the concrete expression of the wonderful age in which we live, and of the love of beauty and veneration for the great and brave of the past, which underlies the more practical aspects of American character and expression. The location itself appeals most strongly to every lover of American history, for to the hazy, boyish memories of Captain John Smith, Powhatan and Pocahontas, are added the records of Indian wars and colonial mis-government and rebellion long before Patrick Henry and his associates withstood the exactions of George the Third, and Washington rode northward to take command of the New England levies at Cambridge. Myriads will renew the family traditions of the Revolutionary struggle and the war of 1812; and millions North and South, East and West will gaze with conflicting emotions on the scene of the gallant sacrifice of the Congress and Cumberland, and that epochal conflict between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac," which not only saved the Federal fleet, but revolutionized naval warfare over the whole world. Here, too, in all amity and mutual respect, will meet thousands of veterans, Northern and Southern, proud of their ancient

SHADED PATH ON THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION GROUNDS OLD POWDER HOUSE NEAR JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION GROUNDS

FLIRTATION WALK, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION GROUNDS

FRONT VIEW OF THE OLD AMBLEE MANSION SMITH'S ISLAND, WHERE JOHN SMITH WAS TAKEN BY INDIANS

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service and the self-devotion and courage of departed comrades, but with all bitterness and desire of vengeance washed out of gallant hearts, in mutual respect and a common loyalty to the great Republic.

On two sides, four hundred acres of meadow, slope, hill and forest are surrounded by a high close-woven, wire fence, which will be a very tangle of Virginia Creeper, Trumpet Vine, American Rambler Roses and the like. For two and a half miles of beach-line and water-front it faces Hampton Roads, and for half a mile is bordered by Boush Creek.

POCAHONTAS

From the original painting at Barton Rectory, Norfolk, England, copied by W. L. Sheppard

I visited, with extreme pleasure, a great body of long-leaved pines on the Point—veritable forest giants, red-barked, symmetrical, branchless, for nearly a hundred feet up. The ground beneath thickly strewn with pine needles makes a luxuriant carpet, tempting one to lay aside all care and cast himself down at length on their balsamic surface, there with fragrant Havana to abandon one's mind to dreams of a heroic, eventful past and the promise of the splendid present.

No less charming and novel is the "Canoe Trail," a narrow, winding brook of pure, clear water, traversing for two miles the most beautiful woodland and meadow scenery, overhung with forest monarchs, venerable as bearded druids with masses of hanging Spanish moss, and interspersed with red-berried evergreen hollies and hanging vines. Bordering the "Canoe Trail," for half its length, not all forgetful of Eros, is "Flirtation Walk," nicely graded and prepared for the active and dainty feet which will soon be threading its magical mazes by bosky dell and woodland copse. I am no Yankee at "guessing" if "Flirtation Walk" fails to live up to its name, and does not witness many a loving pledge and tender sigh which will lead up to autumnal or winter ceremonies, of which white favors, pretty bridesmaids, bridal bells and the Wedding March will be prominent features.

The street cars run directly to the grounds, and I noticed that already the electrics are well filled with workmen, officials, contractors and tourists, going to and from the grounds, and on every side are seen evidences of the general effort for improvement and preparation. Not the least striking is the municipal activity in Norfolk, Portsmouth, Hampton, Berkley, Newport News, and Old Point Comfort, where the authorities are repairing, macadamizing and asphalting streets and highways by the wholesale, while private citizens are removing dilapidated and ancient buildings and erecting elegant mansions and modern structures. The roads connecting these points and many smaller towns of Virginia, are being macadamized with broken limestone, granite or oyster shells to form smooth, hard roadways, over which the automobilist may "spin" to and from the exposition to his quiet rest in some quaintly beautiful Virginian home or hotel.

Most of the principal buildings are now enclosed, and it seems likely that the work will be wholly finished and the buildings equipped long before the date of opening. Many of the avenues of the exposition grounds are

TORPEDO BOAT WORDEN IN DRY DOCK AT NORFOLK

TROPHY PARK, NORFOLK NAVY YARD

OLD FRIGATE "RICHMOND," FARRAGUT'S FIGHTING CRAFT

MONITOR CANONICUS, USED IN THE CIVIL WAR

BATTLESHIPS AT NORFOLK NAVY YARD

U. S. S. ARKANSAS IN NORFOLK HARBOR

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already macadamized and the walks asphalted and the immense area of borders, parterres, etc., largely prepared for display. The superstructure of the great twin government piers, extending far out into Hampton Roads, is already in place, and the elegant state buildings all along Willoughby Boulevard are springing up as if by magic.

These affect colonial styles of architecture.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH
From an old painting

Nearly all of the exposition buildings are of permanent construction, and veneered with brick, not so lofty as the "staff" palaces of Chicago and St. Louis.

North Dakota has already finished her hospitable home and it warmed my heart to see in its early completion, proof that my old state was as erst-while, "bound to get there." The towers of Independence Hall, not far away show that Pennsylvania is not slow in neighborly co-operation, and the old State House at Boston will soon be duplicated for occupancy by the old Bay State. Virginia's mansion of brick and cut stone, with a lofty peristyle supported by Corinthian pillars, promises to see another ter-centenary, if no accident destroys its magnificent strength. Missouri's home will be scarcely less enduring, and has a suspicion of Spanish or Mauresque art in its ornamental features. Georgia reproduces the severe dignity of the old Governor Bullock Mansion, and Connecticut has an equally impressive replica of the Colonial residence of Col. Benjamin Talmadge, a member of General Washington's staff.

The stately Administration Building, with its massive walls and splendid facade, is flanked on either side by the Art Museum and the Historical Building, and connected with them by an arched bridge and passageway. It is intended for permanent use. The Pottery, Model School, Copper and Woodworking, Textile and Mothers' and Children's Buildings are all of wood construction, shingled on side and roof, and very nearly to the bungalow type now so generally in evidence.

All the state buildings front on a beautiful beach, which for a mile or more is swept by the tides of Hampton Roads, and will command the most lovely and interesting views ever presented at such a gathering, and especially an immense concourse of passenger and freight craft, and thousands of private yachts and motor boats. The naval display will be the largest and most representative in the history of all the many great expositions. England, Germany, Russia, France, Italy, Mexico, Costa Rica, Hayti, Belgium, Guatemala, Argentina, San Domingo, Chile, Portugal, Brazil and Japan, will be represented in the great fleets which will, in all amity, be received by the United States Navy in Hampton Roads, and their presence alone will give the Exposition a prestige and popularity, dignity and interest beyond present realization.

The visitor is at once struck with the permanence and the park-like features of the grounds, and no exposition ever made a greater showing; with an expenditure of only $8,000,000 up to this time. This is probably due to the fact that this is the first exposition

THE POTTERY BUILDING
THE COOPER AND WOODWORKING SHOP

POCAHONTAS HOSPITAL
THE TEXTILE BUILDING

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that has had such permanent and valuable assets in its grounds, which aside from their present worth, as an exposition site, have an inherent value as a central and charmingly ideal spot—swept by sea breezes on all sides—for the ultimate purpose for which it is now being adapted.

When I last visited the exposition grounds, I noticed out in Hampton Roads, six or seven vessels of the White Squadron, for that was the day the President was expected on his way to Washington. This brought to mind the significant fact that the Jamestown Exposition will not only be a ten million dollar enterprise, but will represent money to the amount of considerably over three hundred millions, for on the waters of the bay will be a display of naval vessels, representing three hundred million dollars at least; such a sight as the world never witnessed at an exposition before.

One of the most significant features developed during the last few months, is an enormous building devoted to products of pure food, and therein the United States will make such a display of pure food products as has never before been made. Nothing will more conclusively reveal the purity and excellence of American food products than the exhibit in this building.

* * *

Up the winding river to old Jamestown, with its reminders of old days in the fort and ancient church, a glimpse of the first English settlement in America may be gained, and along this river, next year, fleets of motor boats will pass. Why the venturesome English settlers ever went up the river, over those dangerous shoals, when there was such a beautiful spot at Jamestown, is difficult to understand. One reason now given is that they desired to be sure of a supply of good water, which was uncertain at Jamestown, where the head tide water is located, and fresh and salt water combine. So we can imagine Captain John Smith and his hardy crew dipping up water and tasting it, to discover whether the salty flavor had yet disappeared.

"On the Canoe Trail" a great deal of progress has been made, and canoeing in the natural lagoons will be a pleasing and prominent feature in this exhibition. The great pier, reaching out 1200 feet, with a basin in its center, will be the rendezvous of those tourists who love the salt water. Here is one of the finest stretches of beach known; the harbor at this point is practically land-locked, and any vessel may ride at anchor here in perfect safety.

* * *

Yes, I have already selected my room at the Inside Inn at Jamestown. It is a one-story structure with little gabled houses on the roof, ornamented with a trellis and admitting plenty of air and sea breezes to every room in the house; so that those having a suite of rooms on the second floor have the advantage of a roof garden and piazza combined, and a good prospect of being able to keep cool in warm weather.

The hotel is located within three squares of the main buildings, and is an ideal place in which to awaken in the morning, to lounge at noon, or sleep at night. With this as your headquarters, every moment spent at the exposition will be a pleasure, and you will avoid much of the fatigue incident to sight seeing. It is capable of accommodating 2,000 persons, and every room is an outside room. There is here an assembly hall capable of seating 1,000 people, which will be used for all sorts of meetings and organizations. From the broad verandas one can gaze out upon that historic sheet of water, Hampton Roads.

Norfolk oysters—well, if you have never eaten them in perfection, you will have an opportunity to do so during the exposition; and remember that the Lynn Haven oysters are fat and luscious beyond anything elsewhere—dredged or "tonged" for human delectation; verily they have a charm all their own.

Many events of world-interest are scheduled for the Jamestown Exposition, as the submarine boat race, motor boat carnival, naval and military band concerts—in fact there will be more meetings of interest gathered there than have ever been found at one time, in one place. International and popular sports will all be represented, and every day will bave its own special interest, for world-wonders will be constantly revealed.

There will be a reproduction of the island of Jamestown, where the first settlement was made, and the representation of all arts and crafts will be unusually fine, while the seashore and naval displays will be new features of especial interest.

OLD CHURCH TOWER, JAMESTOWN
CANOE TRAIL, EXPOSITION GROUNDS

SCENE IN DISMAL SWAMP
FENCE SURROUNDING THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

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STATES EXHIBIT PALACE

MINES AND METALLURGICAL BUILDING

BON HOMME RICHARD
1779

BATTLESHIP OREGON
1898

HARTFORD
1863

AUDITORIUM, HISTORIC ARTS AND HISTORY BUILDINGS

MANUFACTURERS' AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDINGS

MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING

THE VIRGINIA BUILDING

PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING

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A LITTLE LIFE

By Annie Lyle Clay Irvine

THE little life had been nine years in existence, and six of these years had been spent within the room where the child now sat—a room furnished and adorned in a manner rather regardless of taste or style. There were chairs of various sizes upholstered in various colors; a red sofa with a blue cushion at one end, a yellow one at the other; a small, round table with a green cover; a bookcase containing a varied assortment of books both old and new; and a wide, low couch, piled with bright pillows, where Dot lay when she was too tired, or her back ached too much for her to sit in the big, red easy-chair. The papered walls were decked with pictures whose arrangement would have caused an artist genuine suffering.

Dot was fond of looking at the pictures, but the one she loved best did not hang on the wall; it was a cabinet photograph in a little, white and silver frame, standing among the numerous articles scattered about on the mantle. At this picture she often gazed long and lovingly. It was a winsome, girlish face, with bright, dark eyes which always appeared to smile confidently back into Dot's large, soft, blue ones. To Dot it was not just a picture; it was a being, who lived and understood things; and Dot called her the Beautiful Lady.

She talked to the Beautiful Lady in the day time, when Uncle Dal was away at the office, and Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper, was busy, and she, Dot, sat alone in the big, red easy-chair—a frail, shrunken, little figure, which, as Archie Murry, Uncle Dal's friend, often said, appeared to be little more than "a pair of big blue eyes and a lot of sunshiny hair." This soft, curling hair was of unusual length, and fell about her like a bright cloud.

She several times had told the Beautiful Lady her story—the story of how her father and mother had been killed in the dreadful railroad accident, and she, herself, so badly injured; and how Uncle Dal had taken her and had been good, so very good to her ever since; how tender and patient he was with her when she was cross, because her back ached; how he endeavored to get her everything possible that she wanted; and how he told her such lovely stories, and rocked her to sleep in his arms in the evenings.

"You see how good my Uncle Dal is, don't you, Beautiful Lady?" she said frequently. "He is the best man in the whole world!" And though the Beautiful Lady did not answer in words, the look in her eyes satisfied Dot.

Today the child sat looking up, with a thoughtful expression in her great eyes, at the winsome face in the white and silver frame.

"I wonder who you are, Beautiful Lady?" she said, "the other you, I mean—the you that talks and walks. I'd ask Uncle Dal, but he always looks sad when I talk about you, and I don't like to see him look sad. Perhaps he wants to see the other you. I should like to see her, too; for if she is like this you, she must be awfully lovely. Oh, Beautiful Lady, I wish you could tell me all about it!" A long sigh came from the little bosom.

Mrs. Wilson entered the room. She was a fat, elderly woman in a rather untidy, calico wrapper and a gingham apron. Sometimes, absorbed in her household duties, she was neglectful of the child, but she really loved the fragile, suffering, little creature dearly.

"It's time you was trying to get a nap now, ain't it, dearie?" she said.

"I guess 't is," Dot responded, wearily.

The woman patted and smoothed the tumbled couch, arranged the pillows comfortably, and then lifted the small, light form in her strong arms and laid it gently down among them.

"Are you a-layin' all right?" she asked, tucking the gay afghan about Dot.

"Yes, thank you. I'll try to go right to sleep and have a long nap before Uncle Dal comes; then I can sit up later this evening,

if Archie brings his guitar and hear him sing. I love awfully to hear him sing 'The Beautiful Shore.'"

"Poor blessed lamb!" murmured Mrs. Wilson, as she went back to the kitchen. "Poor blessed lamb!" And she raised a corner of her apron to her eyes.

When Dallas King came at twilight, Dot was still asleep. He never liked to have her disturbed when her poor little pain-racked body was resting with anything like composure, so he did not arouse her for tea. He finished his own meal, and arranging hers on a tray, took it upstairs to be all ready for her at her awakening.

The child slept quietly. Dallas turned lower the light of the globed lamp, put fresh coal on the fire, and sat down in the red easy-chair. He was a man of seven or eight and twenty, not handsome, but having a strong face and a straight, well-built figure. His forehead was high and finely shaped; his clear eyes, deep blue in color, were the windows of a large soul.

He sat gazing into the glowing coals in the grate until a quick footstep sounded on the stairs, then arose and went softly forward to admit Archie Murry—a slender, boyish young fellow, with a guitar in his hand.

"Don't make a noise, old chap," Dallas said to him. "Dot is asleep. She suffers so much that I never like to have her aroused when she appears to be resting well."

Archie laid the guitar on the table, and, going with light tread over to the couch, he looked down at the little, white face partly hidden by the long, bright hair.

"How pretty she looks now!" he said.

"Yes," responded Dallas. "If she had not been hurt, she would have been a beauty some day." He gave a deep sigh.

The two young men sat down and conversed in lowered tones upon various topics. At length Archie Murry's glance fell upon the picture in the white and silver frame on the mantle.

"That's a good likeness of Alice Heath, isn't it, Dal?" he remarked. "What a pretty girl she is!"

"Yes," said Dallas.

Archie turned suddenly and looked at him.

"Dal, what was the trouble between you and Alice Heath? I thought—that time you paid her so much attention, you know—that she would be Mrs. King."

"I hoped then that she would," said Dallas in a very low tone, with his eyes on the coals.

"Did she—she didn't refuse you, did she, Dal?"

"No."

"Then, why was it—" began Archie, and paused. "I don't mean to be inquisitive, old fellow," he said apologetically. "I was only thinking that you would have been so much happier with a wife here."

"I don't mind telling you about it," said Dallas. "I did care for Alice, and hoped she would marry me. I had just written her a letter asking her to be my wife, and was sealing it, when the telegram was handed me saying that my brother and his wife and child had been killed in the train wreck. I was shocked and horrified, and went at once to the scene of the terrible disaster, leaving the letter unmailed on my table. I found Charles and Clara dead, but the child, though severely injured, was alive. I called in a noted physician and surgeon. He examined her, and told me that she might live for years, but always would be a helpless invalid. There was no one to care for her, and no money from her parents. My brother had not been successful either in accumulating or in saving. There was but one thing to do. I brought the child home and burned the letter I had written to Alice. My means were small. I knew that it would be impossible for me to give Alice the comforts to which she had been accustomed and at the same time to take proper care of the helpless little orphan, and I would not ask Alice to share poverty with me. So I let her go away, out of my life without telling her that I cared."

He stopped, and for a short time there was silence. The Archie said thoughtfully:

"And so Dot's frail, feeble little life has stood between you and happiness all these years. How strange is fate!"

"No," returned Dallas quickly. "I do not feel at all in that way about it. My care for the child may have been only duty at first, but it has become a labor of love. Dot is as dear to me as if she were my own. I would give wealth untold, were it mine, to have her restored to health."

"She is a dear little thing; and you're a trump, Dal. I hear Kate Elkin speak of Alice sometimes," he added after a moment. "She never has married."

"Hasn't she? I thought she would have

done so before now. I believe Dot is waking up," as there came a slight sound from the couch. "I'll step over and see."

When he reached her, Dot lay with her great eyes wide open.

"Well, little Big-Eyes," he said, "you're awake at last! You've had a nice long nap, haven't you? Here is your tea all ready, and here is Archie, too, with his guitar."

The small white face did not greet Archie with its usual bright expression, as Uncle Dal sat down in the red easy-chair with Dot in his arms.

"Bring the tea tray, Archie," he said.

"I don't b'lieve I want any tea this evening, Uncle Dal," she said.

"Don't want any tea! Why, what is the matter with my little Big-Eyes? Is her poor, little back aching again?"

"Yes—some. I'd rather not have tea now, please."

"Well—if you don't want it, pet. We'll transfer to the rocking chair, and let Archie sing to us," and he suited the action to the word.

"What shall I sing?" asked Archie, reaching for the guitar.

"'The Beautiful Shore,' please," she answered, laying her golden head lovingly upon Uncle Dal's shoulder, close to his cheek.

"It's queer you like that so much," said Archie. He lightly touched the guitar string and in his soft, mellow voice sang "The Sweet By and By."

When it was ended, she raised the bright head suddenly and asked:

"Archie," (she always had called him Archie, just as Uncle Dal did), "where is the 'Beautiful Shore?'"

"It's on the other side—in Heaven, you know," he answered, surprised at the odd question.

"Where my papa and mamma are?—where people go when they die?"

"Yes—there."

"What made you think about it, pet?" asked Uncle Dal.

"It must be very nice there," went on the child, thoughtfully, appearing not to notice the question. "The 'Father waiting over the way' means God, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Archie.

"It must be very nice there," she repeated softly. "I think—I think I'd like to go there."

"And leave Uncle Dal? What would poor Uncle Dal do without his little Big-Eyes, if she were to go away and leave him all alone?" said Dallas, tightening his arms about her.

"I shouldn't like to leave you all alone; but perhaps—somebody else—might come to stay with you, if I were not here."

"Your thoughts are too serious this evening, my little Big-Eyes. I don't know what has caused them to flow in such a channel. We'll get Archie to sing us something gayer. Go ahead, old chap, with something lively."

Archie obediently rendered several comic songs; but on Dot's face there was a shadow which did not disappear during the evening, and was still there when Uncle Dal tenderly "tucked her in" for her night's rest.

"Does your back ache so very much, pet?" he inquired anxiously.

"No—not so awfully much." Then her arms went around his neck, and she kissed him, murmuring, "You've been so good to me, Uncle Dal—you've been so good to me!"

The next morning Dot sat in the red easy-chair and talked once more to the Beautiful Lady in the white and silver frame.

"I know who the other you is now," she said, fixing her great eyes sadly upon the pictured face; "the other you is Miss Alice Heath, and Uncle Dal would have married her if it hadn't been for me. I heard him talking to Archie about it last night, when they thought I was asleep. He gave her up to take care of little me—just think of it, Beautiful Lady! Isn't he the best man that ever was? But it's dreadful to think I've kept Uncle Dal from having the other you all this long, long time—it's dreadful, Beautiful Lady! He'd have had her if I had gone to the Beautiful Shore when my papa and mamma did. Beautiful Lady, do you think that if I were to go now, she would come and stay with Uncle Dal? I asked God last night please to let me go quick, for perhaps she would come now if I went. Do you think that if I were to write her a letter, and tell her about it, she would come? I don't know where she is, but Archie does, and he would send the letter for me, I know. I mustn't tell Uncle Dal, for she mightn't come, and then he would be so disappointed. I'll send him out this evening to get something for me, and tell Archie while he is gone. Perhaps Archie would write a letter, too, to go with mine. You see, I can't write very well.

I've been sick always, and I don't know anything about writing except what Uncle Dal's taught me evenings, when my back didn't ache so bad."

When the housekeeper came in, Dot asked for writing materials. Mrs. Wilson brought them, thinking that the child wished to amuse herself by drawing, as she did sometimes. Then, with great difficulty, and increasing pain in the poor, tired, little back, Dot wrote, all in capitals, and entirely devoid of punctuation:

"DEER BUTEFUL LADE WONT YOU PLES KUM AN MARRE UNKUL DAL HE WONTED TO MARRE U LONG AGO BUT WHEN THE TRAN KILD MI POPER AN MOMER AN HERT ME SO AN THER WAZ NOBODE TO TAK KARE OV ME HE TOK ME AN WOD NOT ASK U TO MARRE HIM BEKAWS HE DID NOT HAV MONNE ENUF TO GIV U THE KUMFUTS U HAD BIN AKUSTUMED TO AN TAK PROPER KARE OV ME TU I HERD HIM TEL ARCHE ABOUT IT LAST NITE WHEN THA THORT I WAZ ASLEEP AN I WAZ ORFUL SORRE I HAD KEPT UNKLE DAL FROM HAVING U FOR HE IS THE BEST MAN IN THE WORL BUT I WONT BE HERE MUCH LONGER NOW FOR I ASKED GOD TO LET ME GO TO THE BUTEFUL SHOR SO PLES KUM AN MARRE HIM I HOPE U KAN REED THIS I KANT RITE VERE WEL YOUR FREND

"DOT KING."

That evening Dot was very weak and tired, and lay wearily back among the gay pillows on the couch, while Uncle Dal and Archie endeavored to entertain her with stories and music.

"Uncle Dal," she said at the close of a story, "I want some oranges. Won't you please go and get me some?"

"I'll go and get them for you, pet," offered Archie.

"No, I'd rather he'd go, thank you, Archie. You see he knows just what kind of oranges I like best. You stay here and talk to me while he's gone."

When Uncle Dal's footsteps had died away, she bade Archie come near the couch, and began to speak to him; and when she had finished and had drawn the letter from underneath one of her pillows, in spite of his manhood, he was shedding tears.

"My precious child!" he exclaimed, huskily, "you oughtn't to feel this way—you mustn't. Dal loves you dearly. He'd be grieved to death if he thought you felt that you had stood between him and Alice. It wasn't your fault, you know, that you were left a poor, little, crippled thing with nobody but him to take care of you."

"No; but it was dreadful that he couldn't marry her, just because of me. It was dreadful, Archie, for a little bit of a cripple girl to keep a good, good man like my Uncle Dal from having such a beautiful lady. Do you think she will come when she gets this?"

"Yes, I think she will. If she doesn't, she isn't human!" he added mentally.

"And you'll be sure to write a letter yourself and tell her about how good Uncle Dal is and—and everything—won't you, Archie?"

"Yes, I'll write."

"Thank you—just lots!" She reached out her arms, drew his fair head down and kissed him. "Don't cry, Archie, dear," she said softly. "Go, sing some for me now—Uncle Dal's coming."

The next day Dot was too sick to sit up and talk to the Beautiful Lady. She was so ill that Uncle Dal did not go to the office. He did not go the next day, nor the next, nor the next. On the fourth day, he got Archie to telegraph for a certain celebrated physician, who arrived the following morning, and, after a brief examination of the suffering patient, pronounced the case hopeless. The little life was going rapidly out, and the poor dwarfed, twisted body soon would be all that remained. The celebrated physician refused any fee beyond his railway expenses, and went away, clearing his throat violently.

The terrible pain left Dot that afternoon, and she fell asleep. Dallas and Archie were watching beside her when footsteps sounded on the stair, and a moment later Mrs. Wilson put her head into the room, saying in a stage whisper:

"Here's a lady to see the poor little lamb. Just walk in, ma'am." She ushered in the visitor, and departed, closing the door softly behind her.

The two men arose. A slender, beautiful woman with brilliant dark eyes which now gleamed through a mist of tears, advanced toward them. Dallas King gave a great start.

"Alice Heath!" he exclaimed in a hushed tone. "Can it be you!"

"Yes, Dallas, it is I." She clasped his

hand tightly for an instant, then turned to greet Archie.

"You came!" Archie murmured. "I am so glad, Alice. You can help and comfort him—Dot is—" his voice refused him further utterance, and he left the room abruptly, to stand in the dusky hall and make an unusual use of his handkerchief.

"When did you come to town, Alice?" asked Dallas King, when he was alone with the one woman he had loved for years. "I did not know you were here."

"I came today. I came—because of these, Dallas—read them. She handed him two letters, one written in a man's neat, business-like hand, the other in a child's queer, straggling, misshapen capitals.

Wonderingly, he took them over into the light of the window and read them. When he had done so, he turned toward her. She stood beside Dot's couch silently weeping. As he approached her she raised her tear-wet eyes to his, and he drew her to his heart, and they wept together.

When Dot awakened an hour later, she gave a feeble cry of joy, for there beside her sat the Beautiful Lady—the one that talked and walked.

"Oh, you've come, you've come!" she exclaimed. "You dear, dear, Beautiful Lady; I'm so glad. You look just like the you on the mantle, only you're bigger. You will marry Uncle Dal, won't you? Oh, please do! He can give you all the comforts now, because I am going to the Beautiful Shore."

"Darling—darling heart," said the Beautiful Lady, brokenly, bending to kiss her, "I would marry him if you were not going—and, oh, how I wish you were not!"

"Then I'd like to stay—but if I did my back always would ache, you know. It won't ache any more, because they say folks don't have things to hurt them there. Uncle Dal," turning to him, "take me up, please, and rock me some, and ask Archie to sing 'The Beautiful Shore.'"

"My darling, you are not strong enough," said Uncle Dal.

"Yes I am. Please, Uncle Dal, just a little while. I've been lying down so long!" She stretched out her arms to him appealingly.

With reluctance he yielded, and, lifting her tenderly, wrapped a soft, blue blanket about her and bore her to the rocking chair. She nestled in his arms in her usual way, laying her head on his shoulder.

"Now, Beautiful Lady, you sit in the red easy-chair," she said. "You'll have to sit in that evenings, because you are too big for Uncle Dal to rock."

Blushing crimson, the Beautiful Lady obeyed.

"That's right," went on the small, weak voice. "You're a dear. I'm awfully glad you're going to stay with Uncle Dal. Now, Archie, sing, please."

With a slight tremor in his voice, Archie sang:

"'There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.
"'In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that Beautiful Shore;
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that Beautiful Shore.'"

When he ended there was silence for a moment.

"Shall I lay you down again, now, pet? Are you tired?" Uncle Dal asked then.

There was no answer. With a sudden fear at his heart, he turned Dot's face into the light. Her lips were curved faintly, as though in a smile, but the blue eyes that looked up into his were expressionless. The last feeble threads of the little life had broken quietly asunder, and the loving spirit had gone over the river to the Beautiful Shore.

TOMPKINS' INVESTMENT

By Horace Seymour Keller

WHEN Silas Beggs, astride his mouse-colored mule, rode up to William Henry Tompkins' slab-shanty store, hitched the animal to a post and stepped over the rough sill, the dealer's eyes brightened, his face grew rosy, and he drew a deep breath.

"William, I came to you a weary pilgrim, with the soil of many states attached to my person, not to mention the alkali dust in my beard. You took this travel-stained veteran in, gave him the right hand of good fellowship, and treated him like a white man. Later, you grub-staked the afore-said pilgrim, and he went his weary way—"

"Yes, Silas, you went and you came—"

"Fourteen times, William, fourteen times I went and came. But with that deep faith abiding in the heart of the good Samaritan, you grub-staked this wandering sojourner along life's troubled way for the fifteenth time. William, I went forth the fifteenth time. I have returned. I bring you glad tidings of joy, hilarious news, harbingers of gladness, so to speak. It means solace, ease, rest and all the nice things surrounded by the plethora of riches, Selah! William Henry Tompkins, cast your eyes upon these paltry souvenirs of a good thing."

The old prospector dumped upon the plain counter a few lumps of dirty-brown, crumbling rock. William examined them and asked:

"Worth much?"

"About six cents as they are. They are not pretty specimens of geology, William. They do not glitter and gleam like the flakes and wires of the pure gold. That poor, low-down-looking stuff will peter out about eight hundred to the ton—"

"By gum—!"

"No, by gold."

"Much of it in sight, Silas?"

"Only about a mountain or so."

"Weighing?"

"Men in my line, William, never weigh our mountains until we smash them, crush them, pulverize them, and mold them into nice yellow bars, see? Never count your mountains until they are level. William, how much can you raise of the ready?"

"Money?"

"Same thing, William."

"Hum! Let me see. Seven hundred dollars—"

"Wouldn't begin to touch the lower flounce of the mountain's skirt, William."

"I'm only figuring, Silas. Seven hundred dollars in the bank in the Mohawk Valley, left there as a nest-egg. Ten thousand—"

"Now you are beginning to approach that mountain. Go on."

"Ten thousand in Northern Pacific; and twenty thousand in Red Dog Copper—"

"Crawling higher up the mountain every peg, William. Keep right on crawling."

"Fifty thousand in Sonora—"

"Making eighty thousand to start with, not to mention that seven hundred dollar nest-egg in the bank East. Eighty thousand, eh?"

"About eighty thousand is my pile, Silas."

"Hump!"

"Why do you hump, man?"

"Because it will just about take you and the machinery to the top of that mountain. You will be able to stand right on the spot of a hidden fortune. But it will take about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to punch a hole in the mountain, and put the first ton of rock in the machine, grind her up and turn her out in yellow bars, William."

"Pretty expensive business, Silas."

"Yes, gold does come high."

"By the way, Silas, how are you fixed?"

"About fifty cents will cover my pile."

"And your share is to be?"

"Halves was the bargain. Fourteen times I failed, the next time I won. William, if you can shake your weasel to the tune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, we'll begin business when you say the word. If not, I, well, I guess I'll be moving—"

"Perhaps I can find a friend who has got some—"

"Hunt him up at once, William. I'm tired staggering under this burden of fifty entire cents. I want to roll around on velvet carpets, drink tea out of real china cups, eat off silver plates and smoke ten-cent cigars, see? About how long will it take you to locate that friend?"

"Perhaps a week."

"William Henry Tompkins, put your hand there—shake. I don't ask you to have any papers drawn up. You grub-staked Silas Beggs. In a short time, I'll show you more money than you ever dreamed of—incidentally the aforesaid Silas Beggs will smoke ten-cent cigars. Guess I'll lay in and take a rest now. So long, William. Fifteen was always my lucky number."

* * *

Gid Long, stage driver between Little Falls, New York, and Fairfield, glanced at the stranger seated on the driver's seat at his side while the heavy vehicle slowly climbed the road leading from the Mohawk Valley. The stranger pursed his lips and gave vent to a little whistle, as objects in the way of scenery were revealed along the way. Sometimes he would turn his face toward Gid, smile and talk of various things. Gid Long tried in vain to locate the other in the memory department of his brain. He knew the strange passenger—and he did not. Again and again the face and name would come to him, and then slip away like some elusive phantom.

As the stage approached the pretty little village of Fairfield, the stranger grew suddenly nervous, and gripped the seat-rail.

He looked with hungry eyes upon a red cottage situated in a garden filled with old-fashioned flowers. His deep breathing drew the attention of Gid Long. But the stranger paid no attention to the other's gaze. He only gripped the rail tighter and breathed heavier.

In the garden was a woman, gathering a bunch of flowers. She glanced up, but the man's face was that of a stranger's.

"Good evening, Gideon."

"Good evening, *Mrs.* Snow."

"Wha-at did you call her—the lady?" asked the stranger, turning to the driver.

"Mrs. Snow, the best read and the smartest woman in Fairfield. When she was Myra Brown, she was called the prettiest girl in Herkimer County. She's a pretty woman still."

"Mr. Long, I'll get down here. You can take my trunk and bags on to the hotel."

When he stood in the road, gazing in the direction of the little red cottage, his heart gave a bound. And then he muttered beneath his heavy beard:

"What a fool's errand! She's married—I never thought of that. I'll see her, talk to her, meet her husband, and then go back where I came from. Perhaps she'll be glad to meet an old friend."

He reached the garden-gate, and laid his hand on the latch. The woman looked up. She stepped to the gate and gazed inquiringly at the face before her.

"Lady, I noted your garden as the stage passed. Do you mind if I stand without here and enjoy its beauty?"

"Not at all. It is a pretty garden, and I love it, Mr.— Mr.—"

"The most beautiful I ever saw, lady."

"You flatter my poor little place. You are a stranger here?"

"So it seems. Thirty years ago I was not a stranger here, Mrs. Snow."

"Who—are you?"

"Don't you know me, Myra?"

"William?"

"Yes; I trust your life is a happy one, Myra."

"It is."

"I trust you did all for the best, years ago, Myra. You surely thought so then. Perhaps you did right."

The woman did not speak. She rested her hands on the gate by the side of his, and gazed earnestly at the bronzed and bearded face.

The old years come back, years filled with the joy and the sadness of life. A page out of the past was turned—and her cheek was flushed. The old lover of the days gone by stands before her. The lover she turned away years ago.

"I shall go away in the morning, Myra. I shall go back to the West, where I came from. I wanted to look at you once more. Do you mind if I ask to be introduced to your—your husband, Myra?"

"That is impossible, William."

"Ah! he is—"

"He passed away twenty years ago. I

am going to the postoffice now, William. Will you walk there with me?"

And the pair of middle-aged people caught step and passed down to the office. It was like some strange page out of the book of other days to both of them. They chatted and were gay and happy.

When William Henry Tompkins, millionaire mine owner, returned to the West, he took with him a companion. And when Silas Beggs saw the pretty woman, he uttered aside to his partner:

"William, that beats your other investment all out of sight."

THE SUFFERER'S SOLILOQUY

By Bessie Hall Pike

TO endure or not to endure: that is the question:
Whether 'tis wiser in the mind to suffer
The excruciating agony of a six-root molar,
Or to fly to the doctor, and have
The nerve totally annihilated? The nerve: to jerk;
No more; and by a jerk to say we end
The toothache and rid ourselves of at least one of the thousand aches
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a deprivation
Much to be desired. The nerve, to jerk;
To jerk; perchance 'twill pain!—aye there's the rub;
For with the application of that arsenious acid what pains may come
When Vesuvius is ailing with congestion
Must give us pause: there's the reason
It lives and aches and has its being;
For who would walk the floor at night,
Search despairingly for cloves, creosote, chloroform,—anything!
When he might forever and forever Amen
Rid himself of the unruly member
By a mere twirl of the nerve-brooch? who'd this torture bear,
And moan and groan with a swollen jaw,
But that the thought of engine, pliers,
Explorer and burrs, frightens the sufferer,
And makes him rather endure those aches he has
Than arrange for others that he knows not of?
Thus dentists do make cowards of us all;
And thus the scanty bunch of gray matter
Nestling within the protecting walls of the cranial cavity
Is in a state of abnormal agitation,
Which produces a disastrous effect upon the cherished resolution.
Causing it to devitalize immediately.
And the sufferer, weary and worn by the mental cogitation,
Yields himself to the gentle wooings of Morpheus,
"Lies down to pleasant dreams,"
And forgets the name of dentist.

MR. HONGAR'S STRANGE STORY

By Frank H. Sweet

MY fancy goods store used to be in Pegram's Block, the eleven-story building on the short and busy street called Pegram's Place in this good city of Boston. Pegram's Block was formerly but seven stories in height.

The day before they began to tear up the old pitch-and-gravel roof, preparatory to adding four stories more, I went up there to see once more a scene that had become familiar to me. For ten years my habit had been to go out on the roof every fine evening. My sitting room and bed room were in the fifth story. I am not a married man, but that is not my fault.

If I wanted to marry any girl, she could not hear me say so. If any girl were willing to marry me, I could not hear her admitting it. I am a deaf-mute.

Born so? No. Scarlet fever did it, when I was eight years old. That wasn't my fault either.

I might have married a deaf-mute, but I do not think two deaf-mutes should marry. Mr. Abdiel K. Jones tells me there is no use giving my reasons for that opinion. Another time will do better. What he wants me to do is to write out the story of my strange adventure on Pegram's Block roof.

When Mr. Jones told me he wished me to write out the story myself, I said I couldn't.

"Why not?" he inquired.

"I can't make it read like a story," said I.

"I don't want you to. I want you to write just the plain truth."

"I'll tell you, and you write it," said I.

"No, I want you to do it."

"Well, I'll try."

"That's right," said Mr. Jones. "You got on by trying the things people said you couldn't do. Keep on trying."

Mr. Jones and I talk with our fingers, but he is not deaf nor dumb. He was my teacher from the time I lost my voice and ears. He is my teacher now, though I have a big business to attend to.

I should like to write out how I got along in business. I told Mr. Jones so.

He said: "The right way is to begin at the start. The story of your start is the very thing I want. And it's the story of your start in business, too."

Come to think of it, that's true. Here goes, then:

I used to be a roofer. That was just after I left the asylum on Blasette Avenue. Mr. Jones taught me there for seven years. Then he said I ought to be earning my living. I was glad then. He got me a job. I went at it before I was sixteen.

My boss was Mr. Flaherty, the gravel-roofing contractor. All I had to do was keep the caldron of pitch boiling and full. But I helped in other ways all I could. I liked to help, and the men never objected.

That was real kindness to me. As a successful business man, I want to state right here that the man who puts some of his own work off on a boy may be a good friend to the boy, though he's not likely to be much of a man. Many of Flaherty's roofers liked to befriend me in that way.

When I was nearly seventeen, my boss got the contract for putting a tar and gravel roof on Pegram's Moral Museum.

Perhaps some people in Boston don't know that Pegram's Block was at first a museum. When Pegram failed, Barnum bought his stock of moral curiosities, cheap at auction.

"I guess I'll take you with the lot, Pegram," said Barnum, and he hired the old man. So the papers said at the time. I remember it well.

Old Pegram was a smart man. The trouble was he was too smart. He was always going in for big things ahead of the times. Before the roof was half on he had three polar bears and the "only walrus ever on exhibition" in his immense front window.

There they were, cool as you please, on the first of July. Pegram had fixed up a wall of

big blocks of ice in the back of the window, and more was melting overhead. To see that biggest polar bear clawing up fish was a wonder.

If any Boston people remember that as well as I do, they can testify what crowds came the first week or two to see the free moral show in the window—especially at noon. It really seemed as if thousands of clerks in stores, working girls, mechanics, ladies, and business men used to hurry over at dinner time to look at the free entertainment.

The second of July the roof was going on in a great hurry. There were so many men at work on top that there was no room for heating pitch up there. It was boiled in two big caldrons on the street. Then we hauled it up by rope and pulley in little caldrons.

There were four of these. When full of pitch, one of them would weigh three or four hundred pounds, I dare say. It looked like an extra big stovepipe with an extra little stovepipe going up alongside of it.

The little stovepipe connected with a sort of flat stove under the big one. In this we made fire sometimes to keep the pitch hot while it was waiting to be used. The whole thing hung on a handle something like what a wooden pail handle would be if it was fastened on nearly as low as the middle of the pail.

Only the handle of the caldron was like a V upside down.

At the top of the handle was a rope, which passed over a pulley in the arm of a fixed derrick planted on the roof. When two men hoisted up a boiling caldron, it almost touched the sheet iron railing, rain-trough or cornice-gutter along the front of Pegram's Block.

Flaherty's men at the street caldrons always warned the people to stand from under when the hot pitch was going up; but none ever fell. The caldron was kept from possible tipping by a spring on each side that the handle set into. When we wanted to pour hot pitch out of the caldron we had to press in these springs.

At half-past twelve, on the second of July, I was the only person on the roof. I had eaten my dinner with the other men, on the vacant sixth floor, and come up again to put a little fire under a caldron.

This caldron had been hauled up while twelve was striking. There it hung, clear of the cornice, right over the sidewalk. The other end of the rope was passed around a cleat twenty feet back from the front.

I put in some fire, though the pitch was still very hot. Then I sat down in the rain gutter. My feet were dangling more than a hundred feet above the crowd below. If I did that now, I should have creepy feelings in the soles of my feet and up my back, I guess; but in those days I was used to working in high places. The rain trough was a very wide and deep one, for it had to carry off the water from half of Pegram's immense roof. I could sit in it comfortably. My back was against the edge of the roof itself.

When I wished to look very straight down, I held on by my two hands to the edge of the rain trough, and bent over till I could see the shine of the plate-glass seven stories below, and right under my backbone.

I was watching the straw hats and parasols of the crowd looking at Pegram's moral walrus and polar bears. Hot and sort of dusty was the glare of sunshine beating down on the pavement. No one was looking up at me.

In the upper windows of the ladies' restaurant across the street, I could see women at their dinners. They often leaned out, and gazed two stories down on the crowd, while I looked five stories down on them.

Incessantly the people pressed, shifted and changed around the two street caldrons of boiling pitch, whence pungent smoke, rolling straight up in the windless air, became thin and blue, and waveringly vanished in the sunlit atmosphere before ascending to my elevation.

Sometimes the people crammed closer, leaving the street railway tracks clear for the passage of a car. The solitary policeman then moved along the lane, with an air of being indulgent to all his fellow beings.

It amused me to note how some boys and men rapidly elbowed their way to the front, while more lost ground in cunning attempts to get ahead by pressing to one side or the other, as they fancied they saw an easier passage. Most of the people took position at the rear, and were stolidly pressed up to the front in their turn, as the van constantly melted away and the rear was incessantly renewed.

So goes life. To get to the front speedily, one must keep shoving straight ahead, and know how.

I liked to see so much movement. People coming along the two great thoroughfares at

the ends of Pegram's Place would see the crowd and hurry to join it. Some hastened away as soon as they found what occasioned the throng.

There was a constant going in and coming out at store doors; people nodding to their acquaintances; a few stopping and shaking hands. To me on high, with sealed ears, they seemed like to many puppets out of our asylum pantomime, all going around alive.

I wondered what it would be like if my ears were suddenly made good. The sounds of a city I have never heard, for I was a country child before I became a deaf-mute.

One man, threading his way through the throng, caught and held my attention. To and fro, deviously, snake-like, he went, often turning his head toward the policeman, sometimes stopping and looking indifferently about. At these times, I could not see his hands, but I guessed they were picking pockets.

He excited me. I longed to be able to cry out, "Stop thief!"

In my excitement, I leaned over a little too far. Instantly I was dizzy with the fear of falling. After an unbalanced moment, my clutch at the outer rim of the iron gutter saved me, and I sat back, trembling.

Soon the tremor passed. I looked down again. The pickpocket was still busy. It made me angry to see him robbing the people, all so busy and trustful of one another. I rose to go to the other roofers and point out the thief. As I stood up and stooped for another look, a little pebble rolled off. It struck a straw hat and bounded to another. Two men looked up. I suppose they said something, as they pointed. All the people suddenly looked up at me.

Instantly they began to disperse. I suppose the smoking caldron just above my shoulder scared them. The pickpocket looked most alarmed, and rapidly made off around the corner.

I was a bashful boy, and the sudden uplooking of so many eyes dazed me a little. Nervously I stepped back and walked up to the ridge. On my way back I stumbled over the cleat around which the pulley-rope went with two hitches. Without noticing that I had disarranged the tie, I went on down to the edge.

The crowd was smaller than before, but constantly growing. None seemed there who had looked up at me. At least there were now no upturned faces. I looked down again on a street whose pavement was hidden by hats and parasols.

The pitch beside me was boiling with the little fire I had set under it. To stop the ferment, I lifted a block of pitch which weighed four pounds from the roof, and gently placed it in the caldron. Instantly the smoking vessel began to descend.

The small additional weight had been just enough to begin drawing the disturbed rope through the cleat twenty feet behind me.

I grasped the handle of the caldron. It stopped. My lifting power was more than enough to restore the disturbed equilibrium.

I looked around at the cleat. It was clear that the rope lay so that it might, if further drawn out, give way at any instant and let the boiling caldron fall into the throng.

More than one might be killed by the heavy vessel, and how many hideously wounded by the scalding and sticky mass!

My hands were already deeply burned, for the handle where I had to grasp it, near the edge of the caldron, was hot.

I seized my soft hat with my left hand. At that the caldron began to descend again. With my right hand alone, I could not keep it from falling.

I dared not jump back and attempt to get a better hitch on the cleat. The hot pitch might be down among the people before I could seize the rope on the roof.

My hat was now between my two hands, and the hot handle. That was a relief, but my burned palms were soon less painful than the strain on my back and neck and legs.

I know now that I must have lifted with all my strength, because I was wild with horror at what might happen to the people below, in consequence of my carelessness. Out over the edge I had to lean, that my lifting might be straight upward. I could not put a foot forward to get a better balance for my body, without stepping into blank air.

All my force had to be exerted as I stood in the rain trough, my arms held straight before me, my shoulders bent forward toward the vessel. At any instant, if I nervously started, I might pitch over and down into that mass of women, children and men along with with the seething black mass whose acrid smoke drifted into my nostrils.

I thought of swaying the caldron onto the roof as two strong men were accustomed to

do before tipping its contents into pails. But that feat was wholly beyond my strength. The two men were always assisted by a third, who held the rope around the cleat, so that he might stop it if anything went wrong.

Let anyone who wants to get a clear idea of my position hold a heavy weight straight out before him, with his two arms extended at the height of his shoulders. In this torturing attitude my strength soon began to fail, and my arms to tremble. Every muscle of my back, neck and legs was strained in agony.

Yet I could not wholly check the caldron's descent. It slowly went down. The rope slowly paid out. Very slowly, understand. It had gone down six inches, when I knew it was still falling very slowly, but not so slowly as at first.

"God help me! God help me!" I kept thinking. "God take my life alone, and help me to save the innocent people away down below."

Of all the thousands that I could see, not one looked up. Some pigeons suddenly flew and, fluttering, settled on the roof of the restaurant across the street, four stories lower than I. They preened themselves in the hot sunshine, strutted a little, looked down at the crowd, and flew suddenly away. I turned my head, looking along the roofs for aid. Not a soul was to be seen on any of them. A photographer, standing in a skylight across the block, three hundred yards away, was calmly taking up and examining his row of prints. His side face was toward me.

Looking far past him, I could see the clock face in the white steeple of Park Street Church over by the Common. The time was four minutes to one.

The men must be already coming up to work. But I could not hold on one minute longer. My brain was reeling again with the sensation of height, and my whole body was trembling.

Again I looked down. Such was the anguish of my longing to shout to the people that I know I tried. Now children on their way to school had, in large numbers, joined the throng.

Suddenly the two men employed at the street caldrons came out from the Museum. One looked up. My face and my posture must have frightened him. He threw up his hands, and no doubt shouted. The whole crowd looked up at me. I thought how the pitch would fall on the uplifted faces, for now I *knew* I must drop down in a few seconds.

Next moment, the people were flying apart as if an explosion had scattered them. Still I tried to hold up the caldron. The last thing I remember is seeing old Pegram at the back of the crowd that had halted, I could not tell how far away. He shook his fist furiously at me.

All at once, I understood that they supposed I had flung down the pitch. For it was gone. I stood on the roof edge, staggered and fell.

I fell back on the nearly flat roof. When I came to my senses, a policeman was waiting to take me to the station, on the charge of having attempted wholesale murder. Pegram brought it against me.

Nobody had been hurt. The old man was infuriated by the splattering of pitch over his great show-window. For me—I saw clearly that the evidence was nearly all against me. The rope had been unfastened; it had come undone, and who but I had been on the roof?

The most sensational paper then in Boston declared, in half a column of delirious headlines, that I hated my fellow-beings because they could hear and talk, while I was deaf and mute.

Mr. Abdiel Jones got me out of that trouble by translating my sign language in open court, and calling attention to the cracked, bleeding and swollen fingers, burned nearly to the bone, with which I told my tale.

He and all my friends at the asylum, as well as my boss, Flaherty and his foreman, testified to my good character. So I was declared not guilty.

Then the sensational paper turned around and advertised me as a hero. The other papers said so, too, though I have never been able to see why.

So it came about that I got a big custom from the very next day, when Mr. Pegram set me up with a stock of fruit and knick-knacks, in the big Museum door. This was his way of showing that he was sorry for charging me falsely.

From that I got along, adding one thing to another, and at last renting half of Pegram's Block, till now I am greatly blessed with this world's goods, and able to help Mr. Abdiel Jones' plans for educating my fellow-sufferers.

A LATE SPRING

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

WHEN I am at Hillcrest, I always show this portrait to the latest guest. The resemblance is so striking that my cousin secretly appropriates all of the old general's compliments."

"Mr. Brandon needs only a stock and lace ruffles to be quite identical," agreed Mrs. Davenport.

"I don't think so," declared Dorothy. "It is the same ascetic type, with all the force, the humor, the individuality, concentrated in the eyes. But one feels that this man's character had reached its highest development, while in Mr. Brandon's face there is something which leaves one dissatisfied—a slight coldness, a suggestion of sadness. There comes the conviction of reserve force, and with it the wonder whether it will develop or atrophy."

The girl's impersonal candor made a light retort difficult.

"Please ignore my *enfant terrible*" murmured Mrs. Davenport.

"To the contrary, she has interested me in my appearance for the first time," laughed Brandon. "I wish to hear her criticism of some portraits in the end of the gallery. Will you go with us, Mrs. Davenport? The pictures are familiar to the others."

"The little niece will be immersed in the ancestors, and he can have a talk with Mrs. Davenport." Ada turned to Bob Ellis after the trio had left them, and spoke with the wisdom of her own engagement. "It's a new departure for him to notice our sex, but she is too magnificent to be ignored."

Indeed Mrs. Davenport's chiselled features and graceful figure challenged criticism; perhaps it would have required keen analysis to distinguish that the eyes, though bright as polished agates, were unresponsive; that the well-cut lips were marred by a hint of complaceny,—not surprising in one who enjoyed the double distinction of being the handsomest widow in the state, and the wealthiest.

"John will be the next governor, and then he'll have a clear road to the Senate," returned her fiancé. "With good looks, money and social experience, I think Mrs. Davenport is just the wife for a public man."

"I haven't done anything reprehensible today," coaxed Dorothy, when she went into her aunt's room to say good night.

"You little goose, don't you know how queer was your description of Mr. Brandon? But I give up all hope of making you conventional."

"If you only would! I had a horrid time at the Springs; you would not let me talk to any of the interesting people I liked—"

"A consumptive artist, and a journalist from who-knows-where!"

"And you made me accept attention from men who bored me to death."

"A society leader and the son of a railroad magnate."

"The 'leader' changed his shoes four times a day—I counted," announced Dorothy, pensively. "And Mr. Tillotson should have been branded 'R.R.' He had a habit of exhaling his breath, like blowing off steam, and you felt as if he ought to run on a track. I was so glad when Mr. Brandon asked you here. As I was with you, I couldn't be ignored—I had to be invited or drowned." Something in Mrs. Davenport's manner suggested the question: "He was a friend of Uncle Davenport's, wasn't he?"

"I was a girl of seventeen when I first met John Brandon, a shy, awkward fellow. Soon afterward, he wrote me an ardent love letter. I showed it to Ned Alverson (it was before I cared for your poor uncle), but Ned had such a jealous temper, he made me promise not to answer it. Dolly, that man has never paid the slightest attention to any woman since. You often hear people wonder if he has suffered a secret disappointment. I could hardly forgive myself if that foolish, early attachment has embittered him." The complacent lines around Mrs. Davenport's mouth were never

more marked. "Run away now, child; I must have my beauty sleep."

Certainly Dorothy looked as if she had not lacked her full quota of rest when she opened the front door early the next day. Her white dress, her happy, forget-me-not eyes, her rose-tinted skin, her smiling, half-parted lips, made her appear like a radiant embodiment of Morning.

Brandon rose from his chair and went forward to greet her. A sudden fear assailed her.

"Did I interrupt you? Were you composing a speech?"

"Never! I was glancing over the papers before going into the garden to cut fresh flowers. That is a daily duty I enjoy too much to turn over to anyone else. Won't you come with me?"

He led the way to an old-fashioned garden, and after they had gathered a wealth of flowers, they walked to that part of the estate where Nature held untrammeled sway. Cool, monochromatic slopes covered with rhododendron and galax, enchanted Dorothy, and the man took so much pleasure in her appreciation that they found themselves late to breakfast.

It was arranged for the young people to go on horseback to a mountain peak five miles distant, and to return to a spring near its foot, where they would be met with luncheon. When the riders came back to the meeting-place, Brandon helped Dorothy from her horse.

"How do you like the view from Dumpling?"

She made an expressive gesture which declared it was beyond words.

"But what an execrable name! The mountain is so rounded, so symmetrical—"

"So is a dumpling," he murmured, but she scorned it.

"After the beautiful ascent, the view could not have been less than perfect. What a pity you can't ride!" She glanced at the carriage.

A smile that did not trespass on his lips sparkled in the clear brownness of his eyes.

Of course he could, she knew in an instant. How stupid she was not to have realized that he preferred the carriage because of Mrs. Davenport.

"If you will ride with me tomorrow, perhaps I can find a safety saddle and an ambling old nag."

She recalled the word to him next morning, when the groom brought his mount, a spirited, blooded creature.

"I don't think anybody 'ambled' on that sorrel yesterday."

"I don't permit anyone else to ride her," he confessed.

Lithe and straight, Brandon was at his best on horseback. The two cantered along a road which lay through an emerald meadow, until they turned into a bridle path and began to climb an abrupt ascent. The winding trail was alongside a mountain stream, and the only regret Dorothy found in the alluring journey to cloud-land was that her horse must needs step on the delicate ferns or flowering arum that rioted everywhere.

A surprise awaited her at the summit. A circle of trees, a great sweep of grass, glinting gold-green in the morning sunlight.

"Why, it's Dumpling! We came another way."

"You are to re-christen the mountain. Yes, it's mine, I use it for a sheep range." From his pocket he drew a small bottle of champagne. "This is always used, isn't it? Exit Dumpling: enter,—what shall you name it? 'Rounded, symmetrical, perfect,' you said, 'worth all the toil of ascent.'"

For a moment the girl hesitated. Then, lifting the bottle, she crashed it against a jutting rock.

"I christen thee Mount Millenium!"

The days slipped by so lazily that Mrs. Davenport declared herself a convert to the simple life. Brandon accompanied Mrs. Ellis and herself on afternoon drives, and while the young people danced in the big hall at night, Mrs. Davenport was his partner at bridge. Except for the early mornings, he made no effort to claim any part of Dorothy's day. Tramps, rides, tennis and golf filled her hours to overflowing.

Drawing her niece aside one morning, Mrs. Davenport handed her a letter.

"Mr. Tillotson flings himself upon Bob's mercy, and fairly begs for an invitation. Bob will have Mr. Brandon wire him to come at once."

"Please, please don't let him, Aunt Edith," begged the girl.

"What nonsense, Dolly! It doesn't commit you to anything, and you certainly cannot ask Bob not to invite an old friend."

"I can ask Mr. Brandon," thought Dorothy, but she was silent.

When Mrs. Davenport rejoined the group on the lawn, Dorothy sought Brandon in the "Bluebeard's closet," which was reserved for his individual use. Dorothy knocked somewhat timidly, and entered his study for the first time. Over the desk hung a portrait, and beneath it was a vase filled with fresh, white flowers. The face was charming and spiritual, with eyes that proclaimed her to be Brandon's mother.

Brandon pushed aside a mass of papers, and rose with an exclamation of pleasure. Then he saw the quiver in her under lip, the tears near the surface in the sapphire eyes.

"You've always seemed the spirit of joy incarnate, but now you look like a little girl whose plaything is broken. Can't I mend it?"

She held out Tillotson's letter.

"Please don't let Mr. Ellis invite him. If I have to talk to people I don't like or else be thought queer, I wish I could stay at school."

"Your aunt thinks him a very fine fellow," said Brandon slowly, "athletic, handsome, and," a note of apology touched his voice, "with so much money one can hardly ignore it."

"You are talking exactly like Aunt Edith!" exclaimed Dorothy hotly. "I thought you would help me." She turned to leave the room.

"Wait a moment." The kindliness of his voice was like a detaining hand. "He shall not come while you are here. I'll see Bob immediately."

"It's all arranged," he told her when he returned. "Now I shall be in disgrace with your aunt. No, don't leave." He drew a low rocker near a mahogany workstand. "I've a fancy for seeing you sit here, where my mother used to sew while I read aloud to her."

He took down some volumes, and presently read a passage aloud. All her life the odor of nasturtiums brought back that morning to Dorothy. They grew on each side of the window, and their spicy breath came in to her as she watched Brandon turn the pages with a familiar hand, or listened to his voice interpreting the message of the masters. Her vibrant sympathy, the sweet silence in which she waited, made her that rare thing—a perfect listener.

She drew a long breath as he replaced the books upon the shelf.

"What a wonderful life you have had! You are a force in your state, and you have touched life at so many points. You love flowers like a woman, and the mountains like a—"

"A mountaineer?" he suggested. "I don't think you can make it stronger!"

"Your books are your friends and companions, and your travels have meant a continuing pleasure. You have had *everything*."

"Except youth," he replied involuntarily. "I have never wished to talk about myself before—there is always room for a new vanity to grow! When I was eight, my father was killed, and my mother injured in a railway accident. Our means steadily narrowed, the place ran to seed. I studied at home, my mother bringing all the force of her luminous mind to my aid. Our old minister taught me Latin and Greek; I used to ride twelve miles to the rectory for my lessons. So I was prepared for college here at Hillcrest, and we managed to sell enough land to pay my expenses there. You should have seen me when I entered the university," he laughed mirthlessly, "lank, tall, my long neck rising from a turn-down collar, my clothes a couple of years behind the prevailing fashion. The university was my salvation, thanks to the splendid men I met there, who have been my abiding friends. Afterwards there was a year's teaching, to earn the money for my law course. How mother flung her ardent heart into my petty cases! When I was elected to the legislature, because nobody happened to want the nomination as much as I did,—why, a little cross-roads weekly, pleased with a local bill I had successfully advocated, called me a Demosthenes, and years afterwards, I found that clipping in her Bible. She who was so clear-sighted about everything else, could be deceived by the passing tramp who said a kindly word of me. Have you ever heard of the Willett case?"

"Aunt Edith said," the girl hesitated, "that you received the largest fee which has ever been given to any lawyer in the state."

"Willett had tried to get other lawyers to take his case, but he was an unlettered mountaineer, the timber lands were in the hands of a wealthy corporation, and his claims were looked upon as preposterous. Principally to gratify the old fellow, I treated the matter seriously, and began to look into it; though

it involved tedious investigation and recurring expenses which I had to meet. I found proof which at first astonished and then convinced me. I staked everything on the issue, and mortgaged Hillcrest to get the means with which to obtain documentary evidence only to be had in other states. There followed a battle-royal. The corporation employed the greatest legal talent in the country; it was glorious to fight single-handed with the passionate conviction that law and justice were with me. Apart from the impetus in my profession the victory gave, the fee I received enabled me to rehabilitate Hillcrest, and to give my mother the luxuries long denied her. She died three years ago; in her serene and exquisite old age I found my deepest compensation and comfort." He paused abruptly. "Sympathy springs too readily into those limpid eyes of yours, little girl; you make one egotistical."

A cloudless sky, a hint of autumn crispness, marked the first Sunday in September, which was the last day of Mrs. Davenport's stay at Hillcrest.

"What shall we do this morning?" asked Ada of everybody in general. "There isn't any service nearer than St. Paul's, is there?"

"I think not," Brandon returned. "Ephraim, is there 'preaching' at any of the country churches?"

"Yaas, Marse John," the old butler answered. "De Freewill Babtises has a foot-washin' on de yon side uv Dumplin'."

"Oh, let's go," cried Ada. "You know I'm an Athenian; I'm always in pursuit of some new thing."

At the foot of the mountain stood the little church, built of pine planks, unpainted, crude. A narrow aisle divided it; on one side sat the men, on the other the women and small children. The party from Hillcrest made their way to the men's seats, where there chanced to be more room. Dorothy hesitated a moment, then crossed to the "sisters," and took her place among them. She was soon absorbed in her surroundings. From the simple earnestness of the faces about her, the solemnity with which each took part in the ceremonial, she might have fancied herself at Oberammergau.

Elder Harris was bent with the labors of the farm, for it is against their creed to accept any compensation for the performance of religious duties. Girding himself with a towel, and quoting his Master's words, "So ought ye to wash each other's feet,"—with humility and dignity, the white-haired man knelt before the eldest of his deacons and bathed his feet.

After the congregation had poured itself out of doors, the Hillcrest party, standing a little aloof, watched Brandon as he moved among the people, speaking to them with a genial, man-to-man heartiness.

"Mistuh Brandon he's jes' as common as anybody," said a woman admiringly, and Brandon turned with a smile.

"I recognized your voice, Mrs. Tutter. I haven't forgotten that good dinner of jowl and turnip greens you cooked for me."

"Law, what's vittles like that for you to be rememberin'?" she answered, mightily pleased. "Like as not you have marble cake ev'ry day."

He laughingly disclaimed it, as he swung a child to his shoulder.

"Whew! Isn't it time for this namesake of mine to put on trousers? Come to see me this week, and I'll take your measure for a suit, John."

With the little fellow clinging to him, he went over to shake hands with Elder Harris, and presently rejoined his own party.

"What a politician you are!" smiled Mrs. Davenport.

> "'Howdy, howdy, howd'ye do?
> How's your wife and how are you?
> Ah, it suits my hand as none other can,
> The horny hand of a working man!'"

Ada sang the refrain so merrily that there was no suggestion of pertness. Brandon's face, which had been unusually alert while he chatted with the mountaineers, quickly assumed its wonted expression—a reserve which baffled, a touch of weariness.

"Good ladies, you did not give me much assistance in my electioneering. Ada was on the verge of hysterics."

"It was their socks," she explained with mock penitence.

"However, Mrs. Davenport heroically stifled her yawns, and looked out of the window when anything grated too sharply upon her sensibilities."

Dorothy glanced up quickly. Brandon helped Mrs. Davenport into the carriage, and after he had mounted, he joined Dorothy. Holding his mare down to a walk, the other riders soon passed them.

"Thank you for checking me," he said.

"I was in a very graceless humor,—vexed with myself for bringing my guests here. I should have foreseen that they would lose the deep, inward significance which appealed to you. I should have protected my mountain neighbors from ridicule, good-natured though it was."

"Constituents," she corrected, "not neighbors."

She smiled at him over her shoulder, with the clearest insight that his affection for these people was part of the bed-rock of his nature.

"You are a wonderful little witch; I have known you just these few weeks, yet sometimes I feel as if you could 'shut your eyes and spell me backwards.' Here is the fork where the short cut leads up to the bald. Shall we ride there to say goodbye to your mountain?"

She turned the horse's head, and they began the remembered ascent.

"Hillcrest will be an empty barn soon. It was very good in Mrs. Davenport to come." He smiled at a sudden, amusing recollection. "Let me tell you something you don't know, for all your clairvoyance. I wrote your aunt my first and only love-letter. Girls were an unknown quantity to me, but Hal Morris lugged me around and introduced me, and I stood speechless before them, and stepped on their skirts, and made myself a general nuisance. 'You must fall in love,' declared Hal. 'Why, Methusaleh was a gamesome young chap in comparison with you. Make love to Edith Barwell; tell her it was a case of love at first sight. She's interested in Ned Alverson now, so she won't pay much attention to you, but the experience will help you, and it will come easier ever after.' He argued, until I finally agreed to write her a letter. I spent a week on it, composing it as carefully as a thesis, proving by history and fiction the possibility of love at first sight, and ending with a Greek quotation. After it was posted, I waited apprehensively for an answer, until a month went by, and I realized there would be none. Ned told me afterward that she had shown it to him, and it was so absurd he thought it was a hoax, and asked her not to reply. That was my sole effort to force a blossoming time to my arid emotions. Yet I see now that the very absurdity of the idea proved that it emanated from one's salad days."

"I think that is rather a sad little story," said Dorothy, but in spite of her words she felt strangely light-hearted.

"Was there ever such air?" she exclaimed, when they reached the bald. "Give me but the tiniest pair of wings and I could fly!"

"You do it without visible ones. You are an aerial creature, and you're constantly winging little flights away from the prosaic earth, where the rest of us pace."

"Or 'amble'?" she suggested.

"Ah, there won't be any more of the morning rides," he smiled sadly. "You've been very good, little girl, to give me all those fragrant dewy hours. I've tried to be generous in my turn, and let the young people, to whom you rightfully belong, claim all the rest of your time—except for this morning, when I've broken all my good resolutions and selfishly demanded you."

In silence they stood, she hardly knew for how long, watching a little, white cloud which floated across a distant peak, the narrow, silver river which threaded its way in and out of the valley.

"Shall we mount again?" asked Brandon harshly. "I am keeping you too long. Goodbye to Mount Millenium!"

His pain brought a harsh note to his voice.

"Goodbye," she echoed, bravely lifting her eyes to meet his, that he might see there were no tears.

Those clear, candid eyes! Mirrors of her innocent soul—in which her virginal love was shining undisguised.

Brandon paled.

"My God! What have I done? Child! have I made you love me?"

For a half-instant she trembled like a flower in the wind, then she spoke with a girlish dignity, infinitely sweet and appealing.

"I cannot understand how you know, but I will not lie about what is so great. Don't blame yourself, you have said nothing, done nothing, only been yourself, and I am not ashamed of caring. Please don't be sorry! I can bear your—not caring, but I could not bear making you sorry."

"Not care!" He caught her hands in both his own, and bent to kiss them with unspeakable reverence. "Don't you feel that I love the very air which ruffles your bright hair, that every dream which is holiest, purest and best is realized in you; that I

love you with all my present, with all my starved past, and with every pulse-beat of my future?"

She stood quite still, her heart drinking in the full meaning of his words. An exquisite flush swept over her face, and her lips could barely summon the courage to falter:

"Then why do you look unhappy?"

His arms enfolded her, her soft cheek was against his own, and he could only murmur broken words, half sentences.

"The shame of it! The selfishness!" he said after a little. "What blessed instinct made you name this place Millenium? For a new Heaven and a new earth are created for me here, and the former things have passed away. Ah, sweet, you are deluded about me. I am a man of forty-six; think of your youth—"

"I detest it!" declared Dorothy. "It makes me feel awkward, and immature and unsophisticated. You said once that you had never had your youth—you shall have mine!"

Certainly Brandon looks younger than he did four years ago; his interests are broader, more human; there is a new virility and strength in his bearing, in spite of the fact that the cares of state rest upon him. But it is a notorious fact among his intimates that there is one responsibility which he shirks—the control of little Dolly falls upon his wife.

"When she looks up at me with your eyes, I can't deny her anything," he confesses.

Mrs. Davenport wonders why her predictions that Dorothy would make political enemies by her ignorance and impulsiveness, have never been fulfilled.

A stranger would be impressed by Mrs. Brandon's beauty, her simplicity, her poise; he would be surprised to learn that she was but twenty-three. Perhaps Dorothy's wish has been granted, and her youth has been given to her husband. As her sex proverbially finds its deepest joy in giving, that may be the reason why the happiest woman in the state is the wife of its chief executive.

LOVE'S TRIBUTE

By Eugene C. Dolson

I PASSED a burial lot today,
And, pausing near a green mound, read,
"She made home happy;" little more
The gravestone said.

Thick bindweed, clinging round the name,
Had hidden it from sight away:
"She made home happy;" more than this
One need not say.

Ah, somewhere still with other lives
Her sweetness bides, though she be gone;
And in her children's children's hearts
Will yet live on

WOMAN SUFFRAGE *in* WHIGTON

By May Stranathan

THE editor of the Whigton Press sat in his office one Monday morning engaged in what seemed to be a laborious and painful chewing of a lead pencil. About one-third of his waking hours he spent in this way; and although he was business manager, job printer, pressman and devil, as well as editor, this was the hardest work he did. For the pencil chewing was only the symbol of the processes of his mind. He was really trying to think of the wherewithal to fill the issue of the weekly paper which he must print on Wednesday afternoon, and which one remitting subscriber had fittingly designated as "your welcome weakly visitor."

Whigton was a town of less than a thousand (901) inhabitants, and was midway between the small cities, Zeronia and Sophia. Each morning the editor visited the railway station, and kept tally of the visitors from Whigton to these places, and also picked up any stray items he could. In this way, by making a separate item of each person, he could generally eke out a column of double-leaded matter. But the precedent set by the former editor of the Press, who had a regular nose for news, demanded a full page of local happenings, which it was an arduous task to compile from church and school announcements, school board and council meetings, births, deaths and weddings—very rare happenings in Whigton—the visits of traveling men, and occasional notices of most enjoyable social events.

"Copy," said the girl who sat on a high stool by the window, setting type. The editor grabbed a pile of exchanges and quickly clipped therefrom a long article about the noble mission of the country newspaper, and a short story of an editor who was the only person remaining seated when the minister had requested all those of the congregation who had paid their debts to stand up; and who, on being taken to task by the preacher, explained that it was impossible for him to pay his debts, because everyone else present owed him for the paper.

These he handed to the typesetter, and began to work on an editorial reminding the women of Whigton of their privilege and duty of voting at the election of two members of the school board on the following Monday; as two weeks before he had urged them to attend the primary. But then, his words had fallen on deaf ears, and no woman had heeded him.

Suddenly, as he wrote, a happy but daring thought struck him. He would interview the prominent women of Whigton as to their opinions on the question of woman's suffrage.

He went first to Mrs. James Stover. He hardly knew why; but she seemed an Agamemnon among women. She decidedly said she thought a woman's place was at home, and that she had no use for the woman who would vote. Her manner implied that she had no use for the man who had nothing better to do than to ask such questions. But still the editor persevered.

"But when great questions are to be settled," said he, "the whiskey question, for instance?"

"I tell you I don't believe in it," said Mrs. James Stover. "I don't believe in it under any circumstances."

It was wash day at the next house he visited, and the lady did not know anything about the question, and had no time to discuss it.

Mrs. Rev. Pringle thought she could do more good by trying to instill right principles into the minds and hearts of her little sons, than she could by exercising the right of voting, and thereby losing some of her true womanliness, which was the inevitable fate of the woman who sought a sphere of action outside the home.

"You know," she said, smiling compassionately on the young man, "'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.'"

Others thought that women had no business at the polls, and had better be at home

tending the children or getting their husband's meals. But not all were so minded. Mrs. Deerin, who had reared ten children and all the while been encumbered by a worthless and drunken Mr. Deerin, and who kept a picture of Miss Willard and her political compeers on her mantel, thanked God that at last the time was coming when women would have a chance to strike a blow at the demon drink, that had wrought such misery for them.

Another woman he found who believed that the curse of intemperance would never be destroyed until women obtained the ballot; and one who thought it only right that women should vote for those who controlled the public schools, where so much of their children's time was spent.

He worked like a Turk, and interviewed fifty-two women, and found only these three who spoke for suffrage. Many were indifferent; but he found, when he had gone back to his office, and posted up his note-book, that the balance of feminine favor in Whigton was strongly against woman's suffrage.

That evening the Whigton W. C. T. U. held its monthly meeting. The local union was weak in numbers but strong in purpose; and the editor of the Press had stirred its drowsing conscience. Some time before, the exhortation had come from headquarters to push the suffrage question, to appoint a suffrage secretary who should canvass the town and endeavor to arouse the women to a sense of the importance of their using the new privilege of voting at school elections; that the way might eventually be opened to them to vote down the liquor traffic.

Mrs. Deerin was president of the local union, and proceeded at once, with many self reproaches that she had so long neglected it, to appoint a suffrage secretary, and to beg of her to make the most of the week remaining before election day.

The secretary appointed shrank from urging a measure which, but for the crying need of the times and the endorsement of Miss Willard she would have thought bold and unwomanly. But she did not wish to shirk any duty. She was sorely perplexed. Miss Willard was, of course, infallible, but still Mrs. Prentice could not believe that woman's suffrage was right in itself, but because of the jeopardy in which the nation stood, demanding a new dispensation until the hydra-headed monster of intemperance should be slain.

"Then," said Mrs. Prentice, expounding belief to her sister W. C. T. U's., "then when this great work is accomplished, I think that we women should quietly slip back into our places again, and let the men attend to political affairs. They can do these things so much better than we. Yes," continued she, "it is a cross for me, a heavy cross, and I would much rather you would appoint someone else for the work."

But she seemed to be the only available timber, and, after much persuasion, consented to buckle on her armor and sacrifice her feelings to duty.

But this Jonah argued within herself that she might do harm to the cause unless she used great discretion. Accordingly, she approached a few sisters of the Methodist church to which she belonged, on the subject, feeling her way cautiously. Her words, not being received with much warmth of approval, she feared to advance on Nineveh, and was swallowed up by the whale of discouragement; so that by election day she had only six women, all members of the W. C. T. U., pledged to vote. But the effect of her cowardice did not end here, but struck a combination with past events.

The winter preceding had seen a wonderful revival in the Methodist church of Whigton; a regular old-fashioned awakening, such as had not been known there for years and years, and such as many of the old timers had given up hope of ever seeing again in this wicked and untoward generation. Great things had happened—even trances and heavenly visions—scores of sinners had been converted, and luke-warm Christians had come and learned to read their titles clear. Even some who had been nurtured in the good old Presbyterian doctrines all their lives testified that never until now had they felt the power of true religion. Every day brought new testimony that it was possible to know clearly the time and place of passing from death unto life.

"Lord," was the excited prayer, "give unto me the assurance thou hast given unto others!" And persons consecrated to the Lord and baptized into the faith from infancy began to envy vile sinners wonderfully saved.

There were but two churches in Whigton,

and the Presbyterian minister was away helping a brother in a sober and decorous meeting, and many of his flock attended the Methodist revival. Reverend Stylus came home Saturday evening, after an absence of two weeks. One of his elders met him on his way from the station, and told him what proportions the Methodist meetings had assumed.

"The Methodists are crazy with excitement," he said, "and some of our own people are getting almost as bad—worrying themselves to death because they've never been knocked down by religion. They are all worked up, and I am glad you are home. Perhaps your presence and a calm, sensible sermon tomorrow will restore them to reason."

When the minister arrived home, his wife told him how the young lady who taught the infant class, and whom she thought the dearest and best girl in the world, had come to her and cried and said she was afraid she had never really been converted, and was not fit to teach the children.

The good man went into his study very thoughtfully, thinking that perhaps the rousing sermon he had intended to preach to those who were asleep in Zion had better be laid aside for some more appropriate time.

The next morning, Reverend Stylus expounded an old sermon on "How Do I Know I Am a Christian?" and carefully explained the gospel texts. Among other things, he said that Peter and Andrew, and James and John, Philip and Nathaniel, Mary and Salome, Joanna and Mary, Cleophas and a host of others whom Jesus loved, were none the less his true followers, and none the less his chosen, although they never saw a great light, as did Saul. "And to Nathaniel He said, 'Before that Philip called thee, I saw thee.' Christ said to his disciples, 'Follow me,' and they followed Him. And so, too, thousands of Christians followed Him, humbly and quietly. And many reared in godly homes and in the church, could not remember the time when they were not Christians. And this should be no matter of regret to them, but rather a cause for thanksgiving."

Thus did he seek to restore his bewildered flock to faith and tranquility.

His words fell like cooling water on the fevered hearts of many of his congregation; but to the hot and glowing souls of the Methodists it felt ice cold. Before night, it had been told among them that Reverend Stylus was trying to put a damper on their meeting, fearful, apparently, lest he should lose some members; that some Presbyterians would rather see people lost than converted at a Methodist meeting.

Reverend Stylus was up in years and experience, so when garbled accounts came to him of what he had said against the Methodist revival and what they thought of it, he held his peace. But it made a feeling bitter and lasting between the churches.

* * *

It had been the custom in Whigton for some years to hold a non-partisan primary, to name the school board candidate, only nominating one candidate. This year it happened—or was it the work of the demon who eggs on church rows?—that they nominated a Presbyterian and a man with Presbyterian affiliations; a man who let his wife and children do the church going, while he paid the bill. He was a man who, although he did not get drunk, was known to use liquor habitually, and to hold very lax views concerning its use.

The Prohibition vote in Whigton corporation numbered seventeen straight. They were dissatisfied with the school ticket, and held a primary of their own, and nominated two members of the Methodist church. And how could Mrs. Prentice clear her skirts from evil, if she urged her sister women to vote, and gave no word of warning against a ticket which supported a friend of intemperance, to say who should teach her children and her neighbors' children?

If a special demon does preside over church troubles, he lays his ropes well! For how did it happen? Who started the story? No one. It can positively be traced back till it is proved that the story was never started. But nevertheless, the Sunday eve before election day, after church, a small party of good Presbyterian women had made the discovery of a plot among the Methodists to elect the Prohibition school board ticket; and, finally, by getting full control of the school board, to oust all teachers who might have Presbyterian proclivities, and make the school a hot-bed of Methodist fanaticism. Was not Mrs. Prentice herself working for her daughter, who now taught a country school, and naturally would rather teach in town? Mrs.

James Stover herself knew for a certainty that young Peel, who had acted like a maniac during the revival, declaring that if he had died one minute before the time he stood up and announced himself saved, he would have gone to hell—she knew that he had underhandedly been working for the principalship for three years; and if the Methodist ticket should be elected, he would get it.

Such was the meaning—it could not be otherwise—of Mrs. Prentice's actions in going around talking of woman's suffrage as a sacred duty to the women of her own church.

"And everyone knows," said Mrs. James Stover, "that one of their candidates, at least, hasn't sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole. I believe in temperance myself, but I am not so fanatical on the subject as to think that a poker that doesn't drink would make a better school director than a man of sense and judgment who takes a glass occasionally."

Yes, there are surely several more than four things that Solomon, had he considered them, would have had to own were too much for him; for the Whigton Press came out on Thursday containing the interviews—which furnished much amusement to the men, and much criticism among the women of Whigton—interviews showing that only three women of the fifty-two interviewed, expressed themselves as able to look upon women's suffrage with any degree of allowance; and on the following Monday twenty-seven women, all of whom had been interviewed, voted.

Early in the afternoon, the W. C. T. U. delegation, six strong, headed by Mrs. Deerin, who had been an old pioneer crusader, and with Mrs. Prentice bringing up the rear with an expression of countenance worthy of John Rogers—marched solemnly to the polls, looking neither to the right nor left—in order to avoid all possible contamination, and cast their votes to correspond with their prayers.

Several hours later, there marched down the street, hurrying lest they should be too late, twenty-one Presbyterian women, with Mrs. James Stover in the lead, her face showing the satisfaction of hard fought victory. Determined, independent, not even having consulted their pastor, they came, acting no doubt on that intuition of which we have so often heard as being woman's special and unerring gift; leaving their children and their husband's suppers to Heaven knows whom.

As they went into the town hall, the editor of the Press stood listlessly on the steps, waiting, perhaps, to catch a stray item of news. As Mrs. Stover passed in at the head of the delegation, their eyes met, and it seemed to her that she saw on the face of this lazy, lackadaisical young man a look of impudent wonder. She swept on with just a perceptible tossing of her head. Who was he that she should be mindful of him? He had neither children nor religion.

* * *

By the next second Monday in April, Whigton had gone away backward. The Press had suspended publication—or rather publication had suspended the Press. The editor had gone away, and to making a living. The local W. C. T. U. was rent asunder by the temple controversy. Mrs. Deerin had been called away to see her sick daughter, and there had been no revival the past winter. And no woman in Whigton remembered that it was election day, till her husband came home bringing his friend from the country to dinner.

THE BOND FILIAL

By Edward Gerritson

FIFTEEN years in prison had left the usual mark on Benson Wilder. It was plainly evident in the bowed back, the faltering gait, and the emaciation of the refined but weak-mouthed face. The fact that he had been more scape-goat than sinner, was a source of consolation that had not once failed Benson during his confinement. It consoled him still, and was accountable for the look of cheerfulness in the patient eyes.

The sin had been committed, detected, and atoned for; and if he had atoned for it alone, while the others, more guilty than he, had gone unpunished—well, that was a matter in which conscience would demand a reckoning. Benson wondered if the unhappy wretches were still suffering the bitterness of remorse; and from wondering fell to pitying.

He bestowed not a particle of self-commendation for having accepted his fate silently, and left unuttered the words that would have implicated the others, and, perhaps, cleared himself. He had never looked upon his action as heroic. It had appeared to him at the time as the only course to pursue, and the rigors of prison life had not altered his views.

There had been a wife and little girl, Margaret, but a shielding relative, his wife's sister, had taken them from his polluting presence before even the first, unpleasant rumors had been verified. Two years after his incarceration, news had been brought to him of his wife's death. The little girl, he supposed, must be living with her aunt. Well, he would not shame her with his presence. His only object now was to look up a few old-time friends, obtain the needed financial assistance, and then lose himself in the welcoming West.

He halted in the dust of the familiar roadway, and gazed, perplexed, at the unfamiliar residence visible through the trees. There were smartly-dressed people on the lawn, and on the veranda. Benson searched his memory a moment, then remembered the fifteen years, and sighing tremulously, resumed his journey. Before he had taken a dozen steps, a huge, yellow object bounded over the wall and rushed upon him. A moment later, he was pinioned to the ground by a heavy mastiff, whose red mouth, so near his face, turned him sick with fear. Before the dog could bury his gleaming teeth in the old man's flesh, a groom had grasped his collar and thrown him backward.

"'As 'e 'urt you, sir?"

Wilkin's respectfully spoken "Sir" came involuntarily. He had caught a glimpse of the old man's eyes. He assisted him to his feet, and was brushing the dust from his clothing, when a young girl came hurrying down the drive.

"Has Nero injured the gentleman, Wilkins?" she asked solicitously. "Take him to the house at once. We must not let him go on until sure he is quite unhurt."

Benson demurred, but the girl insisted, and taking him gently by the arm, led him toward the house. Kindly hands helped him up the steps, and seated him in a comfortable chair on the veranda. The girl held a glass of champagne to his lips. He drank it eagerly, lingering over the almost forgotten flavor. Its vivifying effect was soon apparent, and a little color appeared in the old man's cheeks. The mistress of the house came forward with assurances of regret.

"It was very careless of the men to let Nero get loose," she said. "I trust you will sustain no bad effects from your—" She stopped, her eyes staring, and her jaw dropping. "Benson Wilder?" she exclaimed, in an incredulous half-whisper.

A murmur arose among the guests. The girl who had been so kind took a step forward.

"Benson Wilder, aunt! Not—not—" She stopped and peered searchingly at the old man's face. Benson rose from his chair, and gave back her look. His Margaret! His little girl grown to be this glorious woman!

A wistful look crept into his eyes. For a moment the temptation was almost overpowering. Then he wrenched himself erect and faced his sister-in-law.

"Madam," he said, bowing courteously, "you have evidently mistaken me for someone you know. No, no,—" raising his hand in protest—"I pray you, don't apologize; it is nothing. With your permission, madam, I will be going on my way. I thank you for the refreshment and rest." He bowed to the gathering generally, and took an uncertain step forward.

But Margaret was not deceived. She saw the expression of dismay on her aunt's face give way to one of relief. She had seen the father-love, wistful and tender, gleaming in the old man's eyes. She crossed swiftly to where he stood, and placed her hands upon his shoulders.

"You *are* Benson Wilder!" she said eagerly. "You *are* my father! My father!" Her voice lingered lovingly over the word. She forced him back into the chair and knelt beside him, tenderly stroking his snow-white hair. She patted his hardened hands and pressed them to her face, murmuring over and over again, "My father!"

"They told me you were dead, papa, ten years ago, and I cried and cried and cried." She looked reproachfully at her aunt. "And oh, papa," she continued, with a hysterical laugh, "you have come at such an opportune time. Your little girl is very, very happy. These people—" indicating the assembled guests with a wave of her hand—"had scarcely finished congratulating us, Warren and me, on our—our—"

Her voice faltered. The blush that had overspread her face at the mention of her recent betrothal receded and left her marble-white. A frightened look crept into her eyes, and she glanced nervously around. Her gaze became fixed on the face of her future mother-in-law, who was regarding her with a horrified look. That this state of affairs existed at all had been enough for the good dame to overlook. Hidden, it could be endured; but after this publicity—ugh!

The flush again spread over Margaret's face. The frightened look fled from her eyes and left them flashing. Her lips straightened to a thin, firm line. She stood erect.

"My friends," she said evenly, placing her hand on her father's bowed head, "you all see my father here before you. To those of you who do not already know, I wish to say that he has just come from prison. Many of you remember what his—what his mistake was. I doubt if any of you can realize fully what he has suffered. He is my father, and dear to me. Where I am welcome, he, too, must be welcome. If there are any among you who do not wish to extend to him the hand of friendship, and treat him always as your equal, I wish you would withdraw from this group, so that I may know, by those remaining, who are to be my friends."

There was a moment of deep silence, like the calm that presages a storm. Then came the applause—not a dainty, well-bred effusion, expressive of little beyond delight, but a mighty avalanche of sound that swept the length of the veranda—an approval, unanimous and decisive.

With eyes glistening, Margaret listened, her lips parted on the verge of a smile. Suddenly she trembled, and a sob of happiness arose in her throat, for she felt her lover's arm encircle her waist, and saw, through the gathering tear-mists, that his right hand was grasping that of her father.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK

By William Hemstreet

THE name of Anthony Comstock suggests at once to all who know him, an influence for good and cleanliness of living second to that of no other man in America. As the executive officer of that large, rich, beneficent, patriotic and determined "American Society for the Prevention of Vice," there have been directed against him, personally, the bitter criticism and malicious persecution of the depraved and their apologists, until many people have come to believe that he alone is the society, and is prosecuting his work from mere fanaticism or for blackmail. But he has stood the fire of a whole generation of defamers, and the society is satisfied with his zeal and efficiency in maintaining the purity of American homes against an insidious evil that is spreading throughout the land like a moral tuberculosis. It is somewhat to the credit of our people that they do not comprehend the danger and satanic activity of this baleful influence of *outre* vice that attacks purity at their very doors and undermines character at the very family altar. The extent and depth of this morbid eroticism is known only to the police detective force and magistracy, and those who make it a special study. In speaking of this subject, it is necessary to speak plainly; for a starched and literary style glossing over vital truths and warnings, is now a crime. Babylon, Sodom, Rome, London or Paris were scarcely more perverse and licentious, than certain districts of the cities of our own favored land. True, this is a general and indefinite statement, but its justification by a statement of proven facts is prevented by the conventional purity of current literature.

Against salacious riot, open saturnalia, the spreading and consuming wildfire of licentiousness and its secret and industrious propagation, Anthony Comstock has for years risked his life, given up the peace of his family, who daily part with him in fear and foreboding; for in this holy crusade and martyrdom he bears scars inflicted by would-be assassins. But the old Union war veteran, bold as a lion, and hardy as an athlete, plunges quickly and directly into the haunts of sin, captures its lawless merchandise, and drags forth the wretches who make or sell it to the public exposure and punishment which the ordinary peace officers and administrators of the criminal law are either too indolent or too much in sympathy with the transgressors to inflict upon them.

There pertains to these degenerate propagandists of vice, the peculiar infatuation that craves companions and proselytes. Corrupt beyond reclaim themselves, they make studious efforts to contaminate others, spending time, money and zeal in this unholy evangel of licentious provocation. They print, purchase and circulate through the mails, among the innocent and unwary youth of both sexes, all that is suggestive to temptation in story or illustration. No school or Christian home is safe from their insidious industry. Old men, old women, girls and boys, business men and idle vagrants are engaged in this destructive iniquity. The officers of criminal administration know all this full well. At the headquarters of this society there are tons of captured stuff, the horrid spoils of untiring vigilance, that have been diverted from their deadly mission by Comstock and his assistants.

The heart of any decent man almost ceases to beat when he first contemplates the mischief that this mass of obscene publications might have accomplished.

But the most discouraging and vexatious fact connected with this matter is the stolid indifference of many respectable people, newspapers and magazines. Many a morally unbalanced reporter or editor repays only with unmanly sneers and sarcasm, and even with mendacious and venomous misrepresentations the acts and motives of this noble and altruistic society, whose efforts large numbers of respectable people are thus led to question and even to oppose. The criminals directly

apprehended by Mr. Comstock have shown a demoniac ingenuity and persistence in misrepresenting and persecuting him, which shows the peculiar tenacity of their disease. With an incredible moral perversity, they are as sleepless and cunning in thwarting him as they are in pursuing their own direct avenues of blighting and destroying the youth and purity of the land.

The critics of Mr. Comstock, who represents the active work of this society, form two classes: One does not know the real scope and importance of his true services, and, believing in "personal liberty," fear that vice will be too severely and thoroughly dealt with. The other is in sympathy with vice, and desires cheap and frequent opportunities for its unrestrained indulgence.

No missionary or evangelist has ever devoted himself more completely to the protection of society than Anthony Comstock. His vitality, keen ability, energy and ambition would have brought him a commanding business standing and affluence, but he knows that he is doing the will of God and a service to his country. The writer of this has no personal relation to him; has not seen him for many years; nor has he or his society any hint of the preparation of this article. Because the writer is connected with a busy criminal court in the metropolis, he makes this exhibit from a sense of justice and imperative public duty. These crimes against public decency and moral health, proven by tens of thousands of obscene pictures and erotic articles in prose and verse, are regarded only with indifference or prurient curiosity in court rooms, out of which the guilty parties would never issue alive in a Southern community. To those who have the curiosity, or moral hardihood as public teachers, to witness them at the offices of this society, there can be revealed publications that, to use the words of the late Reverend Dr. R. S. Storrs, "should never sear Christian eyes, or their recital scorch Christian ears." All our sea-ports are alike in this respect, except that New York is favored with a society of American fathers and mothers, who expose and punish these crimes. This society was for a long while searching for a virile executive officer, and found him in the subject of this sketch; and no man in America today sustains a more vital or essential relation to private and public wholesomeness than he. While we are asleep, or in business, and in different social pleasures, he, like a faithful watchman in the night, is alert. The practical and direct value of his efforts may be illustrated by what here follows: In the cities, it is quite impossible for Christian families to raise their children with wholly pure minds, on account of the vitiation of the entire moral atmosphere, by indecent bill boards, semi-decent literature, promiscuous and riotous sea-side bathing, low theaters, and the like. The platitude is often hypocritically urged by foul imaginations, that "to the pure all things are pure." Even so, but who is pure? Surely not the apologists for nakedness, nor the defamers of Comstock. There comes down to us all, whatever has been our religious culture, a susceptibility to such temptation. With an innocent boy or girl, a single suggestive picture, or word, may kindle a consuming fire. Another hypocritical apology is the cry of "art." There is enough in nature to employ all artistic skill, without descending to the work of so familiarizing the public with "the human form divine" that those who witness utterly lose their pristine modesty. There is no more excuse for painting or etching a naked beauty, for general exhibition, than there is for that same model to be exhibited in real life. Indeed, the closer the details of nature are represented the more vaunted is the art, and society is logically inconsistent here. Those nations where this so-called art is most common, wherefrom American women turn in blushing indignation, and over which the lewd, both native and foreign, ponder and leer, have degenerated both physically and in moral and commercial responsibility and standing. The exact line of cleavage between success and failure, with both individuals and nations, is the line between virtue and chastity. Anthony Comstock publicly proclaims that secret vice, directly traceable to obscene publications, is the cause of many of the slinking, sneaking criminals that so frequently fill the prisons today. Vigor and native dauntlessness is always characteristic of the pure-minded and clean-living young man.

All men and women who are honestly interested in the betterment of the race and its future strength and beauty, should promptly and unceasingly watch and stamp out this silent and subtle danger.

Publishers and editors must be reminded by public opinion that a sneer at Mr. Comstock personally, instead of against the respectable organization he represents is simply injustice and cowardice. The society should be assisted, and the Comstocks multiplied. It is a rough but true commentary on our general moral laxity that the press has not given them prompt and ungrudging support. This society knows more about art, and is a truer patron of art here and abroad, than all the purveyors of questionable art and literature combined. Another incident may be quoted to mark public indifference. A Grand Army post to which the comrades of Mr. Comstock applied for his admission as a member, basely permitted him to be rejected at the instance of a member, whom he had repeatedly indicted, and whose obscene literature he had confiscated. Another post, with a higher moral ideal and more true patriotism, promptly admitted him to membership.

There are, of course, many pure and adult natures that are unassailable, but childhood needs protection. The profit of all this pretended art and science is earned by pandering. to the worst passions of bad men and the morbid curiosity of thoughtless boys. The dissecting table and the studio are not for public gaze, or to stimulate the prurient curiosity of the young, or the vices of their elders. With brazen effrontery, such suggestive allurements cover the public billboards, and are offered at the news-stands for mercenary gain. At low theaters and vaudeville shows, degraded manhood gloats on the display of fair forms that, debauched from sad necessity, soon fade, to die of neglect, helplessness and despair. Young men and boys too largely find in these things their main topic of conversation, which almost inevitably leads to moral laxity and sin. The most fatal blow to national strength is struck, when the sweet purity of its young girls is attacked; for a nation is surely doomed when the normal purity of its women is sacrificed. After recent interviews with detectives, magistrates and city missionaries, a leading newspaper of one of New York's boroughs said this:

> "The story of infantile depravity told by these experienced officials makes the blood run cold. The character and extent of the vice is alarming. The children of a crowded city are almost certainly marked for destruction, before outsiders realize that they are old enough for wickedness. Meanwhile, there are children standing on the brink of the bottomless pit. Who will rescue them?

One of the detectives testified, "Sexual depravity is becoming more and more rampant among young girls. In all my experience, I have never known a young girl who has gone wrong, that has ever reformed. A captain of detectives told this writer, that there were as many lost females in his borough under the age of fourteen years as over. A leading magistrate, hearing this remark, did not dissent. Girls of less than fifteen years of age, have gone upon the witness stand in open court, and there sworn to the most awful experiences."

In view of these revelations, what is the present duty of society? There are many suggestions, but the first duty is to support vigorously, unflinchingly and promptly, those who are already engaged in stamping out the evil. In every large city there should be one elective public censor, responsible to the average public sense of decency. Above all, a curfew should be established and thoroughly administered. Darkness is hell everywhere, and the breeding-nest of sin. The public should light every hall, lane, alley-way, vacant lot, park and side street. A leading detective missionary is quoted as saying, "In the crowded, tenement districts, the female children are as bad as the boys." But this cheapest, readiest and most alluring sin is only one of the many results of congested population, and the radical cure is the long and broad story of agrarian revival. Precept and example have little influence, when a dime is necessary to hunger and clothing. With the economic changes necessary to cure these evils, this article has not the space to deal. But as the social evil is now fought by organized effort, and their administrative officers have the nerve and zeal to fight it, they should be sustained by public sentiment. All honor to heroic Anthony Comstock. God bless and preserve him. But for his work during the past generation, there might not now be a home in this land without some taint of this moral leprosy.

JIP'S "STUNT"

JACK hugged Jip disconsolately. Then Jip, ever responsive, furiously wagged his homely yellow apology for a tail, and proceeded to do what Uncle Dick called his "one stunt." He wrinkled up his ugly little nose, gave his head a funny toss, and let out a series of yelps which Jack always explained to visitors was Jip's way of saying "How do you do" to people. For an instant, Jack's heavy little heart felt a shade less heavy, and he almost fancied he heard the soft, rippling laugh his mother always gave at Jip's performance. The silence of the room, however, soon brought him back to a realization of the truth. His mamma was *gone*, and when she would come back nobody knew; at least that was what Ellen, the maid, said.

As far back as Jack could remember, his papa, mamma and he had lived together, and such merry times as they had had. To be sure, Jack used to wish for a little brother —that is, he had wished for one before Jip came; but after that he didn't care. Wasn't Jip as good as a brother to play with, any day?

Jack had been sitting out on the steps one afternoon, when he saw a dog coming down the street, holding up one paw and whining piteously. When the dog caught sight of Jack, he limped up the steps and jumped into the boy's arms, as if he belonged there. Then Jack had carried him into the house, where Ellen had dressed the wounded paw; and at night, when Jack's father came home, he found the boy and dog great chums.

Uncle Dick had laughed when Jack had begged hard to be allowed to keep Jip.

"Why, the dog has neither birth, breeding nor good looks to recommend him," he had said. "He's the worst looking cur I ever saw; but the more *banged-up* and *ugly* a creature is, the better Jack seems to like him."

Then Jack's father had exclaimed: "Bless the child; he has his mother's tender heart and her love for all unfortunates! Jack, you may keep the dog if you want to."

So Jip had stayed, and two merrier, happier playfellows could nowhere be found until the terrible day came when Jack's mamma had to go away.

Jack felt that, no matter how long he lived, he would always remember what had happened on that day. A tall, dark man who carried a little satchel in his hand, had come to the house to see his mamma. Then papa told Jack to go up to the nursery and wait there until he called him. The strange man stayed the longest time, and though the nursery door was shut, Jack could hear the sound of his voice talking to his mamma.

The voice had sounded so solemn that Jack's frightened little heart began to beat fast, and he was glad when the strange man went away. Then papa had called him, and he had gone to mamma's room. There she was, lying on the couch, the pretty pink color of her cheeks all gone, and papa was sitting by her, holding her hand.

Then mamma had told him that she must go away from him for a while, but that he must be brave, and not cry at all, because it would only make it harder for her to go. He had asked her if she was going away on the cars, and she had said no, that she was going away to a house in another part of the city; that the strange man, who was a doctor, had told her she must go there, because she was sick. She said *there* they had the very best doctors and nurses, and they knew just how to take care of sick people, so they would get well quicker than they would in their own homes.

Then, in a little while, a hack had come, and Jack had kissed his mamma and had let her go away without crying a single bit—that is, until she was out of sight.

That was *days* and *days* ago, but Jack had seen his mamma only once since. One day his papa had taken him there on the street cars. The house where his mamma was staying was a great big one, and had a sign on it that said "Grace Hospital." Papa had taken Jack through a long hall, to a little room that was the *whitest* room Jack had ever seen. There he found his mamma lying on a little bed, and she didn't get up at all when he came in, and the *strangest* thing about it was that she had her "nighty" on, though it was in broad daylight. There was a strange man in the room, and a woman all dressed in white. The strange man said Jack could stay there but a minute so his mamma had time to say only a few words to him. She had smiled as she asked about Jip, however, and had said she wished she could see him do his "stunt."

How Jack did wish his mamma would come back; then his papa would stay at home more, and they'd all be happy again. Of course Ellen was good to him, and he did love her, but she wasn't his dearest mamma. Jack's lonesome little heart grew too full, and laying his curly head on Jip, Jack sobbed softly to himself.

Just then the phone in the next room rang, and he heard Ellen come from the kitchen to answer.

"No," Jack heard Ellen say, "Mrs. Gordon isn't any better. The operation is over, but she has fallen into a stupor, and the doctors say if she doesn't rally soon, she will surely die."

Jack's heart stopped beating. "His dear mamma die! Why, he never could live without her; he couldn't let her die. But Ellen had said she wouldn't die, if she would *rally* soon. What did 'rally' mean?"

Oh, yes, he remembered now, that once, when he was visiting his grandfather in the country, they had had a Sunday school rally, and his grandpa had taken him to it. There were a lot of people there, and they were all talking and laughing, and having the *most* fun. *Rally* must mean to laugh and have a good time. If somebody could only make his mamma laugh, then she'd get well.

A thought then flashed through his mind. Mamma had always laughed when Jip had done his "stunt." Once, too, he had heard her say to a lady, "Yes, Jip is irresistibly funny when he does what Jack calls saying 'How do you do.' I believe if I were dying and saw him go through that performance, I'd *have* to laugh at him."

Jack instantly tightened his hold on Jip, and started for the door. He couldn't waste any time explaining to Ellen where he was going. He must get to Grace Hospital as soon as he could, or it might be too late.

There was no car in sight, but that didn't matter. He could walk—if only he could remember the way. He hurried along as fast as his little legs could carry him.

At first Jip barked furiously, decidedly objecting to this method of locomotion, but after Jack had fully explained to him the necessity for haste, he snuggled down contentedly in his master's arms.

Jack followed the street car track for a long way, but at last he grew bewildered by the many tracks which crossed the one he was following.

Without a moment's hesitation, he stopped the first passer-by.

"Will you please tell me the way to Grace Hospital? My mamma's there, and she'll die if I don't get there right away!"

The woman thus accosted looked down at the flushed face, with its pleading look, at the bare head, with its tangled curls.

"You precious little darling," she exclaimed. "Yes, I'll go back and show you the next turn, and I'd go the whole way with you if I could, without missing my train.

So Jack went on under her guidance, and when she had to leave him she put him in care of a tall man who was dressed in a peculiar black coat buttoned up to his throat.

The man was kind, as kind as the woman had been, and he went with Jack until they came to the steps of the hospital.

"Good-bye, my dear boy," he said. "I pray God that your dear mother may get well," which words put fresh courage into Jack's heart. Surely, God would pay particular attention to the tall man's prayer, even if he was too busy to listen to the prayers of a little boy.

The outside door of Grace Hospital was open. Jack hurried in, and down the long corridor to his mamma's room, without meeting anyone. Then he flung open the door and walked in.

His mamma was still lying in the little white bed, and her eyes were shut. His papa was standing near the bed, and the strange man and two women in white dresses were also there. Jack, however, paid no attention to the other people, for his only thought was of his mamma. He must make her rally.

"Mamma," he called out, "Jip and I have come to see you. Aren't you glad?"

His mother's eyes opened slowly as the clear voice rang out; then they shut again. Jack's father, with a horrified look on his face, started toward the boy, but the doctor stopped him.

"Let the child alone," he exclaimed. "He can't do any harm now, and it's our only chance. Speak to your mother again, my boy."

Jack went close to his mother's side.

"Mamma, here's Jip, and he wants to say "how do you do" to you. Open your eyes and look at him, *please*."

Jack's mamma opened her eyes once more, and this time they did not close again.

"Now, Jip!" said Jack.

Then, to Jack's intense delight, Jip proved more than equal to the emergency. He wrinkled up his ugly little nose, gave his head the funny toss, and went through his "stunt" not once, but *three* times, without stopping.

As Jack's mamma looked, a smile, faint and ghost-like, flitted across her pale face.

Then Jack and Jip were taken into an adjoining room by one of the nurses. Here the child sat and waited, still holding Jip clasped tight in his arms.

A little later Jack's father came into the room. His eyes were smiling, though his voice trembled as he said:

"The doctor says mamma will live, and that *you*, Jack, have saved her life!"

"Oh, I'm so glad," breathed Jack, "but, papa, *I* didn't save her life; it was *Jip*. I only brought Jip to mamma, and *he* did all the rest."

—*Ruth Merwyn*

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAULE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

TO DO AWAY WITH ODORS

By C. D. G., Washington, D. C.

To keep the odor from cooking vegetables from passing through the house, prepare them in the same way as you would for boiling on the top of the stove, but set them in the oven. Here they will boil, but will give out little or no odor.

DAINTY WAY TO COOK AN EGG

By Mrs. L., Virginia .

If an invalid tires of her soft-boiled egg, try this: Put a tablespoonful of boiling water in a saucer; set over hot fire; put in a lump of butter; break in an egg; stir thoroughly until softly set. Add butter, salt and pepper. Serve very hot.

TO PREVENT SCARS

By Mrs. J. E. Shean, Butte, Montana

If, in cooking, hot grease should splash in your face, rub on flour, then apply alcohol until it ceases burning. If you do this, no matter how severe the burn, there will be no scar left. This is also a positive remedy for all acid burns.

CASE FOR KNIVES AND FORKS

By Ruth S. Strunk, Sunbury, Pennsylvania

Take white canton flannel fifteen (15) inches square, and hem raw edges. Turn up five and one-half (5½) inches to form a pocket. Stitch divisions for knives and forks, and then tack on inside of cupboard door.

HINTS FOR WASH DAY

By M., Ohio

How to Clear Rain Water: To one tub of water add first a teaspoonful of dissolved alum and then two teaspoonfuls of washing soda dissolved in water. Stir well after adding each ingredient. Let stand over night. In the morning dip off the clear water carefully.

To Starch Calicoes, etc: Make starch just before using. Have starch water very blue in starching calicoes. Iron on wrong side. This prevents it having the glossy appearance which we see so frequently. Blue summer dresses when treated in this way, will be nice for several seasons. If you wish your curtains a nice ecru, do not put indigo in the starch. Instead, add strong coffee which has been strained through a cloth. Treat yellow or cream-colored dresses in the same way.

To Make Ironing Easy: Use tepid water and sprinkle evenly. Fold carefully. Remember that each wrinkle which is folded in must be ironed out. Never iron Turkish towels. They are much easier to get clean when they have not been ironed. Instead, shake well and fold.

In hanging clothes on the line, be careful to hang them as straight as possible. This makes the ironing of them much easier.

Unstarched clothes iron much easier when taken from the line. Do not allow them to get perfectly dry.

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TO MAKE SHOES SHED WATER

H. D. Rose, South New Lyme, Ohio

To make shoes shed water, melt some tallow in a dish, and, when melted, add one-fourth rosin and apply to the shoes; then hold them over the fire and rub the mixture well into the leather.

CLEANSING PORCELAIN DISHES

To remove dirt from porcelain dishes, saturate a cloth in gasoline and rub over them. Avoid doing this near a lamp or stove.

PREVENTS JAMS FROM MOLDING

Place a box of thyme in the closet in which jams and preserves are stored. It will prevent mold from gathering.

TO BLEACH A SCORCH

To take out a scorch, wet the part and lay on the grass in the sun. Repeat the process if necessary.

—

APPLE BUTTER

By M. L. B., Lewiston, Illinois

Wash apples, quarter, core and cut out imperfect spots, but do not peel. Cook in large granite pan until done, then press through a colander. Return to stove and season to taste. This plan of preparing the apples for butter not only saves time, but in the cooking much nutriment and flavor comes from portion next to the skin.

—

DURABLE PAINT FOR OUT-DOOR WORK

By Mrs. O. D. G., California

Any quantity of charcoal powdered; a sufficient quantity of litharge, as a dryer, to be mixed smoothly with linseed oil. The above forms a good black paint, and by adding yellow ochre, an excellent green is produced, which is preferable to the bright green used by the painters for all garden work, and does not fade with the sun.

—

CROUTONS

By Carrie L. Sprague, Erie, Pennsylvania

I wish everybody who uses croutons for soup would try my recipe. Toast bread *well*. Then, while still hot, butter, if you wish, although they are more delicate without butter; then cut in *tiny* squares and set in a warm oven until *thoroughly* toasted through. These are much more digestible than when browned in butter.

THREE-HOUR BREAD

By Mrs. B. J. Lyons, Odessa, Washington

A way to make bread in three hours or less, and with but the one raising. Very nice in cool weather, as you do not have to worry about the rising getting chilled during the night I am an inexperienced bread-maker, and had much trouble with my bread until I heard of this way. You make it from the following yeast: Twelve medium-sized potatoes, mashed; two cups flour; one cup sugar; one-half cup salt; two dissolved yeast cakes; water to make three quarts.

When you make it up stiff add flour, lard, sugar and salt in about the proportion of one pint of flour, one-half tablespoon lard, a teaspoonful of sugar, and one-half teaspoonful salt to the loaf, and about a pint of yeast.

Knead twenty minutes, and make out into loaves; raise from one to two hours and bake.

This amount of yeast makes from twelve to fourteen loaves, according to size; the yeast will keep in a cool place so it is not necessary to make all up at once. The yeast is better a few days old, and if flour and yeast are warmed it will make better bread.

—

FOR BRUISED FURNITURE

By Anna Kleider, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Wet the part with warm water, double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it in warm water and lay it on the place; apply on that a warm, *not hot*, flatiron, till the water is evaporated; if the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. After two or three times, the dent or bruise will be raised to the surface.

FINE STOVE POLISH

Stove polish mixed with soap and water will produce a finer polish, and stick better than when mixed with clear water.

Turpentine and beeswax, of the consistency of thin cream, makes a fine polish for leather and upholstered furniture.

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TO KEEP CIDER SWEET

By Florence Bundy, Atlanta, Kansas

To keep cider sweet all the year, put into a barrel of the liquid just made fresh from apples, two ounces of wintergreen, one-half pint alcohol; set in cool place. Cider prepared in this manner keeps fresh and sweet all the year.

TO DISINFECT ROOMS

To disinfect rooms after contagious diseases, spray formaldehyde thoroughly over interior of room, and close tightly all doors and windows for a few days. Even smallpox germs cannot withstand this drug.

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NEW WAY TO COOK LIMA BEANS

By Mrs. P. H. Shuler, Seattle, Washington

If you will soak lima beans over night, the outside hull will then wash off. After cooking, they may be eaten without disagreeing with the most delicate stomach.

CORRECT WAY TO COOK VEGETABLES

Remember, all vegetables which grow below the ground, as beets, carrots, potatoes, should be salted while cooking. Those growing above ground, as peas, beans, tomatoes, salt after cooking.

If you wish to cook cabbage quickly, add a pinch of soda to the water.

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WASHING COLORED DRESSES

By Mollie Jervey, Charleston, So. Carolina

To set the color in a dress, put a little turpentine or borax in the water and boil. Or, soak dress in salt water a half-hour before washing.

To take all color from a faded dress, put about five cents' worth of cream of tartar in water and boil.

USES FOR PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

Mrs. William Skillman, Blue Mead, New Jersey

Peroxide and glycerine in equal parts make an excellent hand solution. Apply while the flesh is still moist from washing. One dram is sufficient for each application. It whitens and softens the flesh and removes tan, stains and the hardness and stiffness due to housework. It is harmless and may he applied to the face if eyelashes, hrows and hair are avoided. It lightens the color of the unsightly hair growing on arms, neck and face.

Peroxide (parts seven) and water (parts three) makes an effective, harmless nail hleach.

Peroxide (parts three) and water (part one) makes an excellent antiseptic spray or gargle for any soreness of the throat in an adult or child.

Peroxide, twenty-five per cent. gives a good mouth wash for any sickness where the secretions collect on the tongue and teeth.

Pure peroxide disintegrates pus in superficial wound, ahscess or boil.

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ECONOMICAL AND USEFUL

By Mary W. Curry, Newton Center, Mass.

Cut the worn-out feet from men's stockings, and use the legs for mittens. I shape them hy laying my hand flat on the leg, and marking around with a chalk or pencil. Cut out and sew on the sewing machine, taking in the wrist to fit closely. They are a great protection to the hands in removing hot dishes from the oven or stove, paring fruit or vegetahles, sweeping, and many other things.

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TO KEEP YOUR BROOMS NEW

By M. B. T., Evanston, Illinois

Dip your hrooms in scalding suds on wash day, and they will not only be cleansed thoroughly, hut it makes them seem almost like new ones.

CARE OF FLATIRONS

Ruh your flatirons with a little of the *genuine* bees' wax —not the commercial wax which is sold nearly everywhere for that purpose—and they will keep heautifully smooth all through the ironing. The coarse, hrown wrapping paper which you find at the grocer's or market is best to ruh them on afterward.

—

WASHING GLASSWARE

By Mrs. Erland Engh, Dallas, Wisconsin

When washing glassware, do not put it into hot water bottom first, as it will be liahle to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glasses can be washed in very hot water, if slipped in edgewise.

GRAHAM BREAD

If one cup of chopped walnuts is added to each loaf of graham hread, the flavor is improved immensely.

TO WHITEN CLOTHES

If a cupful of lime water is used in the boiler, the clothes will appear much whiter.

—

COBBLER-CRUST FOR FRUIT

By Mrs. Del Smith, DeWitt, Iowa

Make hatter as for drop-huiscuit, and turn over fruit, and bake. Peaches, berries, in fact almost any kind of canned fruit are fine served in this manner.

—

WASHING GLOVES

By Helen M. Percival, Glover, Vermont

After washing chamois or other gloves, fill them full of clean water and hang up hy the wrists to drip dry. They will dry with the fingers distended, which is a great help.

NEWSPAPERS AS TIME-SAVERS

By Mrs. S. E. French, Brookline, N. H.

In my experience, I have found nothing that will save so much hard work as old papers. Take common sized newspapers and cut in four squares; keep a quantity hung on the sink-door. I use them for wiping the stove, the hottoms of kettles, and washing and polishing lamp chimneys. When cooking, lay a paper on the floor, and when done with it can he gathered up with all the crumbs and hurned, and your floor is clean, and will not have to be washed so often. If one will use a little thought the newspaper may he made to save a good deal of unnecessary labor.

—

WASHING VEILS

By Grace C. Browne, Bluford, Illinois

Delicate laces, chiffons and veils may he easily cleaned hy wrapping around a bottle and immersing in warm castile suds. No harm will be done to the most delicate fahrics.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE

To those who desire a warm drink mornings, yet cannot use coffee, the following delicious drink will be most acceptahle: It will also cure dyspepsia. Two quarts of hran, one cup of New Orleans or sorghum molasses, two eggs; mix all thoroughly and hrown for an hour or more, until thoroughly roasted, then add a piece of hutter size of a walnut, and seal in jars.

—

POLISH FOR PIANO

By Minerva J. Merrell, Shushan, N. Y.

One-third boiled linseed oil, one-third vinegar, and one-third turpentine. Mix and put on with a soft cloth. Polish with a dry one. Have used this on my piano, and think it as good as any I ever bought.

TO CLEAN A COAT COLLAR

For cleaning coat collars, I use one part ammonia, one part turpentine. Shake well before using.

—

TO REMOVE PEACH STAIN

By Mrs. O. P. Newton, Edgewood, R. I.

Cover the spot with cream of tartar and moisten with water. This must be done before soap is applied.

USES FOR WHISK BROOMS

Have a small one for each use. To dissolve lumps when making starch; sprinkling clothes; cleaning the bowls of toilets; as sink scrapers; removing anything that sticks to kettles.

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AMBROSIA
(Food of the Gods)

By M. W. Stout, Old Bridge, N. J.

Six oranges, one cocoanut, sugar. Peel and slice oranges, grate cocoanut. Take a glass bowl, lay a layer of oranges over this sprinkle sugar, then a layer of cocoanut, then more sugar, then more oranges; continue this until all material is used, putting sugar on the top. Banana or chipped pineapple can be used instead of oranges.

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FRYING POTATOES

By Miss K. T. Imlay, Brooklyn, New York

When frying cold boiled potatoes, if slices are cut lengthwise, instead of around the potato, they will be less liahle to hreak.

RECIPE FOR A SWEET DISPOSITION

Three grains common-sense, one large heart, one good liver, plenty of fresh air and sunlight, one hushel contentment, one good hushand; do not hring to a boil.

THE TELEPHONE AND THE HAPPY HABIT

By the Editor

WITH the wild winds of March howling around the corner, I seek the old rocking chair for another chat with the Happy Habiters, and as I sit down, my eye falls upon the telephone in one corner of the room. It occurs to me that it would be delightful to "ring up" all our Happy Habiters, and have a little chat. I ransack my memory for your numbers, and find at last that there is one general wire that will reach every one of our noble order, and we are all on the same exchange.

"Number, number," calls the operator at the other end, and I promptly reply, "Seven, the perfect number," and add that the exchange is "Cheerfulness." Perhaps you may think that the operator supposed that I was crazy, but no, our operator never talks back—she responds in a nice soft voice, and we are connected. So we begin with a "Hello," not a severe, questioning hello, but a happy hello—a hello that tells the whole story of cheerfulness and the pleasure we have in speaking to each other.

"Do you hear?—What's that?—Oh, now I hear—Everybody happy?—That's good!"

If all the improvements that have been invented come into common use, there really is no reason why I should not soon be telephoning you all every month, in addition to sending my printed message, but, whether this ever comes to pass or not, there is a telephone message that always reaches—it is the wave of cheerful thought that flows between all the members of the Ancient Order of Happy Habiters.

* * * *

WHEN standing one day watching the grimaces of a friend, as he talked over the telephone, it occurred to me what a good idea it would be if we could only be as pleasant when face to face with people as we usually endeavor to be over the telephone. I think we all have a telephone voice, just as **ministers** change their voices to a Demosthenic roar when addressing a large number of people.

I once wished to see a gentleman with whom I had talked a great deal over the telephone. Every time his voice came with a sweet, rising inflection that reminded me of feminine tones, I imagined him as a gentle, nice little man whom I would like to take on my knee and give fatherly advice. Imagine my astonishment, on being ushered into his presence, to see a big six-footer,—a dark man with black Vandyke beard, dark eyes and a voice like the bull of Bashan. However, he was most cordial and kind, though he must have wondered at my extreme confusion. When I had recovered my breath, I said:

"'Sdeath, sire, how is it you manage to have that winsome telephone inflection—is it natural or acquired?"

"Well, you know I am a member of the Happy Habit Order, and read the National," he laughingly replied, "and I have been in business a good many years, and have found out that civility pays, whether in wooing a customer over the counter, inditing a letter, or talking over the 'phone."

but the tastes of our readers vary in the most amazing manner; letters will come to us praising and criticising the self-same cover; so all that remains for us to do is to go ahead and constantly endeavor to live up to our highest ideals of "the good, the beautiful, the true,"—so far as our purses will allow.

Sometimes, however, a straw will show which way the current runs, and from the many letters received since the issuance of the December number, we gather that we struck it right that time, and that our new artist knows just what we need; for this cover has aroused much favorable comment. Several of our readers thought it was a copy of some rare old painting. But it is even more

MRS. GEORGE T. JENNINGS

From the portrait by E. S. Manning

than that; it is the creation of a new type of beauty. In other words, it is the distinctive individuality of conception and delicate and artistic technique that give the "Manning Maid" a charm as peculiarly his own, as the "Gibson Girl" is the exclusive property of another artist.

Mr. Manning now resides in Chicago, and although a young artist, has already won his spurs as a portrait painter. Among the many portraits of prominent society women, an unusually charming example is his picture of Mrs. Lawrence Fitch, daughter of Mr. Earling, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. Anyone who has seen this picture will at once understand how the soul of the artist is reflected in his work. His touch is dainty yet strong, and the spirit that lives in his pleasant blue eyes seems to be transmitted to his fancy pictures.

Mr. Manning spent his cradle days at Port Huron, Michigan, thirty years ago, and has ever been an ardent student of art. Those familiar with his work will say that he has certainly succeeded, despite the fact that he has encountered the usual hardships that fall to the lot of the young artist. He inherits his artistic taste from his grandfather, who was a portrait painter, and ascribes his success to the unfailing confidence and encouragement of his wife, which he declares has had more to do with the development of his career than all other influences combined. Though Mrs. Manning neither draws nor paints, she has artistic and refined taste; and Mr. Manning assured me that no drawing ever leaves his easel without her approval.

Mr. Manning has attained his greatest success in his studies and portraits in red chalk. Regarding this medium he says:

"No other medium is so suitable for the interpretation of the delicacy and daintiness of a woman's skin. A softness of effect is attained with less effort than I have found possible with any other medium. It is a sympathetic medium—one in which the artist can arrive at the effect desired with the least possible annoyance."

Mr. Manning seems to have attained to the ideal state of perfection described by Kipling,

> No one shall work for money,
> No one shall work for fame;
> But each for the joy of the working and each in his separate star,
> Shall paint the thing as he sees it, for the God of Things as they Are.

PORTRAIT STUDY

From the red chalk by Fred S. Manning

For Mr. Manning seeks rather to develop his powers than to paint pictures that will bring in large sums of money; knowing his views on this subject, I was not surprised to learn that he contemplates—as soon as he can arrange it—a residence of some years in Europe, which he declares is "necessary to the proper rounding out of an artist's life and work." He has held several exhibitions of his paintings at the Thurber galleries, and feels that he owes much to Mr. Thurber's interest.

Mr. Manning will produce for the National six distinct types of American womanhood, which will make a collection of unusual interest. It is interesting to know that Mr. Manning furnished one of the prize illustrations for the famous and popular Armour calendar for 1906, and another appears in their 1907 calendar. We feel that the addition of such an artist as Mr. Manning to the staff of the National will give our readers work of rare artistic quality during the coming year.

MR. SEYMOUR THURBER

From the red chalk by Fred S. Manning

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. Jenkins

DETROIT

PROBABLY not for years have the public service corporations in nearly every large city of the country been on the rack to the same extent as they are at the present time. The coincidence of the various attacks seems to grow out of the fact that the earlier grants are gradually reaching their limit of time, and also that there are in some cities street railway systems the franchises upon which have expired, while many gas and electric light companies are doing business under municipal licenses that are dead.

It is a well-known fact that many of the franchises given thirty years ago were loosely drawn and afforded but little protection to the people against the encroachments of corporate greed, and after a long series of abuses it is no wonder that the ideas of most people on questions of this nature are in a very chaotic condition. In the work of educating the masses upon municipal problems, there does not seem to be any well-defined plan. These questions are generally left until the heat of political campaigns when the public mind is swayed, not by the questions at issue, but by the comparative power of the rival political organizations. At such time the rabble and vicious often obtain control, and important questions affecting the municipality and great corporate interests are decided by a class of people who believe that by making the rich poor the poor will become rich.

The many questions of a perplexing nature that are constantly arising in American cities seem to require the careful attention of every student and admirer of industrial progress. The movement for public ownership of municipal enterprises seems to have broken out anew, and is beginning to take the form of an economic creed, and some very excellent arguments are advanced for and against propositions of this nature. Happily, history and economic principles and not sentimental imitation must be relied upon to work successfully in American cities, which have no traditional superstitions to create highly-flavored presumptions. Neither should these questions be left for the politicians to settle. There is a class of men who would destroy the corporations, hamper them with impossibilities, and assail them in the public press. They would make the returns on great business enterprises so sufficiently small and uncertain by petty legislative restrictions, that it would be folly to expect the application of the genius of the world's noted men. As a general proposition, it may be safely stated that the men who would reduce large fortunes had nothing to do with making them. They could not manage large industrial concerns, if they were given the opportunity; and probably no class of men are more disqualified for the supervision of public service corporations than the majority of legislators, and any suggestion that the wealth of the land should be controlled by this class seems to be nothing short of impertinence. If a government is not strong nor wise enough to regulate and supervise the business of a monopoly properly, it is not strong nor wise enough to own and operate the business of a monopoly economically.

In discussing the municipal progress and those economic questions that agitate the public mind in Detroit, Buffalo and Cleveland, it is safe to state that similar questions arise in nearly every city of importance in the country. It is interesting to note what these cities do, as well as to listen to suggestions as to what they should do regarding important municipal matters. That there is in these cities a class of functions that can better be performed by society than by individuals, and conversely there is another class that can better be performed by individual effort than by society, are well known and admitted facts; but to establish a proper classification is not an easy matter.

To one interested in the purely economic question arising in street railway operation, the history of street railway organization and development in the city of Detroit is of more

than passing interest. Perhaps no city has possessed conditions that gave rise to so many important discussions, experiments and litigation involving economic theories and questions so vital to the industry at large. According to reliable authority, Detroit was the fourth city in the United States to have a regularly established street railway line. New York was the first, Boston second, and Baltimore third.

All the street railway companies now included in the Detroit United Railway system were chartered under one or the other of two statutes of Michigan, known respectively as the Tram Railway Act, passed in 1855, and the Street Railway Act passed in 1867. The Tram Railway Act provided originally for the construction of tram railways, but, in 1861, was amended to include the building of street railways in and through any city in the state, not, however, without the consent of the municipal authorities, and under certain rules and regulations which they saw fit to prescribe. The street railway act of 1867 authorized any street railway company organized under the provisions of the act, with the consent of the corporate interests and by ordinance, to construct street railways upon streets which should be designated by the proper authorities. The road was to be operated under such rules and regulations, including rates of fare as provided by the ordinance, but it provided also that after the consent and grant had been accepted by the company, the authorities could not revoke such consent, or deprive the company of the rights and privileges conferred. These provisions formed the basis for a very important decision by the Supreme Court of the United States, when the city of Detroit in 1899, under its police power, attempted by ordinance to reduce the fares on some of the older street railway lines organized under these acts.

The first franchise was granted November 24, 1862, for a street railway through Jefferson, Michigan and Woodward avenues, the principal down-town business streets. It gave to the grantees exclusive and blanket franchises on the streets named, and the first option to build on any other streets of the city, in consideration of which the street railway company was to keep the surface of the street inside of the rails and for two feet, four inches outside thereof in good order and repair. The rate of fare was not to exceed five cents, and the only taxation clause provided that the grantees should pay to the city of Detroit, annually, fifteen dollars for each car. On November 14, 1879, an ordinance was passed supplementary to the one passed in 1862, extending the life of the franchise thirty years or until 1909, in consideration of which certain concessions were given by the company, notably, that it was thereafter to pay the city a tax of one per cent. on its gross receipts, and pave and maintain on all streets occupied by its tracks the space constituting its roadway and between the tracks.

After the ordinance of 1879 was passed, a number of differences arose between the Detroit City Railway Company and the city, and a new ordinance was passed January 4, 1887, over the mayor's veto, providing conditions for adjusting these disputes. The annual tax was increased to one and one-half per cent., until December 31, 1896, and from January 1, 1897, the company was to pay two per cent. on its gross receipts until the end of the franchise. In January, 1889, additional franchises were given the company, and the city council took occasion to impose new conditions *i. e.*, the granting of free transfers at certain points; limiting the speed to ten miles an hour, and requiring an average speed of at least six miles an hour, and the sale of workingman's tickets good on all lines at certain hours at the rate of eight tickets for twenty-five cents.

In the year 1891, the Detroit Citizens' Street Railway Company purchased the property, and it was in this year that arrangements were made to equip all the lines for electric traction.

While important cases were pending against the new company, in 1894, the owners decided to withdraw from street railway investments, and the property was sold to R. T. Wilson & Co. of Boston and Mr. Tom L. Johnson, now mayor of Cleveland, became general manager. Three months after the transfer, the famous three-cent fare franchise was granted to a rival company.

The history of street railway matters from the year 1890 until 1900 is one long record of agitation, discussion, charges and counter charges, personal and otherwise, and legal controversies involving decisions by the city courts, the circuit and district courts and the Supreme Court of the United States. The history would also include much of the poli-

tical history of Detroit and the state of Michigan for that period. The idea of a three-cent fare found its chief champion in the person of the Honorable Hazen S. Pingree, who had been elected mayor of Detroit in 1890, and it is undoubtedly true that most of the subsequent agitation on this subject in Detroit was the result of his announced intention to secure cheaper rates for the city. Mr. Johnson and his company strenuously opposed any reduction of fares. The city council passed an ordinance reducing the rate of fares, and the company took the case to the circuit court, and finally into the Supreme Court of the United States. The final decision was the most important decision affecting street railway interests ever rendered. The Supreme Court decided that the franchise granted the company in 1862, and amended and supplemented in 1897, was in effect a contract between the city and the company, and the city had no power to alter the rates therein provided.

Baffled, but not defeated, Mayor Pingree induced outside capitalists to accept new franchises for street railways on most of the streets in Detroit not then occupied by the old company, these franchises to be granted with the express provision that the fare was to be eight tickets for twenty-five cents during the day, and six tickets for a quarter during the night. A corporation was formed under the name Detroit Railway, and the war was on. It has developed that the advocates of the three-cent fare proposition were not saving the people the amount of money promised, because of the fact that the taxpayers were called upon to bear the expense of building and keeping the streets in repair. Fifty miles of track were laid by the new company in 1895, and the two companies were operating very largely on parallel streets. The struggle for traffic was very keen, and the new company was brought to the verge of bankruptcy before the situation was satisfactorily adjusted. The old company had the advantage in location, the new company had the lower fares. In 1896, a temporary lease was given by the Detroit Railway to the old company.

In 1899, Mr. Pingree came forward with a new proposition, to the effect that the city ought to purchase all the street railway property in Detroit, and operate the lines as public property. An act was passed, March 24, 1899, authorizing the city of Detroit to purchase the street railways. April 24, 1899, a bill of injunction was filed in the circuit court, to restrain the street railway commission appointed by the city from acquiring the railways. At the same time, quo warranto proceedings were commenced in the superior court to test the constitutionality of the act. The proceedings were taken into the United States court, where decision was finally given that the law was unconstitutional. On December 31, 1900, the Detroit United Railway was formed, with the Everett-Morse interests in control, and ultimately took over all the street railway properties in Detroit and the suburbs. On the original low rate lines, tickets are still sold at the rate of eight tickets for twenty-five cents, but on the other lines, a straight five-cent fare is charged, with lower rate tickets at certain hours of the day.

On account of the fact that some of the company's important franchises will expire in 1909, the question of a new arrangement has become one of more than passing interest. The matter was made a political issue in the last campaign, and columns of space were occupied in the local newspapers for and against the proposition as submitted by the mayor and agreed to by the company. Mayor Codd's proposed franchise would give Detroit the cheapest fares in the world. It provided for a two and one-half cent fare for five hours of the day, the balance of the twenty-four hours six tickets with universal transfer were to be sold for a quarter. Mayor Codd's proposed franchise was defeated, but the returns of the election showed that a large number of citizens did not vote upon the question, either through a lack of knowledge on the subject, or through willful indifference. It is a significant fact, however, that a careful canvass made by the writer among the leading manufacturers of the city showed that the business element was almost unanimous in the belief that the proposition was a commendable one, and should have been endorsed by the people.

Much talk was indulged in during the campaign regarding municipal ownership of the system, but it is very doubtful if the general proposition of municipal ownership can be safely applied to corporations like the Detroit United Railway. Here is a street car system that has few equals and no superi-

ors. Its organization is perfect in every detail, and no city is given better service. The innovations and improvements that have been introduced have involved quick and expert decision, which could not have been made by collective action. Government is too ponderous and slow to give decision on anything of importance in corporations where the form and method is constantly changing, and therefore collective authority would supply the maximum inefficiency, while private control would furnish the greatest efficiency. Under municipal control, the taxpayers of the city of Detroit would be compelled to contribute the $100,000 taxes paid annually by the street railway company, and be forced to liquidate debts on a venture that it would require years to put on a profitable basis. Its success would be very improbable, because it would be a political creation, with 5,000 men dependent upon the vicissitudes of politics to hold their positions. Its very nature is political; it would have its beginning in politics, and it would end there. When the city of Detroit is brought face to face with the proposition of terminating the Detroit United Railway franchise, a complication bids fair to involve the interested parties in litigation, the end of which cannot be surmised.

It is difficult to understand how the city of Detroit can ever apply municipal ownership to the street railway system, for the reason that much of the business of the Detroit United Railway is with the other cities. The system reaches every city of importance for a distance of 100 miles.

The report of the president for the year 1906, shows that the mileage increased during the year from 541 to a little over 620 miles. the Detroit, Monroe & Toledo Short Line being included in the increase. The rolling stock of the various companies comprising the system consists of 830 closed passenger cars, 342 open passenger cars, 212 freight and construction cars, 13 line cars, 36 express cars, 6 miscellaneous cars, 2 locomotives, 2,288 motors and 1,766 trucks.

There are nine power plants, with a combined capacity of 31,385 horse power; two storage batteries, with a combined capacity of 45,000 amperes, and 12 sub-stations, with a combined capacity of 7,150 K. W.

The passenger statistics show that the Detroit United proper carried 142,021,464 passengers during the year. Of these 105,068,377 were those who paid their fares; 32,362,869 were on transfers, and 4,590,218 on employes' passes. The receipts per revenue passenger averaged .0460, and, deducting the transfer and employes, gave an average receipt of .0341 per passenger.

GAS

The troubled sea upon which the gas corporations of the city of Detroit have been sailing for the past half-century would, if gazed at in a dispassionate manner, tend to discourage anyone who might imagine that capital invested in public service corporations is always safe and sure to produce handsome returns. A complete history of the gas corporations that have been doing business in Detroit would bring into the limelight a series of conditions that would display the stupidity of common councils on one hand and the fine Italian hand of the professional promoter on the other. It would show how franchises were granted, and the records of same either lost or stolen, and it would bring into view the exceptional condition where a public service corporation was doing business for years without any license or under a franchise that had expired. It would show, also, the strange spectacle of a municipality that did not know whether it had a contract with its most important public service corporation, or if it had a contract, what its provisions were. Then again it would show how eager some investors are for franchises regardless of their provisions. Franchises have been accepted in Detroit which bound the grantees hand and foot, and which ultimately brought them to the verge of bankruptcy.

The Detroit Gas Light Company was organized under a special act of the legislature, March 14, 1849, and its corporate existence limited to fifty years. Subsequently, the charter was amended by the legislature, by changing the name of the corporation, and extending the time for the construction of the plant. In 1851, the city and the gas company entered into an agreement by which the right was granted to the company to run its pipes through and to such portions of the city as it might desire or it might be necessary to supply the citizens. The city then gave an exclusive franchise to the company for ten years to manufacture and vend gas. In 1861, another agreement was made and in this

agreement the company contracted to furnish gas to the citizens for two dollars and fifty cents per one thousand feet. This agreement was made for five years. The city had no copy of the franchise or contract with the company, and the only copy was in the possession of the company. When the license expired in June, 1866, nothing was said about a renewal, and the company continued to extend its mains in the streets of the city, and between the years 1866 and 1892 thirty-six miles of mains were built by the company, without any express franchise provision that it might utilize the streets of the city for that purpose. The only rights the company possessed in the streets were those acquired by acquiescence.

In 1871, the Mutual Gas Light Company was organized under the general laws of the state. Later, another corporation took possession of the plant, and the name was changed to the Mutual Gas Company. One of the principal features of the franchise given to this company provided that if the company shall at any time enter into any combination with any gas light company concerning rates to be charged for gas either to the city or to private consumers, then the consent given by the ordinance shall cease and the ordinance be null and void. The company was also expressly forbidden to sell its property, franchises or privileges to any other company, under a penalty of forfeiture to the city of its works, mains and other property, and an acceptation of the ordinance on the part of the company shall be deemed a consent by the corporation that the title of the property shall vest in the city in case of such sale. Notwithstanding these unusual provisions, the company accepted the franchise, and began the construction of its plant. These provisions formed the basis for subsequent litigation. Another provision in the franchise was that the company should have the privilege of supplying gas at rates less than was then being charged by the Detroit Gas Light Company, as may be agreed upon with the consumer. Neither was the company to charge higher rates than an average of the rates charged the private consumers in Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo and Sandusky.

On June 28, 1877, it was claimed that the company, contrary to the provisions of its franchise, entered into a combination with the Detroit Gas Light Company concerning rates to be charged for gas, and on December 14, 1877, the common council repealed the ordinance, and declared that the Mutual Gas Company had forfeited to the city all its pipes and property in the city, and authorized the comptroller to assume and take possession of the plant.

The matter was taken to the courts, where it was given judicial consideration. On the fifteenth day of April, 1878, under mortgage foreclosure proceedings, the property of the Mutual Gas Light Company was sold by a Master in Chancery to Thomas Dean, and he about the same time conveyed the plant to the Mutual Gas Company, and under this conveyance the new company claimed to be entitled to enjoy the rights and privileges granted to the Mutual Gas Light Company. The city, on the other hand, claimed that at no time had it consented to these mortgages and conveyances, and, therefore, could not recognize the new company.

Furthermore, the city claimed that the agreement made between the two companies, whereby the municipality was divided into two districts, was a violation of the provisions of the franchise given the Mutual Gas Light Company. The object sought when the franchise was granted was active competition, which would keep rates within reasonable limits, and it was claimed that the results of such a combination would remove all competition and permit the two companies to enjoy their respective territories unmolested, and give great and unreasonable profits to the stockholders.

The Michigan Gas Company was organized February 4, 1889, under the general law. Its object was to supply the people of Detroit with natural gas for fuel purposes. The ordinance given the company provided that the corporation should not consolidate with any other company, nor should it agree with any other gas company as to prices charged or to be charged for gas and the price of such gas should at no time be more than thirty-three cents per one thousand feet, supplied and used for fuel purposes. The desire of the council seemed to have been to permit the grantees thereunder the right to introduce natural gas into the city.

Days and months of uncertainty elapsed, and various conflicts between the city and the corporations, and between the corpora-

tions tbemselves, were carried into the courts. Finally a truce was arranged, through the efforts of Mr. Pingree, and the different companies were consolidated, and a new franchise granted, in 1893, which completely wiped out the past, and established new conditions for the future.

To supply a city of 400,000 with a commodity so necessary as illuminating gas and fuel gas, involves ability of an unusual order, if there are to be pleasant relations between distributor and consumer. It is both the presumption and the realization tbat there will be differences in which anger and distrust will test tbe explanatory power of the company's officials. It can also be expected that there will be an undercurrent of dissatisfaction, but if there is a general belief that such a public service corporation as a gas company so controls its affairs that the majority of its patrons have no complaints to offer, and the minority has its complaints investigated and adjusted something approximating perfection is attained. The management of the Detroit City Gas Company has invariably shown a disposition to meet the people half way in any matters that affected the interests of both, and tbe company has given concessions in the way of rates regardless of the prices that migbt be charged under tbe franchise.

In December 1905, a sensational charge was made against the Detroit City Gas Company, before a council committee on franchises, by a former employe. His statement, under oath, was to the effect that, as office manager of the gas company in 1899, he invented a system of bookkeeping at the request of the manager, that would deceive tbe city in tbe amount of gas consumed. When this cbarge was made, it created intense excitement. The management of the company promptly asked for an official investigation. Tbe employe charged tbat the actual consumption for the year ending June, 1898, was in rougb numbers 500,000,000 feet, whereas the amount reported to the city authorities was only 282,975,700 feet. As the terms of the ordinance provided that wben the total consumption reached 600,000,000 per year, the net price should be reduced from one dollar to ninety cents, and when it reached 800,000,000 the price sbould be further reduced to eighty cents, the charge made by the former employe amounted to conspiracy, involving perjury to defraud the citizens of Detroit who were users of gas. Tbe employe estimated that the 800,000,000 mark had been reached several years ago, and that the actual consumption at the present time was not less than 900,000,000 feet.

The city accountant, by direction of the common council, began an investigation at once. With a large force of assistants, he made a thorough examination of the company's books, with the result that no irregularities were discovered, and the gas company was completely exonerated of tbe charge. As a further result of the investigation, it was shown that at least two years would elapse before the city would be entitled to a reduced rate, figuring at the ratio of increase at that time. The company, however, came forward with a proposition to give the people of Detroit eighty-cent gas at once, in return for certain franchise amendments. The immediate reduction would affect a saving of $135,000 to the consumers. In return, the company asked the privilege of discontinuing the filing of its annual report, the immediate installation of one meter for measuring both illuminating and fuel gas, the reduction of the discount period from thirty to fifteen days, and a charge of a minimum rate per month for the use of meters when tbe consumption is little or nothing.

The aldermanic mind could not understand why the gas company was making such a liberal reduction, without any formal demand on the part of the council, or any combination of citizens, and the supposition became general tbat there was a "joker" somewhere beneatb the surface. Then again a certain element in the council wanted to know what political applause the aldermen would obtain from extending benefits to the people wbich the council had no hand in creating. Tbe proposed reduction came from the company without solicitation, and while tbe new rate would secure to the people of Detroit eighty-cent gas, the figbt for which in tbe days when Mr. Pingree was mayor had been long and bitter, with the eighty-cent rate as a beacon light to sustain bope and courage, yet certain members of the council believed that if the company could furnisb tbe gas for eighty cents, it could also supply the commodity for seventy cents; and so the matter was hung up in the council for several weeks, until the newspapers became tired of the

dilly-dallying on the part of the aldermen, and demanded action at once. The company withdrew the proposition to reduce the discount period from thirty to fifteen days, and with a few minor changes, the ordinance finally passed the council. The amended ordinance gives the company permission to furnish gas to the people on what is known as the sliding scale, and the new rate is as follows: For 50,000 feet or less per month, 80 cents; on the next 50,000 feet and not exceeding 100,000 feet, 70 cents; on the amount used between 100,000 feet and 200,000 feet, 60 cents; and on all amounts in excess of 200,000 feet, 50 cents. For all gas used in the operation of gas engines, the price was fixed at 60 cents.

It is the opinion of many people that the frank and open manner in which complaints against the Detroit City Gas Company are being adjusted at the present time, will soon bring about a much better feeling on the part of the people toward this public service corporation. It would be folly to disguise the fact that there has been a lack of confidence on the part of the people in many of the pretensions of the management of the Detroit public service corporations. This was probably caused to a great extent by the vigorous manner in which Mayor Pingree sought to secure the cheapest possible rates from these corporations, and it was no wonder that the corporations in return placed their affairs with the city in master hands, and took advantage of every possible technicality.

The franchise under which the Detroit City Gas Company is now operating has seventeen more years to run. It is believed to be one of the most advantageous contracts in the United States between a public service corporation and a municipalty. There are few cities getting lower rates, and perhaps none where the citizens may pay their gas bills within thirty days and get the benefit of the discount. Usually, the discount period is ten days, and rarely has the limit been fixed at twenty days.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING

When some writer gives the people of the United States a history of street lighting by electricity, no chapter will contain more profitable matter for study, or for illustration of general principles, than that which will give the record of street lighting in the city of Detroit. This city was one of the first to use electric lights on its streets. It began in the early '80s, and in 1884 the city abandoned all other lights. The street-lighting business was believed by those who first engaged in it, to be a monopoly secured by patent rights; they found their mistake after much money had been invested under this belief. In Detroit competition ensued, then consolidation, and finally municipalization of the service.

The original electric lighting company in Detroit began business in 1882, and was named the Brush Electric Light Company. In 1883 the company secured a contract from the city to do street lighting, and twenty-two arc lamps were installed at once, and this contract was renewed from time to time until 1890. The next company organized was the Excelsior Electric Light Company, which also did series arc lighting in the business district. In 1889 the Detroit Electric Light & Power Company was organized, and the concern proved to be a formidable competitor of the older companies. At that time each of these concerns had the customary licensee relationship with the large electrical concerns that were manufacturing under patents, and in some cases they were simply subordinate branches of these companies. The alternating current system was introduced in the city by the Detroit Electric Light & Power Company, as licensee of the Fort Wayne Electric Company. In 1890 the Brush Electric Light Company bought out the Excelsior Electric Light Company, and introduced the alternating current system of the Westinghouse Electric Company. In the same year, arose the first competition for street lighting. The contract was given for three years to the Detroit Electric Light & Power Company, and this company at once constructed a complete new system. When their contract expired the company had installed 1,279 street arc lamps, and had duplicated the street lines of the Brush Electric Light Company. During the term of this contract, the two companies got together; the Fort Wayne Company, already controlling the Detroit Electric Light & Power Company, bought the stock of the Brush Electric Light Company, and reorganized it as the Peninsular Electric Light Company. In 1893, when the three-year contract of the Detroit Electric Light Company had expired, it was generally thought that the rates were alto-

gether too high and there was much public dissatisfaction with the service. It was at that time that the stupidity and greed of the corporations established the fact that they intended to secure the electric lighting contract either by fair means or foul, and the bungling manner in which they undertook to obtain the contract created a feeling of distrust between the municipality and the public service corporations that has not been healed to the present day. The lack of confidence on the part of the people of Detroit in its public service corporations is largely a result of the high-handed manner in which the attempt was made to railroad the street lighting contract through the common council in 1893. At that time there were members in the Detroit common council who could he "reached," and knowing this fact, the corporations sought to make the most of it.

No more dramatic scene ever occurred in Detroit than when Mayor Pingree rose with calm deliberation in the council chamber and held in his hand $200 in currency which had been turned over to him by an alderman who claimed to have been given the amount for his vote and influence in the passage of the street lighting contract. In the annals of public service corporation history, there are few such examples of direct attempt to hold up a municipality as those which characterized the effort to secure the public lighting contract in the city of Detroit in 1893. It was apparent that the corporations could not recognize the drift of opinion among the people, but tried to convince them that unsteady and uncertain lights were worth a high price, and they depended entirely upon the retention of the city lighting contract by an appeal to the technicalities of the patent law and to the purchasable members of the common council. The managers of the corporations could not see the handwriting on the wall; they utterly failed to keep in touch with the public, and as a result while the people of Detroit were absorbing all the fool figures that the wildest theorists could furnish regarding municipal ownership, not an argument deserving credence was offered in contradiction. The people were damning the poor quality of the lights, and were told they did not know a good light when they saw it. When they complained about the excessive charges, they were told that they could get no lower figure. This was the condition, and Mayor Pingree endeavored to put an end to the extortion. When the bids were opened, the council found they were almost as far above a possible figure as the costs published hy the theorists were below it, and as a result of this bungling attempt to "manage" the common council, and to bulldoze the people, the coming of municipal ownership of a street lighting plant in Detroit was as certain as the coming of summer.

The continued operation of a municipal lighting plant in Detroit has been of no particular value to the taxpayer; but its establishment served to prove to managers of public service corporations in a great many cities that the people can sometimes be aroused to a righteous indignation. It cannot be possible that a system which has for its sole object the duty of supplying street lights can perform that duty any cheaper than a lighting concern fully equipped can furnish this service as a branch of its business. But the municipality was considered a legitimate object for plunder, and the manipulators of the attempted hold-up brought about conditions that not only cost the corporations a great deal of money, but which have been of no particular benefit to the people at large. It is estimated that the destruction of values which hrought the street lighting equipment of the corporations down to its junk value was in the neighborhood of $400,000.

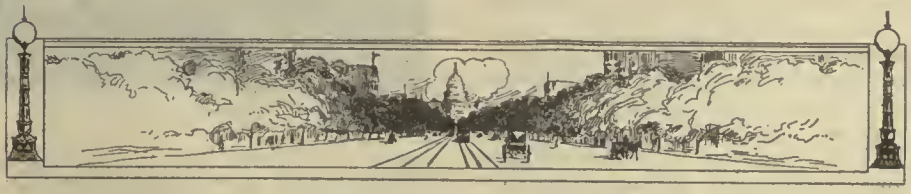
The municipal lighting plant has been running eleven years, and the figures given out by the public lighting commission seem to convey the impression that a great saving has been affected hy the establishment of the plant. This is true if the offer made to the common council by the corporations in 1893 of $102.20 per arc light per year can be used as a criterion; but when it is understood that the following prices, under private ownership, prevail in adjoining cities, the economy is more imaginary than real: Adrian, $64.80; Athens, $60; Battle Creek, $65; Jackson, $67.85; Ludington, $60; and Saginaw, $65. Even the villages immediately adjacent to Detroit pay from sixty-five dollars to seventy dollars, and it is fair to presume that the city of Detroit could get a rate equally as low. According to the reports given out by the public lighting commission, all comparative figures on the cost of lighting the city of Detroit by a municipally-owned plant, and on the cost of lighting other cities under the con.

tract system, show in favor of Detroit, so favorably, in fact, that the charge has been made that the figures are misleading. It has been charged that in reducing the total annual expenditure to the basis of average cost per lamp, the item of depreciation and other important items were entirely ignored. When the plant had been running ten years, a statement showed that if all the property which the lighting commission possessed should suddenly be swept out of existence, the cost per lamp for the number of lamps maintained annually for the ten years would be eighty-seven dollars and sixty-three cents, but the commission has real estate and equipment upon which a valuation of $875,000 has been placed. The last few years the reports made by the commission have been very satisfactory, but it is feared that higher figures may by expected in the future. It is claimed that the commission in making up its reports, has given too little attention to depreciation, and none to obsoletion. Ten-year-old lighting machinery is worth but little more than its junk value, if a corporation expects to keep pace with modern electrical progress. The English accountant-engineers give as much attention today to obsoletion as they do to depreciation.

As a consequence of losing the city contract, supplemented by the hard times of 1893 to 1896, the Detroit Electric Light & Power Company went into the hands of a receiver; and, in 1896, the Peninsular Electric Light Company defaulted in the interest on the bonds given to pay for the old Brush Electric Light Company plant, and was turned over to the trustee for the bond holders. In the meantime, a small concern known as the Edison Illuminating Company, organized in 1886, had gained considerable foothold in the city, and when the property of the Detroit Electric Light & Power Company was offered for sale, this company was the only logical bidder. Individual stockholders of the Edison Company also purchased the Peninsular Electric Light Company property at foreclosure sale in 1898, and reorganized the company that year, since which time the Edison and Peninsular Companies have been under identical management. The Edison Illuminating Company distributes direct current under the Edison patents and licenses. The Peninsular Electric Light Company distributes alternating current under the Thomson-Houston and Westinghouse patents.

In addition to the electric lighting concerns already mentioned, there existed a small corporation known as the East Side Electric Company. This was a private corporation, organized under the electric light law, and the company served direct current to a small number of business men and residences in the Gratiot Avenue district. As a consequence of internal friction among the stockholders, the stock was offered for sale. It was purchased in 1903 by individuals connected with the Edison Illuminating Company, who ran it as a separate concern until 1905, when its assets were turned over to the Edison Company without profit.

There has been since the organization of the Edison Illuminating Company, a continuity of management and policy, and that policy has been to preserve a pleasant relationship with the municipality and with the citizens. There has been no opportunity for quarrels about street lighting contracts since 1893, and, while beyond a doubt, there is a certain feeling among citizens of Detroit that the municipal plant should logically do commercial lighting, that feeling seems to be more of an expression of an abstruse theory than of a desire for improvement in the price or service of the existing lighting companies. Both observation and the general public opinion are that the service is excellent, and the prices are not unreasonable.



MILO MAIZE AND KAFFIR CORN, NEAR ODESSA, TEXAS

THE SUNNY SOUTHWEST—A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

By Mildred S. McFaden

NOTWITHSTANDING a veritable pæon is ceaselessly sounding the praise of "The Southwest," one who has never traversed this witching realm of sunny skies can have no just conception of the magnitude, the diversity and charm of this wonderful country—a country indescribably rich in natural resources, and whose development is a marvel to all who come in close and vital touch with it.

LLANO HOTEL, MIDLAND, TEXAS

The resources of Texas alone are well-nigh boundless. It is not only an empire in size, but its wealth is greater than that of any other state in the Union, and accrues from multitudinous sources. In fact, to have any true comprehension of the vast and varied opportunity afforded by this peerless commonwealth, one must consider the immense area—with altitude running from sea-level to several thousand feet above—climate ranging from semi-tropic to north temperate, and the wonderous richness and diversity of the soil.

While primarily Texas is an agricultural state, there are ample facilities and right conditions for any and every kind of effort the human mind is capable of putting into operation. The fact that it is in the infancy of its development presents advantages for capital, energy, skill and enterprise not found in the states where development has reached the maximum.

No other portion of the Lone Star State is showing greater industrial activity or more rapid and substantial growth than that known as "West Texas" along the way of the Texas-Pacific railroad.

COURT HOUSE, MIDLAND, TEXAS

It was the writer's good fortune recently, to make a special journey over this road. It was delightful weather, the skies serenely blue, the sunshine warm and golden. As I gazed from the car window over the broad and fertile acres stretching away to the far horizon's rim, and noted the vast fields of cotton, and great herds of cattle grazing in

RESIDENCE OF G. F. COWDEN, MIDLAND, TEXAS

sweet content, I realized that I was indeed in a land of opportunity—opportunity for homes, for peace, for plenty. In the very heart of this land of promise, and right in the geographical center of the state, nestles the proud little city of Abilene—a city of 10,000 inhabitants, and the largest on the Texas-Pacific between Fort Worth and El Paso.

RESIDENCE OF H. E. CROWLEY, MIDLAND, TEXAS, VICE PRESIDENT TEXAS CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Further westward, and exactly midway between Fort Worth and El Paso, is located the pretty, wide-awake town of Midland, a town that doubles in population each year, and which purposes to continue this phenomenal performance indefinitely.

There is, however, excellent reason for this unusual activity, for Midland offers the most attractive inducements for the home-seeker and the investor. Situated twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea—the natural health level—the climate is ideal, the environment beautiful, the surrounding country rich and productive, and business opportunity unprecedented. Midland is indeed a model town, with artistic homes, good schools, several churches, an opera house, fine business blocks and a magnificent court house. Many of these are built of the famous Pecos sandstone, and embody the most pleasing features of modern architecture. In fact, the thriving little city, with its busy windmills, was a surprise to me. But when I had talked with Mr. J. E. Shumatè, secretary of the Commercial Club, Mr. R. E. Slaughter, and other representative citizens, I discovered the key-

STREET SCENE, MIDLAND, TEXAS

note to the situation. In civic pride and the welfare of Midland they are a unity, and the cosmopolitan air and up-to-dateness of this pretty metropolis of the southern plains is but the expression of their united enthusiasm.

The rapid settlement of west Texas is indicated by the great train-loads of people literally pouring into that section. The *family* is everywhere in evidence—husband, wife and their dear little brood, veritable "stairsteps," so to speak, enroute to homes in this fair and promising land. I felt as I journeyed along, that, if our good President could take a long trip over the Texas-Pacific, he would not worry, for the present at least, about the prospect of race suicide. In this connection, I could not resist a bit of pleasantry with Mr. E. P. Turner, the genial pass-

enger agent of this line. Noticing that the glass doors of the cars were beautifully embellished, the dominant feature being a *stork*, I asked him if he had chosen this fabled bird as a symbol of his road. His eyes twinkled merrily as he replied: "Could *you* choose a better one?"

I could not!

* * *

It does not require the gift of prophecy to predict a glorious future for this wondrous commonwealth. Nature has endowed it with her best and choicest gifts. She has hidden underneath the undulating surface vast reservoirs of oil and gas and water; great storehouses of coal and mineral and building stone; she has charged the soil with the elements essential to perfect growth of cotton and wheat and alfalfa, and tempered the sun to the needs of orchard and vineyard and garden. As a crowning gift, she has flooded the realm with sunshine, and arched over all a sky serenely blue.

In view of the boundless opportunity thus offered, one does not wonder that the call of the Southwest has reached the remotest corners of our country, or that people are flocking from all directions to secure homes in a land where conditions are so favorable to the highest moral, physical and intellectual development, as well as to the largest measure of industrial and financial success.

THE NATURAL ATTRACTIONS OF UTAH

By W. C. Jenkins

THE natural attractions of Utah are numerous, and many of them are very interesting. The scenery of the state has been compared to that of Switzerland, in that the mountains, having no foot-hills, rise abruptly from the valleys to their lofty summits. Between the mountain ranges lie agricultural valleys that surpass in fertility many of the famous valleys of the world. Utah has a number of curative hot springs; indeed, so common are they that they are convenient to almost every settlement of importance. Ogden has two famous hot springs within a short distance from the city. The oldest, perhaps, is the celebrated Utah Hot Springs, located about ten miles from Ogden, on the Oregon Short Line railroad. This is one of the oldest institutions of its kind in the state, and, therefore, has a remarkably long list of cures to its credit. Many people afflicted with rheumatism visit this wonderful health resort each year, and few fail to receive benefit. The waters contain such ingredients as chloride of sodium, iron, sulphur, magnesia and lithia, and possess remarkable healing qualities. The ailments most relieved by these waters are rheumatic, kidney and stomach troubles. The temperature of the different springs varies, some being as low as ninety-five degrees, and some as high as 128 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. The Utah Hot Springs has excellent accommodations for taking care of the afflicted, and is located in one of the most picturesque localities of the state.

Salt Lake City, the capital of the state, has an estimated population of about 80,000. It was founded by the Mormons, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1847, and is the ecclesiastical

center of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. From its founding until about 1870, when it was a city of about 25,000 people, the population was almost wholly Mormon, but the opening of the mining industry brought in many gentiles, since which all classes of religionists have resided there. Salt Lake City is situated in an elbow of the Wasatch Range, and lies partly on the mountainside and partly in the valley; its western portion being on the banks of the Jordan River, one of the inlets of the Great Salt Lake. Owing to the large lots and blocks, and the width of the streets, the city covers a greater area in proportion to the population than any other city in the United States. The blocks contain ten acres, the lots are 165 x 330 feet, and the streets are 132 feet wide. The climate and schools of Salt Lake City have caused it to be selected as a home place by many of the residents of the inter-mountain country, whose means and business permit them to reside there. Inter-mountain millionaires are competing with each other in building palaces, and every mining success in the region is soon evidenced by a beautiful home in Salt Lake. Some of the principal establishments represent an outlay of over $400,000.

* * *

Great as are Salt Lake's interests of every kind, its mining interests are by far the most important. For 500 miles in every direction, mineral mills and miners are at work. They all pay tribute to Salt Lake in one way or another, and no mining city in the United States is so favorably located. Every mine west of the Rocky Mountains that seeks a purchaser, seeks him first in Salt Lake, where there are millions of dollars available for meritorious mining enterprises. There are streams of ore from every direction flowing constantly to the Salt Lake smelters, and streams of money going out of the Salt Lake banks to pay miners and mining expenses. There is no measuring the importance of the mining industry to Salt Lake, and no telling how great it will become when the half-scratched area of the mineral empire is further developed. The principal mining cities tributary to Salt Lake are Park City and Bingham. In the Alta District, which lies over the range from Park City, is located the Columbus Consolidated mine, which is giving promise to be one of the most important mines of the state. Alta is one of the famous old camps of Utah, and it has been in its decadence for many years. Now it is having a revival. During 1904, some of the old mines were re-opened, new ore bodies uncovered, and an important output passed to shipment.

* * *

The Camp of Bingham lies south of Salt Lake about twenty miles; it is "the old reliable" of Utah's mining camps. Mining commenced there in 1863, with the first mining locations ever made in Utah. Active operations, however, did not begin until after the completion of the Union Pacific railroad, since which time the camp has been a steady producer. Bingham has had epochs of gold, silver, lead and copper mining, in the order stated. The principal mines are the United States, Boston Consolidated, Utah Copper and the Ohio Copper Company. All of these mines are regarded as among the most promising and permanent mining properties in the West.

* * *

In Park City are located the Ontario mine, Silver King, Daly West and Daly Judge, and a cluster of lesser lights.

* * *

The second city of Utah is Ogden, with a population of about 20,000. The location of Ogden is a beautiful one. It is watered by the Ogden and the Weber rivers, which furnish an ample supply for a population of 200,000. The city is well-built. There are private residences that would be an ornament anywhere. Fine churches are owned by the Mormons, Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, the Episcopalian, Unitarian and other sects. There are fine public and denominational schools, a convent school under the care of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, with a building costing about $250,000. It is an up-to-date town, full of enterprising, pushing people who know what they want and go right out and fight for it. Ogden has good streets and a good system of water-works, an electric railroad, and all other municipal essentials. It has the largest water power electrical energy plant in the state, built at a cost of nearly $2,000,000, and now a part of the system of the Utah Power Company.

The second largest sugar factory in Utah is operated here. The city is beautifully located on the side of the Wasatch Range, and from the higher districts a view is had of the Great Salt Lake and the beautiful Weber valley. Ogden Canyon is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque in the great West, and during the summer season is visited by thousands of strangers. Some of the main sources of Ogden's prosperity are the terminals and connections of four railroads. Eight canning factories, five banks, fifty jobbing houses and other lesser industries add to the wealth of the city.

The religious contentions which are characteristic of Salt Lake and some of the other western cities, are absent from Ogden. The business men work together in harmony, regardless of religious beliefs. The banks of Ogden are among the most important financial institutions in the West.

* * *

Brigham City is one of the oldest and perhaps prettiest of the small cities of Utah. It was named for Brigham Young, and was the residence of a number of the most prominent Mormon pioneers. The city is practically all Mormon, but this fact does not in any way detract from the progressiveness of the inhabitants or the excellence of the municipal administration. This is, undoubtedly, the most fertile locality for the growth of peaches in the United States. In this particular, it has a distinction essentially its own. The city nestles beneath lofty mountains, and is thus sheltered from those extreme weather fluctuations that so often ruin the peach crop.

* * *

Provo, the home of Senator Smoot, and the site of the Brigham Young Academy, is one of the prettiest and most charming little cities in the West; population is about 6,000, and practically all Mormon. It has two banks; the Provo Commercial Bank, of which Senator Smoot is president, being much the larger. The city has an excellent electric light and water system.

* * *

Out on the prairies of Utah, in the town of Provo, the Startup Candy Company shows that wherever American people may go they must have their "sweets." Here may be found the grandsons of William Startup, who inaugurated the business in Manchester and London and began making there the famous English "Love Rock." His son, W. D. Startup, was one of the pioneers of Salt Lake City, and the grandsons continue the business.

* * *

By making goods of fine quality, they have drawn toward them, from hundreds of the

PROVO COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK, PROVO, UTAH

largest candy factories in the United States, a trade that reaches as far East as New York and Chicago. This company are the only makers of chewing gum in the inter-mountain states, and have just added another building, which makes their entire plant over 27,000 feet—the largest of its kind west of the Missouri. From a small beginning, this little plant, established in Utah not so long ago, has developed into an industrial institution paying out annually over $35,000 in wages and sending out a product that indeed does honor to an ancestor who was so prominently identified with the candy business in merrie old England.

IF there ever was a man who deserved special distinction for what he has done for the musical entertainment of the American public, it is Henry W. Savage. His production of "Madame Butterfly" has been one of the important events of the season. Mr. Savage has always been intense in his desire to develop and exploit American talent and American ideas whenever possible. "Madam Butterfly" is an opera based upon the book and play of that name, with the music written by Giacomo Puccini, the Italian composer.

There is something fresh and vigorous in the orchestration of the opera, especially in the first two acts, which are fascinating in their daintiness and virility. And that duo—it is superb! There is always a touch of real Americanism in a Savage production, though it may present a naval officer in the harbor of the Orient, or some other foreign scene, yet the Yankee suggestion will always be felt, no matter what the theme or general setting.

It was my good fortune to witness the production of "Madam Butterfly" on a night that Miss Rena Vivienne sang the title role—she has the farther name of Smith. There were five prima donnas engaged for this work, for scarcely a moment during the whole opera is the heroine off the stage, and it is perhaps one of the most arduous roles that has ever been written for a singer. The prima donna of the evening hailed from Duluth, Minnesota, where they are very proud of the great success which this plucky and brilliant young American girl has achieved. To show what courage will do, it is worth while to relate how, when the final preparations were being made for the production of "Madam Butterfly," this young lady, who had then completed her vocal education under Victor Maurel, and had heard of the forthcoming opera, studied hard for the title role. She sang it for the composer without rehearsal, with the orchestra, and the one trial convinced the writer of the opera that this young artist should be one of the five recommended to Mr. Savage for the title role.

Miss Vivienne made her debut in America in the second performance of the opera at Washington, and her success was so pronounced as to win her first rank in the title role. It was at La Scala, with its vast cave of frowning boxes, seven tiers high—sufficient to damp the courage of any ordinary singer—that Miss Vivienne appeared for the first time in "Madam Butterfly," in the title role, and made her debut undaunted before probably the most critical audience in Europe, which included the composer himself. La Scala was built by the aid of the citizens of Milan, and this outlay of their money entitled them to permanent seats in the boxes. All available boxes have been taken in this way, leaving only a limited number of seats in the gallery and other parts of the house that can be secured by a visiting stranger, so instead of paying the city for the privilege of a performance, the city virtually subsidizes the manager. There is always a contest between the box holders and some city authorities have resigned their public positions in the council rather than forfeit their right as box holders at La Scala. They are held by the best families of the city.

It was here that this young girl from Lake Superior, Northland, advanced across the stage to the foot-lights, for the performance of the title role of "Madam Butterfly."

At her first appearance in Washington, the mother of the prima donna, who travels with her everywhere, sat in the box and witnessed the splendid success of her daughter, while tears glistened in her eyes as she recognized the fruit of long years of study and hopes. Musical critics agree that few of the young American prima donnas today possess the voice, ease and grace, or are so evenly balanced and suited for the title role in this opera as is Miss Vivienne, and the great

MISS VIVIAN, WHOSE CREATION AS MADAME BUTTERFLY IN SAVAGE'S PRODUCTION, CREATED WIDE-SPREAD ATTENTION

success of "Madam Butterfly" was largely due to the sterling qualities of this young lady, who bids fair to win a high place in the galaxy of opera queens.

* * *

ON a recent trip to Chicago I chanced, in the smoking car, to fall in with a young gentleman wearing a black Van Dyke beard and enjoying a quiet pipe. A casual remark led to a long conversation, and I discovered that my pleasant companion was J. Philip Furbeck, who had just landed in America after a residence of some months on the island of Spitzbergen, where he had been employed as an engineer by a coal-mining company.

For the first time I learned, from an eye-witness something about Spitzbergen, that desert, Arctic island, 500 miles North of the North Cape of Norway, and within 700 miles of the North Pole; a frost-desolated land where the grass grows taller than the trees, and huge glaciers in the ice-bridged valleys amid the jagged mountains move majestically down into the sea, until mighty icebergs, a monstrous birth, break off and rise to the surface amid thunderous reports—once the only sound that broke the profound silence of those awful solitudes.

Spitzbergen is the only spot of earth that is positively "No Man's Land;" it is the possession of no country and has nothing even resembling a specified government. The island seems likely to remain No Man's Land; though it is said that an effort has been made by Norway to establish some sort of protectorate over it.

* * *

Only a few years ago, this land was considered almost uninhabitable during the winter season. Undoubtedly there were many terrible experiences among the Dutch, Norwegian and Swedish hunters of seal and walrus, who from time to time attempted to winter in this savage island-wilderness. Without antiscorbutic foods and medicines, and often scanty supplies of even the salted meats and other rough sea-fare provided, they suffered from scurvy and home-sickness, and one by one perished, to be buried on the bare sands of the foreland, or too often to lie or sit, ghastly shapes, among their helpless, hopeless comrades, who were so soon to follow them.

A pathetic story is told of a party of seventeen men, left on Spitzbergen for the winter, with full supplies of provisions and everything else necessary for their comfort. When the ship returned for them the following summer, the boat's crew on landing found one man apparently reading, one writing, one drowsing by the fire, but all dead. Before the pen fell from the hand of the writer, he had set down,

"We can see a boat coming and hope to

live until it arrives," but before help reached him he had dropped asleep from inactivity and the deadly cold.

Mr. Furbeck assured me, however, that in his opinion the chief danger in wintering there lies in the indisposition of men to toughen themselves at first to endure the cold, and further in the disinclination to take proper exercise. He said that a man who was well fed and sat down and took no exercise, was bound to suffer, but if this error is guarded against, he seemed to think there was no reason why perfect health might not be enjoyed even in that rigid climate.

* * *

With an artist's enthusiasm, Mr. Furbeck described the summer season of continuous daylight, when he simply looked at his watch in order to find out whether or not it was time for him to lie down and sleep, for there was no sunset to mark the close of the day. He told how, when that day ended to be followed by an equally long night, the departing sun went down in an ineffable beauty of sunset, that once seen could never be forgotten

He said that during the sunset, the jagged mountains were gradually softened in outline and then melted into a haze whose beauty must ever defy the brush of the painter, as the fleecy clouds, flushed and fringed with crimson lake and rose white, and bathed in golden glory floated by, slowly assuming kaleidescopic changes of color, luxuriant and magnificent beyond description.

There is no time during the summer when drizzling snow may not be expected, yet despite this inclement climate, vegetables are raised on the rocky shores of Spitzbergen and even flowers have been coaxed to grow there.

There are few rivers, and the water in use on the island is melted snow. A few white bears visit the place from time to time, and ptarmigan with the Arctic hare, fox and seal are constant denizens. Formerly there were many reindeer, but they have been wantonly slaughtered by tourists who come there for this "sport," and they will probably become extinct, just as bison have been killed off in America in the same reckless way. Such reindeer as are killed for consumption, are esteemed good food. Even their horns are covered with fur in the winter time, when they grow very tame and can readily be converted into useful domestic animals.

When Walter Wellman started on his Arctic explorations, he made Spitzbergen the basis of his operations, and here his outfit and air ship are kept, a balloon building having been erected this summer for the protection of the ærial vehicle, in which it is expected that a circuit of the pole will be made next summer.

On account of the effect of cold on the metals and the damage by breaks in plates, in ice navigation, steel vessels are not found available to traverse these seas. It is found best to rely entirely on sturdy wooden craft, such as are used by Norwegians and Greenlanders.

It hardly seemed possible that my interesting companion had stayed for months and months in a country where there is no use for postage stamps or money. He told me that he had not spent even a single dollar while there, because everything was provided, and in any case he was like Robinson Crusoe on his island; there was nothing to be purchased. In the isolation of "No Man's Land," it could not be wondered at, that Mr. Furbeck's thoughts often turned to the time of his return to his native country, or that he had come home with a feeling of exhilaration which could not be repressed, or expressed in words, but yet was manifest in every action: for one can imagine how "God's Country" would look to a man, who had spent almost a year in that Arctic solitude.

* * *

A trip from Spitzbergen down the fjords of Norway, beneath the shadows of the great mountains rising thousands of feet from the blue waters, certainly affords a panorama of picturesque scenery unrivalled. Mr. Furbeck thought that the Norwegians when at home are an intensely aristocratic race, very proud of their descent, and of the fact that they can trace back their ancestry to a long line of old sea-kings.

In America, Norwegians are known as good and industrious workmen, but Mr. Furbeck says they are just the reverse at home, whereas the contrary is true of other countries, whose natives work better at home than they ever do in the country to which they emigrate. It would seem, therefore, that conditions are against some races in their native land; but if they have the "right stuff" in them, as the Norwegians have, they will certainly succeed when conditions are more favorable.

AS has been often asserted, "the genius of the age is business, and the genius of business is advertising or exploitation." Many a text-book treating of the subject of Modern Advertising has been written, riveting the attention and widening the horizon of those who read, but no work of this nature has excited more notice, probably, than the book written by Ernest Elmo Calkins and Ralph Holden of the Calkins & Holden Advertising Agency, New York. It is entitled simply and modestly, "Modern Advertising," but covers the field of modern procedure very exhaustively.

In the foreword is a paragraph by Hugo Munsterberg, which is reproduced here because it is the keynote of the book, insisting that the American merchant works to make money in business in exactly the same sense that a great painter works for money—the high price paid for the picutre is a welcome indication of the general appreciation of his art, but he never would have obtained this appreciation if he were working simply for money, instead of laboring to carry out his artistic ideals.

In the pages of Modern Advertising an ingenious and logical plea is made for the general advertising agency, that is conducted along strict business lines; and it is pointed out how important it is that the right names be coined for the different products—something that will "take"—such as Sapolio, Uneeda, Zuzu or H-O, and a later name than these might be added, "Necco Sweets,"—which is nothing more than an ingenious abbreviation of the New England Confectionary Company. Uneeda and Necco are two great triumphs of which the old established firm of N. W. Ayer & Son Philadelphia, may well be proud. These clever devices afford an advertiser an opportunity to copyright his goods: no word common in the English language can be copyrighted—the name must be newly coined in order to obtain this protection for a product.

This book is replete with illustrations and tables, making plain the path to follow in advertising. It is a very comprehensive work, and begins with a definition of advertising, following with a brief history of the exploitation of proprietary remedies and medical ads, which practically blazed the path for modern advertising.

The chapter concerning "The Channels of Trade" is followed by another giving a comprehensive resumé of modern magazine and newspaper advertising. The subjects of outdoor advertising, street car, general and mail advertising, are all included with descriptive details, and are treated of very conclusively. This is a volume which everyone in any way associated or interested in the subject of advertising should read and have at hand for reference, for few books give, so comprehensively and intelligently, correct ideas of present day methods.

I read "Modern Advertising" at one sitting. It has a fascinating continuity of interest, which never relaxes, although it necessarily records many of the ordinary details known to the average man connected in any way with advertising. It is an exhaustive presentation of procedure, such as is seldom presented so precisely and concisely as in these pages. It reveals conclusively that advertising is yet only in its infancy, though it has already attained the dignity of a profession and is rapidly assuming a position in merchandising, calling for the highest artistic temperament.

EARNEST ST. ELMO CALKINS OF CALKINS & HOLDEN, NEW YORK CITY

The one greatest theorem of merchandis-

ing, so ably presented in this book—how the relations of the producer, merchant and consumer are certainly and surely drawing closer to each other every year—is a subject of absorbing interest. The three great wants of humanity—being food, clothing and shelter—are what most need to be advertised, and it is these which will attract the attention of all interested in the science of advertising in the immediate future. Food stuffs have been among the first to utilize the opportunity for exploitation, with clothing and shelter coming in as close rivals.

The evolution of the package idea is another phase of development to be considered, and the desirability of closer relations between the producer and the consumer, or the co-operators in any enterprise, is so clearly set forth that there is no ground for argument.

The details of placing advertising through an agency, and reaching with one cogent expenditure almost all the reading population of the country, within a few months, would have been regarded as an absolute impossibility forty or fifty years ago, yet, today, it is perfectly feasible. The systematizing of business is largely responsible for this. The following up of results, and the collateral interests in advertising campaigns, are most carefully and critically dealt with.

After reading "Modern Advertising," it is clearly seen that no manufacturing institution can hope for supremacy without a Publicity Department. Manufacturers who, a few years ago, scoffed at the idea of advertising, are now awake to the necessity of keeping pace with the revolutionary changes which have taken place in business methods, even within the last decade. The consumer is, after all, the court of last appeal, and the time will come when every manufacturer of any merchantable product will find it is impossible to establish an enduring trade unless he utilizes the two important fundamentals—first, making goods of an even and high standard of quality, and second, wooing the interest and confidence of the consumer of his goods to such an extent as to establish the unchanging conviction that the stamp or label of his product stands for a positive and unvarying degree of quality.

It does not require a long stretch of the imagination to conceive that the time will come when a man building a house will not only be influenced by advertising in determining the roofing and the staining for the shingles, but even the window panes, the boards, the foundations themselves will also come under the magic wand of exploitation. Meantime, Messrs. Calkins & Holden are certainly to be congratulated on the thorough and effective way in which this most complex and disjointed subject, pertaining to modern business methods, has been treated. The book is written in such a way as not only to interest the advertiser proper, but an alluring perspective is presented which must attract the public in general to the information contained within these pages. The more the American people understand and comprehend the aims of advertising, the more effective and beneficial will be the results, both for the advertiser and the advertisee.

RALPH HOLDEN OF CALKINS & HOLDEN, NEW YORK CITY

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IT has always seemed to me that, of all forms of graft and reprehensible dishonesty, substitution is about the worst. When an article has won success in the market, as being fully up to its hard-earned reputation, and some fradulent manufacturer imitates it in size of package, color, label and shape, it is evidently done with the idea of passing

off upon the unwary purchaser something which is not as good as the original. The value of such goods is known to the people, and they have a perfect right to demand that genuine article, and no other; and the dealer ought to guard the rights of a manufacturer just as sacredly as any other matter in which a man's reputation and character, his personal pledge and responsibility, are concerned.

This question involves the old, fundamental law of sanctity of contract, and when a

O. L. FRISBEE, A. M., OF PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THE MOVEMENT TOWARD ERECTING A SUITABLE MONUMENT OF PAUL JONES

demand has been created, and is met by substitution and deception, it is just as much larceny as though the culprit had appropriated money or securities which did not belong to him.

I hope every reader of the National will insist on having exactly what he asks for, and intends to purchase, and not encourage this circumlocutory larceny, which goes by the name of "substitution." The average American has enough gumption to know what he wants, when he asks for it, and the time will soon come when the attempt to impose upon a purchaser by substitution will not be tolerated. This is not a matter of merely pecuniary interest to the advertiser and makers of uniform articles, but it is also a matter of common honesty, and involves the integrity of the national ideals.

I am reminded of the old lady in Kilkenny, Ireland, who went through her establishment daily, pausing severely before each employe to impress upon them her favorite slogan:

"Introduction and substitution are the life of trade, young ladies."

Astute business woman though she was, she thought only of her own interests, and even of those in a short-sighted fashion, for the customer who is not thoroughly satisfied with a purchase is not likely to return for a second to the same store. Even viewed from the standpoint of self-interest, substitution does not pay a vendor of inferior goods.

If the American merchant will persist in this too common habit of offering an inferior article for a better one, we may have to quote farther from Kilkenny records, because the cats of honest competition do not always purr pleasantly—sometimes it is discovered that they can scratch.

When you go into a store and ask for an article with your head and chin up, looking the man square in the face, and saying just what you want, you will find that he will be glad to serve you, for that is why he is there. He is *not there* to substitute, for substitution is unworthy of an honest dealer—one of those subtle evils that will sooner or later undermine the whole fabric of commerce, and destroy that confidence between buyer and seller which always confers prosperity and success on both.

* * *

A MEMBER of almost every patriotic society in America, Mr. O. L. Frisbee of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, takes a keen interest in colonial history. He is the founder of the Pepperell Family Association, and is a member of the Louisburg Committee, appointed by the Canadian government, which is building a memorial tower at Louisburg, in memory of the sieges and fall of that great French stronghold, in 1745 and 1758, and further to be used as a sort of Westminster Abbey, where all the men famous in

The Cunning of Cookery

¶ When appetite waits on hunger, the pleasure of eating is confined to the flavor—then try not to satisfy hunger, but rather to titillate the palate and start the gastric juices flowing that hunger may beckon appetite. Try this with your husband, fresh from the office with the cares of business paramount. You tempt him, you abstract him, he talks, he eats and he lives to enjoy and not to exist.

¶ The palate tempting Soup, the kind that makes your mouth water, is best made with Armour's Extract of Beef, the best extract of the best beef. "Culinary Wrinkles," sent free, tells how to make that kind of soup, how to make rich and wholesome gravies and how to make the left-overs of today into dainty bits for tomorrow.

¶ Buy a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. It will prove its worth, whether for elaborate spreads on special occasions or for your every-day plain and simple family fare.

Send postal today for "Culinary Wrinkles," will help you in many ways. Address **Armour & Company, Chicago.**

Canadian history, past present and future, will be buried.

Mr. Frisbee is also the founder of the Ranger Section of the Navy League of the United States, named after Paul Jones' ship, the Ranger, which was built at Kittery in 1777. He is also the father of the Military Order of the French Alliance in New Hampshire, and in 1896 Mr. Frisbee founded the Paul Jones Club, Sons of the American Revolution, at Portsmouth; the object of which was to see that justice was done to the memory of the great sea captain. This club now has a membership extending from Maine to California, and among the names on record are those of Admiral Dewey and General Horace Porter. The club attained the consummation of its desires in the interment of the remains of Admiral Jones at Annapolis, and now the members are arranging to ask Congress to make September 23 Paul Jones Day, to be commemorated in the navy in the same way that Trafalgar Day is in England.

Mr. Frisbee has been very successful in the management of some of the largest resort hotels in the eastern and southern parts of the country, and he had charge of the palatial Tampa Bay Hotel during the Spanish-American war, when it was the headquarters of the fourth and fifth army corps. No one takes greater delight than Mr. Frisbee in keeping in touch with the memorable and inspiring events of the past, or in helping to preserve their memory for future generations.

* * *

THE readers of the National should not fail to realize that the interest in the "Heart Songs" prize contest is now at its height; and that the number of old, sweet, rare and curious songs received to date has made its success already assured; but the possibilities of even greater things are almost immeasurable, and the contest will not be closed until we have as representative a collection of "Heart Songs" as we had of "Heart Throbs."

The purpose is to find out what are the people's favorites in music, just as in "Heart Throbs" we have embodied the people's favorites in verse or prose. We want to know what the rare old songs are that have lived through generations, centuries perhaps, and have been sung by millions of people, in many lands and languages.

Contestants should, by all means, send both words and music of the songs forwarded by them, as those sending only the words must depend largely on the chance of someone else furnishing the score of the music. Considerable effort is, and will be, given to this end by the compilers, but the contributor must be content if we fail to complete his work, and cannot use beautiful words whose melody is forgotten.

I ask the readers of the National to send in old and rarely heard songs, rather than what is now new and popular music; and also to make an honest, personal choice of the songs to be sent in. Do not exceed more than three or four pieces in any one class of songs.

ADMIRAL PAUL JONES

The First Class: Patriotic and War Songs, must always stir the martial spirit and loyal pride of men, and that, perhaps, purer flame which, blent with tender apprehension, pity and sorrow, glows in the hearts of all women who love their country.

The Second Class: Sea-Songs, includes a great number of a patriotic nature, connected with the history of various nations; hundreds of effective character songs; "sea chanties," or sailors' working songs; and what perhaps may be called songs of sea romance and sentiment.

The Third Class: including Lullabies and

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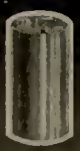

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Children's Songs, brings together very many simple, beautiful and refined songs and melodies.

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The Fifth Class: Plantation, Negro Melodies and "Walk-Arounds," includes an enormous number of interesting and popular songs which are still sung to some extent, but are rapidly going out of remembrance.

The Sixth Class: Sacred Songs, marshals a host of old favorites.

THOMAS REES, EDITOR SPRINGFIELD (ILL.) REGISTER

The Seventh Class: the Love Songs of All Races, is especially rich in old and beautiful compositions.

The Eighth Class: Songs from Operas, Operettas, etc. A large number of selections should be sent in, especially from those music books and collections which date back to fifty or sixty years ago.

The Ninth Class: Ballads and Topical and Descriptive Songs; is more likely to embarrass the judges than any other, excepting, perhaps, the Sixth Class of Sacred Songs. This class is very rich in grand and pleasing old songs.

The Tenth Class: College, School, Class and Fraternity songs, includes songs of almost every class, largely used in the collections of songs prepared for college and fraternity purposes.

We already have more than enough to complete a volume, but that is not the main purpose of this enterprise. It has never been (to our knowledge) attempted: a publisher appealing to the people of the whole country, and indeed of every foreign country, to whom the invitation may come, to aid him in collecting and saving from oblivion the dear old songs connected with the history of every land and every phase of human love, passion and experience. When "Heart Songs" is completed, it will furnish to the American people such a collection of beautiful, curious and instructive songs, melodies and the like as has never before been placed at the disposal of the public. It is going to take time to complete this book. "Heart Throbs," for instance, was over two years in preparation, and it is our purpose to make "Heart Songs" to music, what "Heart Throbs" is to literature. The date for the close of the contest will be announced later, but don't delay in sending in your selections now.

* * *

WHILE in Springfield, it was a pleasure to call on Thomas Rees of the Springfield Register. Everyone who met him on the various editorial trips will remember him. I was delighted to learn that he had just written a new book entitled "Spain's Loss of Jewels," being an account of a trip to Cuba and Mexico. I confess, having made this trip, that few volumes of travel have interested me more than this simple and colloquial story told by Mr. Rees. Every page gleams with good-nature, and the volume throughout has a genial vein of humor that suggests the "Innocents Abroad." Anyone who has ever visited Cuba or Mexico will be vitally interested in this unique volume.

* * *

AT the head of the table, on the steamship "Amerika," on the last voyage which I took to Europe, sat a gentleman with chin whiskers, black eyes and iron-gray hair, who always appeared to be absorbed in thought. After we had been out a short time, I was pleased to learn that this gentleman was none other than Oscar Hammer-

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stein, then on his way to Europe to secure grand opera talent for the Manhattan Opera House; for Mr. Hammerstein is nothing if not exacting in his ideas of what is due to the opera-goers of America. He is a man whose soul is in music, and I count myself especially fortunate to have known this hearty and energetic German-American, and to have met with him at a time when his enterprise was in its infancy. A musician to his finger-tips, he writes, feels and even seems to breathe music. It is related that on a wager he once wrote a complete opera in a single night.

Born in Berlin, he came to America at an early age, and has been identified with many important musical undertakings.

Remembering this meeting, it was an especial pleasure to see the array of artists whom Mr. Hammerstein had secured, and the audience at the Grand Opera House was well entertained the night I witnessed "Il Trovatore," whose success was a splendid endorsement of the talent and genius of Mr. Hammerstein. On that evening, there was a very large attendance of Italians, and while it may not be indicative of the highest musical taste, to confess an enthusiasm for "Il Trovatore," I must say that from the first overture to the old duet, "Back to our Mountains," the whole opera had the same fascination as in the years gone by, and the entire audience seemed to be of the same mind as myself. Mme. Russ as Leonora, Mme. de Cisneros as Azucena, M. Dalmores as Maurico, Sevelhac as Il Conte di Luna, all gave splendid interpretations of both the opera and its music, and everything seemed pervaded with the real Italian spirit; and, when all is said and done, there is no nation that has given more popular music to the world of art than the Italian.

The "bravos" from the many dark-eyed, heavy-moustachioed and olive-skinned members of the audience made one almost feel that he had been transplanted to La Scala in Milan. It is curious how such an opera may be seen over and over again, and each time but makes it more delightful, calling up memories of those with whom we enjoyed the music in years gone by, and weaving many a lovely garland of memory for years to come. Opera is different from any other form of amusement, for once seen and heard it is never forgotten. Through every moment of that opera, through the overtures and recitandos, I seemed to see again and again the silver-bearded face of Verdi, as I saw him years ago; and knew that I looked upon the greatest composer of his time. For certainly he has done more to bring grand opera within the comprehension and appreciation of the people than any other single composer, and his "Aida" to me affords an interpretation of the musical score that comes closer to being an intelligent language than anything else ever written on the lines of the staff.

What a triumph that night must have been for Oscar Hammerstein, when he stepped

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, THE GREATEST LIVING DIRECTOR OF GRAND OPERA

before the curtain with Madam Melba and bowed his thanks to the thousands of enthusiastic and appreciative admirers whose plaudits assured him again and again that his production of "Aida" was superb. He has succeeded in the grandest achievement of his life, and has established the fact that New York has the most numerous and generous supporters of grand opera of any city in the world. At the hazard of great loss, he has succeeded in meeting the heavy expenses, and has tactfully overcome the difficulty of assembling a company of great artists; and the people of New York, and those from the other states of the Union who may visit that city, can enjoy grand opera in perfection,

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This flavor is the result of years of testing by the food experts of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. It cannot be reproduced in a few weeks by those who follow in the footsteps of a great success. It's the flavor that gained the favor for Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes. Don't be misled by a name or any of the many grotesque counterfeits. Get the genuine. Ask for SANITAS and look for the signature of

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and cannot fail to be convinced that they have much for which to thank Mr. Hammerstein, in that he has pushed forward to completion the plans that he pondered over day after day when my fellow passenger on the "Amerika," and has realized his fondest hopes in providing the finest grand opera to be found in the whole world.

* * *

WADING through snow and slush one winter's day, I found myself in the Boston offices of John Dunn, the famous chair manufacturer, whose factory is at Gardner, Massachusetts, where more chairs have been made than in any other place in the entire country. When I saw his display of dining-room chairs, I felt it was enough to make even a dumb man eloquent, and I sat right down and prepared an "ad" concerning their manufacture. That advertising appeared in the first number of the National, to which I devoted my valuable efforts.

Every time I pass through Gardner, I remember my good friend, John Dunn, who first made known to our readers the solid, substantial merits of his dining-room chairs. Now a huge chair stands at the station in Gardner, emblematic of the great industry of the town. May the National Magazine become a veritable Goliath to take a seat in that chair and tarry a while to look upon that factory; the first one of its kind to be represented in its pages.

* * *

I CAME upon one of the most wonderful inventions of the many marvelous discoveries of the age at the charming little Iowa town of Rock Valley; for here I first witnessed the operation of the Solar Projectoscope, which is certain to become a most useful as well as delightsome article of modern school equipment. This apparatus throws upon a screen—by means of sunlight—a picture in colors, in much the same way as those projected by a stereopticon, but the effect is more life-like, and the colors are even more vivid. The apparatus is easily adjusted to any ordinary window, by placing a black curtain over the glass, and leaving a small aperture for the solar light to enter the camera, but it is not necessary to have the room darkened in order to view the pictures; and owing to these advantages, the projectoscope is especially adapted for use in schools, illustrating any subject in the daytime. The student will thus be able to take notes while looking upon pictures, enlarged microscopic views, charts, etc., etc., in colors, thrown upon the screen for his information.

Every description of half-tone painted or engraved pictures, cartoons from newspapers or magazines, etc., etc., can be exactly reproduced. It will reproduce not only the pictures, but the image of an object placed on the horizontal platform—for instance a live mouse, a butterfly or a flower may be reproduced as well as a picture. The projectoscope gives an apparently living, breathing portrait of any object set before it. It also enlarges an object 21,000 times, and adds very much to the interest of a lesson, and better explains any chart.

This wonderful and infinitely useful and entertaining apparatus will undoubtedly find a place in every up-to-date school as soon as its great merits become known. Sincere and hearty endorsements of its value are coming in from all quarters, notably from the president of the Iowa State Normal School, from Frank McIlravy, of the Sioux City schools, and many others. All these letters indicate that it is already considered as an essential item of modern school equipment, and quite as necessary, as the books or the desks.

Messrs. Large and Walhof, of Rock Valley, Iowa, the inventors and owners, are enthusiastic over the possibilities of their invention.

The use of the projectoscope as compared with the sciopticon and like apparatus using artificial light, involves no danger and eliminates much expense, and can be used just as effectively in "the little red country school house on the hill" as in the splendid school buildings of a great metropolis. It has gone to Nature for a practical method of reproducing natural form and color, and may well be called "Nature's own method of photographing Nature."

We witnessed the operation of the projectoscope on a cloudy day, yet the portrayal far surpassed that of a stereopticon, because in this machine Nature works direct with the rays of the sun, and every shade of color is brought out on the canvas, with that vivid depth and fidelity to life which only the rays of the sun focused and directed by this marvelous apparatus can develop in all their wonderful beauty.

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